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*Dec. 1900*  
THE MESSENGER

OF THE  
SACRED HEART

WITH SUPPLEMENT

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A MAGAZINE OF THE  
LITERATURE OF CATHOLIC DEVOTION

*The St. Agnes Academy Library*  
*Indianapolis*

VOL. XV.—NEW SERIES

VOL. XXXV. of whole series—35th year

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EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY  
THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER  
Central Office, U. S. A.  
27 and 29 West 16th Street  
NEW YORK.

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# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 1.

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### A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

*By H. M.*

I AM not a prince and I have no gold  
To give Thee, new-born King,  
Neither myrrh nor fragrant frankincense  
Do I to Thy crib's side bring.

Nor am I a simple shepherd lad,  
Summoned by angels' song ;  
Nor lambs have I to follow me  
And mind me to do no wrong.

I am but a sinful prodigal,  
I have fed on the husks of swine ;  
I have squandered the gifts thou gavest me,  
Forgetting that they were Thine.

And yet I dare—oh ! my Saviour, Christ,  
My heart at Thy feet I fling ;  
Nor gold, nor myrrh, nor frankincense  
Could better prove Thee King.

## SOME NEW WORLD GLIMPSES OF AN OLD WORLD RACE.

By E. M. Smith.

“**D**ESTROY that which you have worshipped and worship that which you have destroyed,” was the epigrammatic counsel given by some of the early Christians to their Pagan converts, and before buying your ticket to Mexico it would be wise to apply this same formula to any illusions you may have cherished with regard to this land of the *hasta mañana*. They will suffer destruction before you have been long across the border, rest assured of that!

So much has been written of Mexico within the past twelve years since Thomas Janvier and Hopkinson Smith first made it familiar to our magazine readers by their artistic pen and brush sketches, that it is not my intention to touch, except cursorily, upon the strange scenes and odd customs that greet us at every corner of the narrow, criss-cross streets. It seems almost as if the people made a point of doing things as differently as possible from the rest of the world. To “put the cart before the horse” is a practice indigenous to the soil of Mexico along with the burro, the cactus and the sombrero. They beckon coaxingly when they wish you to go away or in waving an adieu, and repel with violent gestures when they want you to approach; the men embrace each other with much enthusiasm at meeting and parting, whereas the women, less demonstrative as a rule, give merely a pat on the shoulder, sometimes a *peck* on the cheek. Some days had elapsed before it dawned upon me that a little American baby at one of the hotels where we were stopping was really waving me by-by from the arms of its dark-eyed nurse—*criadas* as they are termed—and not calling me with

its chubby little fists, as I at first supposed. We are always inclined to accept travelers' stories with a grain more or less of salt, and I am free to confess that I never believed the wheelbarrow yarn until I became, from the car window, an eye witness to its truth. At some little station along the road near Torreon, two bare-legged peons had loaded one of these labor-saving contrivances with earth, they then raised it to their shoulders and carried it up the steep embankment where a dam was in process of construction. After dumping the contents they carried it back again, one man supporting the wheel while the handles rested on the shoulders of the other.

The tourist, if this is his first trip to Mexico, feels very rich when he has his American shekels changed at El Paso or Juarez into the coin of the sister-realm, and finds his dollars not only doubled but at a premium. Whatever wealth you may have brought with you is literally “increased twofold” and it is naturally pleasant to sojourn in a country where one's income is subjected to such rapid distention. But do not permit yourself to rest too securely upon this agreeable financial basis. Prices double in proportion, not as regards pottery and drawn-work, rag figures and hand-made lace, and all such products as tempt the tourist, but when it comes to the necessities of life, shoes, underwear, etc., one speedily finds that the Mexican peso (dollar) does not go so far as our own humble fifty cent piece. Those who come only for a short trip are, of course, well provided with all that the country and climate require in the way of apparel, but to those contemplating a longer stay I would say most emphatically, supply yourself with *everything* be-

fore you start. Mexican shoes are a snare and a delusion, and ladies' Oxford ties, American make, cost ten dollars.

The ever-advancing wheels of civilization make little impress on Mexican soil. Of course the railroads (the Mexican Central is a most comfortable and agreeable means of transportation), have brought great changes in their wake, for they carry with them an army of employees whose American influence makes itself felt, besides opening up the rich mining resources for which this country is so noted, and affording foreigners an

train, such a motley collection of vendors as can be seen nowhere else on this continent, with wares of all kinds for sale and always "*muy barata Señorita.*" Hot tamales of leche, breads of various sorts and prices, fruits and figures, baskets and sombreros, salads that would never tempt any but the Mexican palate, quaint bits of pottery that are irresistible but a poor investment, for the purchaser rarely reaches home with his souvenirs intact; drawn-work is the chief feature at Aguascalientes and nowhere in the republic can it be had in such variety and



CATHEDRAL, AGUASCALIENTES.

easy means of finding for themselves splendid fields for investment. The new smelter at Aguascalientes, owned by some Denver capitalists, is the largest on the American continent, and nearly every English-speaking person in the town is connected with it in one way or another. In the line of commercial enterprise the advent of the "Gringo" may be responsible for the sharpness with which the average "greaser" drives a bargain, but I am inclined to doubt it; the talent is too well developed to be of recent origin. They crowd the station at the hour of each incoming and departing

at such reasonable rates. It is truly *muy bonita* and *muy barata*, but once initiated you never think of giving what they first ask. The one-price system is unknown in most towns and jewing is so much a matter of course that it is said the merchant always adds a peso or more to whatever value he puts upon his goods, although I have not found this custom to prevail in the first-class stores.

Every shop has its own particular sign or title—some of them ludicrous in the extreme, but occasionally a peculiarly appropriate one meets the eye, as in the case of a saloon called "*El Triunfo del*



SAN MARCO.

Diablo," which is certainly truthful, and would win the unanimous approbation of our temperance workers in the States. Unfortunately, here, as in our own country, the devil has numerous "triumphs" and pulquerias are seen at nearly every corner. The Bakery of the Golden Rose is the poetical title of a cook-shop and "La Luna de Octubre" the designation of another. The sign that struck me as most peculiarly fitting, however, was one over a drug store which candidly announced itself as the "Gate of Heaven." The sale of drugs plays such an active part, with the doctor's assistance, in hastening us on our journey into the other world that we cannot fail to admire the veracity of this noble apothecary, though we might feel inclined to amend the superscription so far as regards the particular destination indicated.

But when all is said and seen it is the churches that are Mexico's chief attraction. As one leaves the high plateaus and rugged mountains of the north the landscape grows more interesting with every

league traversed, and after crossing that imaginary line, the Tropic of Cancer, which has puzzled so many youthful students of geography, and whose mystic boundaries lie between Gutierrez and Mendoza, the scenery becomes hourly more tropical and beautiful; every village would seem to boast of at least three churches whose lofty spires arise from the luxuriant mass of green trees and clinging vines and lend an air of stately distinction to what would otherwise be but an insignificant collection of ugly flat-roofed adobes. At Aguascalientes is one of the oldest and most picturesque *iglesias* in this land of artistic churches, the Cathedral. It is situated at the southwest corner of the Plaza Publica on which fragrant square faces also the Palaccio, shorn of its glory alas, and its rooms rented out as public offices—and the old Paris hotel which was erected in 1634. The Cathedral is dedicated to Our Lady of the Assumption and is nearly as old as the ancient caravansary opposite, being two hundred and thirty-five years of age. It is picturesque in the extreme and no photograph can do justice to its time-worn, weather-stained grandeur. It embraces several chapels whose separate domes and minarets unite to form one harmonious whole.

There is a similarity in the architecture of all the large churches throughout Mexico: the general effect is Moorish, borrowed no doubt from the mother country, Spain, who in turn derived it from her ancient conquerors, the Moors.

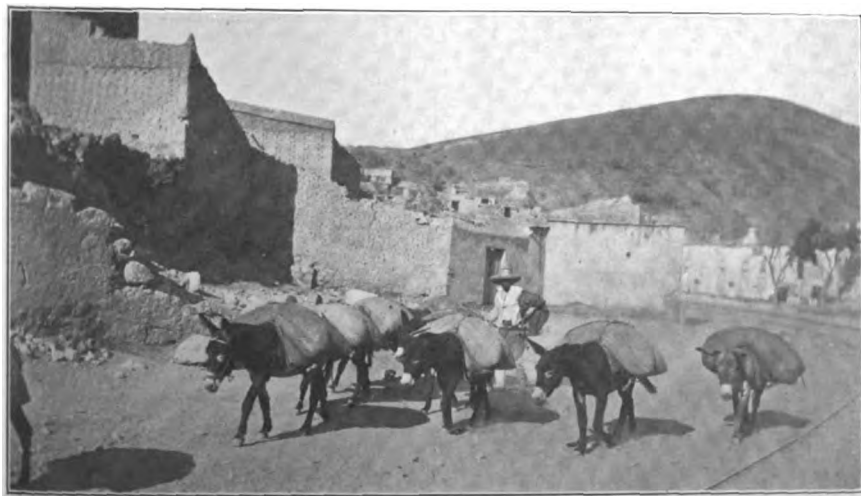
There is invariably a large dome over the main altar and in some cases several smaller ones, depending of course upon the size of the church, which frequently embraces four or five chapels in addition to its main body. The same general scheme is carried out with regard to the belfried towers; we find always one or more large belfries and several smaller ones springing out of the most unexpected places, and these towers are worthy of comment, containing as they do tier upon tier of bells. There are usually eight large bells in the first story—if I may so

describe it—eight smaller ones in the second, and eight *chicos* in the third. I could not help thinking as I loitered in the Plaza and watched the myriad clappers turning their fantastic somersaults, how unfortunate it would have been for poor Bessie had her lover been a Spanish Don condemned to die at the ringing of a Mexican curfew. Her love and heroism would have availed her little then, for it would require the arms of a Briareus to silence their multitudinous tongues. The system of ringing is peculiar: there are no chimes or pulling of ropes, each bell is tumbled over and over by hand and as they are all out of unison at the start and persist in "going it alone" throughout the entire performance, the effect from a musical standpoint can be better imagined than described. The ringers seem to be running a race, they keep at it until they are exhausted and the bells—*Madre de Dios*, what an unholy noise they make! Surely Poe would never have denied inspiration for his charming poem had he been born south of the Rio Grande. But we can forgive their clangor when we consider what a charming picture these quaint old towers make. I wish some of our ecclesiastical architects would take the churches

of Mexico for a model; the result would be a refreshing change from the everlasting spires that punctuate every city square and village green in the United States, where we are certainly suffering from an overdose of the Gothic!

There are beautiful sunsets in Aguascalientes. It would appear as if nature does not propose to be outdone by any works of man, for during the lovely, warm October evenings of my stay there the king of day went to rest in a perfect blaze of red and gold glory, and few lovelier sights could be imagined than our Lady's church tinged with the mellow glow of the setting sun, each dome and turret reflecting a different light—in the front the flower-gemmed sword of La Plaza Publica; for background, a long range of distant mountains, their deep blue outlines melting softly into the azure vault overhead.

Nor is this interesting old city alone indebted to its generous supply of hot water, its wonderfully picturesque baths, and its reputation for exquisite drawn-work for popular favor. There are many interesting churches besides the Cathedral and there must be some climatic condition that gives them their time-stained appearance, as it cannot be



EN ROUTE TO THE SMELTER.



due in every instance to age, although we may reasonably assign a century to each one. Aguas is not a town of recent growth and with these simple, devout people *una casa de Dios* is the first thought—their own houses being a secondary consideration. I have not dwelt upon the interior of the churches because our taste differs so materially from that of the Mexicans that their florid decorations necessarily jar. One sees much that is costly, little that is pretty or effective. There is a prolixity of gaudy coloring and glaringly artificial flowers, this too, when nature is so bountiful and paints the soil with such a wealth of lovely blossoms. There are statues everywhere, always colored and usually life-sized; every saint has a little throng of devotees kneeling in prayerful silence at his shrine. One never enters an empty church in Mexico. The carved inner doors of the Church of the Trinity are very beautiful and the inlaid floors (wood-mosaic) of San Diego, with which it jostles elbows, are also well worth a visit. These two edifices front on the Portales, the busiest part of Aguas, and have a pretty plaza all their own extending the entire length of the square. At sunset thousands of rooks make a resting place of the large elms that shade the plaza and their cawings and quarreling may be heard for ten squares. At this hour the scene is most enticing to foreign eyes, for traffic is brisk under the Portales, the *tamale* and *enchilada* sellers are beginning to cry their wares, doubtful looking messes of pottage are being cooked over charcoal *briseras* along the curbs, the bright zaraped peons are resting for a change (!) on the old stone benches, while the eternal burro passes in droves, laden with huge water jars, new-mown hay and about everything else that requires transportation through the city. You will be naturally a trifle surprised at seeing ten or twelve hay-ricks advancing solemnly towards you, but do not be alarmed, closer inspection will reveal four small legs, then a tired, patient face is seen, and we know that it is not the old Scottish prophecy being fulfilled, but only another encounter with our familiar friend the burro.

At San Marco, which is built opposite the celebrated Garden of San Marco, is a famous painting of the Madonna and Child. It hangs over one of the side altars and is mostly gilt frame, but they say it is a genuine Murillo, and in any event it is one of the things worth seeing. Exteriorly San Marco almost equals the Cathedral in beauty, though it is neither so large nor so imposing. St. Mark is the patron saint of the town, and his feast, which begins on the twenty-third of April and extends over two weeks, is the holiday par excellence of the people. It is then that the town gives itself over to mirth and piety; strangers flock hither from all the neighboring towns and unite with the natives in prayer and turkey eating, for April in Aguas corresponds with our bleak and dreary November as a season of Thanksgiving.

There is never danger of the Mexican Jack's becoming a dull boy from overwork; he has always a religious or political fiesta on hand to help him drive dull care away, if indeed any thought of care ever shadows his happy-go-lucky existence, and this feast of San Marco is regarded as one of the most interesting celebrations of the republic. One Sunday morning after Mass I was seated in the Garden of San Marco watching the aguadores as they watered the streets around the church from heavy barrels which they filled at the fountains and carried by means of a huge pole resting on the brawny, bronzed shoulders of two men. They were acting like school boys out on a holiday as they ran chattering and smiling to and from the fountains, but they were really convicts, and every two couples were under the surveillance of a heavily armed soldier who was frequently compelled to relax his dignity and break into a run in order to keep up

with his lively charges. It was amusing to watch these uniformed officers of the law weighted with musket and bayonet, cartridge-belt and pistol, as they dodged back and forth in their efforts to keep in sight the scantily-clothed prisoners whose duty it was to lay the dust about San Marco, and it was moreover something of a shock to find that these bright-faced aguadores were convicts. Whatever their offences, they had certainly discovered the secret of how to be happy under adverse circumstances, but the funniest part of it all was that one man with a hose could have accomplished in half the time and with better results what twenty men and eight soldiers were an entire forenoon in doing. And yet such modern customs would rob this strange old country of half its charm, so let us hope for the sake of the omnipresent American tourist that the man with the hose will remain for years to come *une chose inconnue*.

No description of Aguascalientes

would be complete without some mention of the hot springs that give the town its name. The baths are situated in the eastern part of the town and the finest, Los Baños Chicos, are but a five minutes walk from the station. At the old spring, Los Baños Grandes, a mile down the Paseo, the hot waters issue in a great volume from the earth and flow through a splendidly cemented acequia into the city. This long ditch forms one vast laundry and open

air bath which is duly appreciated and patronized by the natives, who in warm weather crowd its banks for the ablution of themselves and the washing of their very limited apparel. At first this idea may not impress one as compatible with modesty nor effulgent with dazzling features, but when we consider the economy involved both as to time and laundry expenses, it is too advantageous to be lightly regarded. Every man can be his

own *lavandera* and his one suit can be drying whilst he is occupied with his own bath! There is no excuse for uncleanness in Aguas. This primitive simplicity is, however, fast disappearing since the creation of two large public baths, one for men, the other for women, directly opposite the station. In connection with the baths is a splendid laundry, free to all comers. At the old baths, which are more picturesque but not so convenient nor complete as the "Chicos," each pool is of a different temperature and called for



CHURCH OF TERCEN ORDEN, SILAO.

a different saint. Thus we have San José, Santa Barbara, San Francisco and so on throughout the calendar, only the pools are exhausted before the saints. The hottest spring of all, presided over by San Ramon, is 48 to 52 centigrados, and into this seething pool of Bethesda rheumatic sufferers are wont to plunge; the waters are not medicinal, however, only soft and delightful, but the attendants will tell you in their courteous,



GUANAJUATO, STREET SCENE.

convincing style many wonderful tales of the cures that have been wrought by the good San Ramon.

It was with reluctance that I said adios to Aguascalientes, and from the window of the slowly moving Pullman refused for the twentieth time the tempting offers of the drawn-work merchants whose insinuating tones followed me from afar. "*Muy bonita, señora, y muy barata.*"

## II.

### MEXICO THROUGH NEW MEXICAN GLASSES.

There are few things in life that so flatter one's sense of complacency as a superiority in climatic environment; it offers such a favorable and impersonal opportunity of crowing over our friends that few can resist it. Even the most amiable of Eve's daughters, after reading of the awful blizzards raging in New York or Boston, takes a keen delight in writing to her northern cousins of the balmy weather prevailing in the South; and the summer guests at the cool mountain resorts seldom fail to mention the fact that they are wearing furs in July or

shivering before an open fire in August, when they send letters to the friends left behind in the sun-baked cities.

It would seem to be one of the frailties of weak human nature, and so at the risk of introducing a somewhat trite and threadbare subject, I cannot resist a few words descriptive of the weather here in Central Mexico. In the United States where November is being ushered in with damp, chilly mornings and hours of fitful gloom and rain, "the melancholy days" have become a reality, and while you are welcoming the glowing grate and clinging with affection to a heavy wrap, we still sport the festive and ubiquitous shirt-waist and revel in a summer of sunshine and flowers. What bliss to sit on the old stone benches of the Paseo. these mellow, moonlit evenings, and listen while the band plays the dreamy Mexican airs that always seem to echo with a minor strain; to promenade in the Plaza where the odor of many strange, tropical flowers mingle their fragrance with our own rose and jessamine! It is the twenty-ninth of October but the limes and oranges still hang in golden balls on the trees that line the entrance to our hotel; a vine covered with gorgeous blossoms of a soft, velvety purple climbs in riotous profusion over the upper balcony; there is a hedge of shrimp-pink geraniums bordering the walks; a great bush of sweet-scented heliotrope has for its background a wilderness of palms, and the yellow haze of Indian summer lends an added enchantment to the whole. With this picture before me have I not some excuse for speaking of the weather?

There is nothing of interest in this little peon town of Silao beyond the splendid view of rugged mountains that surround it like a chain of emeralds, and seem so near though they are really many miles away; the picturesque old churches and the ever-fascinating crowd of oddly-dressed humanity that is constantly passing and repassing down the long Paseo. It may not be out of place

to repeat as apropos of the distant mountains an anecdote which is not new to western ears though it may be to the readers of the MESSENGER.

A certain Englishman on his first visit to Colorado was attracted by a towering mountain peak which seemed, in the rarefied atmosphere, to be within easy walking distance of his hotel, so he started out one morning with the laudable intention of climbing it before breakfast. After walking twenty miles or more he stopped at a wayside ranch for the night, and next day prepared to retrace his steps—the mountain being as far off as ever. On his way back two cowboys overtook him at the side of an irrigating ditch where he was preparing to disrobe. "What are you going to do?" they very naturally inquired. "I am getting ready to swim across this river," was the indignant Briton's reply. "You can't deceive me again with any of your blamed distances!"

It is not my intention to present guide-book annotations as to altitude, latitude, natural resources, etc., in these articles, for such matter furnishes dry reading to any but the statistic fiend. Silao is important in railroad circles as headquarters for

the Mexican division of the M. C. R. R., and in consequence many American families make it their home. No place containing fifteen thousand Mexicans can be utterly devoid of interest to anyone visiting the country for the first time; but otherwise Silao is not an exciting metropolis. The grand event of the day to both "greaser" and "gringo" is the arrival of the various trains; a goodly portion of the population makes its way to the station as soon as the distant rumble of the cars is heard—the leisure class to enjoy a walk down the broad Paseo and to exchange greetings with their friends, the bread winners to turn an honest *centaro* or *peso* as fortune favors them. It is a busy scene, for street venders are driving a brisk trade in fruits, *dulces*, baskets, toys, drawn-work and comestibles of varying degrees of temptingness. The insinuating odor of *enchiladas* is apparent and the nasal cry of "*Hay tamales y leche*" is heard through the land.

If the train is late or the schedule changed it makes no difference to these philosophic sons of toil; they are past masters in the difficult art of knowing how to stand and wait, and if night



PANTEON OF GUANAJUATO.

comes on, the *sarape* is used for a blanket and the men sleep calmly by their wares until the cars and the ever-desirable tourist make their appearance. One man passes our window every morning at five with his entire stock in trade, consisting of a kitchen table, a *brasero* (earthen-ware stove) plates, ollas and a market-basket full of food on his back. His profession, I discovered, was the manufacture—I use the term advisedly—of salads which appeared to be very popular with the natives, but upon which the average American would look with distrust. He is not an isolated example of a human beast of burden; the strength of these *cargadores* can only be likened to that of Samson—the Samson of sacred history it may be well to add. They think nothing of carrying a huge trunk several blocks on their shoulders. When I first witnessed this performance I shuddered for the safety of the man, but ever since, so agile are their movements, I have trembled for the fate of my luggage.

After leaving the interesting old city of Aguascalientes the road runs in serpentine curves up hill and down dale through some of the prettiest scenery in Mexico; not grand and tropical as we find it farther south, but peaceful and agricultural, with big haciendas dotting the landscape and every few miles a silvery lake which mirrors in its depths the palms and cacti that fringe its shores. The Nopal cactus (prickly pear) grows to an immense size here and we pass groves of them laden with fruit. They are cultivated by the natives and their pears—*tunas*—form a staple article of food, being in great demand, I observed, throughout the country. The organ cactus is very picturesque; it is used largely for hedges and makes a most efficient and formidable barrier. Woe betide the unfortunate *muchacho* who would attempt to squeeze through such a hedge. It is well named, for the straight green shoots bear a strong resemblance to the pipes of an organ. As we neared Leon, the

greatest manufacturing city of Mexico, I noticed a species of orchid much like our coral honeysuckle, growing in great abundance on the mesquite trees—not a rare or very beautiful orchid but interesting withal to flower-lovers. Lagos is a quaint little town noted for its conservatism and lack of progress. Even in this land of the “*poco tiempo*,” Lagos is spoken of as *slow*, and when a Mexican calls a place slow we may conclude that it has reached a point of lethargy undreamed of in our modern philosophy. The following story, which may be taken *cum grano salis* or not, as the credulity of the reader inclines, is related of the good people of Lagos. After some repairs in the Plaza there was a hole left in the pathway by the laborers and one night a child tumbled in and was hurt. Steps were immediately taken to prevent a repetition of this disaster; the hole was filled with earth which left another hole some yards further on. It in turn was filled and lo, another abyss yawns for the innocent *pobrecito*. At length, after numerous holes had been dug and filled the danger was carried past the city limits and the municipal authorities were content.

There are six churches in this small town of Silao, all picturesque from the outside and very gorgeous and gaudy in their interior decorations. The little chapel of the Tercen Orden is so old that it is almost a ruin; no one could give me its exact age but it looks as if it might have counted a respectable number of years before Cortez landed his invading forces on Mexican soil. “*La Iglesia de la Parroquia*” is one hundred and fifty years of age and is beautiful. In one of its chapels is a celebrated life-sized figure of Christ on the Cross said to have been presented by Philip II. of Spain. It is made of pith tinted to resemble bronze and it is held in such veneration that the parochial church is called by many the Church of the Santo Cristo. Another stately edifice is *la Iglesia de los Ejercitos*, mean-

ing the armies. It is so named because of the pictures—life-size and painfully realistic—of the martyred Apostles that line its walls. The main altar is considered very grand, but I prefer that of La Parroquia to any I have thus far seen; it is more stately and less ornamented than the majority of them. It is impossible to obtain a picture of any church not built on a plaza; the gentleman of nursery lore who had to “bring his wife home in a wheelbarrow” was undoubtedly a resident of Silao for the streets here are the narrowest I have ever seen, and labyrinthian in their intricacy. The first Sunday in Silao I assisted at High Mass in the parochial church; it was a little after nine when I reached there, and the huge building was filled with a mass of kneeling worshippers that extended through the yard into the street beyond. To attempt to wade through that sea of human beings was out of the question, so I went to one of the good padres and stated the case in my best Meistuschafian

Spanish, whereupon I was shown through a private chapel into an alcove near the main altar and there, like a Pharisee, I prayed alone and afar from the madding crowd. When Mass was ended the sexton unlocked the great iron-bound doors and beckoned me to pass through—I did so and they were immediately closed again. After this I always heard Mass in the private chapel—not from lack of Christian humility, but because it is impossible to thread one's way through the crowds, and in these days of germs and bacilli one can't play the Publican with safety. There is always an orchestra in the large Mexican churches, but they

have very little vocal music, and it is always rendered by male voices. Down here woman is very much “the lesser man”; indeed the Tennysonian idea is exemplified to a degree that strikes me as rather unflattering. They are so pious, too, these dark-eyed señoritas; and self-effacement is apparently their chief aim in life. The devotion of the poor peons is most edifying; they spend hours in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament and they decorate the shrines of their favorite saints with ex-votos that are pathetic in their simplicity.



LA IGLESIA DE LA PARROQUIA.

Silao owes much of its consequence to the fact that it is the junction of the Guanajuato road with the main line. This latter important and highly picturesque city derives its unpronounceable name from an Indian word signifying “hill of the frogs.” I did not see any frogs during our stay there, but the hills are plenty. From Silao to Marfil is a short ride through an ever-changing panorama of mountains; there you take the tramway and are drawn by five galloping mules to the city which is built up the side of a mountain, so steep that if one had seven-leagued boots the easiest way of going up the street would be to step from house-top to house-top. In any effort at a description of Guanajuato one is trammelled by an embarrassment of riches—there is so much of interest to be seen.

In the first place it has been for several hundreds of years one of the chief cities of the country, and its inhabitants pride themselves upon being the leaders in nearly every insurrection that has taken place in Mexico. As the



American small boy would say, "any old fight" will do for the Guanajuatians, provided it is a rumpus. It is also famous for the wealth of its mines; millions upon millions have been taken therefrom, and yet the supply seems inexhaustible. Reduction works are necessarily numerous, the old-fashioned Patio process being greatly in evidence. We visited a large plant bearing the poetical but deceptive title of "La Hacienda de las Flores Purisimas." It suggested *on the outside* a combination of a moated grange and the old California missions. We were shown through by a courteous and kindly Señor who tried to explain to us the primitive process of extraction. But as he spoke no English and we little Spanish of the *technical* order, we lost much that might have been instructive. They are always gracious and polite, these Mexicans, and they seem to consider no time lost that can be spent in doing strangers a service; whatever may be written for or against them, as a race, their unvarying courtesy cannot be exaggerated. The old Patio methods are fast disappearing before the victorious march of Anglo-Saxon progress; the day is not far off when the people will cease to wash their pigs in order to get the gold and silver which the porkers have gathered by wallowing in the rich Guanajuato slime, and much that is picturesque and interesting will be sacrificed to the rapidity and convenience of the prosaic smelter. *El Teatro Juarez*, conceded to be the handsomest theatre on the American continent, fronts on the tiny Plaza Publica and is a magnificent specimen of massive and costly architecture. All its furnishings are from France. There is the usual number of plazas, two of which are laid out with exquisite taste; *la Presa de la Alla* is the loveliest part of the city and the houses there are charming. They differ from the typical Spanish *casa* in having their lakes and gardens outside where the passer-by may enjoy their beauty. Churches are numerous in

Guanajuato and some of them contain fine paintings; in the church of San Diego is a locally renowned picture of the Last Supper and in that of San Francisco is the greatly venerated painting of Nuestra Señora de Guanajuato, presented by Philip II. of Spain, who seems to have been generous in his gifts to the churches of the new world. *La Iglesia de la Compañia* is built on a shelf of solid rock, the levelling of which foundation alone cost one hundred thousand dollars. After the defeat and capture of the renowned patriot, Hidalgo, his head was brought to Guanajuato (which city he had previously captured) and exposed to public view from the roof of the Palace.

It is, however, the Panteon of Guanajuato that is of most interest to strangers, for here are the celebrated mummies, the gruesome *pièces de resistance* of the city's exhibit. To reach this cemetery you go several squares in a street-car and the rest of the way on a burro, or on foot, as your inclination prompts; but whichever method of locomotion you select you will very probably repent of it and wish you had taken the other. Arrived at the Panteon, the site of which commands a superb view of the city and surrounding country, you present your permit to *El Guardian*, who leads you through a trap-door, down a narrow, circular stone stairway into the Chamber of Horrors. Personally I am not addicted to mummies nor to any such ghastly sights; but when one is accompanied by an amateur photographer who would consider the descent into Avernus not only easy but agreeable, provided she was assured of a good picture of Lucifer, there is no choice left but to follow in her wake. Into the valley of death we marched! It was well lighted and very clean, a decided advantage, for if we must have mummies it is best to have them as inviting as possible. One end of the long room is piled to the ceiling with skulls and bones — relics of the unfortunate dead whose lease on their poor six

feet of earth has expired. Alas, poor Yorick! He is here in countless numbers! In the other end of the room, separated by glass doors, stand the mummies, clothed in slips of white muslin. A most horrible sight and a subject for meditation and prayer! They are in a splendid state of preservation and would delight Mark Twain, for, unlike those he visited in his "Tramp Abroad," they are, comparatively speaking, *fresh*. Not more than thirty years has elapsed, so the smiling guardian of the dead informed me, since they were living, joyous human beings. We remained in this underground Panteon only long enough

for a photograph; it is not a cheerful rendezvous. In the cemetery proper are some costly tombs and mausoleums, but never a grass-covered grave is to be seen in Mexico. The system of renting a place of burial, so largely practised here among the poorer classes, seems odd and repulsive to us. "God's acre" is depressing at best, in spite of any beauty or sentiment with which it may be enveloped; but surely there is more comfort in a visit to our churchyards. Better to see the daisies growing over the graves of those we love and to think of the Resurrection!

## BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

*By J. M. Cave.*

*(Continued.)*

### PART II. CHAPTER I. OFF TO RUSSIA.

THE thanksgiving is ended. Margaret and Antony read each other's thoughts, clasp each other's hands, and a world of words could never express what is passing in their hearts on this day of heavenly grace and mercy.

Blandine ceases not to smile into the dear face she loves, while Margaret, for her part, cannot let the child leave her side for a minute. "How beautiful she is, is she not, Antony?"

Antony smiled. "Do you know that Father Francis and our mother found a great resemblance in her to yourself, my Margaret?"

"O, do not say so, Antony!" Margaret's face flushed and paled. "God forbid that there should be found in her the least resemblance to me!"

"It is unaccountable, yet too marked not to be observed, my dear. Even I now see it, and you may be very sure that I would choose to think my beloved Margaret the one unmatched pearl. Noella says the child resembles you

through loving you so ardently. The conceit is not new. It may be so, and surely it will be for her happiness, if she resembles you ever so little, my beloved."

"She is altogether beautiful, Antony. Let us speak no more of likeness or comparison, but strive to keep her as good as she now is."

Antony turned away without reply. He paced up and down the room several times, his face serious, troubled, even severe. Margaret after dismissing Blandine was about to say something, when she caught his look. It surprised, almost shocked her. She watched him in silence. He had some secret trouble, great enough to make him almost forget her presence, she fancied. After a time he came to her side.

"Where is Blandine now, do you know?"

"Gone with the sisters to make purchases. She wished to choose herself some tokens for the little Blandines of her class at Betharram."

Antony sat down. He took Margaret's two hands in his own, saying in a changed, unnatural voice, "My heart is sorely troubled. I look to you to help me at this crisis, my dear!"

"Your looks alarm me, Antony! What has happened?"

"It has nothing to do with us personally, be not agitated, and yet it strikes us both, me through you. And this is my sorrow. If it fell upon me alone, I could bear it alone. Margaret, great blessings are followed, almost

heavy one, how am I to make reparation?"

"My heart is ready, Antony. His Cross, the Cross of His choice, before all. Give me the heaviest portion, if it be possible."

"My own patient Margaret." There was something like a sob in the voice of the strong man. "My dear one, it has to do with Blandine."

Margaret shrank as from a blow. She could not speak, but waited silently for the rest.



I AM CHARGED TO RECEIVE MADEMOISELLE.

always, by a new cross. Our Saviour sends one now, and I cannot but fear for you. Perhaps you will find it even heavier than the one He has so mercifully removed. But remember one thing, *try to remember*, dearest, that you will never again bear any cross *alone*, while I live."

Margaret buried her face in her hands. She was seeking help. To be without a cross had been to her, in her blindness, a source of terror. How often had she said to herself, "*Without a cross*, and a

"She is claimed by her family."

"Had she a family?" Margaret asked mechanically.

"The authorities have a warrant to take her from us, in that name, and even in a mightier one. She is a ward of the crown, it seems, and the chancellor demands her return in the name of the Czar."

"Can there be no mistake?"

"I fear not. Her mother was a Russian. Of her father or his family we know nothing. We have absolutely

nothing to oppose to the mandate we have received."

"How did this come to your knowledge, Antony?"

"Through Noella. She summoned me by cable to Paris. There I was notified to meet the consul, who learned of the child's whereabouts the day you left Betharram."

"Must this be *soon*, Antony? Can we not gain time?"

"So far from that, they would not accept my promise to give her up on your arrival in Paris. The most I could obtain is permission for her to travel thither by the same train. The agent is already here."

"My God! My God!" was all Margaret could say.

"For the child's sake, try to be brave, my beloved. You have, alas! but a brief space in which to prepare her. This day may be the last in which you can have her to yourself alone. Shall I seek her? I think I hear her step."

They are alone together now, and how is she to prepare the little victim that she loves? How is she to wound the little bird that nestled so fondly in her breast?

"Blandine, if St. Joseph had not saved you, if you had *really* been carried away from me that morning, what would you have done?"

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" Blandine shrank like a frightened bird into Margaret's arms.

"I would try hard to get back to you, mamma!"

"But if you *could not*, or only after a long while? Could you be patient, and brave, if you had to stay away from me a long while? Could you keep all those you love now, in your heart, and remember every hour your own dear Lady of Betharram, and talk to her, just as you would do to a visible loving mother, if you were kept very, very long?"

The child was silent for a long while. But Margaret knew her way of thinking

out her answers to the end, so she gave her time.

"If I had to go from you, mamma, I could not be patient or brave all alone. But I promised Père St. Etienne to be very faithful to Our Lady of Betharram; to tell her all that came into my heart, and I shall never forget that promise. It was in the Chapel of the Sacred Heart at Betharram, that I made it, the day father gave me this medal." She took out her medal and kissed it. Margaret drew from around her own neck a slender golden chain, and slipped the medal on it, as well as the little golden crucifix Blandine had worn since her birth. "I chain you to the promise again, my darling, and I give you again to Our Lady of Betharram." She passed the chain around the child's neck. "And your mamma Marguerite, who loves you, and who would have gladly remained blind rather than ever let you go from her, had the Lord so willed it, asks you to make still another promise, and that is, to pray for her every day, should you go from her. Will you promise this, my dearest?"

"But mamma must not let me go! See how easy it is to keep me. Just hold me, *so!* Who can take me away from *you*, mamma? You told me you had the right to keep me for your own little girl forever!"

"And so I thought I had, my darling. But now come some men of the law, who say you must go to your mother's family, to her god-mother, I believe."

"Cannot Uncle Antony prevent them, mamma?"

"No one can prevent them, my dear, I am afraid."

"Must it be, poor mamma? May I not stay with you till—till I am older? till?—Oh, do not let it be *soon*, dear mamma!"

"It should never be, if only I had any power to resist it, my darling. But now, in case it had to be soon, can you, like the saints you have heard and read of, keep the faith you learned, as they did,

even if you are told it is not the faith of the people you are going amongst? Remember it was your father's faith, and your dear mother embraced it and made you of that faith. Dying, she asked Sister Noella to teach it to you, and to tell you never to change it, so that she would have her little girl again in heaven. Can you be faithful to it, even when people are kind and loving, and make it hard for you, perhaps, to say 'no?' Think, dear, and tell me! Tell me, for my comfort and consolation, if you can do this?"

"Mamma, when I was confirmed, I promised to keep *all* my catechism. How can I break a promise made to God? The bishop put his hand on my head, and marked my forehead, just as the shepherd marks the little lambs, you know, and that mark will always be on me, Sister Noella said, so that Jesus will know I am His. I will keep the faith of my papa and mamma, but, O! O! mamma! to go from *you!* from you, my mamma! O try to keep your little Blandine who loves you! Oh! how can you let me go, mamma?"

"Hush! hush! my darling, do you not see that my heart is breaking? I *cannot* let you go! O God, I *cannot!* And yet, but now I said 'Thy will be done.' " Margaret was overcome. Moaning and weeping, she rocked the child in her arms, without power to let her go.

They are each trying to strengthen the other, by mute acquiescence, in that from which there is no appeal.

The silence was broken all too soon by a summons to Blandine to present herself before the consular authority, to receive the mandate, and to sign the paper that gave her over to the keeping of her new guardians.

By what means Antony had prevailed upon the agent they found waiting for them in the public hall, Margaret did not know, but he had prevailed, and instead of exacting, as he had a right to do, that the child should be handed over to

his keeping at once, he consented that she should remain in the custody of her friends till their arrival in Paris, on condition that they set out, at the latest, within the ensuing twenty-four hours. One more morning in the convent chapel, there to renew vows, to strengthen promises, to obtain much-needed blessings. Blandine it was who spoke the best words of comfort: "Mamma, the Sacred Heart is good! He has let you see me before I go away. That makes me glad. Does it make you glad, mamma?"

"My darling! My darling! The Sacred Heart *is* good. He sent you to me by His Blessed Mother. She will bring you back to me if you are faithful. Let us have a rendezvous each morning in the Heart of Jesus, and each evening in the Heart of Our Lady of Betharram. You shall ask for me, and I will ask for you, my precious child."

"That will be beautiful, mamma!"

"Try not to be grieved if you are not called by the name you love. Indeed it will be all the more precious, if kept sacred to those you love best. You never told me who first called you by the name of 'Blandine,' did you dear?"

"I think it was my mamma, when she was very, very ill. Sister Noella sent a little Blandine to stay with me, to play with me, but I didn't want to play then, and my mamma whispered to me that I must be good, and like Blandine, who was a king's daughter, and a slave, and then a saint. She said 'You are a king's daughter, God is your father, the Queen of Heaven is your mother. You may be a slave; you will be God's slave, if you are good, and the bad angel's slave if you are not good. And I want my little daughter to be very humble, like Saint Blandine.' And I promised."

"But how do you remember this, my pet? You were only five years old, six at the very utmost, at that time."

"I remember it," said Blandine. "I *tried to remember it*, for I loved my mamma! O, mamma! mamma!" Again

sobs and tears for the never-to-be-forgotten beloved mother. Margaret's heart was strengthened unspeakably by that childish outburst of grief. She need not fear that a heart, so faithful from babyhood, would ever betray its faith.

"Forgive me, mamma! You are a real mamma, too, just like her! It hurts me to make you feel sorry."

"Your love for your dear mother makes me confident that you will never forget anything you have learned, my darling. Remember always, '*God and Our Lady, first.*' Keep the faith your dear parents left you. Then remember your blind second mother, who loves you as her own. Although she sees the earth, and your dear face, she needs you to help her. God loves the prayers of little children; pray for her." In tender embraces, earnest promises, loving words of counsel sanctified by tears were passed the last hours at Paray-le-Monial. The Heart of Jesus was and will be their strength.

From Paray-le-Monial to Paris the train dashed at great speed, as if maliciously bent on covering the ground in the least possible space of time. They are there before they realize it. Can it be possible that this is the end of their journey?

Blandine is still the bravest of all. To hide her tears, to keep back the sobs that almost choke her, is her preoccupation. Every now and then she whispers "I am coming back *soon*, mamma," and tries to draw a smile to Margaret's face. It is a surprise and shock to her when the train stops, and the commotion in and around the carriage fairly seizes everyone. The guards hurry in and rush out with the baggage. They are helped to alight in what seems the twinkling of an eye.

By their coupé door stands a footman in Russian livery, ample cloak of grey cloth, with deep cape trimmed with rows of bright red braid. The consul's agent sees him and makes a sign.

"Mademoiselle is here." He indi-

cates Blandine. The footman withdraws for a few seconds, and returns with a middle-aged lady, who approaches the travellers. She hands a card to Margaret, who reads, "Mademoiselle Donzelli, Chez la Princesse Vallinski."

"And this is the young lady?" Mademoiselle Donzelli holds out her hand to Blandine, who is looking up into Margaret's face and does not see it. "I am charged to receive Mademoiselle, Madame de Vallinski is waiting to welcome Mademoiselle."

Margaret has some difficulty in replying, for Blandine has suddenly seized her arm with great force, and is clinging to her and gazing up into her face; her own is as white as death. "Perhaps Madame de Vallinski is not aware that I had adopted this little one with all legal formalities, before knowing she had any relatives. It is not easy for us to part so suddenly. Perhaps she might remain with me, at least during our sojourn in Paris?"

"Madame de Vallinski is at her hotel, Rue Monceau, I am sure she will be charmed to made the acquaintance of the friends of Mademoiselle, but I have no authority to decide the matter. I trust the young lady will have no objection to accompanying me now. She has nothing to fear."

"Come, dear Mademoiselle, shall we go?" Mademoiselle Donzelli touched Blandine's arm. At that touch all the child's courage failed her. She burst into a passion of tears, and pleaded, "O mamma! I cannot! I cannot! Save me mamma! save me!"

"Remember who can save you, my darling," whispered Margaret, bending over her. "Come Mademoiselle; let us go together to the carriage."

Here Antony came up and whispered something in Blandine's ear. She looked into his face, trying to understand. Presently she lifted up her head. "Forgive me, mamma! Yes, Uncle Antony, I will be good. I forgot." She swallowed her tears and sobs, and

held up her face to be kissed. Then she gave her hand to Mademoiselle Donzelli of her own accord. She even tried to smile.

Mademoiselle rewarded her with a volume of ejaculations.

"There! She is already reasonable. See; how charming! The princess will be delighted. Mademoiselle will love us all very much."

Blandine suffered herself to be led to the carriage, and to be placed in it, after a long clinging embrace and a whispered "Do not weep for me, my own dear mamma, for I am coming back to you." Poor Margaret could not find voice to utter a word of farewell, but her tears and kisses told better than words what was in her heart. "Try to be always Blandine of Betharram," whispered Antony, speaking for her; and Blandine tried to smile back at him, a smile of promise, sealed with tears, that she tried hard not to let fall till the carriage turned from the station door, and the little group on the curbstone was lost to sight. Then she slipped from her seat and buried her face in the carriage cushions. Mlle. Donzelli did not disturb her. Either she was too interested in her book, or she thought it wiser to let the child's grief wear itself out. By and by Blandine arose from her knees and seated herself quietly. Her eyes were dry, but her face was still burning with the traces of other tears that she did not try either to cool or to wipe away.

The carriage suddenly stops, and her companion hastily closes her book and looks at her with a smile. She helps her to alight, and leads her up a flight of very splendid stairs, lined with great palms and jardinières of porcelain full of beautiful flowers. Blandine's feet sink into soft carpets so deeply that she fairly staggers. Although well used to climbing, her little feet fail her here, and Mlle. Donzelli has to take her by the hand and help her up. They stop before a pretty door, after passing through a long suite of grand rooms. Its panels

remind her of Betharram. River and mountain, blue sky, ivy covered walls, a real Pyrenean landscape. It is not Betharram however, but the little one is stronger for being reminded of it at that moment.

A little tap at the pretty door. "Who's there?" "Mademoiselle has arrived. Mademoiselle is here." Five minutes pass. Another tap. Another five minutes. Then a voice says "Seytchass!" (directly). Another tap is necessary in spite of the repeated *Seytchass! Seytchass!* each more emphatic than the first.

By and by the door is opened and a finger beckons her forward: "The princess receives, will Mademoiselle come this way?"

And Blandine goes that way, and is led up to a great Turkish divan, on which, half buried in cushions, reclines a very elegant lady, who holds out a jewelled hand to her, with the exclamation, "Enfin!" repeated over and over again, as if *she*, the speaker, had been kept waiting all the time. "Enfin! Enfin!" and always in a different key, while she scrutinizes the newcomer, and with a final "Enfin!" draws her towards her, and offers a well powdered cheek to be kissed. Two jewelled hands are then laid upon Blandine's shoulders, and she is held off at arms length to be more thoroughly studied, by very keen and kindly eyes.

"At last; my child, my Sacha, at last, at last! Slava tibi Hospody! Thank God! Daria! Daria!" Daria appears. "A cup, Daria; and the prettiest, the best, the Sevres, Daria, for your little baruishnaya (young lady); for Mademoiselle Alexandrine, for my little Sacha, my Sachinka!"

The prettiest cup is such a very pretty cup that Blandine smiles her thanks for it, and for the cordial welcome ringing in the exclamations showered upon her at the same time. If she had appeared deliciously pretty while standing grave and silent, with veiled eyes and closed lips, she is a thousand times lovelier now, with that sweet timid smile, breaking

like a tiny ray of sunshine over her face. The princess was in raptures. "How shall I call you, petite amour? What is your pet name?"

"I am called Blandine."

"Blandine! Ciel! But that is not pretty! That is not orthodox! Blandine! no, no! You must be like your mother, Sacha, my own second Sachinka. Your mamma was the first, my dear. You will like to be called like your own mamma, will you not?"

"Yes, aunt."

"Ah! You have found a name for me. It is to be 'aunt?' And why not god-mother?"

"I have a god-mother in England," said Blandine, "my papa's cousin. My mamma told me I would see her some day, and I must keep that name for her!"

"What an honest little Sacha it is! and who is she, this English god-mother?"

"I know only that papa chose her for my god-mother, aunt. Nothing more."

As the princess did not know Sacha's papa, and fancied that no one knew much about that gentleman, she disliked to hear him referred to. She mentally resolved to impress this upon the child. Resolving upon anything without help, always tired her ladyship. She was tired now. She had made an immense effort. Even pleasure soon wearied her. "Daria!" Daria appeared. "I am tired, Daria, very tired. Another cup of tea, dooshinka (darling)? No? Then go with Daria. Au revoir, chérie!" And the lady sank back among her cushions, while Blandine followed Daria to a small room, connected with the apartments of Mademoiselle Donzelli. That lady was anything but pleased when this room had been spoken of as the most suitable for the newcomer. She was less so now, and resented the manner in which Daria ushered her charge in.

When Daria ushered the little lady into her apartments and left her there

without apology, mademoiselle felt herself injured. She had consented to spare her extra boudoir, though she protested that she needed it, but she would not suffer her rooms to be entered by Daria in this fashion. She could not, would not bear it. She sent her card, with a few pencilled words, to the princess, by Feodor, the footman, who was well accustomed to carry such messages. *Challenges*, he called them.

The princess soon made her appearance, with the card in her hand. She looked the very image of good humor, as if she had been invited to a farce, or revel, instead of a tragedy. Tragedy was written all over the face of Mademoiselle Donzelli; but the princess pretended not to see it. She was abstractedly tearing the card into fragments, and only realized the fact when it was too late to put the pieces together. "Tiens! what have I done! was it important? Can we pay a few visits this afternoon, Apolline, and shop a little at the Louvre?" (Shopping at the Louvre was the delight of Mlle. Donzelli.) The princess kept up her debonnaire air, while imparting fragments of gossip.

"How droll you are, Apolline! You would leave the best house in Paris because a pretty little bird perches in your garden for a few days!"

"Daria has no right to intrude upon me!"

"She intrudes upon me. She is Daria, and I am only the old princess. What is to be done?"

"Change! Send her off!"

"She wouldn't go," said the princess quietly. "I assure you, Apolline, *she would not*. I have been telling her to go for the last twenty years. I shall finish by going myself, and you will go, too, Apolline, but Daria will remain."

"It is not to be borne!" cried the angry lady.

"I must bear it," said the princess, "but if *you really cannot*—" This was the trump card of the princess, and one



she had lately marked as a winning one. "If you really cannot, my friend—"

"I shall try once more," sullenly muttered Mlle. Donzelli, in no way mollified by the turn things were taking.

"Do, my dear! I would, if I were you," said the princess, laughing pleasantly. Blandine was lying on a sofa, fast asleep from fatigue and grief.

"She will be in Petersburg in a week. Content yourself. If you prefer it, I will tell Daria to remove her to my side of the house. She pleases me immensely." The princess bent over the sleeping child for some seconds. "She pleases me immensely! If it were not for—"

The sentence remained unfinished. The princess went away. There was no affection in the gaze that followed her. As she passed out of sight mademoiselle repeated the words, "If it were not for," in a malicious tone to herself. "If it were not for me, I suppose she means." And she was right for once. She looked towards the sleeping child, and her feelings were not in the least softened, even by that sight. She was vindictive, and until she felt that vengeance was hers, mademoiselle could not take pleasure in anything.

Blandine was sleeping calmly. As beautiful as a flower she looked lying there, innocence and sweetness stamped on every feature. Never had a wilful venial sin, thus far, marred the purity of her soul.

Blandine opened her eyes after a heavy sleep. Where is she? Confused and troubled, she had much difficulty in answering the question. She missed something, someone. What she missed most, though unconsciously at that moment, was air and light. Draperies and heavy curtain-masked windows, and doors and furniture even. An unhealthy accumulation of velvets and reps, and tinsel-wrought Eastern stuffs rich to the eye, but vile to the nostrils, almost choked the lungs accustomed to

mountain breezes, and a sun-warmed atmosphere.

She remembers her beads. She seeks them beneath her pillow, and kneeling forgets the stuffy room and the loneliness. She recalls the words of Father St. Etienne.

"In every trouble, in every danger, call upon Our Lady of Betharram." She is in trouble now: the grievous trouble of separation from those she loves.

But she is not alone! Some one is looking at her, as, with arms outstretched, Lourdes fashion, she lets the grains of her beads slip slowly between her fingers. Daria is watching her, and Daria has never seen such a sight. She is wonder-struck, and stands motionless, till, with a long reverential kiss upon the crucifix of her beads, Blandine puts them away and rises from her knees. Then the watcher comes forward, as if she had seen nothing, and asks if the little barushnaya (young lady) is not lonely, and if she is not hungry? The pleasant smile, and low words of thanks, make a conquest of good Daria, who insists upon taking her back to the state apartments where she will have air and light. "Mamselle," says Daria, "lives like a rat in a hole. She needs neither light, nor air; she is like a salyotka, a dried salyotka (herring)."

Blandine did not know what a salyotka meant, but she did not like Daria's tone of voice, and made no reply.

"I wanted to keep you here, see, in this pretty white chamber, near the princess; but she was afraid the cigarette smoke would make you cough. It wouldn't, would it? I open the windows a dozen times a day; but ten dozen times would not let out all the smoke my mistress puffs into the air."

Blandine was uncomfortable. It hurt her to hear remarks about people, especially if spoken in a disrespectful tone. Then she thought it was perhaps not right for Daria to speak of the smoking.

Not that that shocked or surprised her. She knew the Spanish and Southern French ladies smoked, why should not Russian ladies do the same? She had never yet come in contact with cigarette smoke, but she did not fear it; all she feared was to sin; to do wrong and have no one to tell her so, or to advise her.

Daria busied herself in setting forth a dainty lunch and took immense pleasure in seeing the child eat. "You must eat all you can," she urged, "if you are going away off to the cold North. It's a long journey. I wish I could go with you! It's my own dear country, where you are going, baruishnaya, and it's the best country in the world. O! everyone is so good there, so kind-hearted and so merry! There Christmas lasts three weeks, and Easter longer than that. O, wait till you see *one* Russian Easter, baruishnaya, and you'll never ask to see

45-8 France again! There they know how to keep Easter and Lent, too. Lent is *Lent*, there." Now Daria was curious and innocently cunning. All the malice in her nature was concentrated in one vial and devoted to one object. Apart from "Mamselle" as she called Mlle. Donzelli, she felt friendly to all the world. She was curious now on the subject of Blandine's beads, and found a way to obtain the information without asking a direct question, something a Russian rarely does.

"And so they are not to wear about your neck, as our maidens wear them, the string of pretty beads? Only ours are all sorts of bright colors. You can change the black ones for some pretty color, when you wear the sarafan (low-necked sleeveless gown), baruishnaya."

"My beads are to help me say my prayers," said Blandine, "they are not for ornament."

"And then they must be like what our monakha and monakhenya (monks and nuns) have hanging by their side? But our baruishnaya is not a nun! She does not need to wear praying beads! What does my little lady say when she

holds them, *so?*" Daria opened her arms wide.

Blandine told her about the sorrowful mysteries and explained as well as she could how she used her beads, and the mysteries of the Rosary in general.

"I love Our Lady of Kazan," said Daria. "It is to the Kazanski Sabor (cathedral) that I go when I am in Petersburg, and especially on an Easter morning. When I was in Moscow I went to see the Iberski Boje-Mater (Iberian Virgin or Mother). If you saw that Virgin! black she is, you know, but all blazing with the biggest jewels, and the finest! Only the Metropolit himself can touch that image and sometimes he takes her to a dying person; but then he has to have a troop of soldiers to guard his state coach, besides the footmen that always attend him. Come with me! I will show you the same one, only smaller."

Blandine hesitated. "You are very kind, Daria, but please do not ask me to do anything my aunt would not like."

"O, she'll like that, baruishnaya! She'd *want* you to go there, *always*, to say your prayers. You are not like that *bis vera* (unbeliever), Mamselle."

Blandine was really shocked now.

"O, Daria," she cried, "good Daria! please do not tell me these things."

"Yes, I will! I *must*," insisted Daria. "It is best to know them. You must know them sooner or later. Why, everyone knows what she is!"

"O, Daria!"

Daria laughed. "I'm not sorry for her," she declared. "I'm glad she's a heathen. I'm glad when she's pushed to the wall. She doesn't deserve to have the faith!"

They were now standing before a splendid shrine, within whose plate-glass doors were suspended a profusion of paintings in rich golden frames set with jewels. Among the gold and jewels appeared faces, beautiful, exquisite in outline and coloring, and hands, holding

sceptres or staffs. The central figure, the richest one of all the collection, was, no doubt, the splendid copy of the Iberian Virgin, a miraculous picture, said to work wonderful miracles. Many lamps were burning before this shrine. Daria prostrated herself and swayed backwards and forwards, touching her forehead to the floor repeatedly, beating her breast and crossing herself over and over again.

Blandine looked with loving eyes on the holy images. She venerated them in her heart, because they spoke to her of our Lord and His Blessed Mother. She did not know whether to kneel before the shrine or not, but she took out her beads, knelt on the floor and recited a decade of the Rosary, while Daria was praying.

"It's no use," said Daria, rising, a look of deep dejection on her honest face. "It's no use! neither Our Lady of Kazar, nor our Iberian Mother answers me. Does she listen to you, baruishnaya?"

"Our Lady of Betharram is very good to me," said Blandine.

"That is a new name to me. One of yours, I suppose. Barina told me you had been brought up among Rimski Catoliki. But she says you'll forget all about them, when you go to Smolnoe."

Blandine heard, but made no answer.

"If you could get something for me from Our Lady of,—what did you call her, baruishnaya?" "Betharram," said Blandine. "Yes, Betharram! I would burn a candle for her. I don't see why I shouldn't. I burned a candle to the devil at Kazan."

Blandine was horrified. She drew away from Daria with a look of pain and fear on her face, that was a great contrast to the sweet winning look she had worn thus far. Daria noticed it at once, and hastened to explain.

"Why, every one does it *there*. There is our Divine Lord in the garden, and the evil one tempting Him; and

one puts big candles before our Lord, and a little one before the bad one, that he may not hurt us. He has plenty of power, you know, baruishnaya."

"I am afraid to hear his name," said Blandine.

"I am afraid too," said Daria. "I have good reason to hate him, for sending that heathen to us, to turn the head of our good Barina. She has her moulded to her will, so that the house is no longer her own. Mamselle is the mistress;—Mamselle must have all the cream!"

Blandine did not know whether she ought to be glad or not, when bed time came, and she found that she was to be in the bright airy room, near her aunt, and under Daria's care. Daria had reaped another triumph, one well-merited, for she was devoted in spite of her cunning, which was not cunning at all, but transparent as daylight to her mistress, who comprehended well enough that her true devotion could always be counted upon.

Daria saw the cloud on the bright little face, and dimly understood that she was the cause of it. She puzzled her head to think how she could dispel it. She looked upon Blandine, as she lay in her bed, and the thought that the little orphan was to be sent away from that great splendid house, where she might be so happy, grieved her sorely. She bent a while over the child, who lay on her pillow, with wide open eyes, from which she had been careful to shade the night lamp.

Then she went from Blandine's bedside, to push forward the little advantage she had gained. "You will be sending a blessing out of your house, Barina; you will be robbing yourself, if you let her go. Never did I see such a one. My heart is in my mouth, when I look on her sweet face, just like the face of an angel. What do you care for theatres, and operas, and ballets *now*? Sure you have had enough of them! Barina, look here! Am I not the last of your

serfs? Didn't all the rest take their freedom, and their land, and their money, your land, Barina, and your money, and go from you? Only Daria, 'foolish Daria' they called her, remained at her lady's footstool, and it is Daria who asks her lady to be good to herself, to rid herself of strangers and vampires, who care only for her money and her feasts."

"Hush, Daria! It is too late. You forget there is a contract. If she break it, well and good!"

"What proof?" asked Daria. "I see none."

"The child lying here, near me. She was ready to break out again, when I proposed to give her the white room."

"Now God be praised!" and with that joyful cry Daria threw herself at the feet of her mistress, and kissed them, as she had done, while she and all hers were bond slaves.

"But she must go, Daria; the little one, I mean. I have entered her for Smolnoe. I must let her see the family,



DARIA PROSTRATED HERSELF AND SWAYED BACKWARDS AND FORWARDS.

"*She* break it? She'll never break it, because you let her trample upon you. You take her rudeness and open disdain, as if *you* were the stranger in the place, and she the mistress."

"I cannot stoop to retaliate, Daria. I am a noble!"

"That's not being noble, Barina, to let yourself be robbed as you are. Who rules the place? who rules your people now, Barina?"

"I rule them from to-day. Daria! You will see. You have one proof!"

who brought her from the Pyrenees, one of these days. The sooner the better. Some return must be made to those who cared for her there, too. The steward will attend to that. Then I must see our friends who leave for the North. Some of them will accept the charge of Sacha, and convey her safely. But there is one thing that troubles me sorely."

"What is that, Barina?"

"The child's father. We know nothing of him. There is not a scrap of writing to tell us who or what he was.

She has no name, Daria; my Sacha's child has no name!"

Daria pondered a little while. "Barina, listen to me! You have the child, and such a child that any other would go wild over. Have you looked well at her? Why, she is like one of the images in the holy shrine. I never saw such a one before. If I could tell you what I heard and saw to-day, you'd not believe me, Barina. Keep her close to you, my lady, since God has sent her to you."

"She has no name, Daria!"

"Give her her grandfather's name, your own name. Is there anything nobler than a Vallinski? Who'll sneer at her, if you once call her your own?"

"True, Daria, it can be done; and the papers may be found."

"Papers, or no papers, you'll never see another like her; so keep her fast, if you wish the blessing to abide that has come to your hearth."

So, partly to please Daria, and chiefly because Blandine charmed and pleased her, the princess resolved to call her by her own name, which was also that of Blandine's maternal grandfather, though the connection between the house of the Great Vallinski and that of the princess was very distant indeed.

"Yes, Daria; I believe you are right. We will let her have one interview with the persons who brought her to Paris, and then make a Vallinski and a real Travoslavnia of her."

But "man proposes, and God disposes."

*(To be continued.)*

## THROUGH THE SACRED HEART.

THE STORY OF A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.

*By Rev. A. M. Basic, S.J.*

NOVI is a town of Croatia, situated in the valley of the Vinodolin, in the Diocese of Segna and Modruscia. Its beautiful position on the seashore, the sea itself dotted with many islands and covered with craft which ply for purposes of trade or pleasure upon its waters, make the spot a favorite one for visitors. It is a small town now, though it once contained a large population and was the seat of a bishop. Here as elsewhere, with the coming of hard times, many emigrated to distant lands, especially to the Transvaal. Those who remained at home were doomed to even greater misery, for to their poverty in the goods of this world, there was added a spiritual poverty scarcely to be credited. For fifty years they had not heard a single sermon or instruction, and as a natural consequence, few if any approached the Sacraments. Such was the condition of affairs at Novi, when its young and zeal-

ous pastor, the Canon Matthew Cvetko, called Father Gattin and myself to give a mission to his people at the beginning of last year. Under these circumstances neither pastor nor missionaries were sanguine of success, but placing the whole work under the guardianship of the Sacred Heart, we essayed the task of converting this much neglected flock.

The Mission opened on Sunday, January 15, with a mere handful of the congregation in attendance. Outside the door of the church a noisy dance was being held to celebrate a marriage festival. Our order of exercises was as follows: 6 A. M., Recitation of the Sacred Heart beads, followed by the reading of the act of reparation and other prayers to the Sacred Heart, by the parish priest kneeling before the high altar. Then came a Mission Sermon by Father Gattin, and afterwards a practical instruction by myself. The instruction



- Novi-

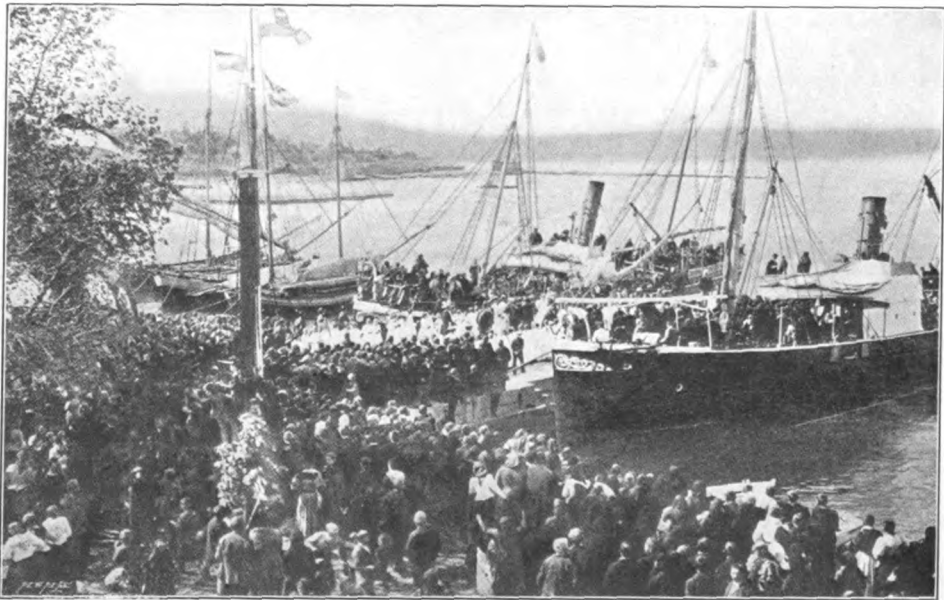
priest, to be the first to give a good example, stood up before the main altar and publicly begged pardon of his parishioners for any remissness in the discharge of his sacred duties. "If he

A detailed map of the Adriatic Sea and the Gulf of Quarnero, showing the coastlines of Albania, Montenegro, and Italy. The map includes numerous islands and coastal towns, a scale bar for 1899, and a compass rose. The Gulf of Quarnero is labeled 'Gulf of the Quarnero' and the Adriatic Sea is labeled 'Adriatic Sea'. The map also shows the 'Channel of the Morlacca' and the 'Main Roads'.

## THE MISSIONS IN CROATIA.

had unwittingly," he said, "given offence to anyone, he humbly asked his pardon." The people were greatly moved, and cried out again and again in a loud voice, "We forgive, we forgive." The parish priest himself was so touched by this demonstration that he began to weep like a child, and was unable to proceed with his address. At a late hour that evening, when all was silence, a bell was rung and the work of reconciliation began. In some cases this act of begging pardon involved heroic sacrifices, but such was the influence of God's grace

the restitution made of illgotten goods and compensation for injuries. A poor woman one morning at day-break heard someone knocking at her window. In a trice she had jumped out of bed to see what was the matter. On opening the window, a bundle of rags fell at her feet. She unrolled it and found a card with some money. On the card were written the following words: "Here are five florins, and little by little I shall pay you the other forty I owe you." The poor woman who had not at the time a single penny in her pocket, it is needless to say,



ARRIVAL OF THE STATUE OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS, AND PILGRIMS OF SELCE.

upon their converted hearts, that it is said that not one person in the parish remained at enmity with his neighbor. To cite but a single instance, a woman who was on bad terms with a former neighbor, now living in a distant country, wished to set out at any sacrifice to make her peace in person, and it was only after positive assurance from Father Gattin that such an extreme step was not required of her, that she became satisfied that she had fulfilled her obligation in this matter.

Equally generous and widespread was

was overwhelmed with joy at this unexpected event. Another person who owed a large sum of money to a poor woman came to consult the parish priest as to how he could best make restitution without betraying his identity. The pastor gladly consented to act as intermediary, and the money was shortly after placed in the hands of its rightful possessor.

Yet the greatest triumph was reserved for Friday, which the Sacred Heart would seem to have chosen to crown its victory. Four priests were kept busy day and night hearing confessions, and by Sun-



THE PROCESSION AT SELCE.

day morning, one thousand six hundred of the congregation were ready and anxious to receive our Lord in Holy Communion. Of the whole parish, it is said that not more than six or seven did not approach the Sacraments, and of this number two were afterwards reconciled

to the Church by Father Gattin before his departure. The first, a shoemaker by trade, had been vainly entreated by the woman he had ill-treated, to return to his duties. Father Gattin called to see him. He was obstinate, but at last after a sharp struggle between nature and



THE PROCESSION AT NOVI.



grace he yielded, and made his confession. The second, a fisherman, was still harder to win over. "He would not go to Confession, he did not care a straw what any priest said." But here again grace triumphed, and his confession was made with many tears of repentance.

But let me give another example of the good effected by the mission. Fifty young men full of good will came volun-

to Novi to take part in the solemn procession which was to close the Mission the following morning. Two years before a most fruitful mission had been given at Selce, attended by large crowds from the town itself and neighboring villages. Its closing feature was one long to be remembered, the transportation by water of a large statue of the Sacred Heart from Fiume to Selce. Placed on the prow of a vessel richly ornamented with the colors of the Sacred Heart and of the Pope, its progress was heralded by cries of joy and pious hymns.

After I had said Mass the procession began to move. Everything was in perfect order. All wore on their breasts the Badge of the Sacred Heart, and the Litany and hymns to the Divine Heart, sung by a well-trained choir, added not a little to the devotion. As we approached Novi its people came out to meet us and to lead us to the Cathedral. All the streets of the town were richly decorated with flags and handsome tapestries, and the windows of the houses were adorned with pictures and suitable inscriptions. Our way led under a magnificent triumphal arch, tastefully decorated. A large statue of the Sacred Heart, with the inscription, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, our consolation," occupied the most prominent position on its top. It had been first suggested that the inscription should read, "Sacred Heart of Jesus, consolation of the Novicians," but, not to give any ground for offence to the Selcians and to avoid any appearance of excluding them from the day's joy, it was changed to this more general form.

Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral was followed by the procession in which the two parishes took part. There were some seven thousand persons in line, and what with their fourteen handsome banners, and the young girls dressed in white, they formed a most pleasing spectacle. Then came the clergy, and a band of men carrying a large statue of



THE HOLY CROSS AT NOVI, CROATIA.

tarily to Father Gattin to solemnly promise that they would never for the future permit any ball to be held during prohibited times, no, not even the kolo, which is one of their customary forms of amusement. That such a promise must have cost them some sacrifice may be inferred from the fact that up to this time it was usual to hold balls even during the holy season of Lent.

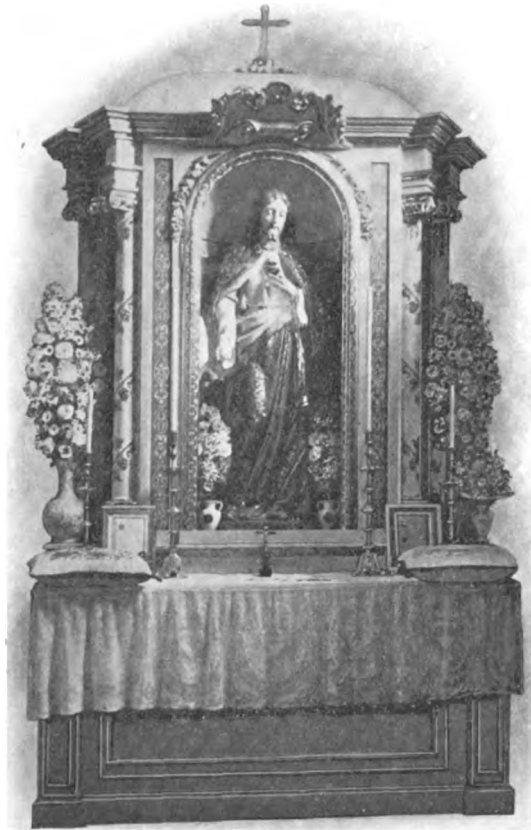
Saturday afternoon I was sent by Father Gattin to Selce, a town of some twelve hundred inhabitants and about four miles distant, to lead its parishioners

the Sacred Heart placed under a canopy. Before this statue a group of children strewed flowers as the procession advanced. Hymns to the Sacred Heart and the Litany of the Sacred Heart alternated with the Beads of the Sacred Heart. On reaching the principal square of the town, the statue was placed on a handsome altar prepared for it, and Father Gattin, after a short sermon, imparted the Papal Benediction. All then returned in procession to the Cathedral, where the *Te Deum* and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the Mission to a close. At 2 P. M. the Selcians started for home, accompanied part of the way by many of the Novicians. Later in the afternoon the pastor and ourselves went out to mingle in familiar converse with this happy people, their faces bright with the light of grace. In their simple, child-like way, they came to ask permission to dance the "Kolo," which of course was readily accorded, and so in joy and innocent merriment the hours flew by.

As a permanent memorial of these days of fervor and as a means of perseverance, I may mention that we had enrolled sixteen hundred Associates in the Apostleship of Prayer. Of this number, fifty young ladies promised to make in turn each day the Communion of Reparation. They chose the most worthy as chief Promoter. There were seven other Promoters who came together once a month to consult as to how they could best advance

and safeguard the interests of the Sacred Heart. We have since heard that they are all proving faithful to their promises.

On Monday, the 23d, amid the loud cheers of the people who accompanied us to the wharf, we took steamer for home. Their "hurrahs" and waving of handkerchiefs did not cease till an



THE ALTAR OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF NOVI.

intervening hill had hidden our boat from view. The pastor, his assistant, and several young men kept us company as far as Selce.

That the good effected by the Mission was something permanent is attested by several letters Father Gattin and myself have since received from the Rev. Pastor of Novi. In the middle of February he wrote: "Send me five hun-

dred Badges of the Sacred Heart, as they are in great demand; also five hundred Certificates of Admission, which after all may not be enough. The members of the Communion of Reparation are still increasing. I have learned that they are quietly gathering money for a banner of the Sacred Heart." In his second letter of April 17, Canon Cvetko says: "This year, on Ash Wednesday, there were neither balls nor 'kolo,' as has been hitherto the custom. The young men who promised Father Gattin to prevent them, have nobly kept their word. Strong inducements, both in money and drink, were held out to them to take part in the dances, but they not only steadfastly refused, but did all in their power to deter others from taking part in them." "The Mission's fruits," are

the words of a third letter, "are becoming more apparent from day to day. Many new members are being enrolled in the Apostleship of Prayer, and there is not a day when I have not some confessions to hear. May the Sacred Heart be glorified by all!"

Heartily do Father Gattin and myself reecho the pious wish of this model parish-priest, for it is to the Sacred Heart and not our poor efforts that the success of the Mission is to be ascribed. Commenced under its Divine auspices, and carried on in frequent prayer to the Sacred Heart, its best fruit has been the growth of this devotion in a once neglected parish, which, once a wilderness in the garden of the Church, now blossoms as the rose.

## DOES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EVER GRANT A DIVORCE?

By P. H. C., S.J.

IN Bishop Doane's charge to the clergy and laity of his diocese, delivered in convention, November 15, 1899, and scattered broadcast in the Thanksgiving number of the *Churchman*, November 25, the following passage occurs in reference to the Catholic Church and divorce: "There are two or three figments which take the place of argument about this matter of divorce and remarriage, which ought to be done away with.

(a) The Roman claim of superior faithfulness in this matter, ordinarily put in the statement, the Roman Catholic Church does not grant and does not recognize divorce. In the first place, divorces naturally are not granted by the Church, but by the State. But Rome does make herself responsible for that which represents the very worst form and the very worst evils of divorce, so far as that means the breaking of the marriage bond,

by her system of dispensations that can be bought, and by annulments of marriage upon innumerable, and often freshly invented grounds. These are of course sometimes dependent upon influence, and oftener upon payments of money. They are therefore probably not within the reach of the poorer people. But, while history records the story of the annulment of the marriage of Louis XII., of France, after twenty-two years of married life, on the ground that his wife was his fourth cousin, that her father was his godfather, that she was deformed, that he had married her under threats; and while the fact stands that the marriage of Henry VIII. to Catherine, his brother's widow, was accomplished by the Pope's dispensing with the law of England and the law of God; and while the story of Napoleon and Josephine, and of the Duke of Aosta are within the memory of men,

it is not much to say that the Roman Church is responsible for most flagrant violations of the divine law of marriage. It is at least to be said that *our* loose dealing with the question is not by any act of the Church, but by a submissive recognition of the view which the State takes of the civil contract."

Before examining the statements contained in this uncalled-for and bigoted paragraph in a bishop's charge to his clergy and people, it may be well to state in brief the teaching and practice of the Catholic Church in relation to divorce. Of course we shall speak throughout of the dissolution of *Christian* marriages. About marriages contracted by persons who are unbaptized there is no controversy at present. Now, there are two kinds of divorce known to Catholics and Protestants alike. The first is *absolute* divorce, which consists in the dissolution of the marriage bond and allows both parties to enter on a new marriage. The other is a *limited* divorce, which allows the separation of the married parties but leaves the marriage bond intact. That the Church can grant a *limited* divorce, and often has just reasons for granting it, no one will deny. In fact there is no controversy on the point. The question therefore in debate is, does the Church ever grant an *absolute* divorce, or a divorce strictly so-called.

Before answering this question we may premise that the matrimonial contract, or in other words, the mutual consent externally expressed of both parties, gives rise to what is known as the matrimonial bond. This bond essentially consists in the right and obligation of both parties to give and receive those acts for which marriage is naturally intended. Hence the marriage bond may be considered as prior to the *exercise* of the first essential right of conjugal life, or as subsequent to the full and perfect exercise of that right. If the marital right has not been exercised, the marriage is called a *matrimonium ratum*; if the right has been exercised, the marriage becomes a *matrimo-*

*nium consummatum*. In the question of the Church's attitude towards divorce this distinction between a union that has been merely ratified by the sacred character of matrimony, and one that has been consummated by the *exercise* of the conjugal right, is a distinction of vital importance and should be clearly understood by Catholics who engage in controversy with Protestants on the question of divorce. That there is a great difference from a moral standpoint between a marriage that has been consummated and one that has been merely ratified by the sacred character of the contract is a matter that needs no explanation. Apart from Scripture and theology, common sense and natural ethics show us that by the exercise of the conjugal right the marriage assumes a degree of firmness that it did not possess before.

Now to the question, "Does the Church ever grant an absolute divorce?" We reply that it does when there is *grave* reason for so doing, and when *the marriage bond has not been confirmed by the exercise of the conjugal right*. But once the marriage has been consummated and the bond has assumed that new degree of firmness expressed by our Lord in the words: *Jam non sunt duo sed una caro*.—Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh, Matthew xix, 6; then the Church cannot grant a divorce, and has never granted one, and has never even entertained the thought that it has the power to grant one.

Here we come to another distinction of vital importance in this matter. There is a vast difference between dissolving the *completed bond* of matrimony—a thing which, as has been said, the Church can never do—and deciding judicially and after due process of trial that the bond never existed, or that if it did exist, it was never confirmed by the exercise of the marital right. The Church has lawfully established tribunals before which both questions can be tried, viz., the validity of the marriage contract itself, and its consummation by the married

couple. Hence, if the parties who have been living as man and wife for several years can prove that there was no marriage bond from the beginning, either because of lack of intention or consent, or by reason of some impediment which prevented the parties from making a valid contract, then the Church does not dissolve the marriage, but merely declares that, as there was no marriage from the beginning, the parties are free to separate and contract a true marriage. Again, if the marriage contract was valid at the beginning, but the parties can prove from reliable medical testimony, or from other sources, that the bond was never perfected by the exercise of the marital right, then the Church for grave reasons can dissolve the bond. For, in this case, the married parties have not as yet become the *una caro*,—the one flesh of which our Divine Lord speaks. Cases where the marriage is null and void from the beginning, are frequently brought before the tribunals of the Church. But cases where the bond existed, but was never perfected, are “few and far between.” The rare dissolution of such marriages, and that only for grave causes, has no effect whatever on the morality or immorality of the generality of mankind.

One more remark before coming to Bishop Doane. There are three classes of impediments that render a marriage null and void from the beginning: (1) Impediments established by Natural Law, (2) those established by New Testament Law, and (3) those that are enacted by the Law of the Church. Now the Church can dispense from no impediment constituted by the Law of Nature or by the Law of God. As for the impediments of the Mosaic Law, there is no statement made anywhere in the Bible that they were enacted for the *Christian* Church. It is hard to see why Protestants should try to force upon us a set of impediments the present binding force of which they cannot prove from the Bible nor we from

tradition. The Mosaic Law and its sanctions went out of force the day that “the veil of the temple was rent in two, from the top to the bottom.” If any of its precepts remained in vigor—and many of them did so remain, as we see, for example, in the Decalogue,—it was not because they were precepts of the Mosaic Law, but because they were the expressions of *Natural Law* or had been re-enacted by Christ. Until Protestants, therefore, can prove that the Levitical impediments are the expression of Natural Law, or were re-established by our Divine Lord, they have no right to call on Catholics to observe them.

The impediments of marriage, therefore, from which the Church at times dispenses are those that she herself has established. If she has power to establish them, of course she has power to do away with them. In granting her children a dispensation in such matters, she is merely granting them a liberty which they would enjoy if they belonged to a church where no such impediments existed.

Let us now come to the Bishop of Albany. He says: “There are two or three figments which take the place of argument about this matter of divorce and remarriage, which ought to be done away with.” He then lays down the first figment, which is this: “The Roman claim of superior faithfulness in this matter, ordinarily put in the statement, the Roman Catholic Church does not grant and does not recognize divorce.” Now it is hard to see where the figment comes in. The great majority of the bishop’s own co-religionists find no figment in this statement, but rather the expression of a fact which they are longing to see realized in their own church. Protestant praise of the attitude of the Catholic Church towards divorce may be found in the daily papers and need not be quoted here. It is the bishop’s statements and proofs that we are concerned with. He says: “In the first place divorces naturally are not

granted by the Church, but by the State." Does not the bishop hold marriage to be a sacred thing, we do not say a sacrament, but a sacred thing? Does he not perform it in the most holy and solemn fashion? How then can it "naturally" belong to the State to annul what the Church has sanctioned and sanctified? How can such an action of the State be "natural?" Is it not most unnatural? If a divorce of any kind is to be granted, is it not natural that the granting of it should belong to the Church? But perhaps the bishop only means that the State usurps the right of the Church, or naturally takes upon itself a function to which it has no right. If this be his meaning, then we say that they who recognize the action of the State and consent to admit divorced persons to their communion, or to marry them again, are guilty of a crime tantamount to the granting of the divorce. The State, at the most, only gives its so-called permission to contract a new marriage. The man who performs the new marriage consummates the State's crime.

But the bishop undertakes the task of proving that the "superior faithfulness" of the Catholic Church to the sacredness of the marriage tie is a mere figment. We regret to say that he tries to prove his assertion by throwing dust in his reader's eyes. He mixes up the question of *dispensations* with the question of *annulments*. Now the question of dispensations from ecclesiastical impediments has nothing whatever to do with the question of divorce. There is no reason at all why the bishop should mention them except to turn away his reader's attention from the "superior faithfulness" of the Church in not *granting* or *recognizing* the dissolution of the marriage tie. No system of dispensations from ecclesiastical impediments can affect the permanency of the marriage bond. Dispensations go before marriage and not after it. But those dispensations, says the bishop, can be "bought." What has this to do with divorce? Besides,

there is no more reason for saying that these dispensations are "bought," than there is for saying that the labors of the bishop's ministry are "bought," because he receives a salary for them. The ecclesiastical tribunals which examine the reasons alleged by various petitioners for dispensations have as much right to compensation for their labors as the bishop has for his. Of course, we know that his lordship grants his services to the poor who cannot pay for them, and marries a poor couple as readily as he does those who are well off. But neither are the ecclesiastical tribunals unmindful of the law of charity; nor are they unwilling to grant dispensations to the peniless without any hope of compensation for their labors. And if at times the poor cannot obtain a dispensation as readily as the rich, we do not see why the bishop should complain, as he considers the granting of such dispensations a great evil.

The Bishop of Albany next passes to the charge he makes against the Catholic Church, viz., "the annulments of marriages upon innumerable, and often freshly invented, grounds." If marriages are annulled in the Catholic Church on "innumerable" grounds we should expect to find "innumerable" divorces in the Catholic Church. Now it seems that it is precisely here that the Bishop's "figment" comes in. Where are the "innumerable" divorces recorded? Has he any statistics to quote from? Has he any proof to give for an assertion made so boldly in the presence of the clergy and laity of his diocese? "It behooveth a Bishop to be blameless . . . and prudent . . . no striker, but modest." Now it seems that Bishop Doane here strikes at the Catholic Church without having any ground for doing so. Instead of quoting from statistics and giving us two or three thousand cases of divorce either granted or recognized by the Catholic Church, he presents only *two* poor, miserable cases, that may be found in any book of Protestant polem-

ics. The first is the dissolution of the marriage of Louis XII. with Jeanne, the other is the divorce of Napoleon and Josephine. Let us suppose that in those two cases the church was *constrained* by royal influence to declare the marriages invalid, and was forced by the same influence to bless the new marriages contracted by the divorced husbands, would not her "superior faithfulness" to the sacredness of the marriage tie be still something to look up to and admire?

But not even under the pressure of royal power did the Catholic Church ever consider that she could annul the marriage of those who had been bound together validly, and whose bond had been perfected by the exercise of the marriage right. Louis XII. had been constrained by Louis XI. to marry Jeanne. And though this might have cast some doubt on the validity of the contract, still no divorce was granted to the King till it was judicially proved that the marriage had never been consummated. It is not to the point to say that the Pope was imposed upon by the King and his council. The point is, did the Pope ever annul a marriage which was known to be valid and consummated?

With regard to Napoleon and Josephine, the marriage was not annulled by the Pope nor declared by him to be invalid. While the Pope was in prison by order of Napoleon, an ecclesiastical tribunal in Paris examined the case and declared the marriage to have been null and void from the beginning. The tribunal gave two reasons for its decision. The first was that Napoleon never had the intention of contracting a *permanent* marriage with Josephine. The other was the absence of the parish priest from the marriage ceremony, a fact which, according to the decree *Tametsi* of the Council of Trent, rendered the marriage invalid. Here again we see no attempt at dissolving a marriage that had been considered valid from the beginning and duly consummated. What took place in the case of Napoleon and Josephine,

took place later in the case of the Prince of Monaco and Lady Mary Hamilton. The marriage tie was not dissolved, but, after judicial investigation, was declared never to have existed. Lady Mary Hamilton was able to give proof that she had contracted the marriage under compulsion, and had neither the intention nor the consent necessary for the validity of a contract that was to last for life. We have then three cases frequently brought up by Protestants to show the Church's looseness in the matter of divorce, and not one of them bears on the question in dispute.

Instead of quoting the dispensation that Henry VIII. obtained in order to marry Catherine, why did not the Bishop of Albany quote the divorce that the King tried to get but could not? Divorces, not dispensations, were the subject of the bishop's address. Now, if the Pope had ever granted a divorce in the case of a consummated marriage, or if he thought that by any possibility he possessed such power, here was a chance to exercise it. But neither the Pope nor Henry and his theological advisers believed that there was any such power in the Church. What the King wanted to obtain, and tried to prove as justifiable, was a declaration from the Pope that the marriage with Catherine had been invalid. The Pope refused to admit the invalidity of the marriage, and we all know the result.

With regard to the dispensation granted to the Duke of Aosta to marry Princess Letitia Bonaparte, there was no question of the Pope's granting a divorce, but of his dispensing from one of the ecclesiastical impediments of consanguinity.

The bishop likewise condemns the Church for granting a dispensation to Henry VIII. to marry his deceased brother's wife. Here again it is supposed that the Church has violated a *divine* law. But if the bishop will turn to Deuteronomy, (xxv. 5), he will find that such a marriage is even commanded

when the brother has died without leaving children. This was the case with Henry's brother, Arthur; and hence, according to the enactments of the Old Law, Henry should have married Catherine, Arthur's wife. Is it not cruel on the part of the Bishop of Albany to censure the Church for granting Henry permission to contract a marriage which, according to an Old Testament enactment, he was obliged to contract? This is all the more cruel as, according to the bishop, the enactments of the Old Testament in regard to matrimonial impediments are still in force.

And now I come to what Bishop Doane lays down as the attitude of his own church towards divorce. He says: "It is at least to be said that *our* loose dealing with the question is not by any act of the Church, but by a submissive recognition of the view which the State takes of the civil contract." So the sum of it all is, the State looks upon marriage as a civil contract and Bishop Doane meets this view of the State with "submissive recognition," Bishop Doane, a successor of Peter and Basil! "Commanding we commanded you that you should not teach in this name; and behold you have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine. . . . But Peter and the apostles answering said: We ought to obey God rather than men." (Acts v. 28.) And then St. Basil. We read that the prætorian prefect, Modestus, ordered the holy bishop to appear before him, and threatened to use the sternest measures against him—the confiscation of his property, exile, torments, death—if he

dared resist the imperial order. When St. Basil replied that he cared not for all those threats, that there was only one to whose will he bowed in such matters, the prefect said: "Never before has anyone addressed me in such terms." "Perhaps," answered St. Basil, "you have never before had to deal with a bishop."

The State does not threaten Bishop Doane either with death or imprisonment, and yet he yields to its views. Nay, more, it does not even request him or his fellow-laborers in the ministry to receive divorced persons into communion, or to perform a new marriage ceremony for them. Why then does the Bishop try to saddle all the blame on the State? Or how can he say that the loose dealing of the Protestant Church with the question of divorce "is not by any act of the Church," if the Church, knowing the *invalidity* of the State's action in dissolving the marriage tie, still receives divorced persons into its communion and performs a new marriage for them if they desire it? The man who knowingly receives stolen goods is no less guilty than the man who helped to steal them. And the minister who gives any sanction to the action of the State in this matter of divorce, is no less guilty—I should rather say he is far more guilty, than the State itself. The State may regard marriage as a civil contract, and treat it as such. But the minister of the Gospel can never look upon it in that light. Any acquiescence in the views of the State concerning divorce makes the minister of the Gospel a traitor to his Master.



## CHRISTMAS-EVE.

*By Rev. O. A. Hill, S.J.*

GOD'S chosen few are poor and banned,  
Rags are insignia of their rank ;  
They taste the sorrow Jesus drank,  
And walk rough ways ; but hold His hand !

And one sweet joy they never miss,  
The inward whisper of His voice,  
Who comforts them and seals their choice  
With foretaste of unending bliss.

A calm that settles on the mind,  
With all the angry passions still ;  
The calm that stole across the hill,  
Nigh Bethlem on the dying wind.

And each recurrent Christmas night,  
Brings echoes of the peaceful song,  
To hearts bowed down with heavy wrong,  
And battling hopeful for the right.

O holiest night in all the year !  
O night of dreams supremely sweet !  
O night when Peace and Justice meet,  
To kiss away the brimming tear,

Each sees in t'other's melting eye,  
Each tasted all the long weeks through,  
While War his brazen trumpet blew  
And red Injustice watched men die !

O night when Peace and Justice part,  
To walk again estrangéd ways,  
The day-dawn of a round of days,  
That knife with woe man's aching heart !

Memorial of that frosty night,  
When spirit-choirs on Jewry's steep,  
Awoke the shepherd-boys from sleep,  
And flooded all the land with light !

When Angel-thought found human tongue,  
And earth-bound sense cut loose from earth ;  
Immortals shared creation's mirth,  
And mortals heard the songs they sung !

Since singers last from Heaven high  
Aroused the drowsy flocks afield,  
Long lines of raven years have wheeled  
Their flight across our leaden sky.

And with the years, mayhap, there went  
The innocence and candor true,  
That seraph-minstrels earthward drew,  
To comfort man in banishment.

This rounded thing on which we crawl  
Long journeys off has ever been  
From God ; encrusted thick with sin,  
Methinks I feel it lower fall.

The age when crime submerged a world,  
So clean beside our own appears,  
That Pity's self could hold her tears,  
Were all our race to chaos hurled.

And yet in spite of all the sin  
We've done, and still, alas ! shall do,  
This very hour, to false hearts true,  
Christ holds us sinners kith and kin.

The stars are wide awake to-night,  
Expectant sure of mystery,  
Of big event full soon to be ;—  
My eyes are wet,—and threads of light,  
Web-fashioned locking strand with strand,  
From corners four of heaven fling  
Ray pathways for the Infant King  
To all the altars in our land.

The surging air is loud with noise  
Of bells a-ringing tidings sweet,  
And through the snow upon the street  
Go singing girls and singing boys ;

The maids and pages of the Child,  
About to visit sons of men ;  
These welcome Christ to earth again,  
With voices sin has not defiled.

I hearken to their liquid hymn,  
In spirit join the vassal-throng,  
That to the church these lead along ;  
With penance-joy my sight falls dim.

Oh, would that all the world were young!  
Or would that age knew less of wrong!  
Oh, would our hearts held one lone song,  
The song that Christmas Eve heard sung!

The one thought in its every breath  
Was peace with God and peace with man ;  
And peace through all its life-time ran,  
And peace stood at its side in death.

I seek the door which closes in  
The chosen few whom Heaven loves,

Apart from friends that reel in droves,  
The night-time through to lairs of sin.

The silent hush within these walls,  
Of youth and age in prayer profound,  
Bespeaks the still that hovers round  
The vestibule to glory's halls.

And further off, beyond the rows  
Of low-bent heads, another sight !  
A snow-white altar, banked with light,  
Effulgence through the temple throws.

The Mass begins ! A gray-haired priest,  
Whose soul's a-tremble in his song,  
Sets echo flying the aisles among ;  
And sweet-faced boys, ere echo's ceased,  
Take up the strain, and make night ring  
With sounds the Blessed sit to hear,  
Eternity's unending year,  
Beneath the smile of glory's King.

" We cannot see," he falters out,  
" The good things waiting them that love ;  
We cannot see the ground above ;  
But, God, we can't Thy mercies doubt !

" Oh lift us through the things we see,  
Through raptures of this Christmas Eve !  
That last our restless hearts may cleave,  
To loves that now our efforts flee !

" And 'gainst the dawn of that glad day,  
When faith to vision yields her place,  
And we shall see Thee face to face,  
Come down, and cheer us on our way !

" A hundred weary pilgrims kneel,  
To watch their Saviour born anew ;  
Thy word is passed ; we know it true ;  
Then come, and all Thy promise seal ! "

He whispers o'er the wheaten Host !  
The Christ is in his saintly hands !  
And spirit seraphs range in bands  
The altar round, in wonder lost !

A-tinkling rings the tiny bell,  
The people sink to prayer more deep ;  
The Shepherd walks among His sheep,  
Earth's nigher heaven, and all goes well !

Oh, God ! we thank Thee for the grace,  
That circles round our Christmas-night !  
We pray Thee, send a fuller light,  
To kill unfaith from out the race !

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(Continued.)

ONCE heard a good mother pray that all her children might die before her; and the motive of this strange wish was that she might have a share in securing for each of her dear ones the supreme grace of a happy death. Mother Baptist prayed no such prayer with regard to the original band of Sisters whom she led out to the New World; but, as a fact, she helped them all through their last passage into the newest world of all—all of them except one. Sister Mary Howley survives her.

Sister Mary's experience, therefore, goes back to Mother Baptist's noviceship. This good lay-sister ought to have been summoned earlier as a witness. Here is a portion of her testimony :

"When I entered the convent, Reverend Mother was in her nineteenth year. She had entered in November, 1848, and I in the following May. When I saw her first, she had fair hair, dark eyebrows and rosy cheeks, and looked beautiful. While she was a postulant, she taught the novices; but she was always very humble and made nothing of it. She was ten months a postulant, Mother Francis Bridgeman having been called away to Limerick on account of the cholera. Mother Francis had always great confidence in her. Even in the noviceship she used to try to excuse the Sisters, and Mother Francis pretended not to like it, though she afterwards acknowledged that she admired her for it. She would say in such a nice, sweet way, 'Now, Mother, Sister did not mean it that way,' etc. Charity was her favorite virtue. She could never see a fault in anyone. She could never blame anyone. 'There was a little fault, perhaps, but a great deal of good to cover

that.' I was young, but I thought her an example to the world. She was so humble, and all her family were the same. I never saw an imperfection in her, and I always felt as though she were related to me. I am sure I gave her a great deal of trouble, but she was so patient with me. When I would commit an imperfection, she would say, 'Well, dear, if you did not commit that, there would be no imperfection, and then we might become proud.' She was a religious according to God's own heart, and all that a Sister of Mercy should be. That is the reason Mother Francis sent her out here. I saw Mother McAuley, and she always reminded me of her. She had a practice of always invoking the Holy Ghost in everything she undertook, and I am sure was always guided by His Spirit.

"There was a foundation in Clonakilty in question before the California foundation, and Mother Francis had her in her mind as the Superior of it, but she did not know it. Father Hugh Gallagher then came to Kinsale to apply for a foundation for California. Mother Francis did not at first approve of it, and it was unsettled for a while. She had heard some strange stories about California, and feared the Sisters would be scalped, and would not give her consent to let any of her children go. There was a young man, a lace merchant, who happened to call at the convent after leaving California, and she questioned the young man about the laws here, and how everything was. He told her that the law was that every law-breaker was punished according to what he deserved. This relieved her, and she afterwards felt more at ease. Father Hugh told



SISTER MARY GABRIEL BROWN.

her that the Sisters would have a convent when they arrived. She discussed matters with him, but did not agree with him on some things, so it was postponed. He then came to her and told her that she was going against the will of God and interfering with the salvation of souls if she refused to give the foundation for California."

Sister Mary then goes on with a part of the story that we have had before, about Sister Mary Baptist's appointment as leader of the little missionary troop. "Then her mother came, but she said no—she had let her go far enough and could not let her go any further. Reverend Mother prevailed on her, and brought Sister Mary Paul, and Sister Mary Gabriel, a novice [a bright young girl, Sylvia Brown, belonging to a highly connected family of County Limerick] into the parlor, as well as the others who were going; and this touched Mrs. Russell, and she gave her consent." Sister Mary ends this part of her narra-

tive with the remark: "Reverend Mother was like her mother, who was a fine business woman."

It will be best to give continuously the rest of Sister Mary's "deposition," though it takes us beyond the point that we have reached and attributes a sort of prophecy to the present writer.

"After coming out here, I was very lonely, and I used to fret a great deal, but Rev. Mother would shake her finger at me with a sweet smile. When I would look at her working and scrubbing, I would feel ashamed of myself, and say, 'She is a fine lady and see what she does, so why should I complain?'

"We arrived here on December 8th, and went to stay with the Sisters of Charity. At the end of the year we made our Renovation retreat, and Rev. Mother herself gathered a few sticks and made a sweet little crib for ourselves. We were as happy as it was possible to be.

"When we were really poor in the hospital, we did not have very many fine beds, and Rev. Mother used to sleep in a little place at the head of the stairs. She waited one day until we were at recreation, and went and hauled the hair mattress which she had down stairs, and gave it to a poor man who had only a straw bed. She arranged his bed with her own mattress. I found that she did this, and I told Bridget Kennedy, and she went to Rev. Mother's cell, and found a piece of carpet stretched on the cot to take the place of the mattress. She then got her another mattress, and wrote 'Rev. Mother' in big letters, so that she could not give it away again.

"She was kindness itself in her visitations to the sick. One time she heard of a poor family, and when she went there she found the poor woman lying in bed in consumption. Her husband was away. When Rev. Mother saw the distress, she came back, and went over to the Home, and took all the dresses,

shirts, etc., she could get and also went to the Infirmary drawers and took sheets and tunics, etc. She did this so often that they had to lock the Infirmary drawers on her. They used to tell her she would never make a poor man's wife, as she would have him robbed, at which she always laughed. On the day I was speaking about, she went supplied with what was necessary, and when she got there, put on a tin of water to heat, washed the poor woman, and got her comfortably settled in bed. When this was done, she took the little ones one by one and put them into the tub of water and washed them, and dressed them with new shirts. The last little one she had no shirt for, so she took a napkin and cut holes in it for sleeves, and fixed it around him and wrapped him in a comforter. She used to go and visit this family and help them nearly every day. She loved the poor. There used to be a crazy woman, and she used to go to her cell and say, 'I want to get into your bed,' and Mother would get up and put her in, not thinking that anyone knew it, and would stay around her. She loved to make her happy even for a couple of minutes.

"We were always happy and united. It was like a heaven upon earth. Of course we suffered a great deal after coming here, but Mother would insist on doing all the drudgery. She would often stay at home and do the hard work, and send M. M. De Sales, Sr. M. Bernard, Sr. M. Gabriel and myself to the Hospital, from nine in the morning till six in the evening. She used to put her apron on, tuck up her habit, and do all the cooking, cleaning and scrubbing. She was a model of humility.

"After her visits to the Asylum, the penitents would say, 'Didn't Rev. Mother leave peace after her? She made us so happy.' She was very fond of them.

"At one time Father Russell was

giving the Sisters a retreat in one of their foundations, and Sr. Veronica was appointed to wait on him. When he heard she was from Kinsale, he asked her if she knew Sister Mary Baptist. She said, 'Father, I do indeed, and I could write a book about her.' She did not know that she was speaking to her brother, and she afterwards wrote me about it. He then remarked, 'Well, I may one day write a book about her.' They idolize her memory in Kinsale. After being out here, her appearance changed a great deal, so that when she went back to Kinsale, one of the Sisters asked her, not knowing her, 'When will Mother Baptist come to visit us?' She became so dark, they did not know her, and told her she had turned into a Yankee. She seemed to possess every virtue. She would humble herself to ask the opinion of others, and make one feel ashamed. She was the same to everyone, and if there was any exception, she was more tender to the poor and afflicted. When one would go to talk with her, it was almost like going to Confession. You would come away light-hearted. Whatever she said, you



SISTER MARY FRANCIS BENSON.

would look upon as sacred. I never remember seeing her in the least angry. She was servant to the servants, and according to God's own heart. She would sometimes be displeased with me, but she would come back and make it up with me again, showing that she had entirely forgotten the fault. Oh, I owe my perseverance to dear Rev. Mother. She was so patient and kind with me. If you committed a fault, and someone would speak of it to her, she would be careful never to mention the name of the person from whom she received her information. She was so careful on all points of charity, and had a charitable construction to put on everyone's actions, at least attributing it to ignorance, or saying that there was certainly no bad motive in doing it. I could not say enough about her. Everyone loved her."

Father Ignatius Grant, S.J., remarks somewhere that of all saints the letter-writing saints are the most popular; and Cardinal Newman has said that a man's life and character are best known from his letters. Exception might be taken to both statements, though they are substantially true within certain limitations. Engrossed as Mother Baptist was in business of various kinds through all the moments of her crowded days, she considered it a duty and an excellent exercise of zeal and charity to keep up intercourse by letter with her kinsfolk and her religious sisters, especially in Newry and Kinsale. It seemed fitting, also, that letters which had to travel so far should give her correspondents as much interesting and edifying information as possible—interesting at least for those to whom they were sent, for her correspondents were easily interested by anything that was edifying, not having their minds filled with newspaper gossip and politics and wars and rumors of wars.

The letters sent home during the early years of the Californian mission seem to have disappeared. The Sisters

were already five years at work in February, 1860, the earliest date I can find. The young Reverend Mother writes then to her own mother whom she addresses to the end in the old childlike fashion as "My Dearest Mamma":

"It is nearly two months since Mr. O'Connor delivered your fine collection of letters, also the 'Life of Mezzofanti' and the pamphlet by dear Charles. (1) I must thank dear Arthur, Margaret, Matthew, etc., etc., *through you*, as I cannot write to themselves. I sent on your letters to Columbus by next mail. You must not be displeased, as it pleases the poor creatures there so much to hear all the particulars. I have not got a reading of Uncle Charles' book yet, as it has been borrowed by some of the priests. Poor Uncle Charles seems doomed not to enjoy the quiet of college life very long. I hear that he is surely to be Bishop this time. Mrs. Rose Kelly, whom I have often mentioned, was quite interested in dear Charles' articles on workhouses. She is a matron of a large lunatic asylum about one hundred and fifty miles from this in a town called Stockton since the 1st of last June. She often tells us she will see our people yet, as she intends, please God, to visit the old sod once more. She has on an average one hundred and sixty female lunatics; and there are fully twice as many men. It is quite a remarkable fact that, though the population of California is for the greater part Catholic and Irish, there is quite a small proportion of either in the asylum, the effect of *religion*, of course.

"We are going on here, thank God, as usual. We hope, too, that 1860 will surely see our building pretty far on. The contract for the brick required was duly signed on the 2d of this month. Our good Mother wants to signalize all

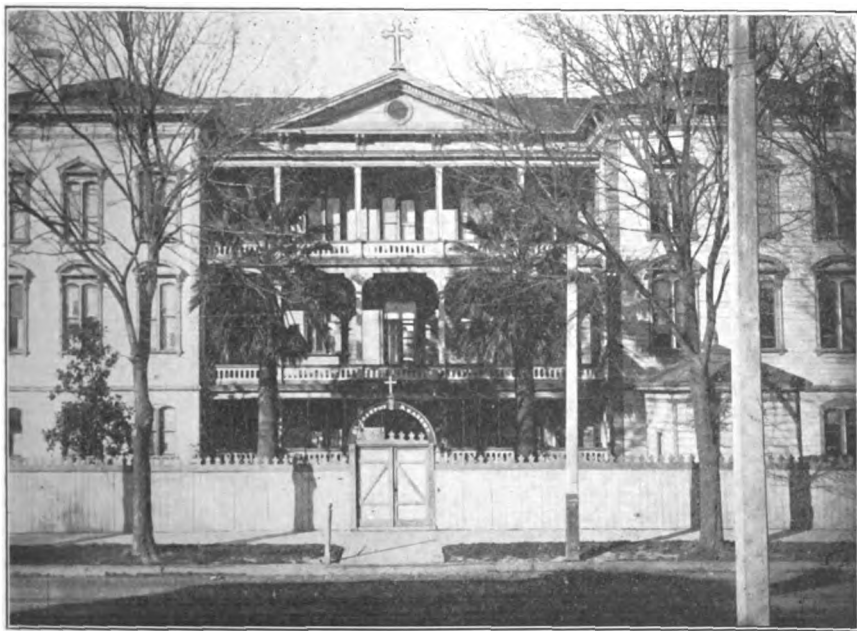
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(1) Probably "The Catholic in the Workhouse," published by Richardson of London and Derby, just after the present Chief Justice of England had been called to the Bar.

her Feasts by something propitious. Sister M. Francis sends you her love and desires me to tell you *I am very good*. I tell her you know that already. Dear Sarah is now in her second year ; please God, she will be professed this time twelve months. I have hardly left myself room to send love to all. I would wish to begin with yourself. I send you my fondest love, dearest mamma, a thousand times, and I hope your love makes you pray and pray over and over for me and mine. To Arthur,

of was nearly completed, she refers to her again in less respectful terms. Writing to the same correspondent on the 9th of March, 1861, she remarks that letters posted in Ireland in January had reached her the day before ; and this she considers wonderfully quick travelling for the mails. Nowadays they would make the journey in quarter of the time.

“ That little rogue, Sister Mary Emmanuel, is to be professed on the 8th of next month. Just think of her writing



ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT, SACRAMENTO.

James, Margaret, Anne, Mary and all the little ones, also to Aunt Anne, Kate, Elizabeth and all my dear uncles my love.

I remain, dear Mamma, your affectionate child in Jesus Christ.

Sister M. B. RUSSELL.

Mother Baptist alludes in the foregoing to her youngest sister as having joined her eldest and being now half way through her noviceship as a Sister of Mercy. When the second half there-

but once to us since she entered ! We are half inclined not to pray one bit for her unless she writes to beg our prayers in the meantime."

The infrequency of the Newry novice's letters was not due to any indifference of her towards her exiled sister. At that very time she was longing to share her exile. She had perhaps made up her mind as to her vocation as early as her elder sisters; but their departure had left her alone with her mother, from whom it seemed hard to demand this



additional sacrifice. She always intended, however, to go out to San Francisco as soon as she could be spared; and even when Mother Catherine O'Connor, the first Superior in Newry, and Sister Mary Aquin persuaded Mrs. Russell to let her youngest daughter enter the newly founded convent of her native town, Sister Mary Emmanuel did so with the intention of going out to Mother Baptist when a fitting opportu-

nity should offer. "In those days such opportunities [she writes] did not often occur; and, as my time of profession drew near and no chance of getting out seemed likely, I had to content myself and remain where I was, though the wish was ever present to my mind, not so much for the affection I always felt for dear Kate as because there was no one for whom I have ever felt the same reverence and dependence."

## ALEXANDER LEGENTIL AND THE BASILICA OF MONTMARTRE.

NOW that the magnificent Basilica of the Sacred Heart which crowns the hill of Montmartre is nearing completion, it may not be without interest to trace back to its source the thought which has found expression in the National Vow. No miraculous apparition marks its inception. No priest, bishop, or religious congregation took the initiative in the work of collecting funds for the erection of the Basilica. The idea first found lodgment in the mind of a simple layman, trained in that best of all schools of active charity, the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, and to the energy and piety of Alexander Legentil the Christian world owes in large measure the noblest temple yet raised to the honor of the Sacred Heart.

Born at Paris, August 12, 1821, of deeply Christian parents, Alexander Legentil after finishing his collegiate and legal studies, entered upon commercial pursuits. His capacity for business was ably demonstrated during the financial crisis of 1848, when he succeeded not only in saving from hopeless bankruptcy the firm of which he was a member, but in putting his own imperilled fortune on a solid basis. His tastes, however, were literary and artistic rather than commercial, and to the great joy of his young wife, he decided to retire from business.

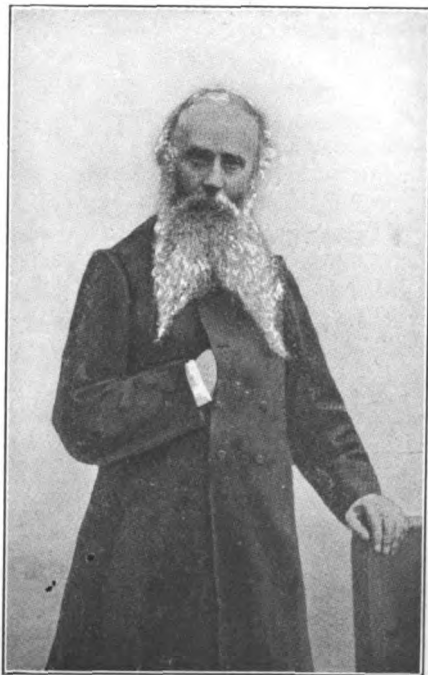
This step also left him greater freedom to engage in those works of charity which were to occupy so much of the remaining years of his life, and it was but natural that one of his practical views should become an active member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The *patronages*, as they are called—a term which may perhaps be best rendered in English by Boys' Club or Home—appealed in a special manner to his sympathy, and one of these in the rue Saint-Quentin, named in memory of his father, St. Charles, was supported almost entirely out of his own pocket. From this time on, there was no good work undertaken by the Vincentians, in which he did not play a leading part. England, Belgium and Germany were visited to study charitable institutions, or to be present at Catholic Congresses. But the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 soon turned his thoughts into a different channel. As in the revolution of 1848, he had stood in the ranks of the National Guard, to fight against the enemies within his native country, so now he hastened to enlist as a private soldier to repulse a foreign foe. Shortly after this, M. Legentil returned with a heavy heart to Poitiers, whither he had previously conveyed his aged mother and wife for safety. The more he pondered

over the misfortunes of his dear France, the more he became convinced that these misfortunes were the due chastisement of her sins. Every page of his diary, consisting of two large octavo volumes, has for the conclusion of its long array of philosophical and historical reflections: "*Peccavimus*, we have sinned; there is only one remedy, to appease God and His justice by penance." But how was this spirit of penitence to find expression? This was the thought that was uppermost in M. Legentil's mind, when a fellow-Vincennian, M. Baudon, came to him with the proposal that in imitation of the vow made by the people of Lyons, to build a church to our Lady on the heights of Fourvières, the Parisians should bind themselves by a similar vow to erect a church in their capital. Here was the solution of his difficulty. A church dedicated to the Sacred Heart, whose love men had in so many ways outraged!

Ever submissive to ecclesiastical authority, he resolved, before taking any definite action, to put his plan before the Bishop of Poitiers, Mgr. Pie. The latter received him most kindly, explaining, however, that as the contemplated church was to be built in the diocese of Paris, the question was one that should be referred to Archbishop Darboy. M. Legentil answered that he understood this perfectly, but as Paris was in a state of siege, he could not reach His Grace; besides, he was under the impression that even to circulate a copy of the proposed vow, the permission of the Ordinary of the diocese was needed. Mgr. Pie then read the vow and gave it his cordial approval.

The work was now launched. Copies of the vow and its appeal for contributions were printed and mailed, and within a few days ten thousand persons had signified their willingness to contribute according to their means to the erection in Paris of a church consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus "to make repara-

tion for our sins, to obtain pardon of them through the merciful intercession of the Sacred Heart of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to obtain, through the same intercession, the extraordinary helps which alone can free the Holy Father from his captivity, do away with the misfortunes of France, and bring about in particular the deliverance of Paris." M. Legentil was jubilant over the response made to his appeal, as was also his brother-in-law, M. Rohault de Fleury,



ALEXANDER LEGENTIL.

who had throughout seconded his efforts in every possible way. On February 28, 1871, the Reverend Father Jandel, Master-General of the Dominicans, brought from Rome the Pope's blessing for the enterprise.

As yet there had been wanting those set-backs and difficulties which it is the lot of every good movement to encounter. This mark of the divine predilection was, however, soon forthcoming. Mgr. Darboy, absorbed by a

thousand cares, did not understand its import, and when approached by M. Legentil, curtly remarked that he preferred to see repaired the churches of the suburbs that had been wrecked rather than think of building a new one. Then came the horrors of the Commune, which put a stop for a time to all effort. On April 11, M. Legentil wrote to M. Baudon: "Our enterprise seems doomed to be entirely a lay affair. This, moreover, is the advice given by Mgr. de Ségur. Here is my plan for the present; to go ahead taking the names of those who accept the proposal; when the siege is raised and we are able to enter the city, to appoint a central committee composed of laymen (following in this always the advice of Mgr. de Ségur); then to commence grouping together the names of our adherents, forming lists, and asking payment of their promised contributions. When we shall have a formidable looking list of names, we shall go before the archiepiscopal authorities. Then we shall await their decision."

After the Communists had been subdued, M. Legentil entered Paris, and with the aid of MM. Baudon, Cornudet, de Benque and Rohault de Fleury, set vigorously to work in forming a committee to carry his project into execution. In the meantime, Mgr. Guibert had been promoted to the see of Paris, and when M. Legentil called in the early part of January to unfold his pious scheme, he received the most hearty encouragement. The committee, now increased to twelve members, was placed under the spiritual direction of M. Langénieux, at that time Curé of Saint-Augustine, but later on to be raised to the purple and to the archbishopric of Rheims. Henceforth this movement of laymen, such as had been mapped out by Mgr. de Ségur, could act with full freedom, since the ecclesiastical authorities had given to it their approval. The work had emerged from its obscurity. The zeal and hopes of its promo-

ters had been given support by Mgr. Guibert's letter of January 18, 1872. To M. Legentil had been assigned an humble but laborious task. As secretary of the Committee he was associated with every stage of the work's development, its delays, the misgivings it excited, its difficulties, and at times even the responsibility it involved. "In accepting this position," he said later on, "I have given my life to God, and God has deigned to accept it, drop by drop."

Their first great joy came on Quasimodo Sunday, 1872. On that day Père Monsabré, at the request of the Archbishop of Paris, made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the new church from the pulpit of Notre Dame. He laid special stress on the fact that the vow should be *national*, and that, therefore, contributions towards its fulfilment should come from every Catholic living in French territory. The response to this appeal was most generous, and money flowed in from all quarters of France. With the success of the enterprise now in some measure assured, the Committee addressed a petition bearing the warmest commendation of Mgr. Guibert, to the Holy Father. Pius IX. replied to it by a brief full of praise and encouragement on July 31.

An important question could not much longer remain unsettled — what was to be the site of the new Church of the Sacred Heart? Paris had already been definitely chosen as the capital, the head, the heart of France. In it principally had the evil been committed, and there also should the monument of repentance have its place. But where could they find a spot in Paris which, while being central, would yet lend itself to devotion, and stand removed from the noise of pleasure-seekers and the bustle of business? M. Legentil, with a view to purifying the very centre of moral corruption, would have wished the church erected on the site of the old Opera House, and would have even used a part of the debris in its construction. Mgr.

Guibert proposed Montmartre, and although at first the difficulties in the way seemed well-nigh insurmountable, soon all came to be of one mind with the Archbishop. The main reason for the choice was that signified by its name — the Mount of Martyrs — the cradle of the Faith brought to France by St. Denis and his companions, the spot hallowed by the pilgrimages of many generations of French Catholics.

And now another and a more difficult problem confronted the committee. How were they to obtain the sanction of the public authorities without which the vow would not be in the true sense national? A mere authorization to go ahead would not be sufficient. They must have an official declaration from the Government that the vow and its fulfilment came from France as a nation. On March 5, 1873, the Archbishop of Paris addressed a letter to M. Jules Simon, the Minister of Public Worship, in which he called to mind the origin of the vow, the initial steps taken by the pious laity, the blessing and encouragement given the work by the bishops, and the large numbers of the faithful throughout all France who had rallied to its support. The Minister was gained, and the bill, introduced into the Assembly by M. Simon, was afterward championed by M. Batbie, his successor in the de Broglie cabinet. The bill was favorably reported by the legislative committee to which it had been referred, but a long and acrimonious debate preceded its final passage, on July 26, 1873, by a majority of one hundred and six votes. The text of the new law made no mention of the Sacred Heart. It simply declared that it would "be useful to erect a religious monument on the hill of Montmartre," but the whole tenor of the discussion it aroused, the arguments of the Catholic deputies, and the attacks of the Protestants and Free Thinkers made it clear that the proposed church was in fulfilment of a national vow, and was to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart, as a monument of France's repentance.

The French Episcopacy now took up the work with enthusiastic energy. Pius IX. sent the committee a generous contribution, accompanied by his blessing, and on the following 31st of July, the feast of St. Ignatius, who with his seven companions had pronounced their first vows on Montmartre, issued a second brief expressing his great joy at the news that "the French Assembly had passed a law for the building of a church on the highest point of Paris."

M. Legentil, encouraged by these marks of approval, continued with his brother-in-law, M. Rohault de Fleury, to issue at frequent intervals circulars bearing on their project. At a meeting of the committee held on November 21, 1872, he could report the receipt of 476,875 francs. On December 9, the amount was 521,000 francs, and in May, 1873, it had reached the sum of 649,467 francs. The pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial had helped not a little to this great result, by the generous contributions of those who took part in these public manifestations of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Artists whose limited means forbade the gift of money, offered their services for the work; Bonaisseux, in particular, a member of the Institute, proposing to present a statue of the Sacred Heart. On January 7, 1874, M. Legentil announced that the subscription had reached its first million, and on July 31 of the same year, the sum total was 1,580,738 francs.

But another question now forced itself upon the attention of the committee, and it was of no small moment. What plan was to be followed in building the new church? To what architect should the work be entrusted? It was decided to hold a competition open to all architects and, as we now know, the plans submitted by M. Abadie were chosen. They called for a Basilica of the Romano-Byzantine type, so beautifully exemplified in St. Mark's at Venice and the Church of Saint-Front at Périgueux. On June 16, 1875, Cardinal Guibert, in the

presence of a large assembly of bishops, priests, religious and laity, laid the foundation stone.

To M. Legentil's duties as secretary of the Central Committee there were now added those of general superintendent of the new structure. During these years of obscure but unremitting toil, he watched day by day the progress of his cherished scheme, now a prey to fear and anxiety as some fresh difficulty presented itself or the faithful would show themselves less generous in their contributions, now overflowing with joy when he received prompt answer to his repeated demands on their charity. The strain began to tell on his health, but he sought no release from his arduous labors. As he admitted to one of his intimate friends, "I have sacrificed all repose in life by the promise I made the Cardinal to remain at my post."

Nor did his devotedness to the cause of the Sacred Heart so engross his energies that he did not find time for the *patronages*, so dear to his heart from the very outset of his charitable career. That of St. Charles, which he himself had founded, always continued to have the first claim to his attention, but besides this it was just at this period that he established the conferences of St. Ambrose. His charity, in fact, extended itself to every good work; religious communities, poor churches, the Propagation of the Faith, vocations for the priesthood, societies for the instruction of workmen or for rendering assistance to the destitute, all counted upon his aid. His high reputation led several persons to commit to him the disposal of large sums in charity. One, in particular, a priest who possessed a fortune of nearly a million francs and

wished to make sure before his death that it would be properly and usefully expended, placed the whole sum absolutely in the hands of M. Legentil, whom he knew only by the fame of his virtues.

To this charity, embracing every form of human misery, M. Legentil added the practice of a very rare virtue—humility. He fled from honorable distinction and glory with the same earnestness as that with which most men seek after them. The more obscure, disagreeable and repelling a task, the more M. Legentil believed that it should fall to him by right. This modesty constituted the chief charm of his character, and no one who was brought into relation with him, could fail to notice the preeminent degree in which he possessed this virtue.

Bodily ailments of a long and painful nature made the last years of M. Legentil's life a perfect martyrdom; and, that nothing might be wanting to the purifying of his soul, there was added to these great mental doubt and anxiety arising from his extreme delicacy of conscience. At last, on June 17, 1889, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, God called him to his reward, and the end came in a peace and tranquillity which we may take as a forecast of the happiness we may well hope that he now enjoys. "A model Catholic" is the title given him by the unanimous voice of the French hierarchy, while the people, struck by his many virtues called him "a saint." With both we may subscribe, in conclusion, to the sentiment expressed by M. Keller; "It seems that God has chosen the date of his death as a touching mark of his predestination. How pure a life, so entirely consecrated to well-doing and devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus!"

## HIGHER BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

*By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J.*

ACCORDING to a recent Charge of the Bishop of Oxford "the Holy Scriptures of the Old Testament are now going through a process of analytical criticism which has, as far as we believe, no parallel for acuteness of investigation, carefulness of method, and completeness of apparatus, since the days in which they began to be regarded as a code of inspired literature, and certainly not since the days of our Blessed Lord's life on earth." And Canon Gore believes that this investigation is effecting a change in our conception of what the Bible is, which if not greater, is certainly not less, than the changes involved in the acceptance of the heliocentric astronomy. Every believing Christian therefore must be interested in the questions, what Higher Criticism is, how it works, and what it has done; it is in order to satisfy these questions that we shall briefly explain to the reader the nature, the methods, and the results of higher Biblical criticism.

We cannot satisfactorily explain the nature of higher Biblical criticism, unless we premise a brief analysis of criticism in general and of Biblical criticism in particular. We criticise our neighbor when we judge that his dress, his conduct, and his language are either in keeping with or fall short of an acknowledged standard of taste or morality. Generalizing this meaning of the word, we find that criticism is the art or science of judging how closely a human action or production approaches a certain given principle or model. The critic looks from the principle to the human action, from the model to the new production, and comparing both, notes how faithfully the former is represented in the latter. The domain of criticism is therefore as broad as the range of human activity; since every human faculty is sub-

ject to its peculiar laws and restrictions, its very action may be controlled by these same rules, it may become the object of criticism. Thus we speak of art criticism, of literary criticism, of historical criticism, of philological criticism, of scientific and even of philosophical criticism, implying that we may judge the production of the artist, the litterateur, the philologist, the historian, the scientist, the philosopher, according to the principles ruling supreme in each of these branches. This is criticism in the subjective sense of the word.

It has become fashionable in our days to write critical histories, critical commentaries, critical philosophies. The authors of such books do not merely judge a previous work according to its artistic or scientific principles; they claim to have followed their respective laws so closely that their work is a concrete embodiment of the same. As we may learn the prevailing fashion from the dress of good society, and the rules of the ascetic life from the conduct of God's saints, so we find that the critical history or the critical commentary mirrors the rules and laws of the modern historian or commentator. Such a concrete representation or application of certain artistic or scientific principles is said to be criticism in its objective sense.

Passing on to Biblical criticism, we must first guard against the impression that the Biblical critic claims to sit in judgment on the Bible itself or on any of its particular books; it is not criticism in its subjective sense. Again, Biblical criticism does not claim to produce new books of Sacred Scripture by concretely representing the principles of inspiration, canonicity, or even of human Biblical authority; the Biblical critic does not write a critical gospel as the critical historian publishes a critical history of

the United States. But Biblical criticism professes to produce on scientific principles, whether historical, philosophical, or literary, the whole apparatus needed for the proper understanding of the Sacred Scriptures, *i.e.*, for finding in the Bible the precise meaning expressed in it by the inspired writers; the Biblical critic does, therefore, for Scripture what the philological critic does for Homer, or Dante, or Shakespeare. Biblical criticism then is criticism in its objective sense, producing an introduction to the Bible by applying accurately all the scientific principles which govern the various component elements of such a work.

The proper understanding of any book supposes the purity of its text, and, on the part of the reader, an acquaintance with its author in his concrete surroundings of place and time, a knowledge of his scope and intended circle of readers, an insight into his art and method. Hence it is that philological criticism treats of all these subjects in its introduction to any literary work. The critical labor dealing with the text itself, removing its mistakes, selecting the best from among its various readings, and restoring its primitive purity, has been called "Lower Criticism," while Eichhorn has been the first to label the treatment of the rest of the foregoing questions as "Higher Criticism." The recipient of a telegram practises lower criticism, when he corrects the mistakes of the operator and restores the genuine wording of the message; he exercises higher criticism when he determines the other elements on which the meaning of the telegram depends. The operator may see little sense in the message "Charlie will start immediately;" but the addressee understands from his acquaintance with the sender and his circumstances of place and time, whether Charlie is a dog, or a canary, or a man; whether he will start by boat, or by train, or in a carriage, or on foot; whether he can start on the day of the message, or shall have to wait till the morrow;

whether the journey will be directed to the north or the south; whether it will be a pleasure trip or a business tour. In all this the recipient does not criticise the message itself; his higher criticism merely serves to disclose the full meaning of the text.

In a similar way does higher Biblical criticism furnish a key to the full meaning of the Bible: it takes from the hand of the lower critic the revised text of I. Cor., *e. g.*, and tells the reader that the epistle was written by St. Paul residing at Ephesus, to the primitive Church of Corinth, in order to correct such and such abuses, and to impart information to the neophytes on such and such doubts. The situation of the apostle is clearly determined, the condition of the Corinthian community, its prominent men, its dangers and difficulties, are fully described so as to place the reader, as far as possible, side by side with the inspired writer, to convince him that the apostle has written what he himself would wish to have written under the circumstances; in other words, that I. Cor. is a piece of literature that fits exactly into the needs of its time and place. We need not point out that the higher Biblical critic renders similar services, as far as our remote age allows it, for all the books of the Old and New Testaments.

Thus far we have told the reader what higher Biblical criticism is; but an investigation into the method of its work will reveal its nature still more clearly. The subjects it has to treat may be reduced to the efficient, the final, and the formal causes of the inspired writings, (their material part is handled by the lower critic). Now the form of a book, whether prose or poetry; whether law, history, instruction, or prophecy, is subject to the rules of literary criticism. Though the particular laws regulating Hebrew poetry have not as yet been finally determined, the critic knows that the rule of parallelism is general and prevails throughout.

Even the historian and the legislator seem to write under the spell of repetitious parallelism, unless we prefer to explain their reiteration of the same statements by their primitive simplicity of style. For experience shows that simple minds not trained to the scientific accuracy of expression prevalent in our times, are apt to repeat over and over again the same phrases and sentences, especially if they consider them of great interest or importance. Besides this parallelism in poetry, and repetition in prose, the literary critic finds in the Sacred Scriptures the peculiar Semitic style of expressing all ideas coordinately ; there is no periodic structure of sentences. Moreover, the truth to be expressed is frequently clothed in poetic parables, though their principal subjects may be historical personages, and their main incidents historical events, such as we meet in Dives and Lazarus, in Job and his un pitying friends. And while the expression of the different books ranges from the genealogical tables in Genesis and Paralipomenon to the sublime flow of diction in Isaias, from the abstract principles of Ecclesiastes and Proverbs to the living visions in Daniel and the Apocalypse, from the crude language of the shepherd prophet to the courtly dignity of the royal seer, there are lacking in all the analysis of thought and the synthetical development of subject which characterize the classical poet and orator. It is higher Biblical criticism that has to note all these peculiarities, and to direct the commentator into the right path to the meaning of the inspired writers.

But this is not all. If it can be shown that the book of Genesis has been written in Egypt in order to arouse the national consciousness of the captive Hebrews, and thus induce them to leave the land and the people with which they had been familiar for centuries, almost every paragraph of the book receives a new meaning. The genealogical tables show that there is no racial affinity be-

tween Hebrew and Egyptian ; the Mesianic promises hold out a specific national hope for the people of Jehovah ; the partial ownership and the entire promise of the Holy Land show that the divinely appointed fatherland of the Hebrews is not Egypt but Palestine. It is their own God, wholly distinct from the gods of Egypt, who has expressed His will most emphatically that His people is to live in separation from Mesopotamia, on the one hand, and from the valley of the Nile, on the other. At His command the family of Abraham left Ur of the Chaldees, Jacob separated from Laban, and had his body carried from Egypt to Palestine for burial. If we assume that Genesis has been written with this end in view, and to this circle of readers, the whole book becomes a history of Israel's national differentiation and theocratic development, and its every sentence is replete with a new meaning. And what is true of Genesis, applies equally well to every book of the Bible. Higher Biblical criticism throws a new light on its every obscurity, and furnishes a new key to its meaning by determining its aim and scope, by describing its intended circle of readers.

It is, however, not merely the formal and final causes of the inspired books that are investigated by higher Biblical criticism ; the efficient cause, too, in its setting of person, place and time occupies the attention of the higher critic. Now, the books of the Bible have God for their principal author, the Church for their custodian and interpreter, and man for their instrumental cause ; in other words, the Biblical writings are inspired, canonical, and at the same time authentic human documents. Now, however penetrating the search-light of the historian may be in these critical times of ours, merely profane history can never detect inspiration. As the spiritual soul is above and beyond the dissecting knife and the microscope of the biologist and anatomist, so is inspiration outside the sphere of the profane his-



torian. In the last instance, inspiration is reduced to the interior condition of a single individual, so that humanly speaking we can have the testimony of only one witness, and an interested one at that, for the fact of inspiration. Besides, even the inspired writer is not always conscious of his state, and in itself there is nothing more open to delusion than one's spiritual condition ; considering all these difficulties, no careful historian will pretend to possess sufficient natural evidence for the fact of inspiration to give him historical certainty. Certainty with regard to the fact of inspiration can be obtained only by means of revelation, and pertains, like all divinely revealed facts, to the domain of theology rather than of profane history.

It is true that history may investigate which books were considered from the earliest times in all particular churches of Christendom as pertaining to the canon of Sacred Scriptures, and it may in this respect testify to the canonicity of a sacred book. Still, the very nature of canonicity as well as its value and meaning cannot be determined by the canons of profane history, but fall into the domain of theology. In regard to canonicity, therefore, as well as to inspiration, the true higher critic must be a theologian rather than a historian. This statement has the explicit sanction of the Church, for the Tridentine and the Vatican Councils have solemnly declared which books are to be regarded as sacred and canonical.

The Church has not as yet laid an explicit claim to the power of defining who were the human authors of the particular books of Sacred Scripture. She has not yet obliged us to believe under pain of anathema that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, and St. Paul the epistle to the Hebrews. It would lead us beyond the limits of a paper on Higher Criticism, were we to investigate how far the Church can issue such definitions, and whether she is likely to exercise her power. In point of fact, she will not bind us to any

particular belief concerning the human authorship of her inspired books, unless sufficient proof be advanced to satisfy even the fair-minded profane historian. It is precisely here that the higher Biblical critic aids the work of the Church no less than that of the average Bible-reader by his scrutiny of historical evidence bearing on the human authorship of the inspired writings.

The arguments advanced by higher Biblical criticism in proof of its theses are drawn partly from internal, partly from external evidence. External evidence is the testimony borne by witnesses extrinsic to the particular book in question. Ecclesiastical, or profane, or even inspired writers, early Christian, Jewish, or pagan inscriptions, works of painting, sculpture, or architecture, national traditions, all these are so many sources of external evidence. The higher critic cites all the witnesses that bear testimony on his point of investigation, examines their authenticity, studies their meaning, weighs their authority, and after hearing all parties he pronounces his sentence, whether favorable or unfavorable.

Internal evidence is drawn from the book itself, which forms the subject of the critic's examination, from its statements either explicit or implied as to its authorship, the time and place of its composition, its sources, its intended circle of readers, its end and aim. From the phrase in Judges xvi. 10, "the Canaanites dwelt in Gazer unto this day," we naturally infer that Gazer was not yet destroyed by Pharaoh the contemporary of Solomon, when the book of Josue was written. Similarly, the statement in Judges that the Jebusites dwelt in Jerusalem among the Benjamites "unto this day" supposes that the book was written before the citadel of Jebus was captured by David (ii. Ki. v. 6-9). It is the same kind of evidence which conservative critics appeal to in favor of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, when they point out its Egypticity, its

connection with the wandering in the desert, its genetic description of the Mosaic law, its apparent ignorance of Palestinian geography, and its literary archaisms; not one of these facts is a direct assertion that Moses wrote the Pentateuch, but they demand an author of the Pentateuch, surrounded by the same personal, local, and temporal circumstances that were peculiar to Moses. If then higher criticism proves the premise, the inference of the Mosaic authorship appears to be practically certain.

From what has been said about the nature and the method of higher Biblical criticism, its importance and necessity are self evident. Even with all the introductory data that history and philosophy can furnish, many parts of Sacred Scripture have remained obscure; without the help of such an introductory apparatus the Bible as such would be simply a sealed book. It is a false impression, though higher critics seem to favor it, that the science or art of criticism is an invention of modern times. It is true that the name "Higher Biblical Criticism" which we employ for want of a more appropriate term, dates back only to the days of Eichhorn; but as the child speaks prose before it knows this technical designation, so did the learned world practise higher criticism before its technical hall-mark had been introduced. It was several centuries before the birth of Christ that the school of Alexandria applied the general principles of our latter-day higher criticism to the works of Homer and of other classical writers. Dionysius of Halicarnassus was known for his critical acumen in the first century before Christ. Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome advanced in the third and fourth centuries after Christ the same principles in behalf of the Sacred Scriptures which we urge to-day.

This does not imply a wholesale approval of the work produced by the unconscious higher critics of the past. Even the last named writers had to con-

tend against a Porphyry, a Celsus, and against other precursors of our modern rationalists. The views defended by Theodore of Mopsuestia concerning the books of Solomon, the book of Job, and the Canticle of Canticles, resemble those advanced by our infidel contemporaries, while it appears to be Theodore's teaching on the Messianic prophecies that was condemned in the second Council of Constantinople. In the time of the Renaissance, when the critique of literature and of Roman Law was freely exercised in the lecture room of Politian, in the printing house of Aldus, and in the school of Vittorino, there was at work in the court of Naples the most formidable of all critical engines attacking established ecclesiastical traditions and spurious historical documents. The negative results of these critics provoked Leo X.'s witty epigram: "What profit has not that fable of Christ brought us?"

If we now compare the past with the present, we unwittingly conclude that history repeats itself. A few years ago Mr. Hastings published the number of discordant theories put forth by higher criticism since 1850. There were sixteen for Genesis, thirteen for Exodus, twenty-two for Leviticus, eight for Numbers, seventeen for Deuteronomy, *i. e.*, seventy-six for the Pentateuch; ten for Josue, seven for Judges, four for Ruth, twenty for Samuel, twenty-four for Kings, seventeen for Paralipomenon, fourteen for I. Esdras, eleven for II. Esdras, six for Esther, *i. e.*, one hundred and thirteen for the historical books; twenty-six for Job, nineteen for Psalms, twenty-four for Proverbs, twenty-one for Ecclesiastes, eighteen for the Canticle of Canticles, *i. e.*, one hundred and eighteen for the poetical books; twenty-seven for Isaias, twenty-four for Jeremias, ten for Lamentations, fifteen for Ezechiel, twenty-two for Daniel, *i. e.*, ninety-eight for the Great Prophets; one hundred and forty-four for the Minor Prophets; *i. e.*, five hundred and ninety-

nine for the Old Testament; ten for Matthew, nine for Luke, seven for Mark, fifteen for John, *i. e.*, forty one for the Gospels; twelve for Acts, one hundred and eleven for the Pauline epistles, forty-four for the Catholic epistles, *i. e.*, two hundred and eight for the New Testament, and seven hundred and forty-seven for the entire Bible. At the time of this publication, six hundred and nine of these critical theories had already been abandoned, and it is doubtful whether any of them will live till the middle of the coming century. Are we therefore to become skeptical as to the results of higher Biblical criticism? The reason of these lamentable results lies not in higher criticism but in the higher critics. When abuses are noticed in our municipal administration, we do not abolish the office of mayor or the board of aldermen, but we have recourse to a new election; the abuses of higher criticism must be remedied by a new supply of higher critics who will prove more faithful to the principles of their responsible calling.

It may seem unfair to examine the examiners, to criticise the critics; but it would be cruel to the reading public were we to remain silent about the misdeeds of those whose labors tend to undermine the foundations of our Christian faith. There are indeed believing Christians who wish to be abreast of the times, and are inclined to admit the critical results of the Old Testament critics, though they see plainly that they cannot agree with the views of the New Testament scholars. The sooner these sincere believers realize that the principles involved in Old Testament criticism are the very same they try to avoid in the New Testament study, the less will they sin against logic, and the more moral support will they lend to their wavering brethren. Prof. Harnack defines the condition of Biblical criticism with perfect sincerity and accuracy: "The most decisive step of all was

taken," he says, "when it was agreed that the understanding and exposition of the Old and the New Testaments were neither to be regulated by any creed, nor be allowed, out of regard for the sacredness of the text, to make use of other methods than those universally recognized in the spheres of philology and history. . . How has this come about? Whose work has it been? No one has done it, and everyone has done it. It is a consequence of the historical sense, the rise of which indicates a revolution in the history of mankind, no less great than has been produced by the discoveries of natural science. The conception of what knowledge means has altered."

What these changes "in the history of mankind" will have to be according to the present critical demands, has been pointed out in Dean Farrar's work, "The Bible: Its Meaning and its Supremacy." The main point he insists upon is that the Bible, from Genesis to Apocalypse, is a mixture of truth and error; that the view, so prevalent formerly, according to which it was a book demanding in all its facts our credence, or at least, our respect, would, if not abandoned by Christians, reduce their religion to an absurdity; and that the foremost duty of the modern Christian apologist is to show the sceptic and the infidel that the Christians are concerned to defend, not the book as a whole, but select passages only. These are supernaturally inspired; all the rest we may abandon as unconcernedly as we may abandon the books of Livy to the secular critic, who may destroy or spare them as he pleases. Here then we have in Mr. Mallock's words a summary of Dean Farrar's conservative harmony between the Bible and the higher Biblical criticism.

To return now to our task of criticising the critics, we shall draw attention to a few fundamental mistakes that are the source of many, if not all, of the foregoing destructive results. First, our present day higher critics start with a

number of erroneous assumptions; secondly, they sin against logic in their conclusions; thirdly, they do not confine themselves to their proper domain.

The erroneous assumptions of the higher critics are usually the following false principles: first, miracles and prophecies are impossible, or, prescinding from the abstract question of their possibility, they are not to be admitted; secondly, all creeds and religions must be regarded as natural historical growths springing from national character; thirdly, present universal traditions, in fact, all external evidence, must be regarded with suspicion, and should not be received unless confirmed by internal evidence. We do not now maintain that all higher critics would profess these principles, if they were asked in so many words whether they held them; but these tenets appear to be in the air in our days, and it requires a great deal of attention as well as of good will in order to escape the infection.

Let a Bible student proceed ever so independently and critically, if his results happen to be in conformity with the general traditional views of the Old and New Testaments, he is pronounced non-scientific forthwith. Again, let the Bible student draw his arguments from external rather than internal evidence; let him express the opinion that the words even of Christ himself as recorded in John v. 45-47 may have the same, or perhaps greater weight than the dicta of Wellhausen, he is simply ruled out from court. Why, he is told, Christ did not intend to solve any literary problem, or Christ spoke according to the views of the Jews in spite of His knowing them to be false, or again, Christ assumed all the infirmities of human nature, and therefore was as liable to error—or perhaps more so—as Kuenen or Wellhausen.

Similarly, the present Biblical critics cannot understand why the Biblical religion should not be naturally developed out of the Hebrew people even as the oak grows out of the acorn. Hence they

endeavor to represent every subsequent doctrine as an evolution of the preceding one. Prof. Harnack in his perfect consistency of principle applies this view expressly to our Lord and His doctrine: "The consequence is that the sayings and discourses of the Lord, and the image of His life itself, not only take their color—and it is a very definite color—from the history of the time, but they are also seen to possess certain definite limitations. They belong to their time and environment, and they could not exist in any other." The same naturalism of view is applied to the apostle St. Paul by Mr. Baring-Gould: "Since Paul had written his epistle to the Galatians, he had reconsidered the arguments he had used in it; some he strengthened, some he laid aside. In the epistle to the Romans we have his maturer thought." Again, we are told that "the apostle was unable to think clearly, and consequently could not express what he felt in intelligible form." In the same work we are assured that it was the Church which built up Christianity, and Christ's divinity becomes a mere after-thought.

The remaining false assumption produces among the higher critics results that are fully as pernicious as the foregoing. If miracles and prophecies must be eliminated, it is a foregone conclusion that Isaias cannot have written the second part of the book ascribed to him by tradition, that Daniel cannot have written the whole of the book of Daniel, that Moses cannot have written certain portions of the law which suppose a national condition of the people posterior to his own age. And as to the New Testament, either the miracles and prophecies must disappear by means of a violent explanation of the respective passages, or they remain merely as myths and pious legends, or they are a kind of poetic expression of certain moral principles. In order to make room for these various ways of removing the miraculous, the text of the gospels must be tampered with, or its authorship must be ques-

tioned ; and here the critic finds a real tangle of conjecture and hypothesis.

The second kind of sin committed by the higher critics is directed against logic. They, first, reason frequently "*a posse ad esse* ;" secondly, they often reason "*e silentio*"; thirdly, their omitted minor premise is quite frequently false. We are, at first, told that a certain thing may be so ; then, it possibly is so ; then it is quite possible that it is so ; and after that, the unconscious critic goes on, entirely satisfied that he has proved his position. Or the Biblical critic does not find a certain book of the Old or the New Testament quoted where it might be quoted, and where he himself would have appealed to it by way of showing his scholarly erudition ; and without further hesitation he infers that the book in question cannot have been known to the writer omitting to quote it. He does not reflect that silence may indicate an acquaintance with the book or person in question too close to need reference. At present, for instance, no writer would seriously inform us who is President of the United States, or who is successor of St. Peter in his capacity of head of the universal Church. And as the argument "*e silentio*," as employed by the Biblical critic, is inconclusive, so is his reasoning by way of enthymeme quite frequently defective. We are seriously informed that a certain law was not observed at a certain time, and that therefore it did not exist. The higher critic might as well prove that the present ten commandments have not been promulgated, seeing that so many people do not observe them. He might prove in the same way that the American Declaration of Independence was written after the abolition of slavery, since we read in it: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." If such an argument is not considered conclusive, why should we believe

the Biblical critic when he tells us that the Pentateuchal Law cannot have existed before the time of Josias, because it was not observed at that period ?

Finally, the results of the Biblical higher critic are so destructive because he does not confine himself to his own sphere of investigation. If the chemist infringes on the field of medicine, or the physicist on that of biology, he must be prepared to be simply ignored by the respective specialists ; there is no reason why the higher Biblical critic should expect a different treatment at the hands of the professional theologian, if he interferes with matters theological. Now, though it be correct that the Biblical commentator must be ruled by the principles of higher criticism in his interpretation of the inspired text, it is not less true that these principles are not the whole and sole rule of Biblical interpretation. The Councils of Trent and of the Vatican declare explicitly that in matters pertaining to faith and morality Sacred Scripture must be explained according to the sense of the Church, and the unanimous teaching of the Fathers. How wise and reasonable this law of the Church is, may be inferred from the words of Canon Gore : "It is impossible to say, what we should make of the New Testament record, what estimate we should be able to form of the person of Jesus Christ, and the meaning of His life and work, if it was contained simply in some old manuscripts, or unearthed in some way by antiquaries out of the Syrian sand."

It must not be supposed that Biblical higher criticism has done nothing at all worthy of our consideration. Not to speak of the many excellent introductory works to the Old or the New Testament, we may say that even the labors of the rationalistic critics have been useful for the fuller understanding of the Bible. Besides containing points of information on matters Biblical that can be found nowhere else, they form also a stimulus to the believing student, urging him to a

closer investigation of God's revealed word, and forcing him to redouble his labors in order that he may be able to give an account of the faith that is in him. For now, as of old, God demands our "reasonable service."

## A CLIENT OF OUR LADY.

*By Francis W. Grey.*

JOHN, by the grace of crown and parliament, Bishop of Middlehampton, had been an Oxford Don before his elevation to the "Episcopal purple"—which he never wore. His "views" were, apparently by an inevitable consequence, of the very vaguest and most colorless type, which made him eminently fitted to preserve the peace of a somewhat contentious diocese, as indeed he had done, with a success that must have been highly satisfactory—to himself—for many years. It must, also, have been a sore grief to him when this most desirable condition of affairs came to an abrupt termination.

It was, in his opinion, primarily, it not wholly due to the "crisis," which, in its turn, had been brought about by the ambition of politicians who saw a chance of embarrassing the government by a vigorous thumping of the Protestant drum, also, to a few hot-heads among the clergy, who, not content with the large measure of liberty allowed them by Anglican "comprehensiveness" seemed determined to "run" the church and the Episcopate according to their own impossible notions.

That the "crisis" should have extended to his diocese, always, as has been said, a somewhat contentious one, was only what his lordship knew he must expect; nor had he much doubt as to how it would arise. The rector of Eastbury All Saints was a leading spirit among those whom the Protestant party characterized as "Romanizers;" the vicar of Meadowbrook, the next parish, two miles distant, a veritable Boanerges among the evangelicals, and, if the truth

must be told, by far the cleverer man of the two. The rector of Battleminster, the venerable Archdeacon Southgate, held a middle position between the two, which, by the way, just about balanced the diocese between the opposing parties. But the venerable archdeacon was growing old, and began to talk of resigning his living. The old Earl of Middlehampton, the archdeacon's college friend, who had appointed him to the living, had gone the way of all flesh; the young Earl was a leader of the extreme Ritualists, and the archdeacon's son, William Southgate, was his college friend, of views even more extreme than his own, and would, no doubt, become rector of Battleminster, in succession to his father. Whence, as the bishop clearly foresaw, would inevitably ensue trouble for himself—to say nothing of the diocese of which he was the nominal head.

But the trouble, as it happened, was destined to arise from a cause which the bishop had not foreseen. His episcopal brother of Amesbury, strong in his opposition to the "Italian Mission" in England, and to the "unfounded claims" of the "Bishop of Rome," had been coquetting—if such a phrase be permissible, as applied to such a right reverend dignitary—with the "unchanging holy Eastern Church," with the result that a Greek deacon, possessed of some wholly unpronounceable name, had been sent over to "spy out the land" and report to his ecclesiastical superiors. Amesbury diocese being mostly "high," and, when not "high," decidedly "extreme," and His Lordship of Ames-

bury, a man of such pronounced "views" that no "evangelical" had any chance of a living under his jurisdiction, the task of showing the Greek deacon round had been a comparatively easy one. There had, at least, been no glaring divergencies of ritual and ornament between parish church and parish church to give rise to awkward questions on the part of one accustomed to absolute uniformity of doctrine and ritual. At all events, whatever the Greek deacon may have thought, his bland courtesy was absolutely charming—and impenetrable.

Middlehampton being the next diocese, it fell to the lot of the bishop of no particular views to entertain the distinguished stranger, and to persuade him, if possible, of the "Catholicity" of this particular section of the Anglican communion. If only the visitor could be kept out of reach—and out of the churches—of such men as the vicar of Meadowbrook, Middlehampton diocese might stand the test almost, if not quite as well as Amesbury. If! There was the difficulty! The vicar of Meadowbrook and his friends would, under ordinary circumstances, as soon have been civil to the "Pope of Rome" by choice as to a Greek deacon who was, if anything, "worse than a Papist." But, since they saw, or thought they saw, a possibility of a "rapprochement" between the "Romanizers" of their own Protestant church and the "idolatrous" Greeks, they would be capable of doing anything—even to inviting the deacon to attend their services—in order to prevent such a consummation. So that "John Middlehampton" wished that either the Greek deacon had remained in Greece, or that his episcopal brother of Amesbury had stayed at home.

But the Greek deacon was to arrive at Middlehampton in a few days, would have to be entertained as became the ambassador of a "friendly power" in the domain of ecclesiastical politics; the only possible ally against the "spiritual tyranny of Rome." It remained, there-

fore, that his lordship should determine where and by whom the visitor should be "shown round"—the more hurriedly, yet the more judiciously the better. It would leave him less time, less occasion to make unfavorable comments—to his superiors—or to ask awkward questions—of his respective hosts.

Middlehampton Cathedral having been recently restored in the most approved "Catholic" style, and the dean being as "advanced" as his somewhat difficult circumstances would permit of, would, the bishop flattered himself, pass muster, even with a Greek deacon. There was a "rood loft"—with only an empty cross on it to be sure, but that was better than the organ which had stood there before the "restoration." Besides, there was a "crucifixion" in the reredos, to say nothing of a statue of "The Virgin and Child" at the top of the same, concerning which there had been more than a little commotion in the diocese. The ritual was stately and dignified; the bishop would wear his cope as the privy council had prescribed, his mitre—his evangelical critics notwithstanding—and would use his pastoral staff. That part of his task was easy enough.

So, he thought, was the visit to Battleminster. The Principal of St. Denys' had promised to meet the bishop's wishes in the matter of ritual in the Mission House Chapel, also, to "assist," crimson cope and all, at "Solemn Evensong" in the parish church. Battleminster would occasion no difficulty.

That, however, is just what Battleminster did, as will appear shortly, and in a fashion as startling as it was wholly unlooked for. But as to Eastbury, the bishop's mind was not quite so easy, and as it happened. Eastbury was nearer to Middlehampton than Battleminster was, and the Greek deacon would naturally go there first. As to the parish church of All Saints, with its rood loft, its real rood, with its due attendant figures of "The Virgin" and St. John, its seven sanctuary lamps—the rector prac-

tised "reservation" in spite of his bishop's prohibition; but the bishop now felt inclined to forgive that, and the use of incense as well—his lordship had no misgivings, would have had none, even if the Pope himself had been his visitor, or the Patriarch of Constantinople in his own august person. If only the Greek deacon could be kept out of Meadowbrook church, and out of the reach of its vicar.

As a matter of fact, the bishop misjudged the vicar of Meadowbrook in supposing him capable of trying to show the Greek deacon the other side of the "Catholic" Anglican communion; as, indeed, he was apt to misjudge any man who had convictions instead of being content to hold vague, or very comprehensive "views," to be zealous for "the truth," as he might happen to understand it, instead of finding "truth," in every possible phase of religious opinion—"Romanism" not even excepted. Not that the vicar of Meadowbrook approved of this "fellowship of Christ with Belial"—that was his text on the Sunday of the Greek deacon's visit to Eastbury—but he and his friends consoled themselves that however much the bishops might "coquet" with "idolatrous" eastern prelates, or *vice versa*, the last word concerning any "union of the churches" remained with Parliament, that is with the great mass of Protestant voters. Let the bishop and the "Romanizers" make the most of their Greek deacon; this visit would only hasten the hour of reckoning.

The visit to Eastbury, therefore, passed off much more smoothly than the bishop had ventured to anticipate. There was "High Mass" of a more ornate description than usual since a stray colonial prelate, by permission of "John Middlehampton," was there to "pontificate," which he did to perfection. The Greek deacon was greatly impressed, and said so in the best Latin he could muster, to which the Colonial bishop, adapting his pronunciation of the classic tongue to that of the visitor, replied in suitable terms.

From Eastbury the Greek deacon was driven to Battleminster, where he was to stay for two or three days, his entertainers being, of course, carefully selected for their well-known "Catholicity." He duly admired the Mission Chapel, though the empty cross over the "altar" must have appeared strange to him, after the reredos at Middlehampton and the crucifix and rood loft at Eastbury. Most of all he must have wondered why in a "Catholic" Seminary there was no Blessed Sacrament reserved, and must have remarked the absence of all sacred images. But, whatever he thought, he was politeness personified, and was doubtless duly impressed by the Don's Latin, to say nothing of his famous crimson cope, which his reverence duly wore that evening at "Solemn Evensong" in the parish church.

But it was from the parish church, after all, that the trouble arose. The archdeacon, an old-fashioned High-churchman, did not approve of roods, statues, or, in fact, of "extremes" of any kind; his son, who had but lately succeeded to the living, knew, only too well, that he must "advance" step by step, that, whatever his own feelings or convictions might be, and they were sufficiently strong and distinctive, he must, as a priest and a Christian, consider those of his father and of the older parishioners. From which it may be gathered that William Southgate, in whatever else he may have been lacking, was not lacking in that charity which makes men most like to God. He was glad of the Greek deacon's visit, as an excuse for a very decided "improvement" in ritual; he had occasion—though as yet he little dreamed that it would be so—to thank God for the visit for a very different and much more important reason.

An Oxford man, a scholar of no ordinary ability, he had read widely and deeply, during his student years and since, the ecclesiastical literature of many different ages and different forms



of Christianity; had been thrown in contact with men of various "schools," Evangelical, Latitudinarian, High and Ritualistic; had found something to admire in each, yet, in each, something of incompleteness, even in the "school" with which he had, naturally, most sympathy, the extreme "Catholic" party.

A Nestorian priest, sent over to Oxford to study "humanities" at the expense of the "Assyrian Mission," took a great fancy to William Southgate, who was then finishing his third year, and about to take his degree. Friendship, the two men being equally in earnest, could only mean an interchange of confidences concerning religious matters; that William Southgate should own, to his new friend, his spiritual barrenness—as he deemed it—was only natural, under the circumstances. The answer surprised him. "The barrenness is not in you, my friend," said Mar Johannes, gravely, "it is in the religion of your church. You have beautiful ritual, yes; beautiful music, yes; of devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, much; of devotion to our Blessed Lady, none at all. Hence is your religion cold, and it cannot satisfy you. You love our Lord, yes; but you do not love His Mother. You call us heretics, us Nestorians; it may be that we are; but we have never ceased to venerate the Blessed Virgin, and to invoke her intercession, since the day when our great Patriarch, Nestorius, was unjustly condemned." The Nestorian's manner and earnest utterance were evidence enough of how strongly he felt the conviction to which he gave such impassioned expression.

Southgate was silent for several minutes, thinking deeply. Here, then, as it seemed to him, as by a light suddenly thrown on a dark place, was the explanation of the difficulty that had been such a sore trial to him. Not that he accepted his friend's statement as a reason for casting on his church the burden of spiritual dissatisfaction and barrenness which, he still felt humbly convinced,

was due to his own unworthiness, his own want of faith; but that Mar Johannes had spoken truly when he said that, in the Anglican communion, there was little or no real devotion to the Mother of Christ, the young man knew only too well.

"You are right," he returned, speaking sadly, almost as if ashamed of making the admission, "we have no real devotion to her."

The conversation practically ended there, each man finding that it was time to go to lecture. But the subject was referred to between them again and again during the remainder of Southgate's stay at Oxford, with the result that he returned to Battleminster, after his ordination, as curate to his father, the archdeacon, a devout, if imperfectly instructed client of our Blessed Lady.

To him Battleminster church, as compared even with St. Barnabas, Oxford, or Eastbury All Saints, was cold and bare beyond description, and the "moderate" ritual as chaff or ashes to his spiritual palate. There was only one spot in the church, the "altar" itself scarcely excepted, that could afford him any comfort, a window, namely, in the so-called "Lady Chapel," representing the Annunciation. The archdeacon would have regarded a statue as superstitious, to say the least of it; to the majority of his congregation it would have symbolized sheer and undisguised idolatry. A window was different—how, they never troubled themselves to define or explain. Possibly any one of them might have found it difficult to do so, to his own satisfaction, still less to that of a logical interrogator.

Near this window, whenever he could find himself alone in the church, with leisure at his disposal, the young Anglican deacon would kneel and pour out his very soul to the Most Blessed among women, the Mother of the Word Incarnate. He had found, in an Oxford bookseller's shop, a copy of "The English Catholic's Vade Mecum," in

use in a well-known London church, and from it had learned the Ave Maria, the Memorare and the use of the Rosary. It was a grave risk that he ran in having such a thing in his possession and he was well aware of the fact, but he had no doubt in his own mind that she whose intercession he so earnestly implored would win from his Dear Lord, her Son, protection for her client, or courage to endure persecution, should courage ever be required of him. And so, from his entrance on his curacy till, six years later, he succeeded his father as rector, shortly before the Greek deacon's visit, he had continued his devout practice of saying his Rosary daily.

After the "Solemn Evensong" on the first evening of the Greek deacon's visit, the young rector took his visitor, the next morning, after breakfast, to view the famous old parish church more at leisure. Truth to tell, it was an ordeal that he rather dreaded, feeling, by some instinct which he could not account for, that the Greek deacon would ask him such questions as would be difficult to answer.

"I see you have no Ikonostasis," said the visitor, shortly after they had entered the church, meaning, presumably, a rood screen, such as he had seen at Eastbury, or a reredos, like the one in Middlehampton cathedral.

"No," answered the young rector, thankful that his task was simple enough, so far, "it was destroyed by the Protestants in the seventeenth century," meaning Cromwell and the Puritans, not "the reformers," who, in this case at least, were guiltless, and whom, in any case, he would not as yet, little as he approved of their doctrines or methods, have classed as "Protestants." How could he, without stultifying his own position?

"And your sacred images," continued the Greek, glancing at various empty niches, "were they destroyed at the same time?"

This was a question less pleasant, if

not less easy, to answer. "Not at the same time," Southgate answered, determined to speak the simple truth, to the best of his ability, "but by the iconoclasts of the sixteenth century." A reply which, if not absolutely straightforward, was, in no sense, consciously intended to mislead his auditor, being, in fact, the only excuse that could be made for the "reformers" without admitting that they, too, were as actually "Protestants," behaving as such, as were Cromwell and his "saints." Then, as if by way of palliation for such a non "Catholic" condition of affairs, as it seemed to him, and must, he knew, seem even more so to his guest, the rector pointed out the various colored windows, the Crucifixion in the eastern one, the Annunciation in the Lady Chapel.

"Then your church does practise devotion to the Theotokos," remarked the Greek, half reflectively, remembering the cathedral reredos and the screen at Eastbury, to say nothing of various extreme churches in Amesbury diocese. And yet, half-interrogatively withal, noting, as he could not fail to note the empty niches near at hand, the absence of any 'Ikonostasis,' whether in the form of reredos or of rood loft.

The question which the rector dreaded had come at last, as he knew that it must surely come. "She does not forbid us to do so," he answered bravely, truthfully, so far as he knew.

"But she has no public offices of devotion to the Most Holy Virgin?" pursued the visitor, resolved, as it appeared, to set the matter at rest, now that he had found a suitable opportunity.

"No," sadly, "no public devotions. In private we, that is," he hastened to correct himself, "some of us practise devotion to her."

"In private, yes," was the Greek's quiet comment, "in public, not." Then, almost abruptly, but, strange to say, not to Southgate's relief, who would fain have explained, to the best

of his ability, the lapse and gradual revival of such devotion in his beloved Anglican communion, the visitor changed the subject. Doubtless, he duly explained to his ecclesiastical superiors his impressions concerning the "Catholicity" of a communion that had no public devotions to the Mother of God; in one church, at least, no sacred ikons or images, in which an "iconolastic" outbreak had occurred as late as the sixteenth century.

The Greek deacon's visit over, the young rector returned to his devotions to our Lady, with renewed fervor as if with some half-conscious desire of making amends for the want of public devotion to her on the part of his "Branch of the Church Catholic." But, again and again, as he said his Rosary, strive as he might to fix his attention on what he was saying, the memory of what had been said to him, first by his Nestorian friend, and latterly by his Greek visitor, rushed back on his mind and heart with ever-renewed, ever increasing force. Nestorian, Greek, Roman, every "church" that claimed to be "Catholic," his own alone excepted, practised public devotion to the Mother of the God-Man. In private, some, it might be, more than he dared to hope, paid her the homage and devotion that are due to her transcendent dignity; even Keble could be quoted in favor of such practice: "Thou, whose name, all but adoring love may claim," but it was in private; discouraged, disowned, disapproved of by those in authority, a thing utterly hateful to many "fellow-Catholics." Where was the solution of his difficulty to be found?

More easily than he had ever dared to

hope. A Nestorian he could not be, seeing that they were, as he knew, to all intents and purposes heretics, condemned by a General Council. Nor could he bring himself to submit to any one of the many mutually hostile divisions of the "unchanging East;" how could they demand his submission who made no claim to infallibility, presented no semblance of that unity which, he clearly saw, must be, of all others, the distinguishing note of Christ's Church? The rest of his way was neither long, hard, nor difficult; for, surely, the Blessed Mother, to whom he had been so earnestly devoted, in spite of all obstacles, made the way safe and easy for him. And not for him only. Those who like him had learned to practise devotion to the Most Holy Virgin, were led with him into the One Fold of her Dear Son.

That the rector's "perversion" caused consternation, need not be said; still more that several students of St. Denys' Mission House and five or six prominent "Catholics" in the parish should have been seduced into following his most unfortunate example; most of all that the curate of Eastbury, who, possibly, had been questioned by the Greek deacon, should also have "lapsed to Rome." The Greek deacon's visit to Middlehampton diocese and especially to Battleminster had produced trouble enough, in all conscience; and more than ever did "John Middlehampton" wish that his brother of Amesbury had stayed at home. As to the results of the Greek deacon's visit, other than those related, they yet remain uncertain; and will probably continue indefinitely in that condition.



## CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JANUARY, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

CHRISTIAN progress is the progress which Christ introduced into the world, which the Apostles made known to the nations of the earth and which the Church still maintains and fosters. Its type is the Christ of the Gospel, growing in age and grace and wisdom before God and man; its aim, or full measure, is His counsel: "Be ye perfect as your heavenly father is perfect." It embraces in its scope every other kind of progress, material and spiritual, since it aims at applying the principles of Christ to the perfection of all things. Its extent and rapidity are best described by the parable of the mustard seed: "which is the least indeed of all seeds; but when it is grown up, it is greater than all herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come, and dwell in the branches thereof." Its duration is eternal, at least in its effects. All the moral progress made by man before Christ was made, in expectation of a Redeemer and in preparation for His coming, and man's everlasting welfare depends on his progress while in this life in the ways of Christ. In so far as this progress is made by men, it is human; in its type, end, aim and scope it is divine as well, and since it must be carried out with divine assistance, it is worthy of the exercise of our best natural activities and it needs above all our prayer.

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At no moment could this appeal for prayers for Christian progress be more opportune. As we close the century the cry of *Progress* resounds everywhere, in praise for the progress of the years just past, in prophecy of still greater progress in the near future. So marvelous are the discoveries and inventions of human ingenuity during the past one hundred years, and so much more marvelous are the results attempted and already confidently predicted, that one is disposed to excuse the age its ignorance or oversight of the progress made by men before our own time; for at no time in the history of the human race could the spirit of progress be so properly considered to be its characteristic as now. What cannot be excused is that the human mind is so conceited with its triumph over the material order, that it is slowly admitting the conviction that material or purely intellectual progress is the only or highest form of progress, that it is quite enough without any other moral, or, what is the same, religious progress. And still less excusable is the pride which makes men despise Christian progress, until, unmindful of the fact that we owe to Christianity the best elements in our progress of the past, blind to its necessity as a condition for all true progress in every order, whether material or intellectual, they actually declare that, instead of helping, it hinders

even moral progress, and affect to consider it a most laudable achievement to destroy it from the face of the earth, to suppress its public manifestations, its worship, its feasts and holy days; to keep it out of the schools, to ignore or decry it in the public press; to rob it of its influence over the most sacred institutions in life, over matrimony, our courts of justice, our halls of legislation, and gradually to banish it from every sphere of civil and social life.

It would not be so bad if our end-of-the-century lawmakers and they who secretly control their action, would seek to suppress the many pseudo forms of Christianity which really prevent men from making true and lasting intellectual or moral progress. On the contrary, they foster every form of heresy, as tending ultimately to unbelief, and they employ every retrograde sect to aid them in their hostility to the Church which alone seeks to maintain and further real Christian progress. Again, we might have some hope of their conversion to better views were their opposition directed against the men who represent the Church, or even against the Church as a world-wide organization of souls, without seeking to rid the world of all the best things for which the Church stands, belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, in a future state of just reward or punishment, the sanctity of the marriage tie, proper exercise of parental rights, public worship, Christian schools, and even the hospital and asylum, the very homes of Christian charity among men.

In every age of the Christian era there have been multitudes of men and women who, while profiting by the external advantages of its civilization, have either failed to embrace the doctrine of Christ and obey His law, or, after becoming Christians, have fallen away in heresy, indifference or unbelief. At times whole nations have apostatized from the true faith, deceived by false teachers or persecuted by tyrannical rulers; but still they adhered to some pretence of Chris-

tianity, though always false, and often corrupt. Never from the days of the early persecutions until our own day have the rulers of the earth and their advisers conspired against Christ and actually sanctioned legislation to remove His name and every vestige of the civilization which followed the introduction of His religion, and which since His time has been the means of the best human progress. Looking out on the world to-day, and recalling the story of its first conquest by Christianity, one is disposed to ask, could it then have been a fable that a luminous sign appeared in the heavens and that a Roman emperor believed in Christ, that men and women steeped in the filth of pagan Rome came forward to be washed in the regenerating waters of baptism, that husbands learned how to be faithful to their wives, that masters freed their slaves, and men were not content with dealing honestly, but made charity the measure of their justice? Or, since all this was once true, we ask, since the desert of barbarism and paganism once did bloom and flourish like the rose, how or when did it all disappear from the face of the earth? Why speak of it, save to mourn that the world is being schooled to rejoice in its disappearance, though with it must disappear every help to moral and to true intellectual progress?

Still, mourning to no purpose will do little to save our Christian progress. It is apt to stifle hope of better things, and this hope was one of the new things brought to men by Christ at a time when human hearts were held captive by despair. If it rested with ourselves, if we must depend solely on human energy to save or restore to the world the principles of Christian progress, our efforts would indeed be hopeless. "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." We must never forget how this progress was first introduced into the world. It was not merely an advance forward from the best that had existed before; it was not

in any sense a development of the progress, such as it was, which men had made before Christ came ; it was not like any of the transitions which had previously marked the world's history from one civilization to another, as when the great Eastern monarchies, Chaldæa, Assyria, Babylon, Media, Persia and Parthia made way for one another successively, or even like the ascendancy of the Roman Empire over all that had gone before. Christian progress was a new creation, a new order of things, different from anything that had been known before, except dimly in the forecast of prophecy to the favored Jew, and altogether beyond the powers of man to conceive, let alone fashion for himself. It had nothing in common with what had preceded it except the end which God had never failed to keep before mankind and for which He had always provided sufficient means, viz., the restoration of the human soul to union with its Creator, from whom it had grown more and more estranged by sin ; but the means for this end, provided by Christianity, were so exalted, so efficacious and so copious, as to make it not only distinct from, but also far surpassing even the highest covenant hitherto made between God and men. Christian progress began when Christ assumed human nature as His own, when in the body which was fitted for Him He made men partakers of His divinity, restoring them to the plane from which they had fallen, and enabling them to live for the supernatural end for which they had been created.

Christian progress therefore began with the regeneration of man's soul and with the rehabilitation, or reformation, of man's body and its powers by Christ. From a world of darkness men were born into a world of light ; from the fetters and corruption, the charnel-house of lust and sensuality, men stepped forth into the free and pure atmosphere of self-restraint and chastity. It was humanity rising with Christ from the grave

of its corruption and following Him in a new life. It began with individuals, it soon purified and restored family life, and gradually it took possession of society. Whether in the midst of pagan civilizations or of barbarous peoples, it was ever the same, always changing the hearts of men and uplifting them from what was base and criminal to what is lofty and virtuous. It did not seek to destroy or annihilate any good fruit of human ingenuity or industry, as it did not aim at annihilating but at saving man himself, nor did it seek to depreciate any of his intellectual achievements ; on the contrary, it prized and made use of all human knowledge and of every intellectual power to present to men its claims to their belief and acceptance. By saving and perfecting men in the moral order, Christianity saves and perfects their progress in the material and intellectual order.

We might dilate on the benefits of Christian progress in the past, were it not that they are so well known as to be among the commonplaces of Catholic preachers and apologists. To the men who preached Christ to Jew and Gentile, and the Church which has perpetuated their teaching we owe it that idolatry has disappeared from the earth, and that God is worshipped in spirit and in truth ; that impurity, which was part of the worship of paganism, is now in dishonor, while purity safeguards the dignity of womanhood and the peace of the Christian home ; that slavery is no longer admitted among civilized peoples, individual rights being respected and the human conscience and free-will held in due esteem ; that human life is protected, even, at least among Catholics, in the child still unborn, that there is some regard for a contract and for the sanctity of an oath ; that the poor are relieved, the sick nursed, the dead buried, and that every form of human misery, and every state of need soon finds succor in some corresponding system of mercy or almsgiving. And all this is

the more precious because it was done against so much opposition, in spite of the persecutions of paganism, the treachery and cruelty of heresy, the hatred of unbelief. For this is always the condition on which Christian progress is made, and it is the sure proof of its divine origin and force. It is also our great motive of confidence when we are asked to pray for it now that a perverse generation seems eager to do away with it.

Without dwelling further on the moral progress made by all who follow the true Church of Christ, and without stopping to consider how this progress has assisted the cultivation of the arts and sciences and fostered the development of mechanical industries, we may with advantage review the Christian progress of our own time, since it is for an increase of this we are now to pray. It may help us to appreciate this all the more if we remark how the churches which have abandoned true Christian principles are gradually disintegrating, falling away as sects, forsaking the bond of family life and drifting toward infidelity. But fortunately we need no sorrowful contrast to make us recognize and value the manifestations of true Christian progress in our time. First of all the great creation of Christ, His Church, was never more splendidly organized than it is to-day, with its venerable Pontiff Leo, prisoner though he be, clearly the father of the faithful, not only by right of years, but by his authority, and by their filial submission. A loyal, learned, and zealous Episcopate, a devoted clergy, and seminaries to recruit their numbers, churches rising everywhere, schools and colleges growing in number, hospitals and asylums provided for the suffering and destitute, by the charity of the faithful. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples"—that we have learned His lesson: Be ye perfect—"If you have love one for another." For charity is the bond of perfection. This is surely Christian progress in the truest sense.

It is Christian progress when churches are filled at Mass and at public devotions; when the tribunal of penance is frequented, and the altar-rail crowded by communicants, and this is the story of the Church not only in Catholic countries, but in others where Catholics are surrounded by heretics and unbelievers; it is the story also of our missionary countries in which self-sacrificing men and women are striving to wrest souls from the power of the evil one and make them faithful to Christ. This, it is true, is all unlike the progress we hear so constantly lauded by the world. This, at first thought, is so remote from our material interests that it seems suited for another world entirely, as if it could not in any way influence the progress, intellectual or mechanical, which men most prize. And yet it is this Christian progress which keeps alive the fire of devotion and of truth among men. Without it there can be neither affection nor unselfishness, neither intellectual nor moral honesty. If there is in the world to-day a standard of justice, it is because there is in the world a Catholic Church; if there is any regard for the sanctity of the marriage bond, it is because Catholic fathers and mothers endure all things rather than pollute or seek to sever it and enter into adulterous unions; if there is so much regard for human life, it is because Catholic parents are taught to die rather than destroy the life even of a child still in the womb; if there is still some respect for authority, it is because of the Catholic principle of obedience, which bids men look on their rulers as Christ Himself; if there is still some shame of impurity, it is because Catholic mothers and maidens have been taught to venerate the virginity of the Mother of God, while men have drunk in with their mother's milk a chivalrous love for this peerless virtue of the Immaculate one.

Now, let no false standard of progress deceive us. Let no comparative tables showing the masses of gold which one or another nation may possess, or the

products they may derive from the soil, or the advantages of their harbors, the prosperity of their manufactures, or the facilities of their transportation, or even the endowments of their colleges and the statistics of their common schools make us call "the people happy that hath these things." Take away from these the elements of Christian progress just described, truth and honesty and mutual affection, justice, marital fidelity, respect for human life, authority, obedience and purity of life, and instead will be left only the elements of dissension, disintegration and decay.

This is why for our own benefit and for the benefit of the world at large, we should pray for true Christian progress. As the new century approaches, and men are declaiming more and more about the material progress of the past, we should pray that they may understand how all this would be perfected and perpetuated if it be brought under the influence of Christianity. As we hear the praises of our national prosperity and progress, it will be well to bear in mind that a nation can prosper and make true progress only in so far as it recognizes Christ as the Lord of nations, and pray that even the rulers of Protestant or of infidel nations may at least respect the rights of His vicar and of His Church. We may pray without discouragement, even though the powers of the earth seem to have conspired with the powers of darkness against us, remembering that every slightest advance of Christian progress has invariably cost toil and sacrifice, or blood; that its greatest advances have been made in the face of the most disheartening opposition, and that its slightest advance is so far above all mere

human power, that, while it cannot be effected without prayer, it is something well worth praying for. If we may not hope for a speedy return of the ages of faith, we may at least succeed in making the infidel less bitter, the Protestant less prejudiced, the rich less parsimonious, the poor more resigned, the master less exacting, and the workman more dutiful, the godless State less intrusive on our religious rights, the law-maker less venal, and even sectarian churches less irreverent for Sacred Scripture, and more solicitous for the sanctity of marriage.

The extraordinary spirit of faith and devotion on the part of Catholics in our day, their steadfastness in spite of the alluring and distracting theories and temptations which beset them at every step, their recollection of the principles of Christ in an age when all is activity and restless endeavor, and men make ceaseless efforts to voice and unite the principles of this world in opposition to Christ, is a grace which is due chiefly to the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which in our time keeps vivid before our imaginations and our intellects the image and the doctrine of Christ, and His love warm in our hearts. With this sign before us, a sign of hope, just as the Cross in the heavens was to Constantine, may we not hope, to repeat the thought lately expressed by the Sovereign Pontiff, that men may learn to acknowledge the mastery and the power of Christ, and by submitting themselves to its influence make true progress in truth, in love, in all that makes life blessed, and in a right use of the material advantages which men so often employ to offend the God who bestows them on us?



## O KEY OF DAVID!

*By Sister M. Gertrude.*

THERE was silence on the moorland—the chilling, cheerless silence of a winter night. Across the bleak, wide stretch of fresh fallen snow two very different lights were gleaming out that Christmas Eve. In a sheltered spot—at least as sheltered as any spot could be on that tract of desolate, stunted grass and bog—a monastery had been built, and from the splendid Gothic windows a flood of golden radiance told that there was no sleep for the inmates till the midnight hour was passed—till “the earth had opened and budded forth the Saviour.”

There were saintly souls in that monastery, men who haunted the temple as Simeon did long ages before—and who went out from it only to bring “light to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death.”

To those who lived in that holy home the grand liturgy of the Church was a perpetual fountain of sweetness. No books of all their store—and that store was a large one—gave out such tones of sacred melody as the Breviary which they read and re-read and pondered on till its words were woven into their thoughts.

It was traditional among them to dwell with special delight on “*the great O's of Advent*”—that is, the anthems which are said in the Divine Office during the seven days that precede the feast of Christmas. As the chant ended, on the Christmas Eve of which we write: “O, Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the expected of the nations and their Saviour, come to save us, O Lord, our God,” it was noticed that one of the priests turned back the pages of his Breviary and lingered with intense entreaty on some other passage. He was repeating, with all the fervor of his soul, that most

touching petition: “O Key of David! and sceptre of the House of Israel! who openest and no man shutteth, who shuttest and no man openeth; come Thou, and bring forth from the prison-house the captive that sitteth in darkness and in the shadow of death.”

It was no unfamiliar prayer to him. Many a time that “key” had seemed to unlock closed doors and fast-closed hearts in answer to his pleading. He used to stand before many a house that had little welcome for a priest, and repeat that anthem, and, by degrees, the bolts and bars would give way and, at another gentle touch, “the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ” was bidden to enter.

But one victorious entrance had been denied to him, one heart had been obdurate, and it was the very one that he desired to win for the Saviour with all the eagerness of a son's true love, added to the supernatural love of the priest who has heard the voice of the Shepherd wailing over the lost sheep.

Father Paul Bartlett's earliest recollection was of a very old priest coming to the farm-house of Glenrosa, and staying there for some days. He seemed to delight in the youngest son of the house—and when he was leaving, he drew little Paul aside and whispered: “My heart was set on doing a work that would have been a great joy to me. I did not succeed. Will you try to do it for me, Paul, when you grow up to be a man?” “I will,” answered Paul, and he kept his word.

Paul had not the slightest notion what this work was when he made the promise. Some children would have put a question concerning it; but Paul was a very simple-minded child, and his thoughts had not travelled farther than the cer-

tainty that he ought to be obedient and obliging.

Eight or nine years afterwards the old priest died, and Paul, who was then a boy of about fourteen, suddenly remembered his promise and asked his mother what it meant. Her face got so bright that Paul wondered at her. She was silent for a moment, and then she said :

"I think—indeed I am sure—that he meant the work of bringing your father back to the Catholic Church."

"I could not lecture father about that," said Paul, who was a gentle, silent boy. "Tony did his best, mother, and now father is glad he is gone away."

It was quite true. Tony, the eldest boy, a fervent Catholic and an affectionate son, had repeatedly overstepped the bounds of prudence, and had charged his father with "selling his birthright for a mess of pottage"—for Glenrosa had been kept in the family by Mr. Bartlett's conforming to the Protestant Church. Poor Tony's hot temper had led him even farther.

"I can't poison my soul with this ill-gotten bread," he said, one day. "Mother and Paul are helpless, but I am not. I'll go off to make my own living, let it be ever so poor a one."

"I shan't object, Tony," answered his father. "But I know you always meant well, even when your tongue was sharpest. So, if you find the world too hard for you, you can come home again."

Tony said no more, but he went off into the struggle of life. While, as Paul remarked, it was easily seen that Mr. Bartlett felt the departure as a relief. Paul had had a warning, and it was no wonder he drew back. Still he was uneasy :

"What can I do? Is there nothing I can do, mother?" he asked. "We have prayed so much—and got so many prayers said—and Masses, too. Oh! yes, Masses," he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up, "I know what I can do. I will be a priest."

It was often said that the mantle of the great Apostle had never descended

on a worthier successor than on his holy young client, Father Paul Bartlett. Like his patron, he was richly endowed with the gifts that win both praise and love. The sympathetic heart, the delicate kindness in word and act, were the same as they had always been from his childhood. And, then, the Angel of the Sacred Fire must have laid the consecrating touch upon his lips; for no one in all the country round "spoke as he spoke," whether in the home, the confessional or the church.

Frequently, a well-meaning friend advised Mr. Bartlett to "go hear Paul," and it was whispered that curiosity or a father's natural pride would have broken down his shrinking dislike of an approach to the Church he had forsaken, were it not that he feared the sanctified power which prayer and toil had placed in the hands of his son. He had not opposed Paul's vocation. He had assented to the preparation for it in his usual indifferent manner. Paul was free to come and go as he wished in Glenrosa. But his father persisted in tacitly ignoring his priesthood; and Father Paul's life became absorbed in the supplication :

"O Key of David! who openest and no man shutteth, who shuttest and no man openeth, come *Thou* and bring forth the captive."

Time had brought few changes to the dwellers on the moorland. Not so to the son who had left it. Tony had had a brief day of happiness. He had been a successful man. Fortune favored him from the first. His farm, in the most secluded part of Munster, was the envy of his neighbors, at least, as far as such a word can be applied to anything possessed by so universal a favorite as Antony Bartlett. He was fortunate, too, in his sunny-hearted young wife. Not a care, nor a cross came near them, till one of the scourges of Irish homesteads made its way into the village, and in less than a week, typhoid fever had carried off both Antony and Kate; and

their little daughter, Gracie, was left alone in the cottage.

Gracie was the "snowdrop" of the valley, a fair, fragile little creature. She was one of those who seem destined to be "children of heaven" from their birth, and yet she was spared when the vigorous life beside her was cut down, though if sorrow could have done what Gracie begged it to do, she would not have been left behind.

"Won't my heart break? Can't my heart break?" she sobbed, while friend after friend came—not to comfort her, for they knew there was no comfort for the child—but to feel that their poor best of friendship was with her.

A letter had been sent to Mrs. Bartlett, and travelling day and night, she arrived two days after the grave in the churchyard had been closed. Grace had never seen her, but Antony's mother was so strikingly like her eldest son, both in face and disposition, that the orphan clung to her at once, and, very soon, Glenrosa received "an angel, un-awares."

It was drawing near Advent when Gracie came to her new home. The shadow of a continual suppression of the sweet devotional practices, which are the "light in dark places" through Ireland, had always rested on Glenrosa, and it almost startled Mrs. Bartlett when Gracie asked:

"Don't you say the thousand Hail Marys before Christmas all together here? The first forty should have been said last night."

"No, darling," said Mrs. Bartlett, with a nervous glance at her husband. "Grandpapa is very old and not able to pray aloud."

"Yes," said Gracie. "That was the way with a good many old people at home. Papa told them God excused them and that *He* liked their Christmas gift of quiet Hail Marys very much. But papa himself liked the loud prayers all together better. He had a strong voice for them."

So Antony Bartlett had been the same to the end—a man who gave his full, loyal service to his heavenly King.

"And he is in heaven now," thought his mother. "Perhaps his child will open its gates to his father."

Gracie's first wistful question was followed by many another. She had evidently come from surroundings that cherished the loving old customs of the "Island of Saints," and the mention of them did not appear to annoy her grandfather. If anything, the child's tender piety seemed to give him a quiet, sad pleasure. It was to him she went for flowers for her altar on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception—and his own chrysanthemums being blighted by a sharp frost, he bought some from a gardener for Gracie.

She explained to him, also, that in the village she came from, the principal shop laid in a store of Christmas candles to be burned in honor of the Christ-child on Christmas-Eve from eleven o'clock P. M. till midnight. Would grandpapa buy her one? He did—a much larger one than Gracie had ever seen, in fact it rivalled the Paschal candle she described to him.

That evening Father Paul's resolution was taken. He would make a confidant of Gracie. He told her their whole sorrowful story, and he taught her the antiphon which had been his prayer for so many years: "O Key of David!"

He thought how true it is sometimes that—"a spotless life is old age"—when Grace's serious eyes were raised to his with "the soul of a saint" shining through them:

"In Munster," she said, "the people say that the Christ-child passes through Ireland on Christmas-Eve, and wherever the light of a Christmas candle shows Him that those who lit it are watching for His coming, He goes into that house, and blesses each one who is not asleep—"who when the Lord comes, He shall find watching."

"And the door of the heart we pray for, Gracie?"

"I think it is opening," she answered. "I think it will open wide that night."

It had been Antony's habit to talk freely to his wife, while Gracie sat on his knee listening, so she had caught several of his phrases, and she used them with an insight into their meaning that astonished Father Paul. Both he and Antony had studied the New Testament as boys, and the little one who had been Antony's pupil, attracted more attention by her knowledge of the life of our Blessed Lord than by her other acquirements.

She was right as to her grandfather. He felt himself failing fast; and with the approach of eternity forcing itself on his mind, Gracie's childlike faith led him back to the far off past. Saints that he had forgotten, feasts that he had shunned, till the memory of them faded away, were brought before him now. He would have rebelled against preaching, he would have rejected influence, but he would not silence the voice of holy love in the heart of the little child.

Christmas-Eve had come. There had been a heavy fall of snow during the night, and it must have been the change of temperature, Mr. Bartlett said, that made him feel heavy and listless:

"I am not in the Christmas good spirits, Gracie," he said—and then, as he met her anxious look, he added—"Pray for me."

"I'll light the candle early," answered Gracie, "for the Christ-child may come the sooner."

"Do," he answered, "light it now. It's getting dark."

Gracie thought it was an unusually bright evening, but she was only too glad to obey. As the flame sprang up, she heard a low moan beside her. "Forgive me—have mercy on me." She turned quickly. Her grandfather had fallen back in his chair unconscious.

Father Paul's eye had caught the sparkle of the Christmas candle in the distance, and, little thinking that it was shining on the death-bed, he was kneeling in the choir of the monastery, with the same grand words guiding his prayer, that Gracie was repeating over and over by the side of the old man, whose eyes now followed her petition with an intensity of earnestness, though his lips were closed forever.

When the messenger who made a path across the snow-drifts, returned at last with Father Paul, there was barely time for the last solemn rites. And yet, who could watch the silent prayer of the penitent, while the eternal veils drew back, without feeling that he had been led to the gates of heaven, in sorrow that the Christ who was "born to us" had blessed. And the hand that led him was the hand of a little child.



## OUR FRESH AIR WORK.

REPORT OF THE SPECIAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIETY OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

THIS past summer has seen our first steps in this direction. Our attention was first occupied with the Day Outings or Excursions. We were encouraged to undertake this feature of the work because of Belden Point's having been placed at our disposal, and we had made the preliminary arrangements for the excursions when the spring storms swept away a portion of the dock there, thus rendering it impossible to avail ourselves of it.

However, the work went on. Mr. Parsons, of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, generously gave us the use of Excelsior Grove for any free dates he had that would suit us, and Mr. Starin guaranteed that if we trusted him, although he would not name a grove in the contract, he would give us one for every excursion that Excelsior Grove would not avail for, because of clashing dates. His terms were \$75 for a tug and ordinary barge, accommodating nine hundred, or \$95 for a tug and large barge, holding two thousand. This covered all the expense of transportation, excepting five dollars for clearing up Excelsior Grove after each excursion that we sent there.

Five of the excursions went to Excelsior Grove, making \$25 which your committee were called upon to pay Mr. Parsons at the end of the season. With this exception all the expenses of the day outings were borne by the parishes participating; each conference that engaged in the work forming committees providing food, music and entertainment and managing its excursion on contracts procured through your committee.

Nine Conferences, viz., St. Teresa's, St. Francis Xavier's, Cathedral, St. Paul the Apostle, St. James', All Saints', St. Gabriel's, St. Columba's and Guardian Angel (the last two combining for one

excursion), gave the day's outing to over six thousand children and in many cases to the mothers as well, on eight different excursions, besides giving an impetus to the work that showed itself in outings to children in various quarters of the city.

But the essential feature of Fresh Air Work, in which we embarked for the first time this season, was the vacation trips. True, we have been interested in such work for the past seven years but only indirectly, and as agents, so to speak, of the Tribune Fresh Air Fund, having procured at different times Catholic homes in the country for the children of our Faith who might apply to the Charity Organization Society for a vacation trip. But this year we determined to start the work ourselves, and give the vacation trip to some, at least, of our Catholic children whom we, as Vincentians, knew were in need of it.

Like all new departures in our Society, it takes time to educate our members up to it. While it is true that the main work of the Society is to be done through the Conferences in their own parishes, there are some of the special works of such a character as to require the general co-operation of the Society, and their merit at once appeals to every Vincentian whose attention is called to them.

If he investigates, he must, if he has the true Vincentian spirit, take the next step and lend himself, as far as he is able, either by his means or his personal service, or both, to the work.

Of such a character is this new special work: Our Fresh Air Work. In reviewing it from its inception we can clearly see God's Providence in every phase of it; for it has proved a glorious success, and yet how little did we, as a Society, have to do with developing or even aiding it? Each member can ask

himself that question and answer it for himself. God has shown us that it is a work pleasing to Him and that He can make it a success independently of newspaper advertising or of the noisy methods now-a-days deemed necessary by even good people to develop and sustain the work. Trust was placed in Him and He did not fail us.

One of the greatest, perhaps the grandest Vincentian, that ever graced our Society viewed in the light of his works, Adolph Baudon, the former president general, had a maxim to which he was faithful through life. "Noise produces no good and goodness makes no noise." Your committee were reminded of this more than once in the development of the Fresh Air Work.

1—God placed at our disposal and at no financial cost to us, the mansion in the country capable, if necessary, of accommodating one hundred children, in an ideal location with every facility to interest and benefit our little charges; spacious fields to play in, a beautiful water front on Pelham Bay for bathing, etc., using as His instrument to secure it one who has devoted his life to His service and ministers to Him at His altar, the type of an ideal priest. A temporary altar was erected in one of the large rooms and from the opening of the season until the close, Mass was celebrated at least twice a week. When he was unable to celebrate the Mass himself, his parish duties preventing, he invariably had a clergyman to attend and arranged to give every facility to the inmates to live practical Catholic lives. Confessions were heard regularly, and for some of the little ones it was the first time they received the Sacrament of Penance.

2—God inspired others of His servants, whose lives also are given to Him in serving his dependent little ones, viz., the Christian Brothers, to equip the mansion with everything necessary in the way of furniture, beds, bedding, etc., so that up to the day the house opened,

June 15, not one cent of cash outlay had been incurred.

Then this same inspiration to aid the work seemed to strike every one, lay or religious, who realized what it was. The superintendent of the trolley lines furnished free transportation from the opening of the house, June 15, until its close, September 5, between 129th St. and Third Ave. and Van Nest, every allotment of children being taken to and from each of the seven vacation trips. In like manner, stages were furnished gratis by the Christian Brothers between Van Nest and the Home at Baychester.

Again—God inspired a corps of ladies to volunteer for the work and take charge of the children at the Home and nobly did they do it, from the beginning to the end of the season. In line with their work and co-operating with them, was a staff of Seminarians from Dunwoodie who took charge of the boys in their bathing and in their plays. Let us remember that all this was done independently of any Vincentian aid. It would seem that our Lord wished to assure us how easy, if we only will it, it is to do a work pleasing to Him.

After the house was opened, our Society co-operated to some extent at least. Sixteen Conferences out of the sixty-five in our circumscription, interested themselves in the work, six of them securing donations of provisions and cash, and ten others of cash alone. The total of cash contributions from Conferences was \$218.

The circulars, however, which the Society, through your committee, issued to the members and which they in turn circulated, resulted in bringing in \$803 more, besides a large quantity of provisions. The stumbling block in all new enterprises is the expense. But our Lord seemed desirous of dissipating every cloud, for although the treasury of our Society was behind the work, in case of need, money and provisions flowed in so steadily and quietly that not

over \$150 was needed from the treasury proper.

We opened the home on June 15th, having arranged to give each party of children a twelve days' vacation trip, and closed the season on September 5, having given seven trips to four hundred and four different children, from thirty-five different parishes, twenty-eight of which recommended the children through their Conferences. Four districts of the Charity Organization Society, two Day Nurseries and one "Settlement" and individuals recommended the rest of the children. Every Conference in the city was afforded an opportunity to send its quota and your committee remarked that such of them as responded to the invitation to visit the Home on the 19th of July, and realized, as is possible in no other way than by a visit, all that the work means, were enthusiastic in sending their quota.

It is hoped that interest enough has been awakened among the Conferences to make them realize the necessity of sustaining the committee from the start of the season and send in the list of names of those whom they wish to participate, to the committee in the beginning. Dates can thus be arranged and allotments made in a far more satisfactory manner than when all hands rush towards the end of the season to secure an allotment. There are details in this work that will require for its continuance co-operation on the part of a much larger number of members than aided this past season. A medical examination of every child applicant is an absolute necessity, and the selection of accessible places wherein to hold such examination will be facilitated by the committee's knowing early in the season who are to go. To properly marshal

the children to such an examination hall and also to march them or bring them to and from the rendezvous, are details which, if attended to by the Conferences sending children, would simplify the labors of your committee. While in many cases the Conferences did attend to these details, others occurred where children reached the rendezvous, on the trip, with no one to meet them, and your committee had to grapple with the difficulty, and at great inconvenience, get the children to their homes. Withal we feel the Society can be pleased with the summer work. The Catholic atmosphere that pervaded the whole place was bound to effect an influence on the little inmates.

The Seminarians who took charge of the boys in their plays and bathing did it as a labor of love, and strove by word and example to mould the young minds into the Catholic groove. Every day when the weather permitted, all the little ones gathered around a tree near the Home in a niche of which was placed a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes, and kneeling on the grass joined in the Rosary. The ladies volunteering for the work were amply repaid, even here below, in the gratitude of their little charges and in the good that was effected among them. Who can foretell what will result from the seed thus planted?

Every member of our Society who visited Baychester and saw what was being done—contrasting the sunshine let into the lives of the little ones with the atmosphere of their homes in the tenements, came away impressed with the grandeur of the work and with the necessity of sustaining and perpetuating it.

JAMES H. DOUGHERTY, Chairman,

Committee on Fresh Air Work.

JOHN J. BARRY, Secretary.



### HEALING THE SICK.

And when He was come down from the mountain, great multitudes followed Him :

And behold a leper came and adored Him, saying : Lord, if thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.

And Jesus stretching forth His hand, touched him, saying : I will, be thou made clean. And forthwith his leprosy was cleansed.

And Jesus saith to him : See thou tell no man : but go, show thyself to the priest, and offer the gift which Moses commanded for a testimony unto them.

And when He had entered into Capharnaum, there came to Him a centurion, beseeching Him,

And saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, and is grievously tormented.

And Jesus said to him : I will come and heal him.

And the centurion making answer, said : Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldst enter under my roof : but only say the word, and my servant shall be healed.



For I also am a man subject to authority, having under me soldiers: and I say to this, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come and he cometh, and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.

And Jesus hearing this, marvelled : Amen I say to you, I have not found so great faith in Israel.

And I say to you that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven:

But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into the exterior darkness : there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

And Jesus said to the centurion : Go, and as thou hast believed, so be it done to thee. And the servant was healed at the same hour.

And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, He saw his wife's mother lying, and sick of a fever :

And He touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered to them.

And when evening was come, they brought to Him many that were possessed with devils : and He cast out the spirits with His word : and all that were sick He healed.

That it might be fulfilled, which was spoken by the Prophet Isaias, saying : *He took our infirmities, and bore our diseases.*—*St. Matthew, viii, 1-17.*





## EDITORIAL.

### THE HOLY YEAR.

The Father of Christendom has chosen the hour of the first Vespers of the Nativity of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, for the commencement of the Holy Year, to last until the same hour, 1900. This makes our Christmas Eve, 1899, a most remarkable anniversary of the first Christmas Eve. The good tidings which were then announced by angels to men, resound once more in the message of the Vicar of the Babe of Bethlehem, bidding us to the crib and to the altar to sanctify our lives by learning to live like Christ. For the aim of the Holy Year, as told in the encyclical of Leo XIII. promulgating it, is the supremely important one, "to public, no less than to private life, to admonish men as to the duties of their state, to arouse souls steeped in forgetfulness of duty, to recall to the thought of their own salvation, those who run imminent risk of perishing and of losing through their negligence and pride, those celestial and unchangeable rewards, for the possession of which we are born."

### NO PESSIMISM.

The Holy Father has a cheering and hopeful word to say for Christian morals. We are so constantly asked to dwell on one side of the picture, and that the darker side, that we turn with pleasure to hear the man who above all others knows the Church of God and the century which draws rapidly to its close, which, to use his words, "we

have ourselves seen almost from its commencement." This is his testimony: "The present age, however, cannot be said to be sterile, either in regard to good works or to Christian virtues. Thanks be to God, we have examples of both in abundance, nor is there any virtue, however lofty and arduous its attainment and practice, in which many are not found to signalize themselves, because it is a power proper to the Christian religion, divinely founded, inexhaustible and perpetual, to generate and nourish virtue." He does not fail to enumerate the evils of our time, chief among them renewed again in these times and not once alone, "the blasphemy of the Arian heresy regarding the Divinity of Jesus Christ." But, far from being discouraged by them he finds in them only an incentive to the faithful, not only to avoid them, but by prayer and example to help others to avoid them, and, when this is not possible, at least to offer to Christ the solemn act of homage in reparation for them.

### TRUE REFORM.

For the correction of every evil the Vicar of Christ looks to the piety of the faithful and to the saving remedies which the Church possesses from Christ for all men. He does not invoke the State, with its law-makers, or judges or policemen; in fact, though Humbert declared in his address at the opening of the *Camera dei Deputati* that he wished every facility to be afforded for the ob-

servance of the great Catholic event of the year, the Pope justly alludes to the days when "without hindrance" the jubilees were celebrated with so much splendor, whereas now, on account of the changed condition of Rome, this is impossible, since "we must depend on the arbitration of others." How different is this independence of the Vicar of Christ from the practice of the heads of State churches, and of churches which are so impotent to check abuses, much less improve their members, that they feel forced to have recourse to the civil powers. Witness the hints thrown out and the suggestions made by clergymen of almost every sect, but chiefly by Episcopalian bishops, that we should have national divorce legislation with a view to preventing remarriage, or polygamy, as they now choose to consider it. What an admission of weakness this is, and how futile must be every such attempt to make men good by penal laws!

#### WANTED—TOLERATION.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Albany is one of the special advocates for national divorce legislation, and, in general, for any method of reforming the abuse of the sacrament of marriage now so prevalent among Episcopalians, save the salutary methods of the Catholic Church, which to judge from his charge to his ministers at their late convention, he either misconceives or misrepresents. Before the National Reform Convention he inveighed against "the interference of the Roman Church in the sacrament of marriage in the Philippines," which seems to consist in the adherence to the Spanish law of requiring that marriage must be performed by the Church to be legal. As may be seen by our article in this number, "Does the Catholic Church ever grant a divorce?"—it is hard to take Bishop Doane's word about anything Catholic, particularly in this matter of marriage. But if he sincerely desires the sanctity of the marriage bond, if he really does wish to make marriage as sacred

as it is in the Catholic Church, why does he object to the safeguards by which the Church prevents ineligible parties from contracting it, and parties already married from imagining they can sever their bonds at will and contract adulterous unions? Or, why urge the government to interfere with the Filipinos in their religious observances? If we have not been received more cordially in Manila, it is precisely because of the suspicions its inhabitants have that we mean to Protestanize them. Now, if for a time our government can overlook the unnameable abominations of the Sulus for peace sake, why should a Christian bishop not tolerate for all time the very thing that would purify marriage in his own sect?

#### PREJUDICE NOT ALL DEAD.

Had not the *Churchman*, a leading Protestant Episcopalian organ, offered in its issue for December 2, the following explanation of the wild outcry raised against Admiral Dewey lately, we should never have thought of imputing to our fellow-countrymen such base prejudices.

"The cause of this misdirected criticism, which has given infinite, undeserved and lamentable pain to a man who at every moment has been honored and loved by his country, not less for his bearing as a gentleman than for his bravery as a hero, was an act which ran counter to two deep-seated prejudices. To give away a gift was in itself a tactless act, against which a cool adviser would have warned Admiral Dewey. Still more unfortunately, the residence was near a Roman church and was given to a Roman Catholic. This made acute the vague and deep-seated regret felt by many persons of sincere conviction, that the national hero was wedded to a member of the Roman Catholic Church, of which the growing social influence in Washington is undoubtedly felt and resented more generally and more widely than anyone not familiar with the deeper currents of simpler American life is aware."

**THE RECKLESS REVIEWER.**

And now the Catholic papers are made to say by the writer of what looks like a syndicate letter that Mr. Crawford's "Via Crucis" can be warmly recommended. It is historically correct, interesting and entirely moral. Religion acts as it does in life, as the conservative and protective force." Shall we never have done with indiscriminate praise of books? Must we forever depend on such reckless recommendations as the above, particularly when the boys and girls who fill our colleges and academies are concerned, for to them this book is warmly recommended, though it is plainly unsuited for them above all other readers. Adult readers might while away an hour or two over this tale of the Crusaders without, perhaps, deriving much harm from it, though the guilty love of a faithless wife is kept painfully prominent. Protestant readers, who would take from Sir Gilbert's conduct a favorable impression of the faith that inspired him, would not be so well impressed by the religious foibles of King Louis; nor is it fair to describe a man of his integrity and piety, and when occasion demanded, courage and endurance, as altogether weak-minded and vacillating. Because Mr. Crawford is a Catholic they would imagine it was possible that Gilbert believed he could not marry Beatrix on account of some ecclesiastical impediment, though this, the very fact on which the story is based, is most improbable. Mr. Crawford is rarely happy when he strives to present Catholic belief or practice, and often astray in his philosophical reflections. Thus he makes, among others, this strange remark on St. Bernard's attitude when confronted by Queen Eleanor: "Bernard understood. Before him, within reach of his hand, that great problem was present which, of all others, Paganism most easily and clearly solved, but with which Christianity grapples at a disadvantage, finding its foothold narrow, and its danger constant and

great. It is the problem of the conversion of great and vital natures, brave, gifted, and sure of self, to the condition of the humble and poor in spirit." The Pagan solution for this problem, if solution it can be called, was despair: the Christian solution, the only successful one, was self-conquest by grace.

**A WORD OF THANKS.**

Since so many of our readers have expressed very kindly their sympathy for us on the occasion of the fire which lately destroyed our December issues, we take this means of thanking them all and of assuring them that we are now happily over the chief results of this misfortune, indemnified for the material, such as plates and paper destroyed on that occasion, and almost up to time again with our work, which, always increased as it is at this time of the year, was doubled by having to re-edit the December publications over again.

**INDULGENCES FOR 1900.**

As it is customary during the Holy Year to suspend all the indulgences granted to the faithful except those which are granted for the Jubilee itself, the Holy Father has issued a constitution granting these Jubilee indulgences to religious, oblates, tertiaries, and young girls or women living in monasteries or pious communities, also to hermits, the sick, infirm, prisoners and captives. His letter breathes a spirit of tenderness and expresses very clearly his admiration for those who strive for religious perfection by the vows of the religious state.

**A MERITED REBUKE.**

Some of the malcontents who have been airing their views in the English Catholic newspapers, must feel rebuked by Mallock's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for November on "The Intellectual Future of Catholicism." The very fact that he continues to pay tributes to the Catholic Church without embracing its faith should make Mr. Mivart, Catholicus and their imitators feel their position keenly.



On September 20, 1899, in a convention of Catholic Young Men held at Paray-le-Monial, Rev. Leon Soehlin S.J., unfolded a pious plan well calculated to hold boys to their duty after first communion. He calls it the "Parochial League of Perseverance for Young Men," and preaches its advantages only after a careful study of results extending over a period of eight years. He first set the movement on foot in 1891 and every year since has only added to his enthusiasm. Charged with the care of a large parish in Amiens he was only too sensible of the indifference displayed by many of his flock just growing towards manhood. He coupled defections in old age with loss of fervor that first showed head in early youth. He soon persuaded himself that all the evil was directly traceable to a species of abandonment in which boys found themselves after first communion, at a time when they most needed help. Without the advice and example of spiritually minded teachers, without the tenderer influences of a Catholic home, boys pass from school to employments where faith receives many a severe shock, where temptation gathers force from awakening passion. The result is that in no few cases a boy's first communion is his last, till old age or some merciful calamity frightens him back to God. Father Soehlin during his career as a parish priest had exceptional opportunities for studying the problem. One evening in particular as he conjured up the possible future of a class of youngsters, whom he was preparing for the morrow's first communion, his heart melted with pity

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and he determined to remedy the trouble at its very source. Next day he called a meeting of his fervent pupils and organized his first Parochial League of Perseverance for Young Men. The features of the association are extremely simple. The director or priest in charge has for helper a president, chosen by the boys. The members are grouped into bands of seven or ten and each band is entrusted to a promoter. As far as possible promoters are given the care of only such boys as live in their own neighborhood and this little detail helps wonderfully towards creating interest. The priest, with his president and the promoters, forms a council and assumes entire management of the work. The members of the association pledge themselves to the one act of piety, worthy reception of Holy Communion on a fixed Sunday. This communion they make in a body and promoters are responsible to the director for individuals in their different bands. The plan interferes in no way with a sodality or the Apostleship of Prayer. It can readily enough be combined with either or both. The one feature that recommends it is the circumstance that it fosters the saving practice of monthly communion in a class of boys, who without this help would rarely visit the Holy Table; and, this point secured, the grace of God can work wonders in their hearts.

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The following letter to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. is from the pen of Mgr. Perraud, the Cardinal-Bishop of Autun, the diocese in which Blessed Margaret Mary was born. Its perusal must prove

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edifying to all lovers of the Sacred Heart.

MOST HOLY FATHER :

Since God in answer to the pious prayers of the faithful has prolonged the years of Your Holiness and spared you to the love of your children, you have on more occasions than one recommended with warmth devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. First of all you authorized universal use of the Litanies hitherto approved for only the dioceses of Marseilles and Autun and monasteries of the Visitation. Then by an act of unprecedented solemnity Your Holiness consecrated all mankind to this divine Heart and urged bishops, priests and faithful to unite in this consecration. A little later, in a letter addressed to the venerable bishop of Marseilles, Your Holiness made touching allusion to the fact that France has had the privilege and the honor of being the cradle of this devotion and of having given birth "to the remarkable and holy woman specially chosen by Jesus Christ to spread far and wide by word and deed devotion to His Heart."

Finally, His Eminence, the Prefect of the Congregation of Rites, in a letter of recent date to all the bishops, congratulated them in your name for the unanimity displayed by themselves and their dioceses in the homage of worship of June 9. He goes on in the same letter to counsel the growth of the faithful in practices recommended by the Saviour Himself to Margaret Mary, laying particular stress on the pious custom of choosing the first Friday of each month for exercises of reparation in honor of the Sacred Heart. Your Holiness further expressed the desire to see placed under the patronage and invocation of the Sacred Heart the societies of young men who meet together at fixed intervals for mutual improvement in the fields of science and art. Certainly, our Holy Redeemer "must view with feelings of supreme satisfaction this loyalty of young

and innocent hearts, and these hearts by way of return must win from the Sacred Heart of Jesus all the efficacious grace needed to stubbornly resist the assaults of passion and strengthen themselves in the practice of Christian virtue."

Most Holy Father : The bishop of part of the diocese that Margaret Mary Alacoque had for birthplace, where the Heart of Jesus has for now two centuries made manifest the unspeakable wealth of its tender mercy for men, asks leave in all humility to thank you for these multiplied and highly-appreciated marks of esteem. Of a truth, it was the spirit of God that suggested to the Vicar of Jesus Christ to so seasonably address to Catholic Christendom so many and so eloquent appeals, loud echoes of the Saviour's own invitation to come to Him and lay on His strong and tender Heart all the heavy burdens of this life's toilsome pilgrimage. But this recent and notable progress of devotion to the Sacred Heart, due to the zeal and efforts of Your Holiness, what is it but a realization of the wishes so often and so ardently expressed by Margaret Mary? Would it be wrong to reckon it the crowning glory of the mission to which she was appointed? There can be no need, therefore, to longer delay the hour when the Universal Pastor of the Church, acting and speaking in all the fulness of his sovereign power, shall add to the other glorious achievements of his long and prosperous Pontificate the canonization of this blessed servant of God, a favor prayed for by Catholics of every race, rank, and condition. Sailors nearing home welcome with joy born of hope, whatever indications of land the horizon has to offer. Face to face with the reiterated acts of Your Holiness during the course of 1899, we experience kindred feelings. Whilst these acts procure for this divine Heart an increase of homage and glory, and secure to individuals and to whole nations grace to advance in the knowledge of revealed truth and in the practice of justice and evangelical char-

ity, they fill us with a presentiment that the end is at hand for a grand work to which the Church is already two centuries pledged, the public and solemn recognition of the virtues, the revelations and the apostolate of Margaret Mary Alacoque. The Holy Year is here, but now announced to the entire Christian world by the Holy Roman Pontiff. May we not make our own the words addressed by Josue to the people of Israel and say: "Be ye sanctified, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you." Humbly prostrate at the feet of Your Holiness, I ask your blessing for my diocese and myself, and I pray you to accept this expression of my reverent and filial devotion in our Lord Jesus Christ.

ADOLPHE LOUIS ALBERT, CARDINAL  
PERRAUD,

Bishop of Autun.

St. Bridgid's Missionary or Apostolic School, Kilkenny, has for its object the training of postulants, who will afterwards enter various religious congregations to labor in the foreign missions. Since 1884 it has graduated one hundred and forty-seven such candidates, and of this number only three have not persevered in their vocation. Out of twenty-four who are soon to set out for distant lands, nine are bound for America, five for South Africa, two for Java, one for Holland, and one for France.

Father Pierre writes:—"You remember the request made in my article on the Catholic Industrial Village in the September MESSENGER—to pray for little *Sai-pao*. I am now happy to announce that the prayers of your readers have been heard. She has been able, by offering a compensation of thirty dollars, to break off her engagement with the pagan to whom she was betrothed, and she will soon be married to a good Christian, the brother of the forewoman in our mill. Another ground for gratitude is that after a few

weeks we are to have the European Sisters of Charity open a dispensary in the village."

Here is a literary curiosity in the shape of a letter of thanks from a Chinese boy to Father Damerval, a missionary in the East. The Father had sent the boys of a certain college a collection of balls, whips, and spinning-tops. This is the flowery and altogether charming way in which a pupil makes acknowledgment:

REVEREND FATHER :

Even if denied a look at your kind face, we keep a little love for you locked up in our hearts. Your virtues shine like the sun and the moon, and your zeal for wisdom is a reminder of the three breaks in the book of Confucius. Your glories are as large as the sea and the mountains; your generous heart, always enamored of the eight beatitudes, makes no distinction between Chinese and European. We, your sons in the spirit, like grubs under cover and benumbed during the winter, can in no worthy way thank you for your kindness. We would like, as little ducks, to swim across the sea to you; but we cannot do that. So we make you offering of our prayers, wishing you for the health of your body, all the good things corresponding to the nine likenesses of Confucius; and for your soul, a happiness in all respects equal to his five blisses. After receiving in this life, in spite of the long distance between us, all the pretty things you sent, we hope to one day in your joyous presence, share with you the precious treasure of unending blessedness. In the meantime we send you this poor little letter scented with the perfume of our sincere attachment and loaded down with wishes that your peace may be as everlasting as the leafage of the cypress. That's all! We your spiritual children at the college bow our foreheads to the ground, repeating a hundred and a thousand times over our thanks and our farewell.

## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

—Associates will be glad to know that our badges have been adopted by the editor of the English *Messenger* for distribution in England.

—But 270 Centres have asked to receive the old form of *League Leaflets*, 3,230 requiring the new form. In the 270 Centres preferring the old form, 22,204, and in the other, 3,230, fully 130,000 sets of ten are distributed every month. The various reasons for a preference of one or the other form are given in the January *League Director*, together with the hearty commendations of the new leaflets.

—The introduction of the new leaflets is not regarded as a change, but as an improvement, and it is the special means we have chosen for making the coming Holy Year one of great spiritual fruit for all our Associates. In the course of the year the short lives of the saints, the explanations of Feast days, and the practices of virtues recommended, not to mention the page on the General Intentions, will enable us to put briefly before more than a million Catholics the most important topics of Catholic doctrine and devotion.

—In due time we shall propose to Local Directors, after having heard the suggestions of Diocesan Directors, a plan for renewing the organization and fervor of our Association with a view to cele-

brating worthily the Holy Year, and of making properly our act of solemn homage at the close of the century. It is not possible, perhaps, to agree on any celebration in which all our Centres can join at one and the same time, but there is one thing all can do, and that is, help to renew the spirit and fervor of our work, by being more faithful to its practices and requirements.

—A plea for an international pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial has been made in the leading French Catholic organs, and no doubt it will be heeded. We shall keep our readers informed of what is done for this project, because we know they are all deeply interested in the city, or sanctuary of the Sacred Heart. Unlike other shrines and places of pilgrimage, Paray has not been invaded by pilgrims for many years. We say *invaded*, because that seems to be the misfortune of many such places, the concourse of traffickers and curiosity seekers often interfering with the piety of the pilgrims. The Holy Father has approved of this pilgrimage and appointed as a General Intention for March 1900 the success of those who are organizing it.

—For announcements about the Almanac, the new booklet, "The League Explained," the improvement and reduction of prices for the Emblem, we refer our readers to the advertising columns.

### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

FREDERICK, MD., CONVENT OF THE VISITATION.—"In furtherance of our Holy Father's desire, stimulated by the Directors of the League, we have organized what may be termed a Sodality of the Sacred Heart. The pupils always

observe the first Friday with much devotion, and all make the Communion of Reparation on the third Sunday. They are left free to adopt additional practices of devotion, especially as those who are admitted to the Sodality are those dis-

tinguished for observance of convent rule, and by their frequent communions and visits to the Blessed Sacrament. Last Friday, at 7.30 P. M., the Sodalists formed in procession, wearing their badge of the Sacred Heart, and proceeded to the chapel, singing one of the League hymns. The Directress then read aloud the act of Consecration the exercises being brought to a close by the recitation of the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and the singing of another League hymn. Many of the pupils remained in the chapel to satisfy their private devotion. We have already experienced the good to be derived from this devotion, and pray that it may ever increase not only in our little community, but in the hearts of all the young confided to the many colleges and convents throughout our country."

ATCHISON, KANSAS, ST. BENEDICT'S COLLEGE.—"On Sunday, November 5, the Apostleship of Study was solemnly inaugurated here. Rev. Boniface Verhayen, O.S.B., delivered an eloquent sermon on the conformity of our interests to those of the Sacred Heart. After the sermon the reception of candidates took place. As each in turn advanced to the altar rail and presented his certificate of admission, he received a Sacred Heart badge. During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, which immediately followed, the students recited in a body their act of consecration to the Sacred Heart. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the services. The beautiful adornment of the statue of the Sacred Heart far surpassed anything of the kind we ever remember having seen in our chapel."

MONTANA.—The MESSENGER office had recently the honor and pleasure of a visit from the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, D.D., of Helena, Montana. This zealous bishop reports that the Apostleship of Prayer is working wonders in his distant diocese and this too without any extraordinary efforts on the part

of the clergy. In Butte City there were fourteen hundred communions on the First Friday of November, and the flourishing Centre there distributes each month 4000 League Leaflets among Associates.

BRAZIL.—"There has been within the last few years a great revival of faith and religious practices here. The churches are crowded, and the sacraments well frequented; even on week days a great many hear Mass and receive Holy Communion. The Brazilians are naturally a religious people, but lack of zeal and good example on the part of their pastors led to a condition of spiritual inactivity and sloth. The spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart has brought down showers of heavenly blessings on this once arid soil, and new life and vigor have everywhere manifested themselves. There are in this city several flourishing Centres of the Apostleship of Prayer, with many zealous Promoters, ladies and gentlemen as well. They have induced large numbers to return to the practice of their religious duties. Let me cite one instance of the good effected by a Promoter. A prominent gentleman of the city had married a Catholic lady, and their union was blessed by four children. The husband, however, although born and educated a Catholic, had become an atheist. Fortunately, his wife's sister, a very pious young lady and a zealous Promoter, began to take an earnest interest in her brother-in-law's spiritual welfare, and many and fervent were the prayers she offered and had others offer for his conversion to the loving Heart of Jesus. Sometime last year, this gentleman, who had never set his foot in a church for years, surprised his wife one morning by his early rising and the preparation he was making to go out. When she inquired what it all meant, he replied that our Lady had appeared to him in a dream during the night, and bade him assist at Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Carmel. The wife smiled incredulously.



During the Mass the erstwhile atheist experienced a great change of heart. The thought of his early Christian training came back to mind, and with it sincere repentance for the life of unbelief he had been leading. Accompanied by his sister-in-law, the cause as he believes of his conversion, and other relatives, he came to our church, made his first confession, and shortly afterwards his first Holy Communion with great spiritual joy. He is now one of my most active Promoters, and has been of great service to me in starting and keeping up a Sunday School in one of our neglected suburbs.

"Rev. Father Taddei, S.J., the Diocesan Director of the League, is very

successful in his work and highly esteemed by all. On occasion of his return from a trip to Rome, he was given a splendid reception by the Associates of the various Centres. The Promoters were waiting for him on the steps and in the doorway of the church, and as he passed, the children strewed flowers in his pathway."

#### OBITUARY.

Catharine J. McLoughlin, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, New York City ; Michael Lafferty, Philadelphia, Pa. ; Lizzie J. Willett, Mary E. Walsh, Cathedral Centre, New York City. *May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.*

#### WORDS OF PRAISE FOR THE MESSENGER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—"Each month the MESSENGER is hailed with true delight by all the inmates of our hospital. We trace many great graces to the reading of your magazine."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"You will find enclosed two dollars for my subscription to the MESSENGER for another year. It goes hard on me to pay it this time. I had a stroke of apoplexy three years ago last January, and I have been anointed four times since. Please pray that my health may be restored, and may God bless you all. I have four bullet wounds that I received during the civil war, and I was seventy-two years old last July. The prayers of the Church will do me good."

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.—"I herewith enclose two dollars for one year's subscription to the MESSENGER, which please send to my daughter. I happened to be in Trinidad, Col., a short time ago, when I first saw the MESSENGER, and I was so impressed with it that I concluded that I would have it for my family. I think it should be in every family circle."

MARFA, TEXAS.—"My subscription ends next month, but I could not get

along without the SACRED HEART MESSENGER, more so now than ever, as my son and myself are out West on a ranch for our health, and get to Mass only once or twice a month. I am a Promoter, and wait anxiously every month for the MESSENGER."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Enclosed find five dollars for three subscriptions, commencing with the November number of the MESSENGER. I have found it such a valuable book that I am anxious to avail myself of the club rates, and have two of my friends enjoy the delightful reading of the magazine."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"I have derived much pleasure and consolation from reading the MESSENGER, and wish that every member of the Apostleship of Prayer had an opportunity of reading it, thereby growing in love for the Sacred Heart, because of your beautiful and instructive paper."

CLEVELAND, OHIO.—"Santa Claus paid my subscription last year, and much as I regret it, I must bid adieu to the dear MESSENGER. I sincerely wish that I could send you a hundred subscriptions, instead of depriving you of one."

"It gave great pleasure to our Master of Novices to receive your kind letter, and the pleasure was increased when a week later the MESSENGER found its way into our Novitiate. We hail with joy its monthly advent. We appreciate not only the items under the heading, Interests of the Sacred Heart, but more particularly the sketches of the triumphs achieved by the Church in our own land. May our prayers, however unworthy, draw down God's

blessing upon your truly apostolic work.

"As our subscription began with the September issue, may we ask you to send us the back numbers of '99, beginning with January? We intend to get all the numbers bound, and then place them in our Novitiate library."

In connection with subscriptions to the MESSENGER, it may be of interest to note that our mailing-list includes twenty-six subscribers in the Transvaal.

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,156,418.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes., v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.*—GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—"Religion in a certain (Canadian) country parish was in a very bad state. Not more than one half the people made their Easter duty, and people were very indifferent about Sunday Mass and devotions. It was suggested to the pastor that he start the League; but he was so discouraged that he did not even think of being able to get any Promoters for the work. One of our Promoters, once a member of said parish, began to remember the needs of that community and for nearly a year put in that petition on the first Friday and made special effort in June. The favor was granted in October, during which month a very successful Mission was given, the League was established and the prospects are now that every one will join it. People are fully aroused and are taking a great interest in religious matters. Special thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for this great change."

NEW YORK CITY.—"Thanks are offered for obtaining a house for a charity, located in New York City, which was quickly secured through prayers to the Sacred Heart, after making a promise of a perpetual monthly Mass in honor of

the Sacred Heart, and this acknowledgment in the MESSENGER."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"To the Sacred Heart I am most grateful for restoration to health after many years of acute suffering. The physicians who have attended me during the past fifteen years would not assent to an operation because of their fear that my heart was too weak. Through the Sacred Heart I was enabled to undergo the operation without anæsthetics, resulting as I have said in freedom from my intense sufferings. I promised that if restored I would publish results in the MESSENGER, believing most firmly that it was the Sacred Heart alone who gave me strength to endure the operation."

LATROBE, PA.—"On July 13, a lady of this parish came to me with her twelve-year old daughter, who was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. She requested me to bless the suffering child. This I did and at the same time I advised both to make a Novena in honor of the Sacred Heart and St. Benedict and also to wear a St. Benedict's medal. The next day I offered the sacrifice of the Mass and began the Novena for this intention, furthermore promising to pub-

lish the favor, if obtained, in the MESSENGER. To-day—November 10—I have been told that the girl has completely recovered and that for the last three months she has enjoyed perfect health.”

LOUISVILLE, OHIO.—“Thanks are returned for the conversion of a woman who had been away from the Sacraments for fifty years. Month after month the conversion was among the intentions recommended to the prayers of the members of the League of the Sacred Heart. Novenas had also been offered for the same intention. Thank God! she has returned to her faith, received Holy Communion last Saturday and is now very happy.”

NEW YORK CITY.—A grateful member of the League wishes to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, our Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, and to acknowledge through the columns of the MESSENGER the recovery of a beloved sister, who has been ill with nervous exhaustion for nearly four months. She was completely prostrated on the death of her brother, a few weeks previous to her illness, and her life was despaired of for many days. Her memory left her, and for a month she was unable to open her eyes, and could not endure the least ray of light. Publication in the MESSENGER was promised if she recovered, and now, with deepest gratitude to that Divine Heart, who is ever ready to listen to our petitions, we acknowledge that our dear invalid is rapidly regaining health and strength, and we hope ere long to see her restored to her old-time vigor.

“Thanks are given to the souls in Purgatory through the Sacred Heart for the conversion of a friend to the faith on his death-bed. For many years we had prayed for his conversion with no result save to obtain his consent to wear a badge of the Sacred Heart and the promise that he would become a Catholic at some future time. He was baptized

when taken ill, and the following month received the last sacraments, after which he lingered a few days longer.”

“Will you please publish the following thanksgiving? A young man who was remarkably good in his boyhood, and kind to his family, gradually turned his affection entirely away from them to enter upon a career of sin. Since May the 7th his hardness of heart became so great, that all hope seemed lost. He told his wife repeatedly, that he did not wish to see any of his relatives, even if he were dying. Suddenly on All Souls' day, the grace of God overcame his pride, for he called on his sister, in whom he places more confidence than anyone else, and there on the spot, he consented to go home and beg pardon for all bad conduct. He did all his sister asked him to do in order to make perfect peace with God and his family. His conversion was brought about after six years of constant prayer, interior and exterior acts of mortification, and numerous other good works. He immediately made a general confession and on the First Friday received Holy Communion.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—“Thanks are returned for a temporal favor. One Saturday afternoon a cashier found her cash account short. She prayed to discover the error, and promised publication in the MESSENGER. Her prayer was answered. On Monday morning she learned that she had handed one of the drivers a ten dollar bill, mistaking it for one dollar, and when the driver discovered the mistake he brought back the money.”

SYRACUSE, N. Y. — “Five months ago a young lady, a near relative, was taken very ill and the nature of her illness was such that unless immediate relief could be obtained, she could not recover. I begged of the Sacred Heart to spare her, promising publication in the MESSENGER. She was spared, and

although not entirely well, is recovering as rapidly as could be expected."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"Allow me space to record a conversion obtained through my Promoter's Cross. It occurred in a country town where I was spending the summer. A woman who had been a Catholic before her marriage to a Protestant husband, had neglected her religious duties for several years, and was dying out of the Church. I visited her, and she complied with the request to wear my Promoter's Cross, although to my insistence that she should see a priest, she only answered that she would think about it. A week later she called for the priest, and received all the sacraments before her death."

"Another triumph for the Sacred Heart. A young man having attended one of our Catholic colleges for several years, was this year practically obliged by his guardian to matriculate in a Protestant university. His return to his Catholic alma mater was earnestly besought from the Sacred Heart, through the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and a publication of the favor promised. One week had scarcely passed, when we had the happiness to see the young man resident once more in our own college."

KANSAS CITY, MO.—"A few months ago my family and I were in a great state of anxiety owing to a disastrous business move. We were out of employment and in financial straits. We prayed to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of St. Anthony; we also induced others to offer prayers and communions for us. Unexpected aid came, employment was found, and we feel we owe fervent thanksgivings."

—, GA.—"Thanksgiving is rendered to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and our Lady della Strada for the preservation of a religious vocation amid perilous surroundings and its final, unex-

pected, and complete triumph over very great and serious obstacles."

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—"I should like to return thanks through the MESSENGER to Our Lady of Auriesville for having obtained a situation for me, after the small offering I made to the Shrine. It is not a permanent one, so I hope Our Lady will have another for me when the time comes for me to leave here. I am sending this so that others may do the same; send an offering to the Shrine for anything they may want."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"My father was suddenly taken ill a long distance from home, and it seemed impossible to bring him back alive. I prayed hard that at least this consolation might be granted me, and now, thanks to the Sacred Heart, he has been in his own home for two weeks, although there is still no hope of his recovery."

PHENIX, ARIZ.—"I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, and at the same time give the readers of the MESSENGER an example of the efficacy of prayer. In company with four others I was camped on the banks of the Gila River, a few days ago, when two storms that had seemingly been rushing towards each other, broke directly above us. What was apparently a cloudburst ensued, and within a few moments what had been dry land was now part of a roaring torrent. To add to our misery, a perfect whirlwind or hurricane set in, and the little tent into which we had rushed for shelter was fast being rent and torn into shreds. The wind beat the sides so violently as to cause a report as loud as that of a rifle. We all felt that we were in for a thorough drenching, as we expected to have the tent blown away at any moment. While the storm was at its height, I said a short prayer to the Sacred Heart, and had scarcely finished the words, 'Cease, the Heart of Jesus is with me,' when the wind stopped; and while the rain continued for some time, all danger was now passed."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—“I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the twofold favor which if granted I promised to have published in the MESSENGER. 1st, The recovery of my voice which was affected through throat trouble. 2d, My admission into the Seminary, when I was doubtful about being accepted by my bishop.

LOUISVILLE, OHIO.—“Through the MESSENGER I desire to return fervent thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin Mary for a favor received. I was suffering from a stroke of paralysis besides a complication of other diseases and my condition seemed quite serious for a time. I had recourse to the Sacred Heart, had the Badge applied to the afflicted parts, and promised publication in the MESSENGER and several Masses if I obtained relief. In a short time I grew better and have now almost fully recovered. At another time I was delivered from a terrible attack of nervousness after the application of the Badge and Promoter's cross and promising prayers and Masses for the poor souls.”

“Will you kindly ask a thanksgiving for spiritual favors and the return of a brother to his duties after neglect of many years. Also the return of a wife and children to the husband and father, through prayers to the Sacred Heart and St. Philomena.”

ST. LOUIS, MO.—“I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart through the MESSENGER for the answer of a prayer of mine about a month ago; I guess you would call it a ‘reconciliation between friends.’ Some people were trying to cause a separation or estrangement between my cousin and the gentleman she is engaged to marry. They had been trying all summer and I had often prayed their plans would be unsuccessful, but it seemed one evening about a month ago, the climax had been reached and trouble would follow if an understanding was not reached. For about two hours I prayed to the Sacred Heart and our

Lady of Mt. Carmel, holding my cross in my hand all the time, and promised if a reconciliation was effected I would have a Mass said for the Holy Souls in honor of the Sacred Heart and write to the MESSENGER about it. I have had the Mass said and now want to fulfill that other part of the promise.”

*Spiritual Favors.*—The revival of devotion to the Sacred Heart in a parish where it had grown cold; the grace of a happy death for a man who had for a long time neglected his religious duties; a reconciliation between brothers-in-law; the twofold favor of cure of rheumatism and a return to the Sacraments after fifteen years of absence; peace of mind; reform of two fathers of families addicted to drink; the conversion of a brother; reform of two drunkards; restoration of health to one who by reason of sickness had been refused admission into a religious order.

*Temporal Favors.*—Recovery from a contagious disease; the success of a candidate for office; complete healing without scar of a baby whose face had been severely burned by falling on a stove; success of two critical operations; an increase of pupils in a school; means to engage in business; safe delivery for two mothers; improvement in health; recovery of a child who had accidentally swallowed a deadly poison; cure of one who had nearly died of hiccoughs; three temporal favors of great importance; an increase in salary; the success of a school; the return of a very dear friend; permanent position as stenographer; home-coming of an absent husband; employment for four; a position as teacher; a good tenant for a vacant house; recovery from serious illness; relief from stomach trouble of long continuance through a Novena of First Friday Communions; recovery of a brother from a severe attack of fever; finding of a lost pocketbook; a letter from a brother whose whereabouts had been for a long time unknown.

# THE READER.

*The Curé of St. Philippe.* A Story of French-Canadian Politics. By Francis W. Grey. Cloth. Pages, 313. Digby, Long & Co., London. To the mind of The Reader the author has a highly commendable moral to convey and the means he selects are of the happiest. He wants to emphasize the historic truth, borne out by ancient and modern experience, that the Church suffers untold harm at the hands of politicians. Greed of power and greed of office can operate to influence her own sons to so far forget themselves as to climb to position even over her prostrate form. Alphonse Bilodeau is a politician of the most pestilential type, willing to betray his party, his faith and his Church to selfish interests. He succeeds beyond all expectation; and in this instance the villain's ultimate triumph is a departure from the conventional method that perhaps adds force to the point of the story. Incidentally much is said about clerical interference in politics. The writer's contentions are in the main correct. At any rate, whilst discountenancing the degradation of the pulpit to the low level of the tail-board of a campaign cart, he makes it quite plain that, at least in matters pertaining to education, no Catholic ever yet had cause to regret loyalty to the wishes of his pastor. The bishop and the priest in the story are of no noisy kind and for the success of God's cause trust more to prayer than to open and loud agitation. The head offender in this line is a Presbyterian minister and the picture is fairly representative of events nearer home. A charming little romance is worked into the web and woof of the various polit-

ical events and lends a very decided air of sprightliness to what might otherwise prove a tedious and uninteresting narrative. Three suitors, very opposite in character, strive for the hand of one Alice Charette; and Tom, the son of Patrick Marcellus Fitzgerald, in accordance with all the time-honored traditions of his race, wins the coveted prize. The author's reflections on the vexed question of love are ventures in the psychology of this art and are modestly submitted to the reader's attention for what they are worth. They have the merit of being, at least, ingenious and somewhat novel. To speak of the work as a literary whole the reader must confess to a dissatisfaction with the style of sentence unvaryingly adopted by the author. He has a way of introducing parentheses that block the sense and render reading and understanding difficult, and his method of mixing together question and answer is at times, to say the least, irritating.

\* \* \*

*General History of the Christian Era.* Vol. III. By A. Guggenberger, S.J., Professor of History at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y. Cloth. Pages 432. Price \$1.50. B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo.

This volume is the first issue in a set of three. If the two next evidence as much painstaking labor as their predecessor, they are by anticipation an assured success. What impresses The Reader is the man's vast historical erudition and his ability to group and link together scattered facts. His study of history is no mere surface-view. It descends to the root of things and combines in a rare way the qualities of annalist and philosopher.

It is a mistake to reckon history a bald catalogue of events, isolated one from the other, with no interdependence, no mutual connection. Nothing goes on in this world of ours without some definite, though often hidden, relation with past events; without a mysterious, though infallible, influence on the future. And our author approached his task with this principle uppermost in his mind. Hence, no doubt, the success that crowns his efforts. The present volume covers the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries and contains the last item of news available at the hour of going to press. The first fifty pages, if we must find fault, are hurt by the author's endeavor to group and condense. Brevity is compassed at the expense of clearness. There is a disagreeable sense of crowding, and one encounters at the outset a tangle that only several readings can unravel. As the author gets further into his work, this fault disappears. The tables put by way of summaries at the close of each chapter, are masterpieces in their way and invaluable helps to the student. The use of large and small type is another departure from the commonplace to be highly commended. Collateral matter is abundantly furnished in the rich references. The Church is kept well to the front in the study of every period and false religion as well as false philosophy is hammered wherever it shows its head. In his discussion of the slavery question in the States, the author has, involuntarily perhaps, joined hands with one party of extremists.

\* \* \*

*Catholics of Ireland, under the Penal Laws in the Eighteenth Century.* By Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. Cloth, pages 209. Price 2s. 6d. Catholic Truth Society, London. This book is full of lessons for the Irish. It is a treasury of courage for Catholics of whatever nationality, and as sound a proof of the divinity of our religion as any ever drawn from the annals of the martyrs. Nero was a wild beast. Savage fer-

ocity stunted his wit and left him as naked of intellect as a plunging bull. He feasted on blood in the arena, he tied human lives in sacks, saturated with oil, and complacently rode through avenues lit by these torches of monumental cruelty. His English imitators improved on his methods. In all their hellish efforts to destroy the true faith their wits never once abandoned them and they perseveringly worked along lines bound in the nature of things to succeed against any force, save only that of God's omnipotence. They verily laid the axe to the root, and if heaven had not mercifully interfered to furnish the world with the miraculous spectacle of a healthy tree with smitten roots, faith must have died in Ireland, and Catholics with good old Gaelic names would to-day be even rarer birds than the handful of Irish Protestants, who would be doing the land of their birth a favor if they changed the names their creeds dishonor. It is a mistake to think that the Penal Laws of the eighteenth century were meant primarily to stamp out the national spirit in Ireland. They aimed at nothing short of a nation's apostasy from the faith, and God be thanked for the strength He poured into Irish limbs to die, but not surrender. Cardinal Moran has crowded into this small volume an array of as ghastly and sickening facts as ever blackened the pages of a single century's history. He charges the England of a hundred years ago with crimes that in any court of law would brand her a nation of demons. Unlike the vaporings of English apologists his every charge is well sustained and fully verified by copious references to contemporary documents. And yet his book ought to be read in the spirit in which it was written. No rancor tips his pen, no suspicion of revengeful feelings. He tells a straightforward story with coolness and self-possession. "He shows dead Cæsar's wounds and bids them speak for him." And these open mouths of prostrate Erin make a loud cry to the hearts of her

loyal sons dying with the agony of helplessness. No bitterness of hatred, no petty spite; but a prayer to the God of justice that He may yet, when the measure of Ireland's suffering is full, assert the supremacy of right, strike the shackles from her feet, and raise a downtrodden race from the dust.

\* \* \*

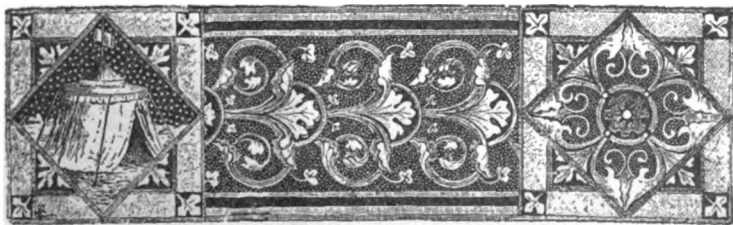
*At the Foot of the Mountain.* By Emily R. Logue. Cloth. Pages 46. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia. We regret to have to say that this book of songs is not entirely up to our expectations. Poetry degenerates into mere verse-making when it embodies none of that warmth ascribed to the divinity of art. We have looked through the pages before us for traces of that warmth and found too few to create content. Prose admits of many degrees, poetry knows but one. A poet must, in the nature of things, be either a shining success or a flat failure. There is no purgatory in this realm of literature, no middle state. Barring occasional departures from smoothness, every piece in the collection is singularly harmless and correct enough. All the lines breathe an air of piety and gentle resignation very creditable to the authoress. Her efforts are strangely suggestive of a wrestle between thought and language. She feels more deeply than she sings, her emotions baffle her powers of

utterance. She is not herself unaware of the struggle and makes acknowledgment in the one piece that, in spite of scattered blemishes, most nearly approaches our ideal. That piece is inscribed, "Three Friends of Mine," and these lines occur at its close :

"But sometimes those who deeply feel  
Too seldom can express it well,  
And all their hearts would fain reveal  
Their lips have little power to tell."

\* \* \*

*Love Stronger than Death.* By Josephine Marié. Cloth. Pages 61. The Cathedral Library Association. A rather attractive little volume bound in silver and white, its contents breathing all the piety and freshness suggested by its neat cover. It has for motive belief in the Communion of Saints and aims at deriving from that comforting dogma whatever consolation it affords. Death is invested with a certain splendor, the help possible in mutual prayer is prominently brought out and human friendships are lifted from the ground to an atmosphere bordering close on heaven. Sayings warm from the Holy Scriptures are skilfully woven into every page, and the principle or fact that called the Apostleship of Prayer into being, God's voluntary dependence on men for the salvation of their fellows by prayer, is evident throughout the work.





## BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,  
London, England.

- "The Holy Gospel according to St. John." By Rev. John McIntyre, D.D. Cloth. Pages, 223. 2s. 6d.  
 "St. Edward of England, King and Confessor." By A. Streeter. Paper. Pages 24. 1d.  
 "Anglican Prejudices against the Catholic Church." By Lady Herbert of Lea. Paper. Pages, 47. 2d.  
 "Sacerdotalism." By the Bishop of Clifton. Paper. Pages 47. 2d.  
 "The Catholic Church in Scriptures." By the Bishop of Nottingham. Paper. Pages, 32. 1d.  
 "Our National Vice." By Cardinal Manning. Paper. Pages 8. 2s. per 100.  
 "Father Dominic and the Conversion of England." By Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B. Paper. Pages, 24. 1d.  
 "Celibacy." By C. Kegan Paul. Paper. Pages, 12. 1d.  
 "Prayers to Saints." By Sydney F. Smith, S.J. Paper. Pages 16. 1d.  
 "Tell me, Art Thou a Catholic?" Paper. Pages, 8. 2s. per 100.  
 "The Orange Society." By Rev. H. W. Cleary. Cloth. Pages, 459. 2s. 6d.

FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS,  
New York.

- "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet." By Marion Ames Taggart. Cloth. Pages, 233.

FROM B. HERDER,  
St. Louis, Mo

- "The Blue Lady's Knight." By Mary F. Nixon. Cloth. Pages, 127. 50 cents.

FROM H. L. KILNER & CO.,  
Philadelphia.

- "Jack Chumleigh at Boarding School." By Maurice Francis Egan. Cloth. Pages 280. 50 cents.

FROM AVE MARIA PRESS,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

- "The Proof of Miracles." By Henry F. Brownson, L.L.D. Paper. Pages, 16. 5 cents.  
 "Are Protestants Catholics?" By Very Rev. R. O. Kennedy. Paper. Pages, 23. 5 cents.

FROM IMPRIMERIE FRANCISCAINE  
MISSIONAIRE.  
Quebec.

- "Nos Saints." Par Un Frère Mineur de Montréal. Paper. Pages, 471.

FROM MANGALORE CATHOLIC TRUTH  
SOCIETY.

- "The Religion of Protestants." By the Right Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. Paper. Pages, 13. 2½ per 100.

FROM MARLIER, CALLANAN & CO.  
Boston, Mass.

- "The True Religion." By Rev. Nicholas Russo, S.J. Cloth. Pages 287. 50 cents. Paper 25 cents.

FROM CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION,  
New York.

- "Why a Catholic in the Nineteenth Century?" By William Giles Dix. Paper. Pages 101.

FROM NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY  
PRINT.

Westchester, N. Y.

- "Catholicity in Westchester, N. Y." By Rev. D. P. O'Neil. Paper. Pages 32.

FROM THE PEOPLE'S EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE.  
New York.

- "The Holy Eucharist and the Holy Souls." From the French by Miss E. Lummis. Paper. Pages, 36. 5 cents.

FROM F. BERGER.  
New York.

- "F. Berger's (1896) French Method." By F. Berger. Cloth. Pages, 172. 38 cents.

FROM McCAW, STEVENSON AND ORR, LTD.  
Belfast.

- "Ulster Journal of Archaeology." Published quarterly. Yearly Subscription, \$1 00.



## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, November 1 to 30, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Albany	Canajoharie, N. Y.	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . . Church	Nov. 25
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	All Saints' . . . . .	Nov. 22
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Nativity B. V. M. . . . .	Nov. 20
Charleston	Columbia, S. C.	St. Peter's . . . . .	Nov. 25
Cleveland	Shelby Settlement, O.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	Nov. 3
Davenport	Muskatine, Iowa	St. Matthias' . . . . .	Nov. 3
Fort Wayne	Ege, Ind.	Immaculate Conception . . . .	Nov. 13
"	Logansport, Ind.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	Nov. 28
"	Whiting, Ind.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	Nov. 3
Harbor Grace	Bogus, N. F. I.	Parish . . . . .	Nov. 6
Hartford	Poquonock, Conn.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	Nov. 16
Louisville	Adrian, Ky.	St. John's . . . . .	Nov. 4
Milwaukee	Highland, Wis.	St. Philip's . . . . .	Nov. 8
Natchitoches	Plaucheville, La.	Mater Dolorosa . . . . .	Dec. 1
Newark	Union Hill, N. J.	St. Augustine's . . . . .	Nov. 6
New Orleans	Morgan City, La.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	Nov. 4
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Aloysius' . . . . .	Nov. 6
Peoria	Rantoul, Ill.	St. Malachy's . . . . .	Nov. 25
*Leavenworth	Eudora, Kans.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	Nov. 3
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	Our Lady of Good Counsel . . .	Nov. 15
Pittsburg	Ellwood City, Pa.	St. Gregory's . . . . .	Nov. 20
Portland	Bangor, Me.	St. John's . . . . .	Nov. 6
Springfield	Worcester, Mass.	St. Gabriel's . . . . .	Nov. 23
Scranton	Scranton, Pa.	Sacred Hearts of Jesus & Mary Church	Dec. 1

Aggregations, 24; churches, 23; convent, 1. \*German-speaking Centres.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of November, 1899, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Quincy, Ill.	St. Francis Solanus' . . . . College	1
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	9
"	Ellicott City, Md.	St. Charles' . . . . . College	3
Boston	Doston, Mass.	Immaculate Conception . . . .	2
"	Danvers	Annunciation . . . . .	36
"	East Pepperell, Mass.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	36
"	Hyde Park	Most Precious Blood . . . . .	1
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Our Lady of Lourdes . . . . .	7
Brownsville	Laredo, Texas	St. Augustine's . . . . .	1
"	Refugio	Our Lady of Refuge . . . . .	1
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Good Shepherd . . . . . Convent	3
"	Randolph, N. Y.	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Our Lady of Mount Carmel . . .	9
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	Holy Family . . . . .	19
"	"	St. Peter's . . . . . Cathedral	2
"	Springfield, "	St. Raphael's . . . . . Church	8
Detroit	Paw Paw, Mich.	St. Mary's . . . . .	8
Dubuque	Clinton, Iowa	Mt. St. Clare's . . . . . Convent	3
"	Independence, Iowa	Mercy . . . . .	1
Erie	St. Mary's, Pa.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Church	1
Fort Wayne	Punxsutawney, Pa.	SS. Cosmas and Damian . . . .	2
"	Crown Point, Ind.	St. Mary's . . . . .	12
"	Delphi	St. Joseph's . . . . .	6
Galveston	Galveston, Texas	St. Mary's . . . . . University	7
Grand Rapids	Grand Rapids, Mich.	St. James' . . . . . Church	7
Harrisburg	Gettysburg, Pa.	St. Francis Xavier's . . . . .	40
Hartford	Bridgeport, Conn.	St. Mary's . . . . .	52
Helena	Anaconda	St. Paul's . . . . .	17
Kansas City	Independence, Mo.	St. Mary's . . . . .	3
Manchester	Concord, N. H.	St. John's . . . . .	5
Milwaukee	Jefferson, Wis.	St. John the Baptist . . . . .	5
"	Milwaukee, Wis.	Holy Rosary . . . . .	5
"	"	St. Rose's . . . . .	16
"	Potosi, "	St. Andrew's . . . . .	3
Mobile	Mobile, Ala.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	3
Natchez	Yazoo, Miss.	Assumption . . . . .	1
Natchitoches	Fairfield, La.	St. Vincent de Paul . . . . .	2
"	Natchitoches, La.	Immaculate Conception . . . .	3
Nesqueally	Olympia, Wash.	St. Michael's . . . . . Cathedral	11
"	Walla Walla, Wash.	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	3
Newark	Harrison, N. J.	Holy Cross . . . . .	5
"	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's . . . . .	8
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	Immaculate Conception . . . .	12
New York	New York, N. Y.	Sacred Heart of Jesus . . . . .	6
Ogdensburg	Watertown, "	Notre Dame . . . . .	6
Peoria	Piper City, Ill.	St. Peter's . . . . .	2
Pittsburg	No. Oakland, Pa.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	4
"	Pittsburg, "	St. Paul's . . . . . Cathedral	2
Providence	North Easton, Mass.	Immaculate Conception . . . .	34
St. Cloud	Collegeville, Minn.	St. John's . . . . . University	1
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Francis Xavier's . . . . . Church	40
Salt Lake City	Salt Lake City, Utah	St. Mary Magdalene . . . . . Cathedral	1
San Francisco	Santa Clara, Cal.	Santa Clara . . . . . Church	3
Sioux Falls	Yankton, S. Dak.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	1
Syracuse	Utica, N. Y.	St. John's . . . . .	4

Total Number of Receptions, 55.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 487.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JANUARY, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Christian Progress**.

1	M.	<b>Circumcision of our Lord.</b> —(Of Precept). Sacrifice.	1,156,418 for thanksgivings.
2	T.	Octave of St. Stephen.—St. Macarius, C. H. Generosity. (394).	135,457 for those in affliction.
3	W.	Octave of St. John.—St. Genevieve, V. Love of Jesus. (512)—Pr.	142,038 for the sick, infirm.
4	Th.	Octave of Holy Innocents.—B. Angela, W. Innocence. (O. F. M., 1309)—H. H.	142,278 for dead Associates.
5	F.	<b>First Friday.</b> —Vigil.—St. Telesphorus, P. Faith. M. (139)—St. Simon Stylites, H. (460)— 1st D., A. C.	24,809 for Local Centres.
6	S.	<b>Epiphany of our Lord.</b> —A. I. Adoration.	129,704 for Directors.
7	S.	<b>Within Octave, 1st after Epiphany.</b> — St. Lucian, P. M. (312). Devotion to Holy Mass.	142,303 for Promoters.
8	M.	St. Severinus, Bp. C. (482)—St. Apollinaris, Bp. C. (2d Century). Confessing the Faith.	11,185,795 for the departed.
9	T.	SS. Julian and Basilissa, M.M. (313). Hospitality.	142,280 for perseverance.
10	W.	St. Agatho, P. C. (682)—St. William, Bp. C. Gentleness. (1209).	1,373,172 for the young.
11	Th.	St. Hyginus, P. M. (142).—St. Theodosius, Firmness. Ab. (529)—H. H.	135,683 for 1st Communions.
12	F.	St. Bennet, Ab. C. (703)—St. Arcadius, M. Energy. (260).	179,277 for parents.
13	S.	Octave of the Epiphany.—St. Veronica of Milan, V. (1497).—St. Kentigern, Bp. C. Fidelity to duty. (609).	1,278,784 for families.
14	S.	<b>2d after Epiphany. The Holy Name.</b> — St. Felix, P. C. (3d Century)—St. Hilary, Bp. D. (368). Reading the Bible.	126,718 for reconciliations.
15	M.	St. Paul, the First Hermit, C. (342). Contempt of the world.	137,249 for work, means.
16	T.	St. Marcellus I., P. M. (310). Exactness.	141,813 for the clergy.
17	W.	St. Anthony, Ab. C. (366). Courage.	1,166,767 for religious.
18	Th.	St. Peter's Chair at Rome. St. Prisca, V.M. Loyalty to Holy See. (54)—A. S., H. H.	132,146 for seminarists, novices
19	F.	St. Canute, K. M. (1086).—SS. Marius and Detachment. Companions, M. M.	136,147 for vocations.
20	S.	SS. Fabian, P. and Sebastian M. M. (250-288). Fortitude.	138,194 for parishes.
21	S.	<b>3d after Epiphany. Holy Family.</b> —St. Purity. Agnes, V. M. (304).—C. R.	134,252 for schools.
22	M.	SS. Vincent and Anastasius, M. M. (303). Peace.	141,371 for superiors.
23	T.	Espousals B. V. M.—St. Emerentiana, V. M. Fidelity. (304).	132,219 for missions, retreats.
24	W.	St. Timothy, Bp. M. (97).—St. Paula, W. Docility.	133,518 for societies, works.
25	Th.	Conversion of St. Paul, Ap. (35).—H. H. Zeal.	1,142,543 for conversions.
26	F.	St. Polycarp, Bp. M. (166). Hatred of heresy.	1,165,170 for sinners.
27	S.	St. John Chrysostom, Bp. C. D. (407). Fervor.	142,625 for the intemperate.
28	S.	<b>4th after Epiphany.</b> —2d Feast of St. Kindness. Agnes—St. Julian, Bp. (1208).	154,842 for spiritual favors.
29	M.	<b>St. Francis de Sales.</b> —Bp. C. D.—Pr. Amiability.	146,790 for temporal favors.
30	T.	St. Martina V. M. (260). Confidence.	1,155,601 for special, various.
31	W.	St. Peter Nolasco, C. (Order of Mercy, 1256). Mercy.	For MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Reparation, H. H.—Holy Hour); A. I., B. I.—Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

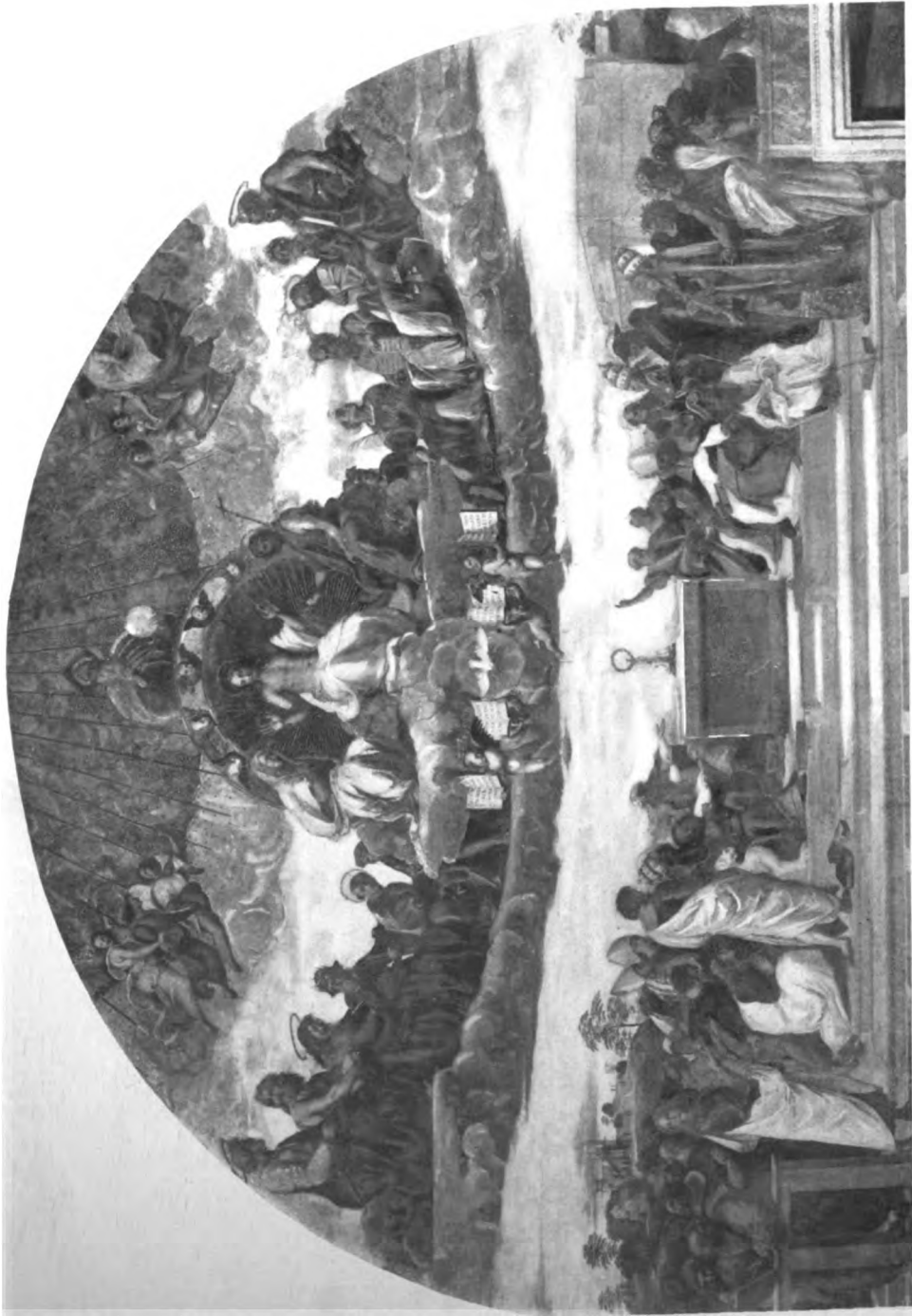
Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	15,199,597	11. Masses heard . . . . .	1,241,613
2. Beads . . . . .	2,214,134	12. Mortifications . . . . .	1,617,288
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	188,508	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	1,385,703
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	310,145	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	180,967
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	1,952,295	15. Prayers . . . . .	15,014,318
6. Examinations of Conscience . . . . .	3,152,947	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,775,990
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	1,632,060	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	1,246,357
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	2,174,447	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	1,791,277
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	780,353	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	1,973,344
10. Masses read . . . . .	16,870	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	2,152,361
Special Thanksgivings, 27,621,346.		Total, 28,379,218.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, *MESSENGER*, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.





LA DISPUTA DEL SACRAMENTO.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

FEBRUARY, 1900.

No. 2.

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### THE RAPHAEL FRESCOES

IN THE CAMERA DELLA SEGNATURA OF THE VATICAN.

*By Georgina Curtis.*

IT is due to Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, that Raphael's beautiful frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura in the Vatican have been explained and brought to our notice in such a way that they may now be readily understood. No other Key in English seems to have ever been published, and hitherto most visitors to the Vatican have not comprehended the full import of the paintings.

Indeed, for some time after Raphael executed these frescoes, no explanation seemed necessary.

The age was so eminently artistic and literary that for many generations the public retained a full conception of what the paintings were meant to portray without any written comment on them. In our own day this meaning had for some time been lost, so that as a rule only scholars recognized the numerous figures in the cartoons, and could follow Raphael's line of thought and teaching.

The origin of these four cartoons is

due to Pope Julius II. He called a number of learned and influential men in Rome to a room in the Vatican, where they all signed an agreement that an artist of note should be asked to execute some paintings on the four great subjects of Theology, Philosophy, Poetry and Jurisprudence. From this arose the name of the room, "Camera della Segnatura" or Chamber of Signatures, and such it is called in unchanging Rome to this day.

Miss Starr, in her introduction to her three Keys, says in her graceful way, that she can claim no originality in her work, but only a conscientious following of recognized authorities. But there can be no doubt that in this case Miss Starr treads a beaten track in an original way.

Her description of the paintings is not only technical, clear and comprehensive, but it is also fascinating in its interest and poetry of thought. The mind at once travels back to the times and scenes described, and we, as it were, live and

move among the figures brought before us.

Briefly stated, the frescoes are four in number, and are called "Theology, or the Disputation," "Parnassus or Poetry," "Justice or Jurisprudence," and the "School of Athens."

Miss Starr has given us keys to only three; Justice, or Jurisprudence, being simply allegorical and void of any historical incident, calls for only a brief mention.

When Raphael was asked to paint his frescoes in the Camera della Segnatura, two other artists had been before him in an effort to execute the work. Sodoma had drawn four circles on the ceiling in arabesque, and within these circles Perugino had executed four allegorical figures. But Pope Julius II. was not satisfied. Through his invitation Raphael, then only twenty-five years old, left Florence, and came to the Eternal City, where his success abundantly justified Julius II.'s artistic insight and choice in selecting him for the work.

It may seem strange that so young a man should have been possessed of the learning evinced in these frescoes; but the explanation undoubtedly is that he had the benefit of the advice and criticism of the most scholarly and cultivated men of his day. This, joined to his own talent, produced these unrivalled pictures.

It was the wish of Julius II. that the work of Perugino and Sodoma should be entirely obliterated, but Raphael, who added to his talents great delicacy of feeling and tact, was not willing to do this, for fear of wounding these artists. So, the four circles were allowed to remain on the ceiling, and within these circles Raphael painted four figures, the symbols of the four frescoes he drew on the walls of the room.

Theology, the first and greatest of these figures, is represented surrounded by clouds—on her head an olive crown, the sign of peace; around her head a veil, the symbol of faith; on her

shoulders the green mantle of hope, and about her feet the tunic of charity. Standing on each side of her are two cherubs each with a foot resting lightly on the clouds, and each bearing in his arms a book.

Theology is pointing with a serious gaze to the wall below where Raphael has painted his magnificent picture of "La Disputa," in other words the disputation on the Blessed Sacrament.

About this wonderful painting, which Miss Starr quotes Rio as declaring to be "the glory of Christian faith and Christian art, without a rival in the history of painting," gathers the faith of all Catholic Christendom. As we study it we cannot but think of St. Paul's words, "Is any weak among you, let him be strong." We find here not merely the equal but the superior of the sublimest heathen philosophy. From the learning of the old Greeks—the profound thought and analysis of an Aristotle or a Plato, we come now to the eternal philosophy of Him who said "I am the truth," and "This is my body." We ascend from the highest form of Greek philosophy to the grandest and yet most simple philosophy of Christian truth. What wonder, then, that the subject demanded masterly treatment; for this is the "science of God," as Miss Starr says, and from Raphael's brush we have a painting worthy of the great and awful subject.

The grouping of the picture represents first the type and then its fulfilment; and is divided into what appears to be two pictures in one. In the upper portion over all, near the top of the arch, is the Eternal Father, surrounded by angel heads and cherubs. His hand is raised in blessing and above Him rays of light mingled with stars radiate on the group below. On each side of the Eternal Father are three beautiful angel figures, while below, encircled in a group of angel heads, is our Divine Lord, the palms of His hands turned outward, His feet and wounded side visible, so that the five adorable wounds are presented to

our view. On His right hand is seated His blessed Mother, her head covered with a mantle, her hands clasped, an expression of deathless love on her upturned face. On our Lord's left hand is St. John the Baptist, his whole attitude and expression seeming to denote his role of preaching and making straight the way of the Lord. Just below the clouds that encircle the feet of this central group is the Holy Ghost in His symbol of a dove, while on each side of the Paraclete are four beautiful cherubs, each bearing one of the four Gospels, which they seem about to carry to the group below.

Ranged on each side of our Lord, His Mother and St. John, we see a great

clashed around his knees, and he appears to be deep in conversation with St. Peter. Following Adam we see St. John the Evangelist, that disciple whom Jesus loved, and who has left us in the Apocalypse a glimpse of the life to come.

Next comes David, the sweet singer, who more than any poet of ancient times has touched the heart and lifted it up to God, who has sung to us of "our light and salvation," and has told us that because of this glorious light we have nothing to fear, (Psalm 26); and that as the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so his soul panted after God.

As David's martyrdom was one of mental sorrow and anguish, so, by way



JURISPRUDENCE.

company of the Apostles, Patriarchs and Prophets, painted with a background of clouds and angel heads and wings.

To the right of our Lord is St. Peter with the keys—the first to confess "the Son of the living God." To the left is St. Paul, holding in his hands the sword of martyrdom, and seeming to say "For Thy sake we are put to death all the day long, we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter," and, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Next to St. Peter is Adam, the first man, of whom it was said that "God breathed into him the breath of life, and man became a living soul." His hands are

of contrast, that of St. Stephen, who comes next to him, was a martyrdom of the body. He, the first to shed his blood for Christ, is represented conversing with Judas Machabeus, the great Hebrew warrior, who fought for his people and shared their sorrows; and who has left us in the Bible narrative of the Machabees the strongest confirmation from ancient times of the Catholic custom of prayers for the dead. "It is therefore a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead that they may be loosed from their sins," so said Judas one hundred and sixty-five years before Christ. It seems fitting to find that



Raphael has placed this advocate of his people, and of prayers for the departed, right behind the Virgin Mother of God, who is herself the chief advocate of our needs with her Divine Son. The expression of the Machabee is thoughtful and earnest, like one who carried the sorrows and responsibilities of an oppressed and suffering nation.

On the other side of the group, next to St. Paul, is Abraham, the great Patriarch of whom we may reverently say that he typified the Eternal Father, by offering up his only son as a holocaust and sacrifice. Next to Abraham comes St. James, and then, with the tablets of the Old Law in his hands we see Moses, through whom came the manna in the wilderness, and the water that flowed from the rock, true types of the heavenly food and drink left us in the Holy Eucharist. Next to Moses sits St. Lawrence, the young deacon who won the crown of martyrdom through being roasted on a gridiron, and who died praising God in his agony. Between him and St. John the Baptist is St. George in the plumed helmet that recalls to us what a great warrior he was. This completes the semi-circle around our Divine Lord, and we now turn to the group below, towards which, as has been already said, the Cherubs bearing the four Gospels, seem to be wending their way.

The central object of this company is the ostensorium which stands on an altar with a flight of steps leading up to it.

Instead of being in a church this group is in the open air, with a background of trees, houses and open plains, the whole giving a world-wide effect to the scene.

The ostensorium with its Sacred Host typifies the Lamb once slain. The living Bread that came down from heaven, that shall be with us to the end of the world, is the object not only of the adoring love of those on earth, but of the heavenly company above.

But we must understand now why Raphael has called his painting "*La Disputa*." To the extreme right of the picture there stands an excited crowd of theologians and schoolmen, and foremost among them, leaning over a stone balustrade reading a book, is Berengarius, who died in 1088 A. D., and who about the year 1050 scandalized the entire Christian world by denying the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. The book he is reading is John Scotus Erigena's work on the Holy Eucharist, a book condemned by the Church as heretical. In close dispute with Berengarius is Lanfranc, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, looking strong and independent enough to defend any truth. Ranged around these two figures, some talking together, others listening to Berengarius and Lanfranc, are Guitmand, Bishop of Aversa, Alger, Monk of Cluny (who wrote a treatise on the Real Presence), Durand, Monk of Fecam, Albert of Monte Cassino and Geoffrey of Vendome, all of whom wrote either in condemnation of Berengarius, or in defence of the Real Presence.

One of the most conspicuous figures in this group is Adelman (died 1061), a schoolmate of Berengarius, and later Bishop of Brescia. He is gently pleading with Berengarius, as he stands facing the altar, one hand outstretched toward the ostensorium, while with a backward glance over his shoulder he seems to be entreating his old friend to abandon his error and return to the Church.

The whole figure in its love and gentle dignity reminds us of St. John.

Very different is the figure that stands close to the left side of the altar, impassioned and energetic in its whole attitude and expression. This is Duns Scotus of Northumbria, a Franciscan, and a man of powerful intellect. He is evidently defending the Presence on the altar with all possible learning and skill.

Next to him is St. Ambrose, who wrote that magnificent "*Te Deum*" which has

ever since been the Church's chief expression of thanksgiving and praise.

Behind Duns Scotus stands Albertus Magnus, usually called Albert the Great, whose pupil St. Thomas Aquinas was.

Near him sits the great St. Augustine dictating to a youthful scribe his treatise on "the City of God."

Two great Popes claim our attention in this group, Anacletus, the second

tains the profoundest Christian philosophy ever written. It was he who wrote the beautiful Office for Corpus Christi, with the hymns on the Blessed Sacrament. On the other side of St. Anacletus is St. Bonaventure, the Franciscan, of whom a touching incident is related. Urban IV., who was Pope in the 13th century, instituted the Feast of Corpus Christi, and called upon St. Thomas



JUSTICE.

from St. Peter, who died A.D. 91, and Innocent III., A.D. 1216, who wrote the beautiful hymn "Veni, Sancte Spiritus," and who was so powerful a friend to the young orders in the Church founded by St. Dominic and St. Francis.

Near St. Anacletus is the great St. Thomas Aquinas (A.D. 1247), that Doctor of the Church, whose Summa con-

Aquinas and St. Bonaventure to write Offices for the feast, and to read them before him. St. Thomas Aquinas read his first. St. Bonaventure, being the older of the two, was called on by the Pope to read *his* Office after St. Thomas was through. For answer he shook out the long sleeves of his habit (in which his hands had remained folded during the

reading of St. Thomas's Office), and down fluttered his manuscript torn into little bits. In a voice trembling with deep feeling he said, "Brother Thomas has spoken like an angel." And so it was the Office of St. Thomas Aquinas that was introduced into the Roman Breviary.

Whether the gentle and humble Bonaventure had written as well as his Dominican brother, we can never tell.

The last figures on this line of the picture, behind Pope Innocent III., are Dante, Fra Angelico and Savonarola.

We turn now to the right hand of the altar where again we see a noble company of men who all lived and died defending the faith, and in particular the Holy Sacrament.

Nearest to the altar is the great Pope St. Gregory I., seated in his chair—even as we see him to this day in his Church on the Coelian hill supported on each side by lions, which can now be hardly recognized as such, so worn are they by time. We are indebted to Pope Gregory for the beautiful Gregorian chant, now so universally used in the Church. Next to him comes St. Jerome, to whom we owe a translation of the Holy Scriptures.

Talking with St. Gregory and St. Jerome we see the grand figure of Peter Lombard, called the "Master of the Sentences," mighty in intellect and in humility; while next to him is St. Peter Damian in his Cardinal's robe. Near him, and close to the altar, towards which his hands and gaze are turned in adoring love, is St. Bernard, who wrote the beautiful hymn "Jerusalem the Golden."

Behind Peter the Lombard in their bishop's robes and mitres are St. Cyril of Jerusalem and St. Cyprian of Carthage, while between them and the succeeding figures are three youths kneeling in an attitude of adoration, suggestive of the figures of the Cherubim and Seraphim that guard our altars even to the present day.

Behind these youths are St. John

Chrysostom, called the "Golden-mouthed," and St. Denis, a Carthusian of Ruremond, who wrote a treatise on the Blessed Sacrament. In this group is also John Cassian, who spent several years among the Saints in the desert, and who later ably defended St. John Chrysostom by taking letters from the clergy of Constantinople to Rome, when the Saint was being persecuted by the imperial power.

And now we have the picture complete. Apart from its marvelous worth as a painting and the work of Raphael, what a lesson it is to us, calling up, as it does, so many ages and men in defence of our holy religion!

Berengarius, the disputer, is thought to have ultimately retracted his error and died a believer.

In this great fresco he is a single man against the faith and devotion of all the other figures in the scene; yet how far-reaching has been the error he taught! Behind him we can see, as it were, the entire unbelieving Protestant world, with its denial of one of the most fundamental articles of Catholic belief. For ages after Christ first said, "This is my body," there was but one meaning, one interpretation given to the words; now there are over a hundred different explanations of it.

Perhaps if this picture were more universally known and studied, perhaps if it were oftener seen on the walls of modern picture-galleries and drawing-rooms, perhaps if it replaced the popular pictures of the modern French school, the spiritual eyesight would be quickened, and more men would come to see and believe in the great mystery of the altar and would understand what this picture is meant to teach, the continual pleading of the Sacrifice of Christ; the Priest forever after the order of Melchisedech; Emmanuel, *God with us*.

Midway between the Mediterranean Sea on the south, and Mount Olympus on the north, stands Parnassus, whose twin peaks were dedicated by the an-

cient Greeks to Apollo and Dionysus. Through these twin mountain peaks flowed the beautiful Castalian spring, while on its sides grew the olive, myrtle and laurel, and the Phædriades, towering rocks, led up to its summit. It is this mountain which Raphael makes the scene of his second great historical painting.

Poesy, a majestic winged figure enclosed in one of the four circles drawn by

has a far-off thoughtful look, as though calling up the ages to come, with their wealth of poetry and song. On top of Mount Parnassus the genius of Raphael has gathered together a great company of the poets of many ages. On the highest plane of the summit sits Apollo, crowned with a laurel wreath—his eyes raised to heaven, whilst he is playing a violin. Around him are grouped nine Muses,



POETRY.

Sodoma, is represented seated upon the clouds. She holds in one hand a lyre, in the other a book, while two cherubs are kneeling on each side of her holding tablets.

Her blue robe is studded with stars, on her head is the poet's crown of laurel. She seems to be pointing to Mount Parnassus on the walls below. Her face

who listen entranced to the music he is calling forth.

We turn now a short distance to the right of Apollo, where stands the majestic figure of the blind bard Homer. The whole attitude, one of dignified and lofty thought, with the sightless eyes turned to the blue sky overhead, at once calls up in the imagination the stately poetic

beauty of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

His grace and loftiness of thought we trace all through the three beautiful "keys" to Raphael's paintings.

Homer was born on the Island of Chios in the Aegean sea. He was of noble birth, and possessed of some wealth, so that his surroundings and education tended to foster his poetic talents. He travelled a great deal in Asia and Africa, and on the Island of Ithaca he gathered all the traditions of Ulysses, which later he gave to the world in the beautiful Odyssey.

Standing slightly in the background on either side of Homer, we see Virgil and Dante, both like Homer crowned with laurel.

Virgil was born at Andes, Italy (B. C. 70). He was revered not only for his genius, but for his beauty and purity of character and life. He had none of the vices of his age and was extremely modest.

Virgil died nineteen years before Christ, but his writings have been the delight of Christian scholars of all time. Dante called them the noblest form of poesy, and he styles the *Aeneid* of Virgil tragedy in contrast to his own works, which he calls comedy.

Dante was born in 1265, and united in himself such piety, philosophy and love of nature and of knowledge, as are rarely met with in one man. His strange, passionate and ideal love for Beatrice has interested all ages since his time. Beatrice married Simone de Bardi, and Dante married Gemma Donati, and he never saw Beatrice more than two or three times; yet his far-off hero-worship for her influenced his whole life. His love has been immortalized in the "Vita Nuova," where he prays after Beatrice's death that "his spirit may go hence to behold the glory of his lady."

Turning now to the other side of Apollo, beyond where the Muses are standing, we see the Greek Tragedians.

*Æschylus* (525 B. C.) is called the father of Greek tragedy, and Raphael

has made him appear the oldest in the group. He was distinguished as a soldier as well as a tragedian, and holds a conspicuous position in a picture the Greeks had painted of the battle of Marathon. He wrote in all seventy-six tragedies, a great number for a man who spent so much time on the battlefield. His *Prometheus Unbound* is by some considered the finest of his dramas. After a varied and war like career it is related that *Æschylus* met his death by having his brains crushed. An eagle, unable to break a tortoise's shell in any other way, let it fall on *Æschylus*'s bald head, mistaking it for a rock.

*Euripides* and *Sophocles*, who come next in order, were born within ten years of each other, *Sophocles* in 491 and *Euripides* in 480, B. C. *Sophocles* had great beauty of person and was of noble birth and born of wealthy parents. He first saw the light at Colonus in Attica, and went by the name of the Attic bee.

*Euripides* wrote more about the domestic affections. His *Alcestis* is said to be to the Greek stage what *Portia* and *Cordelia* are to the English. *Euripides* was accused in his time of making the gods too human.

*Aristophanes* (446 B. C.) is called the greatest of the ancient comedians, and is also said to have written Greek in its greatest purity.

In front of *Aristophanes* is *Juvenal* (140 A. D.), born at Aquinum. He is justly styled the greatest of Latin satirists.

Three conspicuous figures in the foreground of Parnassus are *Simonides* (556 B. C.), *Horace* (8 B. C.), and *Pindar* (522 B. C.). *Pindar* seems to be talking while the other two are listeners.

*Horace* has one hand raised, the other extended, as though in surprise; but *Simonides* has a forefinger placed meditatively on his chin, as though in deep thought.

Turning to the last group on Parnassus, to the left of Apollo, we see a little

company in front of Homer, who all seem to be listening with an air of deep surprise to one of their number. This is Ludovico Ariosto (1574 A. D.), an Italian poet, the author of sonnets and comedies. He is a tall, well proportioned and graceful figure, with a handsome head that wears the laurel crown.

Seated in a graceful attitude in front

of clever women, a proceeding less common in her time than now, and more on a footing with the French salons of the seventeenth century. Whether Sappho was as good as she was beautiful seems to be an open question. That she was a tender and loving mother as well as a poetess seems undoubted from some lines of hers ad-



PHILOSOPHY.

of Alcæus, holding in her hands a lyre and a manuscript, is Sappho (610 B. C.), the greatest of heathen poetesses, and uniting in her person both genius and beauty. Aristotle went so far as to put her on a par with Homer.

She was born at Lesbia, and was frequently called the Lesbian Nightingale. Sappho gathered around her a circle

dressed to her little daughter and quoted by Miss Starr:

“I have a child, a lovely one,  
In beauty like the golden sun,  
Or like sweet flower of earliest bloom;  
And Cleis is her name; for whom,  
I Lydia's treasures, were they mine,  
Would gladly resign.”

The figure which next strikes our attention is that of the poetess Corinne, who, living nearly two hundred years after Sappho (490 B. C.), was an instructor of Pindar. She was born at Tanagra in Boeotia, and wrote both lyrics and heroic poems. Near her is Alcæus (620 B. C.), the first of the Æolian lyric poets, of high birth and great talent. But in spite of writing some fine and spirited war songs Alcæus was a coward, and ran away in one of the battles with the Athenians. Miss Starr says we know more of him through Horace than through his own writings. Between Alcæus and Corinne, the laurel crowned head just appearing to view, is the strong beautiful face and finely moulded chin and brow of Francesco Petrararch (1304 A. D.). Petrararch was the faithful lover of Laura, who celebrated her virtue and beauty in three hundred and eighteen sonnets and eighty-eight songs, all either concerning her or addressed to her. He wrote of Laura for twenty years prior to and ten years after her death. She died of the plague at Avignon in 1364. Petrararch lived in great seclusion at Vaucluse, where most of his verses were written. A likeness of Laura was painted by Memmi in the Spanish Chapel of Santa Maria Novella.

Petrarch completes the figures in Parnassus; but Miss Starr has written most beautifully about Tasso (1544 A. D.), judging that had he lived during Raphael's time he would have formed one of the group of great Italian poets in his fresco.

In this great picture we have followed Raphael from 900 B. C. to 1500 A. D., and under his genius and inspiration have, as it were, held communication with a great company of the noblest and best poets of all ages. It cannot fail to be an education to the eye and heart, a lifting up of the soul and imagination to the things unseen, a consecration of all poetry and beauty to God, if like Dante

in his *La Vita Nuova* (The New Life) and his *Il Convito* (The Banquet), we rebuke what is gross and sensual in poetry, and choose only what is lofty, pure and good.

The fourth and last of Raphael's great frescoes "The School of Athens" is in one respect the greatest of the four paintings because it is the largest in scope, and has the most technique.

In Theology, or the Disputation, there is more simplicity in the grouping of the figures; in Philosophy, or the School of Athens, there is more complexity, and a greater number of figures are introduced, requiring in the student closer attention and study. Yet, as a whole, it teaches far less than the Disputation. Still, even from the heathen philosophy of the School of Athens, we may learn a sublime lesson that indirectly leads to and strengthens our belief in Christian truth.

This, Miss Starr, while not referring to it directly, brings out clearly in her Key.

We can better understand the School of Athens if we give a little thought to the romance and poetry of the situation of Greece, to the cultivation and artistic tastes of her people, and especially to the philosophy, sometimes stern, at others poetic, that pervaded all the teaching and knowledge of the Greeks.

Raphael has made this apparent by representing his figure of Philosophy as embodying all the four elements. The upper tunic is painted to look like air, being sky-blue and starry; the robe across her lap is red, to represent fire; while the tunic over her knees is sea green, like water, and has all kinds of fishes on it. Lastly, the under tunic is brown, like the earth, and is painted over with plants and herbs.

Philosophy is seated on a throne, among the clouds, on each side of her a statue of the Ephesian Cybele, whose feet appear below a pedestal, as is seen in the early Assyrian and Egyptian statues. Philosophy is holding two heavy books on her lap, and two more are being carried away by sturdy little cherubs.

Turning now to the painting of the School of Athens, we are struck in the first place by the great diversity in unity that it presents. Each man, either by himself, or in a group, is following out some philosophic or lofty line of thought. We see here the gracefulness of youth and the dignity of age gathered together in a large hall with broad flights of steps leading up to a wide passage that Miss

Foremost in this circle of men is Pythagoras, an elderly man kneeling in the foreground, reading from a book, while the attention of all the others seems turned to him. Pythagoras was the son of a sculptor, and was born at Samos in the Ægean Sea. He early left the profession of an athlete to take up that of philosophy, moved thereto by hearing of the immortality of the soul.



THEOLOGY.

Starr says gives entrance to the throne room. The floors and walls are made of marble and mosaic. On each side of the hall, standing in niches in the walls, are statues of Apollo and Pallas Athene.

Miss Starr says that, according to all recognized authorities, to understand the picture we should begin with the Pythagorean group.

He preferred the title of "lover of knowledge" to that of philosopher, as it was the fruit of wisdom more than its learning that he wished for.

He travelled a great deal, visiting Egypt, Chaldea and Asia Minor, and finally settled in a part of Italy known as "Greater Greece." He seems to have established what might be



called a heathen edition of "Brook Farm," as he gathered around him about five hundred followers, and they all lived together, having everything in common.

All his followers were subject to severe proofs which he called "purgations of the soul." There were five things which Pythagoras especially combatted—sickness, ignorance, the disordered passions of the heart, discord in families and seditions in cities. Whether he believed that illness is of the mind, and under human control, we do not know; but it would seem so.

The young man in front of Pythagoras, holding a musical tablet, is his son. Selanges, who taught his father's philosophy. Behind Pythagoras is his wife, Theano, a clever as well as beautiful woman, devoted to learning. Standing near Theano is a young child, Mnesarchus, another of her sons.

Far more conspicuous than Pythagoras is the figure of Heraclitus (535 B. C.) sitting well in the foreground with his head resting on his hand, the attitude one of profound melancholy. He was called the "weeper" because he was constantly weeping over the follies of mankind. Miss Starr calls him the "Jeremiah of the philosophers." Between Heraclitus and Pythagoras, apparently disputing with them, is Anaxagoras, supposed to have been one of the seven sages of Greece.

The figure looking over the shoulder of Pythagoras is Empedocles (432 B. C.) the author of many metrical verses, and the first to teach the theory of four elements, viz.: earth, air, fire and water. He was a firm patriot and lofty scientist, and his countrymen gave him divine honors even before his death. He lived to be very old, and is sometimes said to have thrown himself into Mt. Ætna out of love for his country, though just why that showed love for his country does not appear. As all ages are united in art, which enjoys, like poetry, great license, we find in this group the figure of Aver-

roës, an Arabian, who lived twelve centuries after Christ. In the painting he is distinguished by a turban on his head. He is called one of the most subtle of philosophers, and wrote a commentary on Aristotle, whose works he translated into Arabic. A graceful and beautiful figure in this group is Parmenides (510 B. C.). His picture is supposed to portray Francesco Maria Della Rovere, Duke of Urbino, a nephew of Julius II., reputed to be the man who brought Raphael to the Pope's notice.

Democritus (357 B. C.), called the laughing philosopher because his temperament was so different from that of Heraclitus, is standing behind Theano reading from a tome that rests on a pillar. He was born in Thrace, and travelled into every country where he could cultivate his love for knowledge. Cheerfulness must conduce to longevity, as he lived to the great age of one hundred and nine years. Looking over the shoulder of Democritus is his pupil, Nausiphanes.

Our attention is next attracted to a child in the arms of one Epicharmus (540 B.C.). Miss Starr thinks this is an allusion to the custom of bringing children to the philosophers to ask them for what occupation they were fitted. Epicharmus was a comic poet, the pupil of Pythagoras.

Leaving this circle of men we now come to a group which reached the greatest height of philosophy. Of this company the great Socrates is the centre. He stands well in the foreground, his long beard and flowing robes giving him an appearance of impressive dignity. Socrates (469 B.C.), was the son of a sculptor of Athens named Sophroniscus. Miss Starr notes the fact that his mother, Phenerete, was a wise and clever woman. It is related of him that he had a dream in which he saw an altar in the grove of the academy. From this altar rose a young swan, which first rested on his (Socrates') bosom, and then took flight in the heavens, singing as it flew away.

Cardinal Vaughan remarks that if this "were not an omen of good for the future it must be taken as a reflection of good on the past; for of all the types of natural goodness which loom up from pagan story, none can excel Socrates, either for sincerity or heroism of that noble sort which has given martyrs and saints to Christianity."

However, to say nothing of the man's pride, the fact that, in opposition to the dictates of the rudest conscience, he made his exit from life by suicide is an everlasting stain on his memory and must ever serve for a check to the enthusiasm of too ardent panegyrists. Listening intently to Socrates is an artisan, who is almost hidden in a large fur cap and long cloak. Socrates enjoyed talking to men of this class, thinking their ideas and judgment were not marred by false principles. Next this artisan is Crito, a friend and profound admirer of Socrates, instrumental in deciding whether Socrates should be a stone-cutter or a philosopher. Crito was also the most influential among Socrates' followers in making known his principles after his death.

Near Socrates are two interesting figures



THE SCHOOL OF ATHENS.

—Alcibiades (450 B. C.) and Xenophon (360 B. C.). Alcibiades is in helmet and armor. He was a handsome man, well born, vain of his beauty, and of dissolute habits, which Socrates tried to combat by his teaching and influence. Both Socrates and Alcibiades in turn rescued each other in battle, and doubtlessly owed their lives to one another. Xenophon, the author of *Anabasis*, the story so dear to all boys who are studying Greek, is a young, ardent and enthusiastic man, if we are to

and Aristippus replied, "You wish to dignify the seat, eh?" He left a daughter named Arete, a clever, beautiful and good woman, who in her turn left a son named for his grandfather. Standing behind Aristippus is Euclid of Megara, distinguished from Euclid of Alexandria, the mathematician. His motto was, "The one good is reason, all else is ephemeral." He founded a school of philosophy at Megara.

The last in this Socratic group is Aeschines, of whom Socrates said, "The



RAPHAEL'S PARNASSUS.

judge from his figure that speaks forth from the canvas.

In the outside group, to the left of Plato and Aristotle, we see first Aristippus (356 B. C.) of Cyrene. He was a man of luxurious habits, and taught that pleasure was the "infinite good," but that it should always be enjoyed in moderation. He went to live in Athens, and spent the latter part of his life at the court of Dionysius of Syracuse. One day this tyrant ordered him to take the lowest place at the table,

son of a sausage-maker is the only one who knows how to honor me." In the picture he is represented as commanding the Sophists to keep away from Socrates. There was no affinity between Socrates and the Sophists, as Socrates detested their fallacious subtleties.

These same Sophists form a group alone at the extreme left of Socrates. They are Protagoras (400 B. C.), Gorgias (417 B. C.), and Diagoras (416 B. C.).

Altogether the Sophists seemed to have

been a hopeless set of men. Their doctrine was destruction ; but they offered nothing in the place of it. Leaving the Sophists, we now turn our attention to the two central figures of the whole magnificent painting. Standing side by side in the wide hall at the back of the picture, as if just advancing towards us, are Plato and Aristotle, and ranged on each side of them are some young men who formed their respective body guards.

Plato (427 B. C.) was born at Athens and claimed descent from Codrus the last king of Athens, who in 1095 B. C., gave his life for his kingdom in fulfilment of an oracle. Plato's mother was descended from Solon, the second of the seven wise men of Greece.

Of Plato himself we know that his philosophy was ideal and beautiful. He travelled a great deal, and drew around him the best and noblest of the Greek youths.

Cardinal Vaughan says that in the monastic days of the Church every one loved and sympathized with Plato because in his contemplative system the eye of the mind was able to gaze calmly on the great area of truth, and because it brought home to the Christian conscience the divine plan of man's salvation.

Plato made more than one mistake in his treatment of the human soul.

Ranged alongside of Plato are his pupils, Speusippus, who succeeded him as head of the Academy, and whose likeness is said to have been painted from a nephew of Raphael's ; Xenocrates, who succeeded Speusippus as head of the Academy, and Arcesilaus, the founder of what is known as the Middle Academy. This last was noted as a generous friend, and a sweet tempered and eloquent man, but of rather undefined philosophy. Next to him is Carneades, who became head of the Middle Academy, and lastly we see Philo, who was the herald of Neoplatonism.

We turn now to Aristotle, who may almost be called Plato's complement. Both he and Plato are represented in the painting holding books, Aristotle with one hand extended and Plato with his arm upraised, each apparently discoursing in his own peculiar way.

Miss Starr says Aristotle "rounded the full moon of philosophic truth." He was born in Stagira in Macedonia, the son of a physician, who was devoted to the natural sciences.

Aristotle passed a rather dissipated youth, which was followed later by a military career ; this in turn gave place to the profession of a merchant until he joined the school of Plato. Plato said he was the mind of the school. The two men form striking contrasts. In Plato we see repose and contemplation ; in Aristotle, action, as though his military training were still strong in him. Aristotle was most given to analysis, Plato to synthesis.

Philip of Macedonia placed his son Alexander in Aristotle's care, probably thinking Alexander would learn from him to be a warrior as well as a philosopher. There is no doubt that Aristotle possessed a splendid mind. To this day Christianity uses his weapons to overcome error and unbelief. Albertus Magnus first brings Aristotle into the arena of Christian thought. Alongside of Aristotle is his body guard.

Theophrastus (372 B. C.) was Aristotle's successor in the Lyceum.

Strato (287 B. C.) is standing next to Theophrastus with one arm over his shoulder.

Aristoxenus, the son of a musician, who regarded the soul as a vibration of the body, was born at Tarentum, Italy. He wrote a treatise on music which is the most ancient in existence.

Plato's followers are said to have been more receptive, and Aristotle's more argumentative, each in a measure like the masters they followed.

Passing from this central group, we are arrested by the sight of Diogenes ly-

ing carelessly on the middle step leading from the hall. This doughty old philosopher, who did not hesitate to tell Alexander the Great to stand out of his sunlight when the conqueror asked what he could do for him, is a decidedly breezy and amusing character. He was a native of Sinope, and son of a banker. Raphael has painted him reading his tablets beside a cup, which he broke as being a superfluous article, on seeing a boy take water from the hollow of his hand.

The citizens of Athens discovered him one day going through the streets with a lantern in broad daylight. On being asked what he was searching for he replied, "A man! I have found children in Sparta and women in Athens, but nowhere men." He was once asked what was the most dangerous animal in the world, and replied, "Of wild animals, the slanderer; of tame, the flatterer."

Diogenes called himself *Kyon*, which in Greek means dog. *Kynikos* means dog like, and from this name arose the word *cynic*. Anisthenes, a pupil of Socrates, was the founder of the Cynics. Diogenes, who was a pupil of Anisthenes, carried all his doctrines to a ridiculous extreme. He was, no doubt, a very original and crabbed old man, and we should like him better, did we not know him to have been grossly immoral.

Two steps above Diogenes stands Epicurus, a native of Attica. He taught the pleasures of mind in preference to the senses, and of virtue in place of self-indulgence. He travelled a great deal and finally settled in Athens, where he had a beautiful garden and many disciples.

Miss Starr does not say whether our English word "epicurean" is derived from Epicurus, but it would seem so. Epicurus is represented standing talking to a woman, whose hands are outstretched and whom he seems to be referring to Aristotle and Plato. This woman is Hipparchia of Thrace. She was renowned for her beauty and elegance, became a cynic, and was a friend of Crates, whose philosophy she followed.

Near her, seated on the base of a pilaster and writing on his knees is Quintus Sextius. This young, graceful and beautiful man was the head of a short-lived but brilliant school. The Sextians remind us of the Jansenists of Port Royal, both in their career, their enthusiasm and their mistakes. They taught the transmigration of souls, abstinence from animal food, and daily self-examination. One of Sextius' sayings was that "The sage goes through life armed by his virtues against all the contingencies of fortune, wary and ready for battle, like a well ordered army when the foe is near. Virtue and the happiness which flows from it are not ideals without reality, but goods attainable by men." One whom we might call the negative philosopher now greets us in Pyrrho of Elis, who stands not far removed from Sextius. His motto was, "It is not evident." He disputed everything and chose nothing. One of his sayings was, "To live or to die, all the same." One day Anaxarchus fell into a pit and Pyrrho would not even help him. He was just as indifferent to his own safety during a shipwreck. "We assert nothing, not even that we are nothing," says Pyrrho. Miss Starr fitly disposes of him as a hopeless case.

A contrast to Pyrrho is Zeno, founder of the school of Stoicism. This school was so called from Stoa, a portico, and Stoikos, pertaining to a portico, because Zeno and his pupils met at the "Painted Portico" in Athens. Zeno was born on the Island of Cyprus and after living to be ninety decided to end his life with poison. Miss Starr takes good occasion to remark that "his followers are not a few in that respect, as Stoicism is not true fortitude."

Plotinus who lived 205 A. D. was a Neo-Platonist, a mystic and a pagan. His philosophic teaching declared the body independent of the soul, while the soul is wholly inseparable from the body, survives it, and is in existence before it takes up its habitation in the body.

Plotinus studied at Alexandria. Raphael has painted him as turning from Christian to pagan philosophy.

One of his disciples was Porphyry (232 A. D.). He was born in Syria or Tyre and was a pupil of Origen. In spite of having such a good Christian influence, as he no doubt found in Origen, he wrote a treatise against Christianity in fifteen volumes.

Damascius, next in order, was the last president of the school of Athens, and the last of the pagan philosophers. The School was closed by order of the Emperor Justinian after which Damascius and his followers fled to Persia.

On the pavement of the picture, level with Pythagoras, but on the right-hand side, is Archimedes (287 B. C.) a noted inventor. He designed burning mirrors to set ships on fire in war time, and made many other more useful inventions. A native of Syracuse, he was killed by a soldier in the siege of that city. Orders had been given to spare his life; but the soldier seems to have been ignorant of the order. Marcellus, the conqueror in this siege, honored him by a monument raised to his memory. Archimedes has a very handsome head and is said to be like Bramante, the architect of St. Peter's, and a friend of Raphael's.

Around Archimedes are four beautiful figures representing youth in search of knowledge.

We come now to a group of astronomers and cosmographers.

First is Eratosthenes of Cyrene (194 B. C.), a librarian of Alexandria and known as the second Plato, called also the "Carpenter of the Universe." He was the founder of geodesy and the first man to discover the rule for measuring the circumference of the earth.

He holds in his hand a celestial globe. Next him is Ptolemy (130 A. D.), a geographer. He was born in Ptolemaide, Egypt, but lived at Alexandria. The Greeks called him "the very wise." His system of the world was universally

acknowledged as correct until superseded by that of Copernicus. Ptolemy was the first to use the terms latitude and longitude. In the painting he is crowned, holding a globe. Raphael may have supposed him to be of royal descent, or else it is merely a reference to the Ptolemies who were Kings of Egypt in ancient times.

These learned men are represented as talking to Perugino and Raphael, reminding us of the interest taken in Raphael's day, in astronomy and geography in connection with the discovery of America.

The last two figures in the school of Athens are Raphael and Perugino, and Miss Starr thinks their introduction was a delicate compliment of Raphael's to the friend whose work he had, so to speak, superseded.

Possibly Perugino refused to be painted unless a likeness of Raphael accompanied his own. The dress and faces would mark the age they lived in as distinctive from the rest of the company.

And now what can be said in conclusion? We stand before this magnificent painting and the eye wanders from one to another whose acquaintance we have made. It is no longer an unintelligible assembly of men, but like company in which we have lived and moved, without ever being able to forget. Step by step we have been taught, at first unconsciously, then more clearly, till gradually it has fully dawned upon us, the utter failure and futility of *all* systems of learning and philosophy in the light of Christ. We see here and there gleams of light, sublime philosophies that *almost* lead to truth, errors that do but demonstrate *what* that truth is.

Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates all came near the light, all taught a partially pure and lofty code of morals, but all failed in one way or another to bring into existence that perfect law of love, of liberty and of life; that divinest and sublimest of *all* philosophies that came to us with Jesus Christ.

## DIVISIVE CRITICISM.

*By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J.*

A DEADLY battle may be fought on land or at sea, in a just or an unjust war, but it implies in any case a considerable number of casualties ; similarly, divisive criticism emphasizes one of the results rather than the method or the legitimacy of criticism. In calling the division of our sacred books one of the results of the higher biblical criticism we follow the lead of the critics themselves who speak of the scheme as the product of the "ripest German scholarship," or as "the consensus of later critics." It is the object of the present paper, first, to briefly point out the nature and extent of the critical text division ; secondly, to review the principles on which it is based ; thirdly, to examine in a passage regarded by the critics as one of the greatest strongholds how far their principles bear out their results.

The critical text division must not be confounded with the distinction between source and source indicated in the sacred text itself. Thus the author of 2 Mach. (ii. 24) states expressly : "And all such things as have been comprised in five books by Jason of Cyrene we have attempted to abridge in one book ;" St. Luke too in the preface to the third gospel alludes to the sources of his material. These instances show that the gift of inspiration does not necessarily exclude the use of preexisting documents, and that the defender of the Bible need not fear the results of divisive criticism as being of themselves incompatible with inspiration.

Again, the critical text division does not refer to the double series of Old Testament history, consisting of the books from Genesis to 4 Kings on the one hand, and the books of Paralipomenon and Esdras on the other, cover-

ing respectively the periods from the creation of the world to the release of Joachin in Babylon (B. C. 562), and from Adam to Nehemias' second visit to Jerusalem (B. C. 432). It is no more incongruous that there exist two distinct inspired histories of the Old Testament than that we have four distinct inspired gospels.

It is rather the division of each particular book into its component sources that constitutes the so-called result of divisive criticism. According to the critics "no entire book in either series" of Old Testament history "consists of a single original work ; but older writings, or sources, have been combined by a compiler in such a manner that the points of juncture are often plainly discernible, and the sources are in consequence capable of being separated from one another." In the case of Judges and the last two books of Kings the compiler is supposed to have fitted a series of older narratives into a framework of his own ; his hand is much more conspicuous in the first two books of Kings, and the structure of the Pentateuch and of Josue is the most complex of all. In spite of this difference, the Hebrew historical books—except the shortest ones, such as Ruth and Esther—are not re-written by their authors, but are only compiled out of such passages as would suit the purposes of their so-called redactors.

The very nature and extent of this method of literary analysis inspire us with suspicion. A method of evidence that proves every colored man to be a murderer will be admitted in no court of justice ; no chemist will trust implicitly an alleged solvent of all substances, and the sober physician has his doubts as to the efficacy of a newly-advertised panacea ; why then should we admit without

examination a method of literary analysis that destroys at one fell swoop the traditional unity of all the Old Testament historical books? And again, if a philological critic were to assure us that henceforth we ought to consider all Latin and Greek literature as a mere compilation of lost documents, he might amuse us, but he should have to advance convincing proofs indeed to make us surrender our present position regarding the classics, and this the more since all the alleged primitive documents have been admittedly lost. Shall we be less severe in the case of the biblical critic?

This brings us to the second point of the present paper, the review of the grounds on which the critics base their text division. The reader must here bear in mind the extreme sensitiveness of our theorists when there is question of an examination into their arguments. Even Canon Driver, who is usually free from a passion in his dealing with opponents, answers Prof. Bissell's strictures on the critical grounds for the text division with the personal remark, "the author is singularly unable to distinguish between a good argument and a bad one." According to the critics, then, a book consisting of two or more series of paragraphs or sentences, differing in their use of the divine names, in their words and style, in their theological views, and finally in their duplicate or triplicate accounts of the same events, is a compilation of two or more documents of different authorship. It is of little importance whether these various series of original sources, taken separately, present as many continuous and complete accounts or not; if they be fragmentary, the redactor is supposed to have omitted part of his documents. This assumption may be inconsistent with the character of the compiler; but if the argument for the text division be really conclusive, we shall be glad to pardon that fabulous personage his inconsistency. Our work therefore consists in probing the critical arguments.

First, contradictory duplicate or triplicate accounts of the same event form such a serious blemish in a book, that before admitting their presence the fair-minded reader will seriously examine into the real identity of the event, and the real discord of the accounts. To pronounce the account of President Lincoln's murder and that of the attack on President Garfield a mere duplicate narrative of the same event, and to point out the differences of time, and place, and circumstances, as so many contradictions of the historian, would be considered an instance of critical buffoonery; and yet 4000 or 5000 years hence the critical historian will have as much reason for maintaining the foregoing position as our present biblical critics have for pronouncing Sara's capture by Pharaoh (Gen. xxi. 11-20), her capture by Abimelech (Gen. xx. 1-13), and Rebecca's danger from the last named king (Gen. xxxvi. 7-11) a triplicate account of the same event. Similarly, the historian writing A. D. 6500 will be as correct in identifying the American War of Independence with the present Transvaal unpleasantness as the critics are when they identify Agar's two departures from the house of Abraham (Gen. xvi. 1-16; xxi. 8-21), or God's two covenants with that patriarch (Gen. xv. ; xvii.), and when they contend that there was only one reason assigned for such names as Ismael (Gen. xvi. 11-12; xvii. 18-21), Isaac (Gen. xvii. 17; xviii. 12; xxi. 6), and Edom (Gen. xxv. 25; xxv. 30). True, the critic of the seventh millennium will discover many contradictions in our second millennium accounts of the aforesaid war; but since our own critics are not disturbed at the alleged contradictions in our Old Testament history, why should the critic of the future be more scrupulous? True too, that the historical literature of our age is very voluminous; but the critics also pretend to discover several editions of the Yahwistic, of the Elohist, and of the priestly docu-



ment in pre-Pentateuchal times. Thus far we have seen that the critics find duplicate accounts of the same event in passages that refer to different events.

It must, however, be understood that we admit the presence of several duplicate or triplicate accounts of the same event in the historical books of the Old Testament; but we deny that this phenomenon demands the theory of the plural authorship. When Cicero writes *abiit, excessit, evasit, erupit*, no reader finds in these words a sign of literary compilation out of several documents; the same liberty of rhetorical amplification ought to be granted to the inspired writers of the Old Testament. Again, certain writers pass on to a new subject by way of summing up what they have said in the preceding paragraphs, and no living critic declares that such duplicate statements of the same truths demand a double authorship. Why then do our biblical critics demand a plural authorship when they read similar summaries, *e.g.*, in Gen. ii. 4-6; v. 1-2; vi. 9-11; xxv. 12; xxv. 19? Finally, no reader is shocked when he finds in his author first a general statement of an event, of a battle, *e.g.*, or a war, and then a detailed account of the same; the biblical critics however cannot admit such an occurrence in the sacred writings. When Gen. ii. 7-25, *e.g.*, develops the general outline of our first parents' creation and primeval condition as given i. 26-29, our critics feel compelled to assume a double authorship of these passages. The repetitions, therefore, which are considered as merely rhetorical devices in our profane authors, are regarded as different documents in our sacred books.

It is not so much the duplicate accounts of the same event, say the critics, as the contradictions in these same double narratives that force us into our textual division. If there be such discrepancies in the narratives, why do they not appear before the critics divide up the text on the gratuitous assumption that the several accounts refer to the

same event? Why did not the redactor omit part of his documents in order to avoid such contradictory statements? But it is well known that the critics stultify the redactor, offspring of their own fancy though he be, by making him omit what he should have retained, and retain what he should have omitted. In order, then, that the alleged discrepancies in duplicate accounts of the same event may be of any logical value to the critics, it must be proved, first, that there is question of really identical, and not of merely similar events; secondly, that the discrepancies be in the duplicate text, not merely in the minds of the critics; thirdly, that the discrepancies cannot be explained as merely rhetorical variations.

The second ground on which literary analysis bases its text division is an alleged regularly recurring difference in words and style. We may exemplify the meaning of this principle by stating its application to the first twelve chapters of Genesis. The text has been divided by the critics into two main parts, one belonging to the Yahwistic writer called J, the other belonging to the priestly writer called P. The proof of this division as derived from the foregoing principle may be thus summarized: The twelve chapters contain 485 different words which appear in 3727 different forms. Since 118 words are peculiar to P, and 246 to J, P uses in all  $485 - 246 = 239$  words, and J employs in all  $485 - 118 = 367$  words. Again, since P uses his 239 words in 1858 forms, and in about 150 verses, he employs each word  $\frac{1858}{239} = 7.77$  times, and carries  $\frac{239}{150} = 1.58$  new words into each verse; J on the other hand, uses his 367 words in 1762 forms, and in about 140 verses, so that he repeats each word only  $\frac{1762}{367} = 4.8$  times, and employs  $\frac{367}{140} = 2.62$  new words in each verse. Moreover, the style of P is systematic, chronological and statistical, minute and scientific, rigid and condensed in its manner of conception, verbose and repetitious in

its form of expression, generic rather than individual; the style of J is free and flowing, abounding in stories and traditions, lacking in numbers and dates, picturesque and poetical, anthropomorphic and prophetic, individual rather than generic. The difference in style and in the use of words demands therefore a double authorship for the first twelve chapters of Genesis.

When the physician notices a symptom in his patient that has never been observed before, he may be astonished, but he cannot base his diagnosis on it alone; similarly, when the literary critic discovers a word in his text that occurs nowhere else, he can not regard it as peculiar to either J or P. Again, if the physician notices a symptom characteristic of heart disease in seven cases out of ten, but indicative of intercostal rheumatism in three cases out of ten, he cannot base his medical opinion on this fact alone; similarly, the critics must beware of hasty conclusions when they find that certain words do not belong either entirely to P or entirely to J. Finally, symptoms indicative of pleurisy in weak constitutions may be characteristic of a different disease in the case of a strong man; the same symptoms may be signs of one illness in the case of women, and of quite another in the case of men; in the same way, certain words will and must occur only or, at least, more frequently in genealogical tables, others in the description of the ark, others again in the story of creation, and it would be subversive of all criticism to infer a difference of authorship from such a different use of words. In order that a different authorship may be inferred from the different use of words, these latter must, in the first place, occur frequently enough to be characteristic of a passage; secondly, the passages compared must treat of the same subject so as to allow the same use of words; thirdly, it must be quite certain that the passages do not demand a difference of words on account of the

difference of purpose for which they may have been written.

In point of fact, in the case of the first twelve chapters of Genesis the critics themselves distinguish between the number of words found in P or in J only, and the number fairly characteristic of either document; of the 118 words used by P alone, they regard only 56 as really proper, and of the 246 words employed by J alone, they insist on only 104. Without determining whether the critics thus make the whole allowance due, we base the following calculation on their own admissions: since only 104 words are fairly characteristic of J,  $485 - 104 = 381$  words remain open for the choice of either P or J; and since only 56 words are really peculiar to P,  $485 - 56 = 429$  words vacillate between P and J. Since now P numbers 1858 forms in about 150 verses, this writer uses every word  $\frac{1858}{150} = 12.39$  times, and has in every verse  $\frac{12.39}{4} = 3.09$  new words; and since J contains about 1762 forms and 140 verses, this writer uses every word  $\frac{1762}{140} = 12.59$  times, and employs in every verse  $\frac{12.59}{4} = 3.15$  new words; with regard to the repetition of words therefore P: J:: 4.87: 4.11; and with regard to the use of new words P: J:: 2.54: 3.06; in other words, the difference between P and J in these two respects is practically inappreciable.

But there still remains the fact that in the first twelve chapters of Genesis 56 words are peculiar to P, and 104 words are characteristic of J. In order to appreciate the real value of this difference, let the reader compare any two opposite pages of a book; or, to touch our present question more directly, let him divide the first twelve chapters of Genesis into any two parts of about equal extent, assigning the first six chapters to one, and the second six to the other, or giving all the even chapters or pages or verses to the first, and all the odd chapters or pages or verses to the second, and he will in any case find as many words fairly characteristic of either part as our critics

have found to be peculiar to either P or J. The wonder is rather that our critics, in spite of their accurate analysis, have not discovered more verbal differences between the alleged two documents than that they may have found so many. Knobel among others appealed to the argument of verbal differences for his division of the Hexateuch into an alleged *Rechtsbuch* and *Kriegsbuch* (Law-book and Warbook), and yet no subsequent critic has been convinced by his proof. "What would be thought of an attempt to prove the *Ars Poetica* spurious, on the ground that the words *exlex, sesquipedalia, cotis, litura, quincunce*, and the phrases *purpureus pannus, lucidus ordo, callida iunctura, norma loquendi, in medias res, incredulus odi, sagax rerum, vivas voces, ore rotundo, decies repetita, laudator temporis acti*, the simile of the mountain and the mouse, and the proverbial saying, *occupet extremum scabies*, occur nowhere else in the writings of Horace?"

If the argument for the plural authorship of a book based on the verbal differences in its various parts be valueless, the same must be said of the proof based on a difference of style in different passages. Dr. Green clearly illustrates the fallacy of this manner of analyzing the text: "With the same propriety a bill presented by a merchant to his customer might be compared with a letter written to his wife, and diversity of authorship inferred, because one deals in dates and figures and business forms, and the other in easy flowing sentences." In order, therefore, to base a fair inference on diversity of style in different sections of a book, the comparison should be made between parts that have the same theme and the same purpose, and deal with the same circumstances. As it is, the critics first assign the full genealogies and the first chapter of Genesis, written in almost lapidary style, to the one author, and most of the narrative portions to the other; what wonder then that the style of the two differs in the way described by the critics?

To show how much value the critics themselves attach to the argument from the peculiarity of style, we may draw attention to the following facts: first, though the style of the first chapter of Genesis agrees exactly with that of P, still most critics look upon this chapter as not original with P, but as incorporated from an outside source; secondly, Gen. ii. 4b-iii. 25 is an admirable specimen of the style assigned to J, and yet Drs. Reuss and Wellhausen declare that J did not write these chapters; thirdly, Dr. Reuss doubts whether any portion of the first eleven chapters can be assigned to J in spite of the presence of J's style; finally, beginning with Gen. xx., we meet a series of passages exhibiting all the characteristics of J's style, and still they are assigned by the critics to a writer, E, wholly distinct from J.

The third argument to which the critics appeal in support of their text division in Gen. i.-xii., is based on a difference in the use of the divine names Elohim and Yahweh. In the last ten chapters of the book, Yahweh occurs only once and still the critical theory divides its text as lustily in these parts as in the first chapters. No Christian audience will consider it remarkable to hear God called merciful in a sermon on the redemption; just, in a discourse on eternal punishment; almighty, in a lecture on creation; and must we not suppose that the Hebrew speaker, or writer, too, varied the name of God according to the nature of the subject he was treating? Now, (1) we know that Yahweh denoted God, in his capacity of theocratic ruler of Israel, the God of grace, while Elohim applied to God appellatively, and in his capacity of creator, the God of nature. (2) It is, therefore, but natural that Yahweh is used at times for the sole purpose of identification, in immediate connection with another divine name, while Elohim marks the distinction between God and the creature, and is used in connection with those outside the divine covenant.

(3) If we add to this that the Hebrew writer sometimes uses a certain divine name for the purpose of referring back to a preceding passage, in which the same name occurred, and that in other passages, where either divine name would be appropriate, he is not influenced by any specially apparent reason for using the one rather than the other, we have all the principles needed to explain the alleged differences in the use of the divine names, on which the critics so confidently rely.

In Gen. i. 1, ii. 3, Elohim is used, because there is question of God, the creator; Gen. ii. 4, iv. 26 touches the supernatural relation between God and man, and employs, therefore, the divine name Yahweh, to which Elohim is added, Gen. ii. 4, iii. 23, for the purpose of identifying the God of nature with the God of grace; Elohim occurs in iii. 1-5, because the serpent, speaking and spoken to in this passage, is outside the covenant; Elohim stands again in iv. 25, because there is question of a mere opposition between God and man. Elohim, in v. i., refers back to Elohim in i. 27; in v. 22, 24, it occurs in the phrase, "to walk with God." Similarly, Elohim stands in the phrase, "sons of God," in vi. 2, 4, while the supernatural relation between God and man, as expressed in vi. 1-8, is emphasized by five repetitions of the name Yahweh. It is to give expression to this same close relation between God and man, that in vii. 1-5, Yahweh bids Noe enter the ark, in vii. 16, He shuts the door after the patriarch, and in viii. 20, 22, He receives Noe's sacrifice after the flood. In ix. 26-27, Yahweh is called the God of Sem, the God of the future covenant, while Elohim is the God of Japheth.

This explanation of the variation in the use of the divine names appears to us less violent than that of the critics; besides, the principles of the critics do not explain the whole phenomenon as it lies before us. First, Elohim is allowed

to remain in the Yahwistic document as often as twenty times in Gen. ii., iii., and a number of times in the subsequent chapters; secondly, in seven cases the name Elohim has to be changed to Yahweh or vice versa, by the aid of the redactor, in order to make the facts square with the critical theory; thirdly, in thirteen cases fragments of the text have to be torn from their natural context for the same purpose; fourthly, in chapters xx.-l., the critics find it necessary for their theory to assume a second Elohim document, closely allied to the Yahwistic document in material and diction, but largely taking the place of the priestly document which uses the name Elohim elsewhere. And considering that all these difficulties beset the critics in the book of Genesis in which their text division is more plausible than in any other book of the Hexateuch, we naturally begin to distrust the critical analysis.

We come now to the fourth and last basis of the critical text division, consisting in an alleged difference of theological views in divers passages of the same book. To confine ourselves to the priestly document P and the Yahwistic document J, the former is said to be strictly monotheistic, to represent God as sublime and almighty, to magnify the supernatural, to assume a progressive divine revelation, and to know at first nothing of the covenant, of altars and sacrifices, of clean and unclean, of the ceremonial law; the Yahwistic document on the other hand is claimed to be less strictly monotheistic, to represent God more like man, to establish a more familiar relation between God and man, to recur less frequently to miracles, to represent the divine revelation not as progressive, but to be acquainted with part of the ceremonial law, with altars and sacrifices from the beginning.

Our answer to the third argument of the critics partially covers their present argument also; since Yahweh is the God of the covenant the name is naturally employed in all those sections in which

the future covenant is foreshadowed as it were, i. e., in all passages that treat of altar and sacrifice, of clean and unclean, of the ceremonial law. Again, since Yahweh is the God of grace and love, we must expect to find it used in passages that treat of the more familiar intercourse between God and man, that are in the language of the critics, more anthropomorphic and less monotheistic. It is not the purpose of our present paper to deal with the baseless insinuation contained in the terms "anthropomorphic" and "less monotheistic." Finally, if we examine the documents P and J as constructed by the critics we discover that P may be less anthropomorphic than J, but it is anthropomorphic for all that (Gen. i. 3, 4, 5, etc.); it may allude less to the ceremonial law and the covenant than does J, but it knows of both without the shadow of a doubt (cf. xvii. 10, 11; xxxiv; xxxv. 13, 14); it may not mention the origin of arts and industries, but the construction of the ark (vi. 13-16) implies a considerable progress in both. As therefore no Christian scholar thinks of dividing the gospel into two documents containing respectively the description of our Lord's power and majesty on the one hand and of His kindness and mercy on the other, so we must abstain from a similar division of the account of God's dealing with men in the Old Testament.

The critics may reply that their argument is cumulative in its very nature, and as two men can lift a weight that cannot be moved by one, so the four fore-

going considerations taken together may prove a thesis which each argument taken separately does not prove. We fully admit the truth of the critics' observation concerning the special cumulative efficiency of physical or logical causes in those cases in which each agent taken separately exercises some efficiency in relation to the intended effect. If Peter lifts 200 pounds and Paul 250 the two together will lift 450 pounds: but if the California trees be so high that Peter and Paul taken singly cannot see their tops, their tops will remain unseen even if Peter and Paul together look up from the foot of the trees. Fifty bad arguments do not prove a man to be a murderer; a whole bunch of keys will not open a door if each key in particular does not fit the lock. Now we have seen that each of the critics' arguments taken singly proves nothing as far as the critical text division is concerned; we fail to see therefore how the critics can expect better results from all their arguments combined.

After explaining the nature and extent of the divisive criticism, and examining its arguments, we submit to the reader the actual critical division of a passage regarded by the critics themselves as the best illustration of their result. Under P and J we present in parallel columns the sections of the history of the deluge attributed to either document. (Gen. vi. 1, ix. 28). Elohim, Yahweh, and other characteristic words and phrases have been retained.

#### J.=YAHWISTIC WRITER.

*VI. 1 And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the ground, and daughters were born unto them, 2 that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took to themselves wives of all which they chose. 3 And Yahweh said: My spirit shall not remain in man for ever, for that he is also flesh, yet his days shall be a hundred and twenty years.*

*4 The Nephilim were on the earth in those days \* when the sons of God came in unto*

\* Gloss: And also after that.

#### P.=PRIESTLY WRITER.

*VI. 9 These are the generations of Noe.*

Noe was a righteous man, perfect in his generations: Noe walked with Elohim. *10 And Noe begat three sons, Sem, Cham, and Japheth. 11 And the earth was corrupt before Elohim, and the earth was filled with violence. 12 And Elohim saw the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth.*

*13 And Elohim said to Noe, The end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will*

*the daughters of men, and they bare children to them; these were the mighty men of old, the men of renown.*

5 And Yahweh saw that the wickedness of man was great on the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually. 6 And it repented Yahweh that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart. 7 And Yahweh said, I will destroy man \* from the face of the earth † for it repenteth me that I have made them. 8 But Noe found grace in the eyes of Yahweh.

VII. 1 And Yahweh said unto Noe, Come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation. 2 Of every clean beast thou shalt take to thee seven and seven, the male and his female; and of the beasts that are not clean two, the male and his female; 3 Of the fowl also of the air, seven and seven; ‡ to keep seed alive upon the face of the earth. 4 For yet seven days, and I will cause it to rain upon the earth forty days and forty nights; and every living thing that I have made, will I destroy from off the face of the ground. 5 And Noe did according to all that Yahweh commanded him.

7 And Noe went in § into the ark because of the waters of the flood. || 10 And it came to pass after the seven days that the waters of the flood were upon the earth. 12 And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights. 16b And Yahweh shut him in, ¶ 17c And the waters increased, and

\* R: Whom I have created.

† R: Both man, and beast, and creeping thing, and fowl of the air.

‡ R: male and female.

§ R: and his sons, and his wife, and his son's wives with him.

|| R: 8. Of clean beasts, and of beasts that are not clean, and of fowls, and of every thing that creepeth upon the ground, 9 there went in two and two unto Noe into the ark, male and female, as Elohim commanded Noe.

¶ R: 17. And the flood was forty days upon the earth.

destroy them with the earth. 14 Make thee an ark of gopher wood; thou shalt make rooms in the ark, and shalt pitch it within and without with pitch. 15 And this is how thou shalt make it: the length of the ark three hundred cubits, the breadth of it fifty cubits, and the height of it thirty cubits. 16 Thou shalt make a window to the ark, and to a cubit shalt thou finish it upward; and the door of the ark shalt thou set in the side thereof; with lower, second, and third stories shalt thou make it.

17 And I, behold, I do bring the flood \*\* upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, from under heaven; everything that is on the earth shall die. 18 But I will establish my covenant with thee and thou shalt come into the ark, thou, and thy sons, and thy wife, and thy sons' wives with thee. 19 And of every living thing of all flesh, two of every sort shalt thou bring into the ark, to keep them alive with thee; they shall be male and female. 20 Of the fowl after their kind, and of the cattle after their kind, of every creeping thing of the ground after its kind, two of every sort shall come into thee, to keep them alive. 21 And take thou unto thee of all food that is eaten, and gather it to thee; and it shall be for food for thee, and for them. 22 Thus did Noe; according to all that Elohim commanded him, so did he.

VII. 6 And Noe was six hundred years old when the flood †† was upon the earth. 11 In the six hundredth year of Noe's life, in the second month, on the seventeenth day of the month, on the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened. 13 In the self-same day entered Noe, and Sem, and Cham, and Japheth, the sons of Noe, and Noe's wife, and the three wives of his sons, with them, into the ark; 14 they and every beast after its kind, and all the cattle after their kind, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth after its kind, and every fowl after its kind every bird of every sort. 15 And they went in unto Noe into the ark, two and two of all flesh wherein is the breath of life. 16a And they that went in, went in male and female of all flesh, as Elohim commanded him. 17 And the flood was upon the earth. 18 And the waters prevailed, and increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. 19 And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth and all the high mountains that were under the whole heaven were covered. 20 Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered. 21 And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both fowl, and cattle, and beast, and every creeping

\*\* Gloss: Of waters.

†† Gloss: Of waters.

bare up the ark, and it was lifted up above the earth. <sup>22</sup> All in whose nostrils was the breath \* of life, of all that was in the dry land, died. <sup>23</sup> And every living thing was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground; Noe only was left, and they what were with him in the ark.

*VIII.* <sup>26</sup> And the rain from heaven was restrained <sup>3</sup> and the waters returned from off the earth continually. <sup>6</sup> And it came to pass at the end of forty days, that Noe opened the window of the ark which he had made; <sup>7</sup> and he sent forth a raven, and it went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth. <sup>8</sup> And he sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground; <sup>9</sup> but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him to the ark; for the waters were on the face of the whole earth; and he put forth his hand and took her, and brought her in unto him into the ark. <sup>10</sup> And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; <sup>11</sup> and the dove came into him at eventide; and, lo, in her mouth an olive leaf plucked off; so Noe knew that the waters were abated from off the earth. <sup>12</sup> And he stayed yet other seven days; and he sent forth the dove; and she returned not again unto him any more. <sup>13b</sup> And Noe removed the covering of the ark, and looked, and, behold, the face of the ground was dried. <sup>20</sup> And Noe built an altar unto Yahweh; and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar. <sup>21</sup> And Yahweh smelled the sweet savour; and Yahweh said in his heart, I will not again curse the ground any more for man's sake, for that the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth; neither will I again smite any more every living thing, as I have done. <sup>22</sup> While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.

*IX.* <sup>18</sup> And the sons of Noe that went forth of the ark, were Sem, and Cham, and Japheth. † <sup>19</sup> These three were the sons of Noe; and of these was the whole earth overspread.

<sup>20</sup> And Noe began to be a husbandman, and planted a vineyard; <sup>21</sup> and he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent. <sup>22</sup> And ‡ Chanaan, saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without. <sup>23</sup> And Sem and Japheth took a garment, and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father; and their faces were backward, and they saw not their father's nakedness.

thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man. § <sup>24</sup> And the waters prevailed upon the earth a hundred and fifty days.

*VIII.* <sup>1</sup> And Elohim remembered Noe, and every living thing, and all the cattle that were with him in the ark; and Elohim made a wind to pass over the earth, and the waters assuaged; <sup>2</sup> the fountains also of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped; <sup>3b</sup> and after the end of a hundred and fifty days the waters decreased. <sup>4</sup> And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat. <sup>5</sup> And the waters decreased continually until the tenth month; in the tenth month, on the first day of the month, were the tops of the mountains seen. <sup>13</sup> And it came to pass in the six hundred and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth. <sup>14</sup> And in the second month, on the seven and twentieth day of the month was the earth dry.

<sup>15</sup> And Elohim spoke unto Noe, saying, <sup>16</sup> Go forth of the ark, thou, and thy wife, and thy sons, and thy sons' wives with thee. <sup>17</sup> Bring forth with thee every living thing that is with thee of all flesh, both fowl, and cattle, and every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth; that they may breed abundantly on the earth, and be fruitful, and multiply upon the earth. <sup>18</sup> And Noe went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him: <sup>19</sup> every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, whatsoever moveth upon the earth, after their families, went forth out of the ark.

*IX.* <sup>1</sup> And Elohim blessed Noe and his sons, and said unto them. Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. <sup>2</sup> And the fear of you, and the dread of you shall be upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air; with all wherewith the ground teemeth, and all the fishes of the sea, into your hand are they delivered. <sup>3</sup> Every moving thing that liveth shall be food for you; as the green herb have I given you all. <sup>4</sup> But flesh with the life thereof || you shall not eat. <sup>5</sup> And surely your blood—the blood—of your lives, will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it; and at the hand of man, even at the hand of

§R: (23c) Both man, and cattle, and creeping thing, and fowl, of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth.

|| R: Its blood.

\* R: Of the spirit.

† Gloss: And Cham is the father of Chanaan.

‡ Gloss: Cham the father of.

24 And Noe awoke from his wine, and knew what his youngest son had done unto him. 25 And he said,

*Cursed be Chanaan;*

*A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.\**

*Blessed be Yahweh † of Sem,*

*And let Chanaan be his servant.*

27. *God enlarge Japheth,*

*And let him dwell in the tents of Sem;*

*And let Chanaan be his servant.*

every man's brother, will I require the life of man. 6 Whosoever sheds man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed; for in the image of Elohim made he man. 7 And you, be you fruitful, and multiply; bring forth abundantly on the earth, and multiply therein.

8 And Elohim spoke unto Noe, and to his sons with him, saying: 9 And I, behold, I establish my covenant with you, and with your seed after you; 10 and with every living creature that is with you, the fowl, the cattle, and every beast of the earth with you; of all that go out of the ark, even every beast of the earth.

11 And I will establish my covenant with you; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of the flood, neither shall there any more be a flood to destroy the earth. 12 And Elohim said: This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations: 13 I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. 14 And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud. 15 and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh. 16 And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between Elohim and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth. 17 And Elohim said unto Noe, This is the token of the covenant which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.

28 And Noe lived after the flood three hundred and fifty years. 29 And all the days of Noe were nine hundred and fifty years; and he died.

We have already considered the value of the critical argument for text division based on the difference of language in the two documents; here we only draw the reader's attention to the artificial division of the history wholly calculated to assign all the chronological and systematic material to P, leaving the rest to J. And after all this cunning exhibited in the division, the critics must remove part of vi. 7; vii. 3, 9, 23, ix. 29 and the whole of ix. 18, 19 out of the J document, and part of vi. 17; vii. 6, 17 out of the P document in order not to allow inconsistencies in their sources. The

reasons for the use of Yahweh and Elohim in the respective passages have been considered above; only let the reader notice here the presence of Elohim in two places of the J document, vi. 2 and vii. 9; the absence of Yahweh from vii. 16 to viii. 20 does not prevent the critics from assigning six intervening passages to J. Since the biblical history of the flood considers the event almost alternately in its relation to God the lord of nature and to God the author of grace, we naturally expect to see in the account God's indignation against the sinner, the miraculous exhibition of His justice, and His care for preserving the seeds of life almost alternate with His

\* Gloss: 26 And he said:

† Gloss: The God.



compassionate sorrow for man, His loving care for Noe, and his condescension in accepting the offered sacrifice. But all this has been sufficiently explained in the preceding paragraphs.

Only a word must be added concerning the narrative itself which at first sight appears to be really duplicate. But let the reader attend to the following points: first, vi. 1-8 does not properly belong to the flood section of Genesis; the sections of the book are introduced by the phrase "these are the generations" (cf. ii. 4; v. 1; vi. 9; x. 1; xi. 10; xi. 27; xxv. 12; xxv. 19; xxxvi. 1; xxxvii. 1), and this phrase occurs only in vi. 9; secondly, after briefly summing up in the beginning of the new section what God had decreed to do in the preceding part, the author tells us how God announced his decree to man, and instructed man how to prepare during the next 120 years for the flood; thirdly, seven days before the flood God bids Noe enter the ark, and again repeats his reasons, vii. 1-5; fourthly, Noe enters the ark on the very day the flood begins, and the flood remains on the earth for 150 days, vii. 6-24; fifthly, God remembers Noe, the flood decreases, the earth dries up, viii. 1-14; sixthly, Noe is commanded to leave the ark; he obeys, builds an altar, makes the covenant with God, and begins to be a husbandman, viii. 15, ix. 27. In all this there is evidently no duplicate account of the same event. Nor is there any duplicate in vii. 17-20 or in vii. 21-23. If we read the first passage attentively, we shall see nothing but a beautiful gradation in it: the waters increase, and the ark is lifted up; the waters increase greatly, and the ark swims on the face of the waters; the waters prevail exceedingly, and the high mountains are covered; fifteen cubits upwards do the waters prevail, and the mountains are covered. The same must be said about the second passage: all flesh died that moved upon the earth; all in whose nostrils was the breath of the spirit of life

died; every living thing was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, Noe only being left with them that were in the ark.

Since the alleged contradictions between the two accounts of the flood are evidently of the critical manufacture, we need not here endeavor to explain them. But we must ask the reader to look once more over the duplicates such as the critics ask us to accept them: In vi. 9-12, P tells us of the divine decree to destroy the world, without informing us about the real cause of the same; in vii. 1-5, J tells us of Noe's command to enter the ark, concerning the building of which he leaves us in entire ignorance; in vii. 11, 13-16, P dilates upon Noe's entrance into the ark, briefly indicated in vii. 7-8, without intimating that he did so at God's command: in vii., 17-20, and vii., 21-23, the critical division destroys the beautiful gradation concerning the prevalence of the flood and the destruction of life, without supplying the link that is thus lacking in the description of the inspired writer; in viii. 13, P carries us to a date about eleven months after the beginning of the flood, and two months after the appearance of the tops of the mountains, without telling us of any attempt on the part of Noe to ascertain the state of the earth; in viii. 20, J makes Noe build an altar without telling us of his leaving the ark; in ix. 1 ff., the divine blessing, as represented by P, is not ethically founded on any good motive.

We know that the critics endeavor to fill up these gaps in P and J respectively, by supposing that both omitted certain parts of the documents they had before them. But when we have recourse to mere assumptions and makeshifts, let us cease to speak of science and the results of criticism. If we assume that twice two is five, we may prove almost any absurdity in arithmetic; similarly, if we assume that the far-famed redactor is a fool, we can, by his aid, explain any folly in the critical division of the inspired text.

## EARLY SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS IN SAXON ENGLAND.

*By J. Arthur Floyd.*

IN the olden times, before the so-called Reformers had commenced their disastrous work of uprooting faith and undermining belief in the supernatural, it was held that education must have its foundation in, and be in harmony with, revealed truth. Such had, and ever has been, the teaching of the Church: for a later post-Reformation age was reserved the unenviable distinction of bringing into existence a system of education divorced from religion. In harmony with the religious convictions of our Catholic forefathers such universities as Paris, Oxford and Cambridge, rose on the foundations of monastic schools laid ages earlier, and the same convictions promoted the first establishment of all the most venerable schools and universities of Christendom. Popes and ecclesiastics were their sponsors and their guardians, the Church their nursing mother, in the shade of the sanctuary they nestled, and within their walls arts and sciences became the allies of faith in elevating man above his nature, and in leading him to a more intelligent conception of Catholic Faith, and of obedience to its precepts.

As in the present, so in the past, schools have ever sprung up in the immediate footsteps of the Apostles of the Cross. The monks sent from Rome by Pope St. Gregory had no sooner landed in Kent, and gained the good will of King Ethelbert, than St. Augustine, their leader, commenced to organize a teaching staff in his episcopal city. There the school of Canterbury, overshadowed by the rising walls of the earliest Saxon cathedral in England, grew up side by side with the monastery then building for the Saint and his religious. Some forty years later St. Sige-

bert and St. Felix, the apostles of East Anglia, built similar schools to aid in the conversion of the people of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire; and at about the same time St. Aidan gathered together twelve boys of the English nation "to be instructed in Christ," and thus was laid the foundation of the great school of Lindisfarne.

A little later Pope Vitalian promoted Theodore to the archbishopric of Canterbury, and sending him to England he appointed Abbot Adrian to accompany him as his counsellor and assistant. Theodore was a Greek monk, and both he and Adrian were eminently versed in the languages of Greece and Rome. Their arrival gave a great impulse to the work of education. By their efforts the school founded at Canterbury by St. Augustine was extended and improved, Adrian himself being placed at the head of the educational staff. Many other schools were also established in connection with the monasteries and cathedrals throughout the land, and in particular at Hexham, founded by St. Wilfrid, and at the famous monasteries at the mouth of the Wear, founded by St. Benedict Biscop, and dedicated respectively to St. Peter and St. Paul. Such schools rose into great esteem and became great centres of learning. In passing it may be remarked that Professor Freeman has "no doubt whatever that large parts of the two churches (St. Peter's, Monkwearmouth, and St. Paul's, Jarrow) now standing are the genuine work of Benedict Biscop." It was in the latter that Venerable Bede worshipped, but the ruins of the monastery adjacent to the church (shown in the accompanying illustration) are of early Norman date, occupying the site of the earlier structure

of Bede's time. Fixed in the walls of the church the original dedication stone, of "undoubted authenticity," is still in existence, bearing the following inscription in Latin: "The Dedication of the Basilica of St. Paul on the 9th of the Kalends of May, in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid, and in the fourth year of the Abbot Ceolfrid—under God, the founder of the said Church." Ceolfrid, it should be stated, was made abbot at Jarrow under St. Benedict Biscop, who retained the government of both monasteries.

The Saxons at their first arrival in England "knew nothing and cared nothing for the laws, or language or arts" left by the Romans. They swept everything before them, and save, in Wales, the stronghold of the refugee Britons, where the school of Lantwit Major—the sometime home of the historian Gildas—and other similar institutions survived, not a vestige of the old civilization remained. Ireland escaped their ravages, and long before the first knowledge of letters reached the Saxons, her schools had gained such renown as to be considered the chief seat of learning in Western Europe. A somewhat petulant outbreak of patriotic warmth on the part of St. Aldhelm, a seventh century scholar, who from the abbacy of Malmesbury rose to the bishopric of Sherborne and died in 709, gives contemporary evidence of the long standing superiority of Irish learning. "Why," asks good Aldhelm of a fellow-countryman who had but just returned from a long course of study in Ireland, "why should Ireland, whither troops of students are daily transported, boast of such unspeakable excellence, as it in the rich soil of England Greek and Roman masters were not to be had to unlock the treasures of divine knowledge? Though Ireland, rich and blooming in scholars, is adorned like the poles of the world with innumerable bright stars, Britain has her radiant sun, her sovereign pontiff Theodore." With commendable pride Aldhelm might speak of the

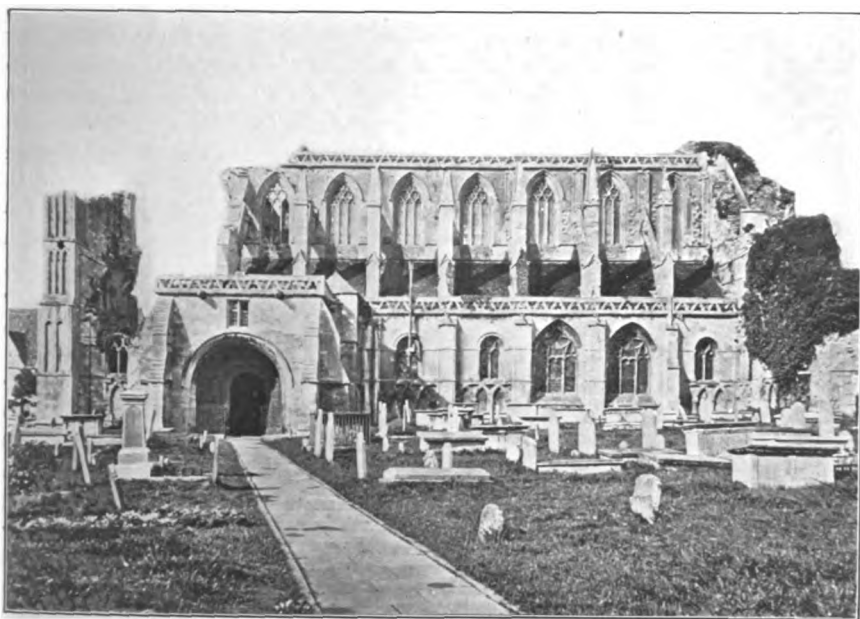
wonderful development of learning that had taken place under Theodore and Adrian. A better day had indeed dawned for England when her schools had made such advances that they could enter the list to compete for fame and honor with the more venerable schools in Ireland from which so large a number of her own teachers had been drawn.

It is said that many of the ecclesiastical seminaries in Ireland traced their origin back to the age of St. Patrick, or immediately after; and "besides those of Ailbe, of Iwar, of the poet Fiech at Sletty, there appears to have been also a school at Armagh, established by the apostle himself, and entrusted, during his lifetime, to the care of his disciple Benignus." In the sixth century "such institutions had multiplied in every direction; but by far the most distinguished of them all, as well for the numbers as the superior character of its scholars, was the renowned seminary of St. Finnian, at Clonard" in the county of Meath. There three thousand scholars are said to have been daily following their studies, and there, in the time of its holy founder, St. Columba finished an education commenced earlier under Cruithnechan, a priest spoken of by Adamnan as a man of blameless life.

"No other nation possesses any monument of its literature, in its present spoken language, which goes back to within several centuries of the beginning of the Chronicles of Ireland," whilst competent authorities assert that the very forms of the alphabetical characters in use amongst the Saxons were borrowed from the sister island. The letters of the sixth century Irish saint, Columbanus, who spent the greater part of his life in his native land, and died in 615 at Bobbio, in Italy, afford evidence of an intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew languages acquired long before the days of St. Theodore at Canterbury, while his extant works in Latin "shine out in this twilight period of Latin literature with no ordinary dis-

tion." The writings of the still earlier (fifth century) poet, Sedulius, to whom history ascribes some of the most beautiful of the church's liturgical hymns, "testify that classic poetry was cultivated at a very early period in Ireland." We find, too, that scientific knowledge was there in a more advanced stage than might have been expected. Virgilius, in the eighth century, "had from the knowledge acquired by him in the Irish schools, where geographical and philosophical studies were more cul-

The history of the early Saxon schools is inseparably connected with that of the more ancient schools of Ireland. Many of the former were under the superintendence of Irish teachers, whilst members of the nobility and of the lower ranks of the English nation retired to Ireland, where they applied themselves to study, going from one master's cell to another, and from their Irish hosts they received, without charge, books, instruction, and daily food. Among these was Alfrid, son of a king of Bernicia, whose



MALMESBURY, ABBEY CHURCH, FOUNDED BY THE IRISH MONK, MAIDULF.

tivated than in other parts of the West, come to the conclusion that the earth was of a spherical figure, and that, by a necessary consequence there were antipodes." The charge of heresy brought against Virgilius as a consequence of his anticipation of this now so long-established fact, appears to have had no other foundation than was to be found in certain deductions from his theory for which he was not responsible, and his subsequent elevation to the see of Salisbury seems to show that he continued to receive the confidence of the Church.

claim to the throne at the death of his father was, on account of illegitimate birth, set aside by the nobility in favor of his younger brother, Egfrid. Retiring to Ireland, Alfrid made such good use of his ample leisure that he became "deeply versed in literature." The accomplishments thus acquired led to his recall at the death of his brother, and to his being placed on the throne by those who had before thought him unworthy. Bede also incidentally speaks of two youths of the English nation, Ethelhun and Egbert by name, as

scholars "of great capacity," who studied in Ireland. Ethelhun, he relates, was brother to Ethelwin, "a man no less beloved by God, who also afterwards went over into Ireland to study, and having been well instructed, returned into his own country, and being made bishop in the province of Lindsey, he long governed that church worthily and creditably." The superiority of the Irish schools was of such long standing, and had become so notorious that Bede, in these incidental remarks, written, as he intended, for the information of his own and subsequent ages, did not consider it necessary to explain why "troops" of students flocked to them from other lands.

"The imperious necessity of spreading themselves without, of seeking or carrying knowledge and faith afar, and of penetrating into the most distant regions to watch or combat paganism," says Montalembert, "was a characteristic . . . distinctive of the Irish monks, as of all their nation." Thus not only did Irish learning draw over a large stream of Saxon students, but, as already pointed out, Irish teachers came over to England to assist in instructing the Saxons in their own land. The letter of St. Aldhelm's, already quoted, scarcely prepares us to find that he, too, had been a pupil of one of these zealous Irish teachers. Such, however, was the case, and although he had subsequently studied for some time in the school of Canterbury under Abbot Adrian, where he made himself acquainted with Roman jurisprudence, yet his earlier education was received in the abbey of Malmesbury. The abbey, as well as the town in which it was placed, took its very name from its Irish founder Meildulf, or Maidulf, and therein, "from his earliest infancy and first intuition in the study of learning he (Aldhelm) had been instructed by Maidulf in the liberal arts," and his acquirements give testimony to the erudition of his master. Aldhelm followed Maidulf in the abbacy,

and under his charge Malmesbury Abbey became the centre of a concourse of students eager to glean in their native land those flowers of literature they had hitherto passed over to Ireland to cull. His writings, so we are told by an eminent authority, assumed a more lofty and a more animated tone than those of any of his countrymen. In particular his treatises on "Virginity," written in hexameter verse and prose, "in imitation of Sedulius," are regarded by William of Malmesbury as proofs of his immortal genius; and though he expostulated with his countrymen for their marked preference for the schools of Ireland, yet, if imitation be flattery, his adoption of the style of Sedulius is the best of proofs that he could appreciate the merits and excellence of Irish writers.

Agilbert, Bishop of Dorchester, was another illustrious Saxon prelate, though of Frankish birth, who received his education in Ireland; and at Lindisfarne Agilbert's "disciple," the great St. Wilfrid, commenced, under the Scotch-Hibernian masters of that school, the course of training which fitted him to become, under Agilbert, the leader of the orthodox party, and the champion of the papacy, in the Council of Whitby.

A very slight acquaintance with the educational system of Saxon England is sufficient to show that the monasteries were the chief sources of its strength. "From the days of St. Benedict," says Father Gasquet, "there were attached to most of his monasteries claustral schools, in which monks labored to instruct the children committed to their charge in worldly science, while the living example of self-sacrifice and restraint which the religious man ever presented to the eyes of his pupils could not fail to impress them most profoundly with the things of God. . . . The annals of the order show that, in the seventh century, there existed in Europe a vast number of these monastic schools, in which the circle of teaching embraced all that was then known." Lindisfarne, York,

Malmesbury and Glastonbury were but types of the numerous monastic schools to be found in England in the eighth and ninth centuries.

The establishment of these claustral schools is evidence of a development of monasticism in a direction not contemplated by its earliest founders. "Originally," as we are told by Dr. Lingard, "the monks held knowledge in inferior estimation; they preferred mere humble manual labor as better adapted to the life of penitence." But the time came

schools, to which in after times Europe was to owe its culture and its learning." The constitution drawn up by the Saint for his order "made ample provision for the training up of youth in the more useful branches of education; all acquirements, however, being viewed with special reference to the extension of God's glory and the salvation of mankind." From the cloisters the order for improvement spread to the courts of kings, the castles of the nobles, and the homes of others of the laity, and the



CHURCH AT JARROW-ON-TYNE, AND RUINS OF MONASTERY BUILT ON THE SITE OF THE ONE IN WHICH VEN. BEDE LIVED.

when the ranks of the secular clergy, thinned out by the sword, rendered it necessary to call on the monks to help in ministering to the people, and in carrying the cross to distant lands. The study of languages, literature and arts, thus became a necessity, due to which "schools were opened up in the monastic as well as in the clerical communities." To St. Benedict, at Subiaco, children were sent for instruction by parents who dreaded the vice and license of the schools of Rome; and the incident marks "the first beginning of the

rewards of reputation and honor were lavishly bestowed on the faintest glimmerings of science.

It was not without justifiable excuse that St. Aldhelm could refer with pride to the results of Theodore's and Adrian's efforts to raise the intellectual status of the Anglo-Saxons. Under their fostering care Saxon learning advanced to a fame unsurpassed throughout Europe, and in this state it continued till the terrible Danish invasions reduced the country to a state almost as sad as that in which St. Augustine found it. At Can-

terbury those famed ecclesiastics "gathered a crowd of disciples, and there daily flowed from them rivers of knowledge to water the hearts of their hearers; and together with the Book of Holy Writ they also taught them the arts of poetry, astronomy, and ecclesiastical arithmetic." Pupils came to them from every kingdom of the Heptarchy, "and masters formed under their inspection were dispersed among the principal monasteries." It has been conjectured, says the late Father Stevenson, S.J., that Bede was educated by some of these disciples trained by Theodore and Adrian, whose intimate acquaintance with the Greek and Latin languages the "venerable" Saxon scholar mentions in terms of the highest admiration. Another of their pupils, with whom Bede was certainly acquainted, and by whom he was in fact ordained both to the diaconate and then to the priesthood, was John, Bishop of Beverley. In the school of Canterbury John was trained in "all innocence of manners and virtue"; there he was taught the "knowledge and prudence of Holy Scriptures," and "imbued with other learning likewise." Thence he was sent out to teach the ignorant people the word of God, and ultimately he came to rule the diocese in which Bede's monastery was located.

It is lamentable that no contemporary life of Bede has come down to modern times. Born in the territories of the twin monasteries of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Wearmouth and Jarrow-on-Tyne, of which we have already made mention, he was in early life placed in the care of the monks, and at St. Paul's, Jarrow, he remained till death. In the seclusion of his monastic home he devoted his days to the service of the altar, studying, teaching, and literary work. His surroundings were calculated to strengthen that craving for information which he had probably derived from his earliest instructor, St. Benedict Biscop. During his repeated journeys to Rome St. Benedict had gathered an extensive

collection of books, and on his death bed he gave particular instructions as to their preservation, "and not only were those instructions attended to, but additions were made from time to time to the monastic library by his successors." To that collection, so calculated to feed his thirst for knowledge, Bede had free access.

The church built of stone at Wearmouth, with every detail expressly planned to suit the Roman system of ritual and worship, was another creation of the genius and faith of St. Benedict Biscop with which Bede must have been familiar. Its walls were adorned with paintings from Scripture, history and the lives of our Lord and His saints. In its windows glass, hitherto unheard of in England, admitted the light, and bathed the interior with variegated hues. The vestments and vessels for the service of the altar were of the choicest workmanship, whilst its monastic choir, trained by John, Archchanter of St. Peter's, Rome, reproduced the music of the Mother Church of Christendom.

Of Bede's literary reputation the late Father Stevenson observes, "the writings which he has left behind him give proof that he was distinguished alike by diversified genius, extensive reading, and sincere piety. He has left commentaries upon many of the books of the Old and New Testaments, exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures and the writings of the early fathers, and which are of great value in showing both the doctrine and discipline of the Anglo-Saxon Church. His treatises upon chronology, arithmetic, astronomy, and cosmography, are more clear, comprehensive, and accurate, than those of his contemporaries, or immediate successors; he was skilled in the theory and practice of music, and was no mean adept in the arithmetic and mathematics of his age."

On the Continent his works were eagerly sought after by the most learned men of the age, nor did his reputation

decrease with his death, "for it extended with each succeeding generation, and the history of the early Church exhibits few individuals whose character stands higher either for moral worth, or literary acquirements." It is not difficult to imagine, continues the writer quoted, that Bede's reputation as a

dressed to that king is most interesting as showing that the growing taste for learning was shared by ecclesiastics and laity alike. "To the most illustrious King Ceolwulph," it runs, "Beda, the servant of Christ, and presbyter, sends greeting. I formerly, at your request, had the greatest satisfaction in transmit-

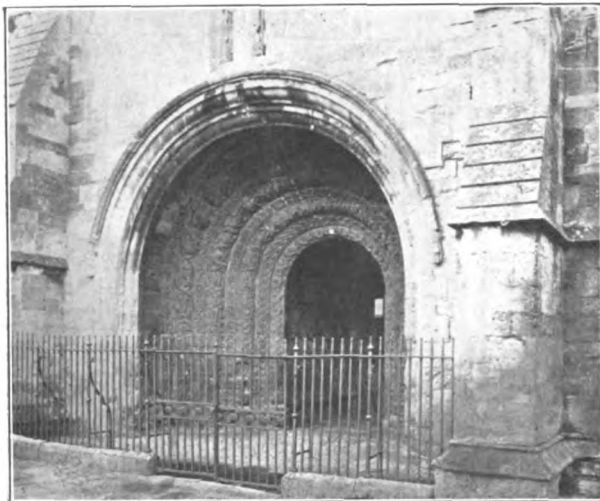


SAXON CHURCH, BRADFORD-ON-AVON, WILTSHIRE, FOUNDED BY ST. ALDHELM.

scholar and divine would draw around him a crowd of disciples. The names of some of his more favored pupils are preserved by himself, in the dedication of such of his works as were undertaken at their suggestion, or for their special benefit. His Ecclesiastical History he dedicated to Ceolwulph, King of Northumbria. The dedicatory epistle ad-

ding to you the Ecclesiastical History of the English nation, which I had lately published, in order that you might at that time read it and give it your approval, and now I send it to you, the second time, that you may cause it to be transcribed, and now read it more at your leisure. And I cannot but commend the sincerity and zeal with





NORMAN PORCH, MALMESBURY ABBEY CHURCH.

which you not only give diligent attention to the hearing of the words of Holy Scripture, but also industriously take care how you may become acquainted with the actions and sayings of former men of renown, more especially those of our own nation." What more satisfactory test of the elevating effects of the educational system of the Anglo-Saxon Church could be demanded than this development of civilization, and love of art and literature, in a race whose ancestors scarcely a century earlier were rude and unlettered pagans?

During Bede's lifetime his learning and commanding ability gained for the school in which he taught a fame which threw other monastic schools into the shade. He died in 735, and almost at once the monastic school of York, under Archbishop Egbert, who had been a pupil of the school of Hexham and a constant friend of Bede's, rose to a fame which reached its zenith when Alcuin, the most illustrious pupil, went to "take the lead in that glorious restoration of literature which, under the auspices and example of Charlemagne, was then commencing throughout the provinces of the empire." Egbert was assisted by Aelbert, afterwards his successor in the archbishopric, who gave instruction in general literature and what was known of

the sciences, whilst he himself gave lucid explanations of the Scriptures. Thoroughly imbued with belief in the elevating influence of learning, Archbishop Egbert set an example in the work of education which was followed by hosts of now forgotten teachers in cathedral and monastic schools throughout the land. Alcuin has left an interesting account of how Egbert's days were spent when at home at York. "He rose at day-break, and, when he was not prevented by more important occupations,

sitting on his couch, taught his pupils successively till noon. He then retired to his chapel and celebrated Mass. . . . During dinner a book of instruction was always read. Till the evening he amused himself with hearing his scholars discuss literary subjects. Then he repeated with them the service of compline, called them to him, and, as they successively knelt before him, gave them his benediction. They afterwards retired to rest."

An imperfect catalogue of the books in the library founded by Archbishop Egbert and attached to the school of York, drawn up by Alcuin, who was for some time librarian, gives some idea of the stage to which Saxon learning had advanced. It includes almost all the Greek and Latin authors distinguished in profane or sacred literature. Catholic fathers and pagan philosophers alike found a place therein. On its shelves were to be found the writings of "Jerome, Hilary, Ambrose, Athanasius, Orosius, the Popes Gregory and Leo, Basil, Fulgentius, Cassiodorus, John Chrysostom, Athelmu, Bede, Victorinus, Boethius; the ancient historical writers, as he calls them, Pompeius (most probably Justin, the epitomizer of the lost Trogus Pompeius) and Pliny; Aristotle, Cicero; the later poets Sedulius and Juvenius; Alcuin himself, Clem-

ent, Prosper, Paulinus, Arator, Fortunatus, and Lactantius, Virgil, Statius, Lucan; the author of the *Ars Grammaticæ*; the grammarians and scholiasts, Probus, Phocas, Donatus, Priscian and Servius, and many others."

The course of studies included grammar, rhetoric, poetry, "the harmony of the sky, the influence of the sun and moon, the five zones, the seven wandering planets; the laws, risings, and settings of the stars, and the aerial motions of the sea; earthquakes; the nature of man, cattle, birds and wild beasts, with their various kinds and forms; and the Sacred Scriptures." Unquestionably, however, a decided preference was given, as in the other monastic schools, to the study of theology, for in the main the students were destined for the ecclesiastical state. We thus find the Council of Cloveshoe, held in 747, ordering the bishops and abbots "to excite in the hearts of their subjects a deep-rooted love of study, for the salvation of souls and the glory of the Eternal King," and directing that their pupils should be "coerced and trained to the love of sacred studies."

The limits of this article will prevent our following Alcuin to the court of Charlemagne, where he founded the schools which ultimately developed into the University of Paris; we are also obliged to pass over the history of St. Boniface, the martyred apostle of Ger-

many, and the lives of many other illustrious pupils of the early Saxon schools whose names are enshrined in honor on the records of the school of Lerins and elsewhere throughout Europe. In an age when education had not become a necessary qualification for ordinary occupations in life, the monastic schools gave birth to a love of knowledge and the arts, which under the directing influence of religion, elevated the minds and raised the people far above the level of their pagan ancestors. This wonderful progression becomes the more remarkable when we remember that it was contemporaneous with that general decline of learning on the continent resulting from the barbarian invasions which overthrew the Roman Empire in the West. Soon England, too, became the theatre of a similar calamity, and in the dark flood of Danish invasion Saxon schools and learning disappeared like the sun eclipsed in full meridian splendor. The old faith, however, which had given rise to the early schools, lived on, and when the Danes, too, had submitted themselves to its beneficent influence, it brought about a restoration of all that had been lost, and before the dark days of the Reformation had dawned all the most renowned English schools and universities had come into existence as practical fruits of the charity of our Catholic ancestors.



INTERIOR OF SAXON CHURCH AT BRADFORD-ON-AVON.

## BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

*By J. M. Cave.*

*(Continued.)*

A FEW days later Margaret was invited to meet the Princess Valinski. How eagerly she looked forward to the hour fixed for the interview ! It sounded at last. The footman takes her card, and hardly has her name been announced than she hears the rustle of silken garments, followed by the dash and patter of many little feet. Another moment and the princess is holding out her hand, in cordial greeting, while her pugs in mad frolic rush round and round, and insist upon having a share in the meeting. Margaret's eyes vainly seek the face she longs to behold. But the affability, the cordiality of the princess, is more like that of an old friend than a new acquaintance. Before the welcome has fairly ended, and the two ladies are seated, a huge tray is brought in and placed near them, while on a marble console at their side a great silver samovar is already steaming socially.

"Ah, what a lovely child that is !" suddenly exclaims the princess. "Yes, yes ; a lovely child ! And, though only god-mother to her mother, I shall see that she makes a great match. Her mother,—ah, there was a beauty ! A beauty that men raved about, my dear ! Sacha, my god-daughter, had no equal for beauty, for wit, for grace. Men raved about her, while she disdained them ; and all for the sake of a beggar. He was a noble, of course ; but still a beggar, completely without fortune ! For his sake she forfeited her inheritance, refused many offers, gave up everything and came to Paris to study art. She was an artist to the tips of her fingers, full of talent, but she would have a diploma, would gain fame for her

lover's sake. While she was gaining it here in Paris, he, the student lover, became implicated in plots. Condemned without hope to Siberia ! The judge's daughter is in love with him. The judge says. 'Marry, and live in peace.' And, will you believe it, my dear ? he accepted the conditions,—was pardoned,—married the judge's daughter ! But she recovered, my dear ; and married, as you know, some foreigner ; no one knows whom. It seems she was happy, though a cripple."

"A cripple !" Margaret's sympathy was intensified.

"Yes, yes ; before her marriage ! Only think of it ! She had gotten over her madness, or despair in some degree, and had resumed her painting ; when, while at work one day, mounted on a tall ladder, copying a famous picture, she heard voices that made the blood mount to her head. She looked down and saw, my dear, the faithless wretch, who had married to save himself from exile, laughing and coquetting with his young bride, her old schoolmate. After a time, some one in the next room hears a fall ; and Sacha, my poor beautiful Sacha, is found lying in a heap, all broken, on the marble floor. No wonder you weep, my dear."

"And who cared for her in that extremity ?" asked Margaret.

"O, that man she married afterwards. There was no one else. He seized her in his arms, carried her to a cab, then to the nearest hospital. That was the beginning of their acquaintance. When she came to herself she begged him to keep her secret. It seems he had been in love with her from the day he first saw her, though she never so much as

looked at him. But he gained her confidence, her heart perhaps. Her pride was boundless; perhaps she married to break off all connection with Russia. The daughter of such a father, she would have died rather than let her sorrow be known, or become the subject of pity in the circles in which she had shone. No wonder she died. In the nature of things she could not survive such disappointment. You tell me you know nothing of her manner of life off there in the Pyrenees? That is a pity. She must have left traces of her stay there. It will be hard to find a suitable match for her daughter without paternal pedigree. But her grandfather's name will cover much."

Though Margaret's sympathy was keen, her interest sincere and deep in that poor young girl's fate, she was hungering for a sight of Blandine's face. She was anxious to know how she had passed the long intervening hours since they parted. Her thoughts wandered while the story ended.

Profiting by that little pause in the torrent of words, she asked, "Has our little girl been at all troublesome?"

"I will summon her now. She is to have a rare pleasure this morning. I am to take her to a children's matinee at the house of one of my friends."

The footman in cloak and cape now made his appearance. Touching his high hat, he signified that the carriage was ready.

"I rang for Mademoiselle, Feodor."

Feodor stepped aside to allow Mademoiselle to enter. She passed him, bearing her ladyship's wrap, gloves and fan.

"Is Mademoiselle Alexandrine ready?"

"She is coming, princess."

Preceded by a maid, Blandine was ushered into the presence of the two ladies.

"Madame is satisfied?"

The princess was critically scrutinizing the little girl; she was not easily satisfied, but at length she declared,

"Very good! Excellent! What say you, my dear?" this last to Margaret.

Margaret made no answer to the question, but drew as near as she could to her darling. Bending over Blandine she lifted her sweet face and kissed her forehead. The touch was balm to the child's heart. Encased for the first time in such unusual garb, short skirts reaching barely to her knees, a profusion of lace and ribbons, long gloves, white satin shoes, and with her abundant tresses falling loose and wavy around her shoulders, she hardly recognized herself as Blandine of Betharram, the little convent maid. Her eyes were feasting themselves on the dear face she loved, while trying to look brave and cheerful. But the restraint in which she found herself, was almost more than she could bear. Only love, unselfish love, gave her strength to resist the inclination that urged her to defy custom and throw her arms about Margaret's neck. But the princess no doubt guessed something of the child's trouble.

"Say *au revoir*, Sacha; and let Mademoiselle take you to the carriage."

Margaret bent over her once more, and whispered, while tenderly kissing the wistful face, "God bless my own darling Blandine!"

With that kiss, that whispered blessing, and the sign of the Cross imprinted upon her brow, Blandine is forced to turn away and follow her guide to the carriage. Margaret turns to face the princess, who is holding out her hand for a gracious adieu. The hand is not taken.

"Princess, we have not spoken of her future."

"Oh, but there is time, ample time. We shall meet again, and often; is it not so?"

"We are on our way to England."

"But not yet to go. No one can leave *Paris* at this season."

"We leave in ten days at the latest."

"What a pity! Still we shall meet."

Let me go to you to-morrow, or the day after and talk over our plans."

Margaret signified her consent.

"Then it is only *au revoir*," and Madame de Vallinski sails away, careless and content, while Margaret has no alternative but to return to her hotel and wait for the promised visit. But she goes back, blessing God for the glimpse she caught of Blandine's face as she sat in the carriage waiting. Neither gossamer gown, nor flowers, nor lace, nor flowing tresses had changed its modest expression. "Our Lady of Betharram is keeping watch over her," was her thought; and, strong in this conviction, she can wait for the lifting of the clouds that now appear so menacing.

It was a grievous disappointment to Margaret, when on the following day the princess was ushered in alone. Even more charming and affable, if possible, than on the previous day, she came forward with outstretched hands to exchange greetings. Her first words were a death blow to hope.

"Congratulate me, my dear; a rare piece of good fortune has befallen me. My friends, the Blanks, are going north, and have volunteered, *actually volunteered*—for how could I have asked such a favor?—to take charge of Sacha, to place her with their own children, under their personal care, till she is safely housed at Smolnoe."

"When do they go?" faltered Margaret.

"That is the only drawback. It is so sudden. But she will be very happy with children of her own age, and in her mother's country. They go at once. I have given her over to them.

"Ah, Monsieur Dacre!" The princess very graciously greeted Antony who entered at that moment from the adjoining room. He had overheard her words, and dreaded their effect. Margaret is doing her best to maintain her self-control, to bear up, at least before her visitor. All in vain. She reeled and would have fallen, had not Antony

stepped quickly to her side. When the princess turned and saw the drooping figure she realized in an instant that her words had been the cause. With real tears in her eyes she helped to place her on the sofa, with her own hands she bathed her temples, smoothed back the heavy tresses of dark hair, and fanned the pale brow on which stood great drops of perspiration.

"I never shall forgive myself," she cried, "never! How you must hate me! But ask yourself, M. Dacre, ask yourself, Madame, how could I know you were so tenderly attached to a strange child? I have no words in which to excuse myself. You must think me heartless!"

Margaret and Antony were disarmed. This frank self-accusation was the best possible defence that could have been offered.

"If I could recall her! But she is out of my hands, even more completely than out of yours, and I cannot withdraw now."

Antony asked for an explanation.

"To keep intact for Sacha the little fortune I can give her, as her marriage portion, I solicited and obtained permission to place her at the Smolnoe Institute, the 'St. Cyr,' as you know, of the Russians, for the education of our 'demoiselles nobles.' She will be brought up with maidens of her own rank, taught as nowhere else. She will be guarded from the world. When she sees anything of it, it will be the highest, their Imperial Majesties and the noblesse. With me you may rejoice; for all this will be carried out in the most liberal manner, and, as I said, what I can leave her will remain untouched."

Margaret had now partially recovered her self-composure. She thought she saw promise of a future possibility for her own wishes in the language of the princess.

"Had you been aware," she asked gently, "that an education as perfect, and as costly, as the one you speak of,

could and *would* have been given to the child, would you have consented to her remaining my adopted daughter?"

"Had I known it in time, why not? Many of our nobles are sent here to be educated. I was myself a pupil at Fontainebleau."

"If it be not too late, name any sum you think suitable for her education and her dowry, and I will gladly accede to it. Only let her return to me."

"Though I am tempted to say, 'it can be done,' I fear it would be deceiving myself as well as you. The one great obstacle to her return, you can perhaps divine."

"You mean her religion?"

"I mean that she is a Pravoslavnia and a Russian subject. She must therefore remain a ward of the emperor until her majority. She can have a passport to reside abroad only on that condition. She must be of the faith of her family."

"She is of the faith of *both* her parents. *Both her parents died in the faith.*"

"Her mother *could not legally* change her religion, and if she did so illegally, it is not binding on her offspring. You must look upon me with aversion, for thus speaking, but I am quoting the law. Once more, I beg you to remember that I had no idea whatever of your affection for the child, when I did what I did." The princess arose. She would not let Margaret rise to accompany her to the door.

When Antony returned from conducting Madame de Vallinski to her carriage, he found his brother seated beside Margaret. Father Francis had arrived from Rome that morning. He was about to say, "Put not your trust in princes or in princesses," but he couched his thoughts in better and stronger language.

"Trust in God, dear sister. We shall yet live to see a fair flower blossom from these seeds of grief. 'Going they went and wept, casting their seeds.

But coming, they shall come with joyfulness, carrying their sheaves.' I firmly believe God has designs on that child, that might never come to fruition in the atmosphere that awaited her in our home. Why, Margaret's very love for her, their mutual love, would make it difficult, if not impossible."

Margaret pondered over these words. They pained her at first. But, knowing Father Francis incapable of giving her pain, she sought his meaning in the deeper and truer sense of what lay beneath them, and she found it. She could not help admitting to her own conscience that Blandine was absorbing her thoughts, her affections, too deeply.

That this was selfishness in a cunningly disguised form she could now see. She needed developing almost as much as Blandine. She had much to undo, while Blandine would begin with a golden capital of inherited and acquired graces. The grace of God, the grace of a sweet spirit, the grace of a loving heart, a generous, self-forgetting disposition were all hers. With any chance at all, Blandine must make her way heavenward, scattering blessings on her path. But to do this she must be free.

Margaret arose. She resolved to put herself entirely aside. To think and act and plan, as if she had no part in the pain of what was passing, but, like a sentinel on duty, be ever on the alert for what would affect the little bark sent out on a dangerous sea.

"I give her to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the hands of His Immaculate Mother," was her final prayer and offering. "In their good time they will let me see her again." While Margaret was thus conquering herself by means of the only help that could avail her, Antony and his brother were in consultation.

"Did not Madame de Vallinski name the Blanks as the family to whom she had confided Blandine, and did she not say they had left Paris?"

"Yes, she said so. Why do you ask?"

"I met them in Rome. We journeyed thence together as far as Marseilles. We were to meet again here. They have a young relative on the Missions whom they wish me to know."

"They must have been summoned away unexpectedly, and will write and explain."

The priest frowned, but made no comment, while Antony continued to pace up and down.

"Antony! You are not thinking rightly of Margaret or of yourself at this moment. Think not of her pain, but of Him who has sent this pain. Think with hope and confidence, for I plainly see His loving hand in it all. This very discipline was the one thing needed to prepare Margaret for her destiny. I do not see the child's future clearly at this moment, but I do see that her removal at this juncture is for a good purpose. Margaret has been too long shut out from the world, from the affection her nature claims. The best thing for her at present will be to hasten her departure for England."

"She desires it; she is urgent for it even. But I fear she is not strong enough just yet."

"I hope you are mistaken. If her return to God, and her submission to His will, be what I believe them to be, she will be all the stronger for this conflict. She has capabilities of a high order; suffering will ennoble them. This blow has followed so fast on the signal mercy vouchsafed her that she will be all the more eager to accept the Divine Will in all things. She has a grateful spirit. Come, let us seek her!"

And now Margaret and the grey nuns are on their way to England. Though Antony would fain have accompanied them, at least across the channel, he yielded to Margaret's entreaties not to leave his brother, Father Francis, alone in Paris. While Antony was seeing the little group of ladies safely off, Father

Francis was doing all in his power to obtain information of Blandine. This he kept from his brother, to raise no vain hopes in his heart.

"And now for Madame de Vallinski," said he as they arose from the breakfast table, a day or two after the departure of the travellers.

"What of her? Have you heard anything of her?"

"I have heard several things; among them one piece of information which makes me rejoice that Margaret is no longer here."

"It concerns Blandine? You have heard from the Blanks? Is it not so?"

"I have not only heard from them but have seen them. They are still in Paris."

"And Blandine?"

"In Paris and *not* with them! Put not your faith in princes nor yet in princesses, and be not in a passion if you can help it, Antony."

Antony looked as if he could not help it.

"And how about seeing them off—and the Gave du Nord?"

"A dream, an intention never put into effect! Best not think of it. Perhaps she is not responsible. She may have been at the Gave du Nord for some other purpose; certainly not for that, since Blandine is still here."

"Who then *is* responsible for that malignant piece of unnecessary cruelty, not only towards Margaret but to the child herself?"

Father Francis could make no answer to this question, and Antony continued:

"I too rejoice that Margaret is no longer here. Look at this!" he held up a pair of black beads. "Can you conceive that some one had the fiendish cruelty to pack up and send here every article the child possessed? Not only her wardrobe, rich and elegant enough even for the Vallinskis, but her little trinkets, the trifles a child sets so much store by. And the wardrobe was prepared under Margaret's directions. She

took so much pleasure in touching every article, every piece of material chosen by Noella, to make sure that it was soft and fine. But these, of all things!" he held up the beads once more. "So the poor child cannot even have the happiness of saying her Rosary!"

"Do you know what I see in all this, Antony?"

What Antony saw in it was only too evident, for even he, calm-tempered as he was, was in a rage. But he forbore, out of respect for his brother's priestly character, to express his thoughts.

"Courage, Antony! I declare to you that it is a proof, to me, at least, of Blandine's moral courage; of her strength, or the strength that will be given her in the hour of conflict. Take it as an earnest of Divine protection, Antony. If she needed these beads they would have been left her. Had they been indispensable adjuncts of her future trials they would have escaped notice, they would still be hers. Missing them she will be sorely tried and grieved, but she will love them all the more, and think more deeply on the mysteries they taught her to love."

Antony shook his head.

"To you, Francis, every cross is a blessing in disguise, every trial a manifest proof of God's love. But she is so young."

"Say rather she is so brave. Agnes was young. Emerentiana was young. Cyr was young. Count not her years but her gifts. Count the prayers she has said for others, young as she is. Above all count upon her Heavenly Father. Still, if you must have a little human consolation, I promise you, God willing, that these shall find their way back to her."

"Are the Blanks really going north?"

"Oh, yes, that is certain. But when did ever Russian, or Frenchman, for that matter, know the value of time or feel bound by a fixed hour? Time was made for slaves, is their motto. But the Blanks are very worthy people, in whom

one may have confidence. They have given more than one member of their family to the true Church within the past few years. If they can be useful to Blandine you may rely on them."

Although Antony was disposed to insist upon seeing Blandine once more, at all hazards, his brother strongly urged him to refrain from such a course.

"It would do no real good, and give pain and confusion perhaps, to one who had with no malice committed a grave error. Charity," said Father Francis "compels us to forbear in this, as in all things." Father Dacre was one of those who believe that the prayer of faith can remove mountains. He had seen it done. He had seen some mountains levelled with the plain, others swallowed up as it were, in the limitless sea of God's mercy. That faith and fervent prayer would remove the present difficulties, while giving grace to bear them, was his firm conviction. He, in the meanwhile, took charge of the little chaplet, hoping to convey it to Blandine at an early day, by a friend who occasionally visited at the house of the Blank family.

\* \* \* \* \*

And even as Margaret had thought it all out in her heart, so it has come to pass. She is in England. The grey nuns have gone on their way, leaving her, as she desired, at the convent gate. What a stately and imposing pile has arisen on the ashes of the old convent, where she once fought with fire for the lives of the little children and the helpless sick and infirm!

"The Mother Superior sees no one," the portress tells her.

"She will see me!"

"Your name, please?"

"You may say, a lady on particular business."

"Our mother is aged, and very feeble. Sister Agnes is her representative with all visitors."

"Still, she will see me. Tell her one



she has been long expecting waits her pleasure."

So Margaret is ushered into the convent chapel, there to await the mother's summons.

She kneels before the well-remembered image of the Sacred Heart, and her soul is inundated with gratitude for the love of that Heart. She could remain forever prostrate there, weeping tears of grateful love. But she is summoned, all too soon, to meet her spiritual mother, who has indeed been waiting long for this day.

"Yes, dear, I have been waiting long for you," and the aged lady opens wide her arms, and takes Margaret to her heart, just as Margaret has so often taken little Blandine. She strokes her soft hair, and kisses the forehead, wetting it with her tears.

"Did any one tell you I was coming, mother dear?"

"No one, my child. Did you send word?"

"Only by my Guardian Angel."

"He alone told me. He alone bade me wait for you, and expect you from day to day."

Then Margaret, humble and penitent, told the story of her flight, its cause, her wasted years, her punishment. Last of all came the story of God's mercy in opening her eyes once more.

And Mother Bonaventura lifted her heart and hands to heaven in wonder and gratitude. All these things had to be gone over, not once, but many times.

Blessed convent days lived over once again! Good Mother Bonaventura grew young while listening to the marvels of Lourdes and Betharram, while Margaret who had, erstwhile, been growing old with sorrow and remorse, grew really young and beautiful once more, beneath the grace of the pardon she felt descending on her with every touch of the venerable hands, so long accustomed to bless and scatter blessings. Oh, the joy for Mother Bonaventura, over this one repentant sinner, this child of so many prayers and tears! It drew from her

lips the words of Simeon's Canticle. "Now, thou dost dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word in peace: Because my eyes have seen thy salvation."

But the days *would* fly away, *would* run into weeks. And the half is not yet told when Antony comes to claim his bride. Then, and not till then, does Mother Bonaventura learn that the story has a sequel. Antony tells it, while Margaret is kneeling before the altar and the image that she loves.

And now events must be hastened. Father Francis is obliged to leave them, and who else should bless their union? Who else should give the nuptial blessing? It is his right, his well-earned consolation; for, if they were parted for his sake, and through no fault of his, it is by his efforts and prayers that they are now together.

In that very convent chapel, he blesses them. Though Antony and Father Francis, as well as Madame Dacre, would have chosen to have the nuptial Mass and blessing at the old Hall. But Margaret urged that Mother Bonaventura was too feeble to bear the journey thither, and without her active part in the marriage, without her blessing, she would rather not be married at all.

Truly, Mother Bonaventura looked ten good years younger that day, when they helped her to her feet to give her blessing to the newly-wedded pair. And another aged face, also, looked ten years younger, and that was the face of Madame Dacre, who was radiant with happiness and glowing with justifiable pride.

"She is beautiful, my dear, and seven good years his junior. She looks not five and twenty, though she protests she is near forty. Mother Bonaventura, who has the register of her birth, says she is four and thirty this very Christmas, and what is four and thirty! Why, look at me, and I count that more than twice over!"

For Margaret Dacre all the years be-

tween the day she left that convent chapel and to-day, are blotted out, and she forgets exile, and servitude, and treachery to God, while, like one new born, young and pure of heart, she goes forth into the great world. This time not alone. Her hands have been placed in the strong hands of a noble Christian husband, by Mother Bonaventura of Jesus. God has blotted out the handwriting that was against her. She is His. He has given her to her faithful lover and both are His.

The convent chapel is a scene of beauty. White-veiled novices, grey nuns, Daughters of St. Francis, fill its space to the utmost. Leaning on her husband's arm, Margaret Dacre asks herself, as she passes between their ranks, "If God has shown such mercy to me, His prodigal child, what has He not in store for these, who never left His house?" Happy in their prayers, happy at knowing that she can now be a sister indeed to them, she smiles her grateful thanks as she passes down the aisle. Yes, God is good to Margaret Dacre. From the stately Hall whence she went forth with breaking heart, she hears the ring of voices in glad welcome. She passes under a triumphal arch, through a fairy-like scene of splendor. Flowers and banners and quaint devices on every hand, all bidding welcome to the new mistress of Dacre. On its threshold, the one who sent her forth waits to be the first to greet her. Father Francis, too, has preceded her. He blesses her and his beloved brother. He must say "Adieu" and "God bless you—" all in the same hour. But he does it a with heart at rest, for he has faith in his new sister—Lady Margaret Dacre.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is over, Daria; we can keep her close, for some days, at least. Her friends know she is already confided to the Blanks." Madame de Vallinski does not hear the thanksgiving offered so heartily by Daria. She could not forget

Margaret's face. Though the mental reserve, the prevarication that is worse than falsehood, did not trouble her, that being an acknowledged weapon of defence in her world, she was sincerely sorry for her haste in announcing Blandine's departure. This sorrow was not a little aggravated by the certainty that the little one had been taken from people of wealth and high breeding, from people as refined as the best. But the ill was wrought, the future must take the explanation on itself. She soon forgot the grief she had commiserated, and, in the child's winning ways found relaxation and a pleasure, the like of which she had not tasted since the days of her own very early youth. It was like a breath of that innocent time, to talk to the child, to listen to her childlike yet unconsciously wise words.

"Sacha, my dear, what were you so smiling and happy over yesterday among the flowers?"

"O, aunt, I was only thinking of Sister Noella's lesson when we were preparing for the feast of our Lady's Nativity."

"What was it all about?"

"About fruits and flowers," said Blandine bashfully. She did not like at all to be questioned now; she had no confidence in her power to reply to difficult questions.

"And what about the fruits and flowers? I'll wager you have forgotten by this time."

"Sister said our Lord was a tree, 'the Tree of Life;' and the leaves of that beautiful Tree are virtues, twelve virtues——"

"Twelve? all on one tree? and what are these virtues?"

"Sister told us all their names, but she said we need remember only three for that lesson."

"And those three?"

"Love, peace and patience."

"Good things to remember! And the flowers, what of them?"

"O, we were to cultivate flowers in

our heart for the Blessed Virgin, who is the Lily, the Queen of all flowers."

Blandine kept on drawing in the pretty book she had just received as a gift from the princess.

"You seem to handle your pencil very well for such a little girl. Who taught you?"

"My papa," said Blandine.

"Do you remember him?"

"A little. I remember sitting in a high chair, and my papa holding the pencil in my hand, so ; and telling me to see how mamma held her pencil."

"And did you try to imitate your mamma?"

"I forget, aunt. I only remember that mamma made beautiful pictures in books for me, and papa made beautiful pictures ; and —" the pretty head bent low, and tears were blotting the new drawing-book.

The princess did not know how to console a child, though she would have liked to console Blandine at that moment. She gave her time, made no remark as to the blotted page, and went on apparently with her reading. When the young head was again lifted no trace of a tear remained in the dark eyes. "Well, I will leave the rest to you, my dear. Ring for Daria. We have had drawing enough for one day. Daria, you may bring your knitting and tell stories to baruishnaya while I give audience to one who is to come about this time."

"She is waiting," said Daria.

"So much the better." As she spoke, the visitor entered.

"And this is Ania?" The princess held out her hand cordially. Ania took the extended hand, kissed it and burst into tears.

"Come, come, come, Ania ! Tears are never of much use. Tell me their cause and we will seek a remedy together. Tell me all about my poor Sacha, my poor lost darling !"

"In the first place, mother, you must know that the cloth-factory your steward

built was very successful while father lived and directed it. When he died suddenly, and Rand was taken to help the new master, things went rather badly. Rand said there was dishonesty, and that made enemies for him ; so he had to seek another situation. Poor mother was so grieved at having to give up our little home that she fell sick. Rand had to go a long distance to obtain another situation, and we were to give up the house you settled mother in when she married. It broke her heart, she just could not rally from her sickness. When she died, I went after Rand. He was working, but not steadily. He had signed a contract with a lapidary for five years ; after that he was to get a good place in the rich mines at Irkutsk. He was impatient to be off. He went before the five years were ended, and I had to seek a situation. I went to Petersburg. I knew the Vallinskis did not need a governess, but I thought Alexandra Alexandrovna would help me to find a place when I told her you were my god-mother. She was very good to me, though not happy at that time ; for she had just learned of her father's second marriage with a person she did not like ; and as she would not marry one of her father's choosing, she was just shut out by him."

"Well, what after that?"

"What could she do? She came to Paris, to the Beaux Arts.

"She had a pretty little apartment, three rooms only, in a quarter where the rents were not high. She fitted up her little place very nicely. I was with her when I had no lessons. When Rand would go off to Irkutsk I resolved to keep near her until he wanted me. I couldn't give him up. I promised mother that I would be faithful to him. She said to me just before she died: 'Be good, Nan; don't steal; don't lie; don't keep bad company. Be kind to Rand.' And all these I promised and have done the best I could."

"Come, come, Ania! You are like

all the rest, sacrificing yourself for a selfish, heartless man."

"He was such a good boy, mother. So obedient, so industrious. Handy at every work; but soft, weak. He'd believe anything he heard and lend his last kopeck, and, you know, lent money is lost money in Russia."

when the news came of the great conspiracy and the arrest of the students."

"How did she take it?"

"She wouldn't believe that Vassilly had anything to do with it. She said he *couldn't* be one of that band of assassins. He wouldn't risk her happiness by joining that set."



THE CONVENT CHAPEL IS A SCENE OF BEAUTY.

"And so Sachinka (little sacha) was good to you? I am glad of that."

"She was more than good. She got a room for me in the same house with herself. She fed me, clothed me, for the little help I gave her. I took care of her wardrobe, kept her room in order, went on errands about her work, did her marketing. And I was with her

"But when he was condemned?"

"She didn't believe it either. She couldn't. When it was proven and he was condemned, she prepared to set off to Moscow, hoping to reach there before the convoy of prisoners should be started off. She had her travelling bag in her hand when she heard a step on the stairs, a man's step. She just flew to

open the door. It was a carrier. He handed her a letter. She just read it and fell to the floor. He is dead, I thought to myself. They have shot him or he has killed himself.

"I did what I could to bring her to. Oh, it was a sad sight! Almost all the life was gone out of her. She was ghastly, just like death itself. I got *eau-de-vie* and forced some of it between her teeth. I rubbed her and worked over her for hours. She would come to a little, and then go off into a deathly cold state again. For days she was like that. At last she would get up. And then what work it was to keep her from destroying herself! Now it was poison, now the railway, now the river."

"She was mad," said the princess, in a choking voice.

"She was mad," said Ania, "and well she might be. On the second day I read the letter while she was in a sort of half conscious sleep. It was from her old acquaintance. It said:

"My darling little Sacha: Congratulate me. Papa has saved Vassilly. We are betrothed.

'Your old friend,

'VERA.'

"The judge had saved him from Siberia, on condition that he married his ugly daughter. Ugly and malicious always, was that Vera Gorski!"

"Was my poor child long in that state of despair?"

"Not so long. She was proud. In a few weeks she was quiet. She would go to work just to keep up appearances."

"Did she answer the letter?"

"She made me send congratulations in her name."

"Well, Ania, is there more to tell?"

"Only a few months after that my poor girl was getting resigned like, though very pale and thoughtful still. She kept steadily at her work, going even on a day when a great picture was being exhibited. I tried my best to keep her at home that day. But I had to let her go, mother. I would have gone with

her, although I had lessons; but she wouldn't hear of it. Of course I was not sure it would be different from other days. I came home in the evening. No one answered my tap at her door. Twenty times in an hour I came down from my room to see if she had come. No sign, no token; and so the live-long night. I went out in the direction she always took, thinking to meet her. No! no!"

Here Ania had to stop. The recollection of that night overcame her.

"On the third day my door opened and a gentleman walked in. He begged my pardon, saying he had knocked several times before trying the door. I was so dazed I had not heard a sound. I knew the gentleman by sight. He was an artist I had seen at the Academy. A fine-looking gentleman, tall, fair, with beautiful manners, just like a real English nobleman. He asked me if I was Miss Clough, and if I would go with him. 'I have no note,' he said, 'because the person who desires to see you cannot write at present.' I did not ask a single question, but just put on my bonnet and followed him. Oh, mother, I cannot give you any idea of what I saw! That beautiful girl lying on the hospital bed, all broken, crushed, her big eyes sparkling bright. 'Nan,' she says, in a sort of whisper, 'Nan, I'm going to my mother.' Then her eyes closed, and she lay a long time like that."

"Did she tell you how it happened, Ania?"

"Yes, long afterwards.

"There was a great stillness in that part of the academy where she was working. Only an occasional footstep passed, for every one was in the exhibition hall. She, with her pretty white bonnet hanging over her face, was mounted on a ladder, copying a small picture that was hung high because of its great value. She heard a voice in the next room that made her heart almost stop beating; then another voice and laughter. She hastily mounted

another step of the ladder, pulled her muslin bonnet over her face and put on her spectacles. The voices and the laughter came nearer. The steps came nearer, then passed. They seemed to pay no attention to the person on the ladder, but she had recognized Vera's laugh, and as they passed beneath her she saw her coquetting with her husband, laughing and merry, hanging on his arm. She did not remember whether she tried to descend or not after their departure. She felt herself growing giddy and seized the round of the ladder. She knew not even that she was falling. But she must have moaned loud enough to be heard in the next room, for the fall made no noise, did not alarm any one in the least. The artist, working away all alone in the next room at a picture promised for the exhibition, heard a moan and looked in. He saw a little heap at the foot of the ladder. "Oh, my God!" he cried, and throwing down his brushes ran and lifted her. Without a word to any one he carried her, as well he might, for he was a strong, splendid fellow indeed, through the least frequented passages to the street. "Any sum you like for a cab!" he cried to the coachmen always in line there. "For life or death; emergency entrance; ——— Hospital!" There he laid her down and there I found her, a mass of wounds and bruises."

"If I had not gathered most of this from your letters, Ania, I think it would kill me. But, somehow, I have gotten over the worst pain, since I know she rallied from her grief and married."

"Were they happy, think you?"

"Happy, mother! Happiness is not the word. They were like children let into the Garden of Eden. The world never had anything for them after she gave her consent to become his wife."

"But she did not recover completely, it seems?"

"No, and that was one reason for her so long refusing to marry. She remained a cripple; well as to health, but

a little paralyzed in her limbs. Both ankles had been broken in the fall. The doctor said it would pass in time, she was so young and of good constitution. She had the best doctors of the faculty of Paris and all the help money could command."

"Did she return to her former apartments?"

"No; she feared she might be traced. She went with me to a little cottage in the suburbs. It was tenanted by friends of Father Laland, but they gave us some rooms. There I remained with her till she was convalescent, till the past had faded and the new life was about to begin. The day of her marriage I started to join Rand, who was very ill; and she and her husband went to the south. He was anxious to take her there. He said he was sure she would be perfectly cured at Lourdes."

"What a pity that she changed her faith!"

"A pity, mother! why?"

"Love ought not to influence in such matters."

"It never influenced her, never! I can swear to that, if need be. Only sincere conviction led her to the faith of her husband. She read much, she prayed, and finally was persuaded that she was embracing the true faith."

"Did you not try to prevent it? Did you not tell her to remember it was against the laws of her country?"

"How could I, mother? I know nothing at all about creeds! But from what I have seen of Christian actions I can only judge that Sacha *did* choose the best."

"And the husband; what do you know about him?"

"I know that he was a gentleman, a scholar, an artist. But as to his family, you must ask Father Laland who married them. He took pains to satisfy himself on every point, before he would consent to perform the ceremony."

"A Jesuit, no doubt, this Père Laland?"

"I don't know, mother. I never saw a Jesuit to my knowledge. What are they like?"

"They are black robed."

"Father Laland wears black, certainly; but whether he be a Jesuit, or not, I cannot say. I know a Dominican or a Franciscan when I see one, but none other."

"I must see him. I will speak with him before the child departs."

"When may I see Sacha's child? Does she please you, mother?"

"Please me? She is Sacha over again. You shall see her at once. I will send her to you."

A bright face appeared at the library door, where Ania Clough sat waiting, and in a second she was on her feet, to greet the little one, who entered timidly. Blandine had been told that some one who had known and loved her mother was waiting to see her. She scanned the stranger's face.

(*To be continued.*)

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(*Continued.*)

THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 29, 1867.  
MY DEAREST MATTHEW :

Dear, dear Mamma has left us without a struggle, like a baby sleeping, she went so calmly—with Reverend Mother and many of the Sisters praying round her—at 3.15 o'clock this morning. Since I wrote last, she seemed to suffer very little. She was so very patient, thank God for His wonderful mercy and love to her all through her illness. She had every comfort and consolation. *You* can do more for her now than any of us, and *will* do it, too. Your good priests will remember her also.

There are many letters to be written, so excuse my short one to you.

Your loving sister,

MARY EMMANUEL.

Another of the watchers beside that deathbed refers back to it in the following letter nearly three months later :—

CONVENT OF MERCY,

ROSTREVR, NOV. 13, 1867.

MY DEAR MATTHEW :

Long have I been wishing to spend half an hour talking to you on paper ; so, dear Matthew, this is a selfish gratification for me. I hope I may give you even a little bit of pleasure. I know

nothing of you at all, and would not be sure you were in Limerick, were it not that Mother Francis Bridgeman mentioned to me in a recent letter that you had paid her a flying visit during her stay in that far-famed city. She thought you looked *old*. Did she tell you Kate is expected over from San Francisco in spring? The letter which states this, is, I believe, to our dear departed mother. I was staying in Newry lately, having been a great invalid since I saw you. I am only now recovering and that very slowly. God knows what is best for us all. Often I would fain have written to ask your renewed prayers for me. I do not wish nor pray to be well, but I want to be a cheerful, edifying sufferer ; or I should say more correctly, I desire to suffer in the spirit my Lord and Spouse wishes me to suffer. I don't know when I was so ill, and oh ! how I dreaded losing patience ! Mamma's example was ever before me. Matthew, such a mother as ours was ! What silent, enduring patience ! No one would suppose she had any pain, and oh ! if you had seen the bleeding, bruised back, and if you knew the sleepless, agonizing nights and days she passed ; and her constant

request was that her children might not know what she was enduring lest it should pain them. Her daughter and a religious, and so different my spirit! This was harder on me than all. Dearest Matthew, I thank God we have you our mediator at Calvary, through the Holy Mass. This is now my greatest comfort. Pray very, very much for me. You know what I should be; implore this great grace for me. It is so encouraging in pain either of mind or body to be assured we have strong advocates in our hour of need. I am writing just as I think, not waiting to make this a connected epistle. You don't mind that. [Then after two pages asking prayers for the wants of other people, the holy, unselfish soul went on.] This is surely a selfish letter, but such it must be. We have nothing strange here except a new curate, and a French Sister of Charity over from Liverpool, attending a sick gentleman in the village. You may be sure this is a nine days' wonder. Dearest Matthew, with gratitude and thankfulness to God for having a brother a priest, believe me your own loving sister,

SISTER M. AQUIN RUSSELL.

"Like father, like son" is less true than "like mother, like daughter." Mother and daughter are more closely and constantly united in the tender, impressionable years of childhood; and the mother has more unceasing opportunity of moulding the dispositions and manners of her little girl. The striking similarity of character in dissimilar spheres of duty, which proved Mary Baptist Russell to be her mother's daughter, may be pleaded as an excuse for so long a digression from the story of the first Californian Sister of Mercy; and we trust that the interest of a very attractive personality will excuse a further digression that we

are about to make in order to link the name of her elder sister, the writer of the letter last quoted, with two or three bits of literature of which she was the inspiration. On the authority of Lady Gilbert herself—she was then Rosa Mulholland—we claim for Sister Mary Aquin (Elizabeth Russell) the distinction of having been the original of the nun who figures in one of the most exquisite tales, for which Dickens himself chose the name of "Hester's History," and which ran through a twelvemonth of his famous weekly magazine, *All the Year Round*. Here is the way in which the novelist describes a convent parlor and her beloved friend and kinswoman, Sister Mary. Aquin,

whom she here transfers from the patronage of the Angel of the Schools to that of an earlier Doctor of the Church.

"The room into which Hester was shown had brown panelled walls and a brown panelled floor. There was a large vase of lilies and roses, a full-length statue of Christ blessing the little children, an alms-box, with its label 'For the Sick and Dying Poor,' a table covered with a

plain red cloth, an inkstand bearing writing materials, a few books. The windows were already open, and there was not one speck of dust about the place. It shone with cleanliness, it smiled with cheerfulness, it gave one Good morning! out of all its corners. By-and-by the handle turned; there was a little rustling as of fresh linen, a little rattling as of heavy beads; the door opened, and the 'Mother' appeared. Here were sweet, tender, pitiful blue eyes, and a brow smooth and serene under its spotless little band; no latent fire, no lines to show where frowns had been. The face was oval and softly moulded, and very winning in its exquisite freshness and purity. The mouth was mobile, and, though ever



MARGARET RUSSELL.



quick with a right word, was yet, in its changing expressions, most eloquent of much that it left unspoken. The complexion was so dazzling fair, so daintily warmed with its vermilion on the cheeks, no paint nor powder could mimic it; only early rising, tender labors, never-ceasing and perpetual joy of spirit, could have combined in producing it. The quaint black garment, the long, floating veil, and narrow gown of serge, were right fit and becoming to the wearer. They laid hold of her grace and made their own of it, while she, thinking to disguise herself in their sombre setting, wrapped the unlovely folds around her, and shone out of them, as only the true gem can shine.



GRAVE OF ARTHUR AND MARGARET RUSSELL.

The shadow that the black veil threw round her face made its purity almost awful, but made its bloom and simplicity the more entirely enchanting. Not the satins of a duchess, not the jewels of an empress, could have lent half such a fitting lustre to this womanly presence of the gentle Mother Augustine, of the daughters of St. Vincent, in the old Convent of St. Mark."

There are many still whose memory will recognize this as a faithful picture of Sister Mary Aquin. We have already mentioned that, before her novitiate in Kinsale was completed, she returned to Newry to assist Mother Mary Catherine O'Connor in establishing a Convent of

Mercy in her dear native town. Her profession was one of the first occasions on which the people of Newry heard a voice that was to instruct and delight them for a score of years—that of the holy Dominican, John Pius Leahy, who had just been appointed Coadjutor to the venerable Bishop of Down, Dr. Michael Blake. The old Bishop on the 14th of April, 1856, wrote to Father Patrick O'Neill, who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing the Sisters of Mercy to Newry. This admirable priest was then spending a well-earned holiday in Rome. "I feel great pleasure, because I am sure it will give you joy, in assuring you that God has been pleased to bless the labors you underwent here in founding the Convent of Mercy with so many marks of His divine favor and approbation as I would have considered in the beginning almost incredible. Miss Russell's profession on the Tuesday after Dominica in Albis, and the Right

Rev. Dr. Leahy's instructions and influence, have added powerfully to the zeal and exertions of the Rev. Mother Superioress of that community. Within the last two or three weeks postulants have been received into it, and on this day two postulants have applied to me. We lamented, at the commencement, that we would want subjects for its duties: our difficulty now is to have cells enough for their reception, and commodious schools, and, above all, a decent and neat, if not a fully becoming chapel, for the Sisters and inmates."

The best wishes of the old Bishop for his new convent have long since been fulfilled. It has meanwhile, year by year, done an immense amount of good; and it has in its turn sent out colonies to Lurgan, Rostrevor, Warrenpoint and Bessbrook, the first of which has already, out of its abundance, bestowed the same grace upon Cookstown. Of these the branch house at Rostrevor was Sister Mary Aquin's peculiar work. The beautiful little convent, which is sheltered under the holy shadow of the church-spire that rises grandly over leafy Rostrevor, was built chiefly through her heroic exertions.

Her usefulness certainly did not end with the break-down in her health which was partly due to her excessive labors in procuring funds under very great difficulties for the completion of the convent at Rostrevor. For many of her last years her work was chiefly the exceedingly hard work of giving edification by brightness and unselfish cheerfulness during chronic ill-health, though she was ingenious also in utilizing every moment of the enforced leisure of an invalid. It was at this time that another picture of her was drawn in verse by the same artist who has already described her in prose:—

I see a convent gray—  
It standeth above the town;  
It looketh from the distant way  
Like a monk in his faded gown.



REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

The town is older and grayer  
That sitteth below its feet;  
And sin, and pain, and sorrow, and care,  
Are dwelling in every street.

Dwelling in every street,  
Yet hurried from place to place,  
As the Sisters go with their burden  
sweet,  
Bread, and comfort and grace.

In a nook of that convent gray  
She dwelleth, my tender Saint;  
Sweeter her face than I can say,  
Nobler than word can paint.

Her wimple is white as milk,  
Her robe is coarse and spare;  
And never a lady in gems and silk  
Looked half so grand and fair.

Her mind is a river of light,  
Her heart is a well of love;  
But none may look on her soul so white  
Save only the Lord above.

That soul's most rapid flame—  
The soul of my tender Saint—  
It wasteth sore her beautiful frame,  
And maketh her body faint.



SIR JOHN AND LADY GILBERT.

She stayeth her eager feet,  
And goeth not oft to the town ;  
But up in her window, lone and sweet,  
She sitteth, and gazeth down.

O crowded, sad gray walls,  
O people who dwell within,  
Little ye know of the tear that falls  
Day by day for your sin !

Her town is her nested dove—  
She huggeth it close and dear ;  
She wrappeth it round with motherly  
love,  
She watcheth with motherly fear.

They turn, the godless men,  
They turn their steps and they come ;  
They know not why, but they come  
again,  
As this were their childhood's home.

They turn with willing feet,  
The foolish wife and maid ;  
They have no fear of the lips so sweet,  
That preach, but never upbraid.

They come, with blushing face ;  
And they come, with tearful eye ;  
And one hath sorrow, and one disgrace,  
To whisper when none are by.

And kneeling close to her knee,  
They catch her fire, I ween ;  
And, burning strangely and holily,  
Are not what they have been.

She hath them all in her heart,  
It is deep, and strong, and broad—  
And well I know with what loving art  
She talketh of them to God.

These beautiful lines are called " My Saint." One day that the young poet was walking with her beloved Saint in the tiny garden that lies between the church and the convent of Rostrevor, the nun's thin, white fingers plucked a rose and gave it to its namesake. That evening two or three lines were scribbled with a pencil on a scrap of paper, without any thought of their being shown to any one, even to the giver of the rose ; yet here they are after so many years :

God bless the dews that fed, the winds  
that rocked thee,  
Wee rose divine !  
God bless the holy hands that kindly  
plucked thee  
To press in mine.  
God love the loving heart whose love is  
in thee  
Laid up for me,  
And may her sweet and sacred counsels  
win me  
Eternity !

After linking true poetry with the saintly and gentle memory of Sister Mary Aquin, there is bathos in adding that she was before a homelier poet's mind when he exclaimed :

" May God be blessed, with all my  
soul I cry,  
For giving elder sisters ! Who as they  
Can soothe and chide us, guard and  
purify,  
Discreetly scold, and then good-  
humored play,  
Mother and sister both, so grave and  
yet so gay ? "

And she also was one of  
 "— those fair angels, saintly, wise,  
 light-hearted,  
 Whose smile made pure the very air I  
 breathed,  
 And who at parting—for we all have  
 parted—  
 Sweet, sanctifying memories be-  
 queathed." (1)

But we have lingered too long with the sweet spirit of Mother Baptist's oldest sister. Her *prolixitas mortis* came to an end, and the welcome Angel of Death summoned her at last on the 1st of August, 1876, in the forty-ninth year of her age. Her happy death occurred in the branch convent she had worked hard to

establish ; and this is the reason why Rostrevor is not mentioned gratefully with Newry, Warrenpoint, and Killowen in this fragment of one of the last letters that she ever wrote :

"I still continue to get pigeons, wild-fowl, grapes, jellies, etc., from kind friends in Newry and Warrenpoint ; and sundry presents of fresh eggs, butter, apples and flowers from the kind people in Killowen. I mention this to show the goodness of the people of what is called this wicked world. Somehow we are better to every one than we are to God ; and still He is not jealous, but seems to inspire an increase of charitable acts to each other, passing over Himself, being satisfied that what we do to the least of His brethren, we do unto Him."

## DOES SCRIPTURE ALLOW DIVORCE IN ONE CASE?

By Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J.

**I**F we understand by divorce the dissolution of the complete and perfect marriage bond, the Catholic Church has always taught that in no case whatever, among Christians, is divorce allowed by the law of Christ. Protestants, on the other hand, have constantly maintained that the New Testament permits divorce in the case of adultery. Experience, however, is beginning to teach the more thoughtful members of the Protestant Church that by admitting this one exception they have thrown open the door to innumerable evils. It is quite clear that if there be a way of dissolving the marriage bond as soon as it begins to gall, that way is going to be frequented. When arrangements can be made to have the proofs of unfaithfulness secured, the innocent party is in danger of being betrayed. The guilt being proved, the guiltier partner of the two obtains a divorce and has the privilege

of contracting a new matrimonial alliance.

Again, if an innocent husband or wife be allowed to contract a second marriage because of the dissolution of the former, it is impossible to see on what grounds the guilty party can be prevented from re-marrying. If the first marriage has been annulled, both parties are single, and consequently both can marry again, unless there be some law restraining the liberty of both. But there is no such law in the New Testament, nor has the State any right to establish matrimonial impediments. Therefore, to make adultery a means of dissolving the marriage bond, is to place in the power of married people a means of breaking up their union whenever they think fit to do so. Of course, all these arguments and others of a kindred nature will not have much avail against the Protestant position, if the New Testament permits divorce in the case of adultery. However, before examining the teaching of

(1) See the opening poem of "Vespers and Compline : a Soggarth's Sacred Verses."

the New Testament on this point, we must lay down the following important precaution.

We are going to treat only of *Christian* marriages that have been perfected by the exercise of the lawful rights. Whether the texts we shall adduce from the New Testament prove the indissolubility of marriages contracted by unbaptized persons, or of Christian marriages prior to their consummation, is a question with which we are not concerned. If the texts prove the absolute indissolubility of any marriage bond, they certainly prove the indissolubility of the most perfect of all marriage bonds, namely, the marriage bond of a consummated Christian marriage. Besides, the dissolution of marriages not perfected by the exercise of lawful rights has no practical bearing on the great question of divorce now before the world, nor is it in any way connected with the social evil.

The point then in controversy is this, does there exist any power on earth capable of annulling the perfected bond of a Christian marriage? Evidently such a power, if it exists, must reside either in the State, the married couple or the Church. There is no need of considering the power of the Supreme Legislator. God does not act in this matter except through the agency of His creatures.

In seeking for a power capable of dissolving the marriage tie we may at once set aside the power of the State. Christian marriage—and this is the only marriage now under consideration—is a sacrament, and is therefore, except in its civil effects, beyond the jurisdiction of the civil power. By denying that marriage among Christians is a sacrament, Protestants have considerably weakened their defence of the sacredness of the tie. Nevertheless, even though matrimony be not considered as a sacrament, it must still be looked upon as a *sacred* contract, and as such it cannot be annulled by State authority.

The secular power has no more right to dissolve the bond of matrimony than it has to annul a vow or dispense with the binding force of an oath. But apart from all mere human reasoning, the word of Christ is final: "What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put apart." (Matth. xix. 6.) How a State can set at naught this divine commandment and still call itself Christian is something that offers matter for reflection.

Our second supposition was that possibly the married couple might possess the power of dissolving the contract on which they themselves had entered. Have they not this power at least in the case of adultery?

The law concerning the indissolubility of the marriage tie is laid down in seven different passages of the New Testament. In the first five of these, as we shall see, the law is absolute and allows of no exception whatever. In the other two passages, which are taken from St. Matthew, the law is not so clearly expressed, yet we shall discover that the doctrine laid down in the Gospel of St. Matthew is not different from that set forth by St. Mark, St. Luke and St. Paul. We shall begin with the last-mentioned writer.

In his first Epistle to the Corinthians (vii. 10, 11), the Apostle writes: "But to them that are married, not I, but the Lord commandeth, that the wife depart not from her husband, *and if she depart that she remain unmarried*, or be reconciled to *her husband*. And let not the husband put away his wife." Here we see that, if for any reason husband and wife separate, they still remain husband and wife. The wife must remain without marrying again, or be reconciled to the man who still remains her husband. As regards matrimonial rights and privileges there is no pre-eminence granted husbands over wives in the writings of St. Paul. Now, Protestants imagine that the great Apostle, in instructing the Corinthians on the question of divorce, lays down a most rigorous law *as the law*

of Christ, without saying anything of the privilege or exception that Christ Himself had granted. The Apostle begins by saying: "To them that are married, not I, *but the Lord*, commandeth." And then he sets forth what the Lord had commanded, but omits a most essential limitation which the Lord Himself had added to His commandment! This is not in accordance with St. Paul's methods or in keeping with his sympathy for human nature and his knowledge of its weaknesses. By writing the above sentence to the Corinthians he was imposing upon them, as the commandment of Christ, a commandment, which, if the Protestant view be correct, Christ had never enacted, namely, an *absolute* prohibition against divorce. It will not do to say that there was no need of mentioning the exception as it was understood from the nature of the case. To maintain this view is to abandon the point in controversy, viz., Did Christ grant a special privilege to a married couple whereby they might break the marriage tie in case of adultery? Besides, no probable or apparent argument drawn from the nature of the case will avail against an absolute law. And the law against divorce as here laid down by St. Paul is absolute.

If in his Epistle to the Corinthians St. Paul makes no mention of the exception to which Protestants lay claim, perhaps he will mention it in his Epistle to the Romans. So we turn to this epistle and examine the passage where he speaks of the firmness of the marriage bond. What do we find? That *death* alone can dissolve that bond. "For the woman that hath a husband, *whilst her husband liveth is bound to the law: but if her husband be dead*, she is loosed from the law of her husband. Therefore, whilst her husband liveth she shall be called an adulteress, if she be with another man: *but if her husband be dead*, she is delivered from the law of her husband." (Rom. vii. 2, 3.)

On two different occasions then St.

Paul speaks of the firmness of the marriage bond. On neither occasion does he hint at any cause capable of dissolving it, other than death itself. To say that the Apostle is inaccurate or misleading in both these passages is something that has to be proved to evidence before it can be accepted.

Let us now come to the testimony of St. Paul's disciple, St. Luke; or rather to the testimony of Christ Himself as recorded by this Evangelist. "Every one that putteth away his wife and marieth another, committeth adultery: and he that marieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery." (Luke xvi. 18.) On what precise occasion these words were spoken by our Divine Lord it is hard to tell from the manner in which they are introduced by St. Luke. But they are clear enough to show us that St. Paul was exact when he laid down an absolute law against divorce. We now have our Lord's own words. A man cannot put away his wife and marry another without committing adultery. If we make an exception for the man, we must also make one for the woman whom he puts away.

If *he* is relieved from the bond, so is *she*. But our Lord immediately adds: "He that marieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery." Therefore there is no exception. The Lord says: "*Everyone* that putteth away his wife, etc." To admit an exception is to correct His word and say: "*Not everyone*, etc." Nor can we suspect that St. Luke passed lightly over the exception made for adultery, imagining that his readers would learn of its existence from some other source. St. Luke was a physician and a man of the world, and so important an exception in a law affecting the lives of millions of human beings would never have been passed over by the Saint as a matter of light moment. Never would he have recorded an absolute and universal law in so grave a matter unless such had been the law enacted by his Master.

Passing from the testimony of St. Paul and St. Luke to that of St. Mark, we find the same law again stated—and in two different places—without any exception or limitation. St. Mark tells us how the Pharisees came to Christ and questioned Him as to whether it was lawful for a man to put away his wife. Our Lord gave them clearly to understand that the Mosaic law in this matter was going to be abrogated and that marriage was to be restored to its primeval state. Then, summing up his whole discourse, he said: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." (Mark x. 9.) This legislation seemed hard to the disciples, and St. Mark tells us that "in the house again the disciples asked Him concerning the same thing." Now here is an occasion where we must expect to find our Divine Lord speaking clearly to His disciples and instructing them accurately in the New Law concerning the sacredness of the marriage bond. What are His words? "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband and be married to another, she committeth adultery." (Mark x. 11—12.) We see there is no exception. To say that St. Mark in so grave and practical a matter omitted the exception, trusting that his Gentile readers would be able to supply it from the Hebrew Gospel of St. Matthew, is an assertion unworthy of serious consideration.

The testimony, therefore, of St. Luke, the double testimony of St. Mark and the double testimony of St. Paul, lead us to believe that adultery affords no ground for the dissolution of the marriage tie. If the Gospel of St. Matthew had not been written, never would a doubt have been entertained on this point. Readers of the New Testament would have said that the word of the Lord was clear and that His law in relation to the dissolution of the perfect marriage bond admitted of no exception.

Coming then to St. Matthew, we expect to find him in perfect accord with the other sacred writers. We can admit of no disagreement unless it is clearly proved. If his language is capable of an interpretation that will make it harmonize with the language of the other inspired writers, we are bound to give it that interpretation. In a word, unless our adversaries can *prove* from the texts in St. Matthew's gospel that an exception is made for adultery, when there is question of *dissolving* the marriage tie, no such exception can be admitted.

The first passage on the question found in St. Matthew's gospel occurs in the Sermon on the Mount. "But I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, excepting the cause of fornication, maketh her to commit adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery." (Matt. v. 32.) We are well aware of the existence of seven different interpretations of this text, each one of which is an attempt to reconcile it with the texts in St. Luke, St. Mark and St. Paul. Without expressly refuting any of these interpretations, we select the one which seems to us the traditional interpretation of the Catholic Church, and the one against which we believe no valid objection has ever yet been urged.

It must be remarked that in the text just quoted our Divine Lord says nothing about a man who puts away his wife and *marries another*. In the gospel of St. Mark, as well as in that of St. Luke, where no exception is made for adultery, there is question of the man who puts away his wife *and marries another*. "Whoever shall put away his wife *and marry another*," says St. Mark. "Everyone that putteth away his wife *and marieth another*," says St. Luke. It is not the mere "putting away" that these two Evangelists are writing about, but "the putting away" that is combined with the taking of "another wife." Hence their language is *absolute*, and they admit no exception. Now in the

passage from St. Matthew, though there is question of a man putting away his wife, there is nothing said about *his marrying again*. Consequently "the putting away" that is there spoken of does not necessarily mean "a putting away" that is combined with the dissolution of the marriage tie. We see how the other two Evangelists distinguished between "the putting away" of one's wife and "the taking of another." The presumption is that in the mind of St. Matthew the same distinction existed, and consequently, as he says nothing about the "taking another wife," he was not speaking of "a putting away" that gave permission for a second marriage. Therefore he was not speaking of the dissolution of the marriage tie.

It is useless to object that "the Jews knew nothing about a *limited* divorce, and that for them the phrase "putting away" meant a dissolution of the marriage bond. This assertion has never yet been proved. It seems, even on the face of things, absurd to say that a Jew never "put away" his wife excepting in circumstances where he considered himself free to contract a second marriage. Moreover, Christ was not laying down His law for the Jews or shaping it according to their understanding of things. By the phrase "I say to you" He showed He was enacting a law of the New Kingdom in which, as Protestants themselves must admit, there is a world of difference between "putting away" a man's wife and obtaining the privilege of marrying again. Furthermore the words added by our Lord: "He that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery," showed that the "putting away" of which he spoke left the marriage bond unbroken. This last clause of the verse is absolute, and neither logic, grammar nor good morals demand any exception to be supplied from the previous part of the sentence. If an exception were supplied it would be in favor of a woman put away for adultery, and would confer on her a

privilege denied to women put away for lesser offences. In this interpretation the law of Christ would be far laxer than the law of Moses, for in the Mosaic law the punishment of an adulteress was death.

We may now pass to the second passage in St. Matthew on which Protestants base their claim for *absolute* divorce in the case of adultery. "And I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery, and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery." (Matth. xix. 9.)

From this text our opponents argue: "Whoever puts away his wife, except for adultery, and marries another, is guilty of adultery: Therefore whoever puts away his wife for adultery and marries another is *not* guilty of adultery." This conclusion does not follow. It is not warranted either by logic or by the grammatical construction of the first proposition. If such reasoning were admissible, the following would also have to be allowed. Whoever separates from his wife, except for a just cause, and calumniates her, is guilty of uncharity: Therefore, whoever separates from his wife for a just cause, and calumniates her is *not* guilty of uncharity." In this argument the first proposition is true, the second is absolutely false. And still it is an argument exactly parallel to that of our opponents. A man may separate from his wife for a just cause, but for no cause whatever can he calumniate her. In like manner a man may put away his wife on account of adultery, but for no cause whatever can he marry another. The sophism in our adversaries' argument arises from the fact that the subject of the sentence in St. Matthew is bimembral, and the conditional or parenthetical clause being thrown in between the two members, a doubt about the member, to which the clause belongs, is created. When we come across sentences of this character



we must have recourse to the context or to the subject matter or to some other source to find out how the sentence is to be construed as well as to discover what conclusions can be derived from it. Let us take for example the following sentence, another exact parallel to the sentence quoted from St. Matthew. "Whoever mortally wounds another, excepting in self-defence, and robs him of his money, is guilty of injustice." We already know that in defending ourselves against an unjust attack, we have no right to rob a man of his money. Hence we conclude that in the preceding sentence the parenthetical clause "excepting in self-defence" goes with the first member of the subject of the sentence and not with the second. In like manner, we already know from St. Mark, St. Luke and St. Paul that a man cannot marry while the first wife he took to himself is still living. Hence we conclude that in the sentence from St. Matthew the parenthetical clause: "excepting for adultery," goes, not with the second member of the subject of the sentence, but with the first. Accordingly the statement of the Evangelist is resolved into these three propositions: (1) A man cannot put away his wife, except for adultery; (2) In no case can he take another wife; (3) whoever marries the woman that has been put away is guilty of adultery.

It is useless to object that sentences such as these are rare, obscure, elliptical, etc. The question is: has St. Matthew, in reporting our Lord's words, used a sentence of this kind? We claim that he has. Obscure, elliptical sentences are no rare things in the writings of the New Testament. Nor will it avail to argue that our Divine Lord would not have spoken in so obscure a manner. We do not know that St. Matthew has told us precisely how our Lord did speak. We only know that the Evangelist put no false meaning on the law that was then enunciated. It may be too that our blessed Lord

spoke in such a manner that the full import of his words was not understood at the time. Indeed, writing of this very occasion St. Mark tells us that when the disciples were come to the house they asked their Divine Master about this same question of divorce. Their doubts were soon dispelled. He said to them: "Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery against her." (Mark x. 11.) The disciples were amazed at the rigor of the law. They had the same difficulty that our Protestant friends of to-day have, and they said to him: "If the case of a man with his wife be so, it is not expedient to marry." Our Divine Lord did not answer the difficulty. He admitted its force, and merely replied by saying that celibacy was a gift of God. "All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given." (Matth. xix. 11.)

To sum up then our explanation of the two texts from St. Matthew. In the fifth chapter, thirty-second verse, not a single word was said about re-marriage, except in the second part of the sentence where it is forbidden. In the other text, where the subject of the sentence is *bimembral*, the parenthetical clause containing the exception for adultery affects only the first member of the subject of the sentence. Therefore the only permission granted is to put away one's wife *forever* and *unconditionally* in the case of adultery. There is no permission granted to marry again. Hence we conclude that St. Matthew, as was to be expected, is in full accord with the other sacred writers, and that in no case does the law of Christ allow man and wife to sever the perfect bond that binds them.

There remains one more point to be proved. Though neither the State nor the married couple has the power to dissolve the complete bond of a Christian marriage, may not this power be lodged in the Church? The answer to this point is simple. The Church has always been jealous of her privileges, and never

has she considered herself as holding the privilege of annulling such a marriage. She has received, no doubt, the power to loose and to bind. But she has always considered the perfect bond of Christian matrimony to be outside the sphere of her amplest powers. In such alliances of her children she has always seen an image of the indissoluble alliance that took place when the "Word was made flesh," and the two natures, the human and the divine, became forever united. She sees, moreover, in the bond of a completed Christian marriage a type not only of the union that now exists between Christ and His Church but also of the union that shall

be when defections from His love shall cease, and "the New Jerusalem shall come down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her bridegroom."

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century*, for November, 1899, Mr. Mallock has called attention to the fact that the *intellectual* development of the world is proving to be the ruin of Protestantism and the unexpected support of Catholicism. We may add that recent *moral* development, as displayed in a growing and widespread opposition to divorce, is another telling proof that Protestantism has been wrong and Catholicism right.

## CASTING BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A REMINISCENCE.

By Edwin Coad.

THE habit of casting bread upon the waters is rejected by many who, denying that it ever existed in fact, assert that it is only symbolic of kindness rendered and returning upon him from whom it emanated. Certainly there have been many exemplifications of the idea that have been witnessed by me, the most remarkable perhaps being the following: About the year 1795, when a few hardy adventurers had found their way to the dark and bloody ground of Kentucky, a cry went forth for help to drive back the murderous Indians and to subdue the wilderness and bring into cultivation the most fertile soil the world, in its dismal revolution, ever presented to the sun in the heavens. The grandsons of the brave pioneers who followed Leonard Calvert to this old mother-country of Maryland responded quickly to the call, and hundreds of her sons and daughters flocked to Kentucky, leaving their peaceful homes in covered wagons to be months on their westward journey.

The great forests went down before the keen aggressive axe, and in a few years the marvelous productiveness of the soil was manifested, the Indian was forced back from the haunts of civilization, and the new settlement prospered beyond any known precedent. Nor was God's holy Church forgotten or ignored. Maryland sent them an apostle in the person of Father Badin, the first priest of her ordination, and the only one who had been raised to the priesthood in this country. My old Alma Mater, St. Mary's College, Baltimore, or more properly, the seminary which was attached to it, had this honor, as likewise that of having invested with priestly powers the saintly prince and priest, Demetrius Gallitzin, apostle of the Alleghanies. Among the many who joined in the caravan of pioneers for the West was a family of Spaldings destined in the not distant future to become very prominent for piety and intellect.

In something over half a century,

one of them, Martin John, became Bishop of Louisville, and later on Archbishop of Baltimore. This was the first instalment of bread floating back to the mother-land. There were others of the name and blood who devoted their lives to religion, among them the great Catherine Spalding, foundress of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. They started in a log cabin which they helped to erect, cultivated their little fields and gardens, often cutting their own fire-wood and carrying it in arms for lack of carts or wagons, grinding with little hand-mills their own corn or pounding it into hominy, cooking and doing all the most menial duties with alacrity for the love of God and the promotion of His holy religion. Their heroism, the inspiration of their faith, led them triumphantly on to success, and in time they built up great institutions, and sent their holy women far and near to open up new houses of worship and learning. The logic of the great civil war was the impoverishment of most of the good old families in this the land of the sanctuary, and the education of the young was sadly on the wane as a result of their altered condition. It is reasonable and pleasant to believe that the good and great Catherine Spalding, from her celestial home,

prompted her daughters of Nazareth to come to the assistance of her ancestral home, and they opened something like fourteen years ago St. Mary's Academy on the outskirts of the county seat, Leonard Town. It has been several times enlarged and is growing in popularity each successive year. Sister Mary Catherine is in charge, and never was the eternal fitness of things better emphasized than when she was selected for the position. I would much like to say all I think about this good lady, but I have it in mind that she is a daughter of Eve, and her hereditary vanity might break through all the barriers she has placed around it for its proper subjugation. Many there are who, unable to send their daughters abroad to be educated, have availed themselves of the facilities of this really excellent seat of learning and piety, and the location is an eminently healthy one, as is evidenced by the number of visitors who spend their summer vacations in Leonard Town. Here again, we have another example of bread floating back upon the waters. "We must take the current when it serves," but if we never scatter kindness the current will not be likely to run by our doors, freighted with the gifts of God or of man.



## FREEDOM OF EDUCATION.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR FEBRUARY, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

BY freedom of education, we do not mean that every individual or association of men and women should be free to educate others as they please, or even to offer instruction to others, whether privately or publicly, without any regard or responsibility to the religion or laws of the people whom they seek to instruct. This would be license, not liberty; and yet though this distinction should be clear, the confusion with which many are accustomed to use the term *liberty* nowadays, leads them to accept as a first principle, that education should have the same freedom which the press, for instance, wrongly assumes, so that any person who chooses, whether mentally and morally competent or not, may undertake to train others, young or old, and instill into their minds principles which are just as likely to be hurtful, as helpful, to religion and society. People who would promptly condemn and repress such license of education, were they asked to judge it under its proper name, are but too willing to tolerate it when introduced in the name of liberty.

While on our guard against confounding license with liberty of education, we must also avoid another source of confusion, which arises partly from the fact that we commonly look to the civil

power to repress license in this as in other matters of public welfare, and partly from the fact that during the past century, the civil power has everywhere been usurping the domain of education as one of its proper functions. Now, most men and women are content to take a fact for a principle, and to imagine that a thing which is wrong in itself can become right, if accepted by a majority or by a reasonable number of people, for a reasonable time; and, because the masses look placidly on this usurpation, the conviction may obtain that the state has not only the duty to protect and promote the free exercise of the sacred rights which parents have to educate them, but also the exclusive right to permit them to exercise this function at all. This conviction would be a source of hopeless confusion, as it would effectually put parents at the mercy of the state, for the exercise of a sacred and inalienable right, given to them by God, not by the state, and, therefore, a right which the state must not only respect, but also protect and promote, and which, moreover, it cannot without suicidal injustice appropriate as its own.

Freedom of education is the free and unimpeded exercise of the right which parents have to educate their children, to determine what is best for them to

learn, and to choose their teachers. This right springs from the duty which parents have of providing for the mental and moral, as well as for the physical, welfare of their children. This duty they are not free to neglect, but they must be free to exercise it in their own way. Both the right and duty of parents to educate their children are quite as sacred as their right and duty to nourish them in their infancy, and foster their physical development. The right, moreover, is as inalienable as the duty, and even when, unable to discharge the duty themselves, they entrust their children to school or tutor, they still retain authority, not only over the children, but also over their masters in all that pertains to their education. In God's providence, they are naturally the best fitted to judge what branches of knowledge their children should acquire, how much time they can devote to study, and for what avocation in life they should prepare; and as they are, also, the most interested, as they are under God chiefly responsible, in watching over the mental and moral development of their offspring, it is clear that they should have free choice of the masters to whom they entrust their children, so that they may repose this charge in men and women who as far as possible will replace themselves.

Self-evident though it be that the right of parents to educate their children follows directly from natural law, it is important to keep in view some reasons why they should possess this right, so as to see more clearly the shameful injustice of those who would deny or limit it. Leo XIII., in his Encyclical *Officio Sanctissimo*, thus speaks in general of the rights of parents: "In those duties which are assumed in the very act of imparting life, let fathers know that many rights are contained, in accordance both with nature and with justice; and that these rights are such that a man may neither free himself from exercising them, nor deprive any man of the same, since one

cannot lawfully be absolved by man from duties by which he is bound to God." Now among these rights is surely that of educating the children for whose birth the parents are responsible; since they are bound to see that the life they have imparted be preserved and properly developed and perfected, not only in what concerns the body of their offspring, but chiefly in what concerns the soul. "He who has caused a man to exist must, as far as it is possible and necessary, secure to him the things which are necessary for a human and social life—this being the kind of life to which man is born," is the maxim of Grotius. "It is not easy to imagine or allow," writes Blackstone, quoting Puffendorf, "that a parent has conferred any considerable benefit upon his child by bringing him into the world if he afterwards entirely neglects his culture and education, and suffers him to grow up like a mere beast, to lead a life useless to others and shameful to himself. Finally, a natural impulse and instinct moves parents to educate their children, and for this purpose they have a natural fitness, at least to select competent masters or schools, when they themselves are not competent to discharge this duty.

If it be asked why we insist on the rights and special fitness of parents to educate their children and, as a consequence, on their freedom to choose schools or masters for them, let it be remembered that education means not merely to convey or impart a certain amount of information, or, as it has been erroneously described, "to communicate what we know to one who does not know;" it is not simply instruction, even when by instruction we mean the training a young mind needs before it can receive and master some truth of science; for instruction is only a part of education, which has to do, not with one or the other of the bodily or spiritual faculties, but with all of them, or rather with the entire nature of the child, which it seeks to bring out, culti-

vate, develop and perfect physically, intellectually and morally, moulding every part of the body, and training every one of its senses to serve, and act harmoniously with the soul and its higher spiritual faculties, making imagination subordinate to reason, and subjecting all to the empire of the will. For the Christian parent education means even more than this; it means not merely the perfect natural development of the child, but the supernatural also; the progress of the child in the ways of Christ, growth in sanctifying grace, in the habit of virtue, in the wisdom which turns every earthly experience to heavenly account. It is no wonder then, that, parents worthy of the name are jealous of their right to choose for their children masters who can perfect them in such ways.

When, therefore, we plead for freedom of education we do not ask that any power on earth should grant this freedom, which belongs to parents by natural right, but we protest that no earthly power should seek to limit or repress it and demand that the civil power should protect and promote it as something of great benefit to the welfare of the state, and while we base this protestation and demand on the natural law, we appeal to the acknowledgment of this law by the great moralists of every age, and to the experience of statesmen who have tried and found wanting every other principle on which they thought or tried to build up a system of national education. With states, justice must be the foundation and aim of every law, and under no pretext whatever, whether of necessity, or of economy, or of the hope of some fancied civic advantage, can they dare abandon it without bringing about their own destruction. It will not do to claim that parents as a rule are not competent to attend to the education of their children, and that if left to themselves, they would either neglect it entirely, or fulfil this duty very imperfectly. Parents, by the very nature of things, are much more competent to

educate their children, or at least to select their schools and masters, than the ordinary teachers of a state school system, and if there be any rule in this matter, it is that the parents who are brought up under such systems are usually incompetent to give their children the moral training they need. Hence, in assuming charge of the education of children under this pretext, the state is vainly attempting to remedy an evil which is largely its own creation, and which its remedy, far from curing, is sure to perpetuate. The state should help parents to perform the duty of educating their children by providing them with the necessary means, and by punishing those who neglect this duty; it has the right to provide schools for children whose parents cannot afford to educate them, and for orphans, whose guardians will not assume this task; it may require all its citizens to know the very little that is strictly required to live as law-abiding and industrious members of society, and it may provide special courses of technical instruction for such as have already received a full primary education, and who may wish to offer themselves as candidates for special military or official service, but its rights and functions stop here. Even the pretext of economy cannot justify its attempt to assume as its own the rights of parents to educate their children; for, besides the injustice done, it is false economy which seeks to save money at the expense of all that is most precious and effective as a means of developing and perfecting the character of its citizens.

Finally, the state has no right either to assume entire charge of the education of children, or to limit, or make difficult for parents, the exercise of this prerogative, under the pretext that common schools for all create "a fellow feeling," as we have seen it expressed but lately, though the thousands of students who go to our colleges and universities never learn what this feeling is; that the state

should see "that the same moral principles sway the minds of all," as if this were possible, except in a state in which all would agree on the right moral principles; and require "that children receive the instruction that every one needs to prevent him from becoming a source of injury to human society," as if decent parents could not give this and more, or a national education from the state as well as an individual education from their parents, and, we might add a religious education from the Church. It was on theories identical or similar with these that Sparta of old once based its system of education, with what disastrous results the whole world is witness; for the physical courage of its citizens soon proved worthless without the virtue and moral heroism which had no abiding home in hearts that had been torn from home before they could feel its influence and inspiration. France made this same experiment as a result of her revolution in the name of liberty, with the result that after fifty years of disorder and petty revolutions, even the Voltairian M. Thiers advocated true freedom of education by permitting those who could *educate* young men, and who could train them to religious habits as well as in science, to take part in their education. "The state university," he wrote in a public letter, "has fallen into the hand of phalansterians, and evidently wants to teach our children, together with some mathematics and natural sciences, a great deal of demagogism; I do not see any way of saving the country, except by granting freedom of teaching.

. . . The education given by the clergy seems to me far better than that our state professors prepare for us. . . . My antagonism is now turned against the social enemy, which is the mania of the demagogue. I do not intend to surrender to it. I wish to save from destruction the last hope of social order, which is evidently attached to Catholic institutions." For fifty years France has been enjoying the fruits of the conver-

sion of M. Thiers and his fellow statesmen, and now that Catholics are about to celebrate this event, the socialist members of its government are conspiring together with a view to making attendance at state schools compulsory. For the past eight years they have been taxing the religious men and women in charge of Catholic schools and convents with a view to impoverishing them, but they have not succeeded in robbing them of their pupils. Now, at length, they are to introduce a law, by which no one can become eligible to any state office or employment without attendance the last three years of his college or secondary school course at a state school or university.

This is to entice away the pupils from schools in which religion is taught as well as science. To cut off the supply of professors, it is proposed to declare unlawful the vows by which they bind themselves together in orders for teaching, because, forsooth, it is unlawful to renounce one's natural rights. In his noble letter to M. Waldeck Rousseau, the Comte de Mun boldly attacks the motives which have inspired this law, and pertinently asks why the government is so fearful of religious education, and why it insinuates that pupils who have received it are faithless or false to the state, when it has not a single instance in proof of its assertions, though it had lately, in the Dreyfus affair, several instances of what it considered faithlessness on the part of those who had been educated in its own lycées.

It is a strange sight, indeed, that of a country striving to destroy what is best in the life of its citizens, and denying the most sacred rights of men whom she may need, but too soon, to defend her very existence. It seems impossible that the socialist efforts against religious education in France should succeed any more than the *Kulturkampf* has succeeded in doing the injury it sought to inflict upon the Church in Germany. Still the open attempt of the socialists to control edu-

cation in France, shows us what forces are at work, under the guise of democracy, to undermine religion and the moral order itself. We have been accustomed to boast that such state despotism would be impossible in our own country, but there are signs by which one can predict that it will soon be our misfortune. Many of our citizens idolize our free or common school system, though the more intelligent look to the system of denominational or separate schools which obtains in England and in Canada as approaching the ideal system for a country like ours; but while the prospect of getting the masses to take the more intelligent view grows daily more hopeless, the common school, the idol of our people, is daily becoming for the politician a source of lucre, and for the political theorist a pulpit from which the same moral principles, or what is the same to him, the same partisan political principles may be made to sway the minds of all. With our strong aversion to socialism we have fought hard against state monopolies of our great public enterprises and industries, but by a strange inconsistency we seem to be on the eve in many places of creating a state monopoly in the very function, which, when administered by the state, must necessarily generate a spirit of socialism among our citizens. Perhaps no laws made by our state legislatures are less closely watched than the laws which regulate the

education given in our schools. Parents who should be so jealous of their sacred right to educate their own children seem to take no concern about the encroachments that may be made on their exercise of this right. For this reason we are asked to pray that they should take this interest, and that our legislators may be moved to recognize that the interests of the state and of all its citizens are better served by laws which protect and promote the rights of parents than by those which repress or limit them.

In all we have said we have not advanced a plea for the rights of children, since these are identical with the rights of the parents; nor for the rights, or rather, the mission of the Church in this work of educating the young. The Church has never failed in this mission, and it has invariably triumphed in some measure over the iniquitous governments that have tried to suppress its rights; but like Christ, the Church, His spouse, has always tried to insist on the rights and duties of parents in the great work of educating their children, and instead of interfering with them, has always helped them by providing schools and masters in whom the parents could trust, being in this as in all things, a model to the state, which can only help its citizens in such an exalted work as that of education, by imitating the Church which Christ commissioned to teach all nations.



## THE BETTER PART.

By E. M. Smith.

ACCORDING to the popular proverb Jack Gifford had undoubtedly been born with a silver spoon in his mouth. The old saying will soon become obsolete, not being sufficiently comprehensive for these days of sybaritic luxury when, among the wealthier classes, the advent of a baby is accompanied more nearly by a chest of silver than a single spoon, and Jack while yet a pink sprawling morsel of four weeks could have counted by scores the varied tokens of affection that were showered upon him by admiring friends and proud relatives. Until his advent there had been no direct heir to the vast Gifford fortune. Hence his birth was hailed with unalloyed joy by his parents, and with properly simulated gladness by the more distant branches of the house of Gifford whom the unconscious infant had cut off from a neat little inheritance, but who were high-minded enough to hold him entirely innocent and irresponsible for their natural disappointment. All this by way of showing that he entered the world under the pleasantest and most auspicious circumstances and as time went on his lucky star continued to remain above the horizon.

Even the ills that childhood's flesh is peculiarly heir to passed him by; measles swept the neighborhood but Jack failed to "catch" them; in like manner he proved himself an immune from whooping cough and mumps and later on escaped the horrors of scarlet fever. In this latter case, however, there was nothing remarkable, for at the first warning of this dread disease his mother promptly closed her house—it was just a week before Christmas—and carried her son, a most unwilling refugee, to Florida, where they remained until all possibility of contagion was over.

Jack heartily resented this precaution, for, boy-like, he rather envied his companions the distinction their broader experience gave, and he quite agreed with the old family doctor who pooh-poohed such an extreme course as useless and unnecessary. "Better stay at home and let your boy take things as they come," he growled. "Children's diseases are all the better if the child gets them when he is young. They are bound to come some time, and like love, the *sooner* had the sooner over. Sickness in one form or other is part of a child's heritage." But Mrs. Gifford, while admitting the force of this argument from a physician's standpoint, failed to be convinced. Her Jack was far too precious a possession to endanger by the risks that parents of ordinary children are obliged to take; she was almost humble in her maternal pride, thinking herself all unworthy of the gift of such a son!

One would naturally imagine that, brought up in such an atmosphere, Jack Gifford would develop into an unbearable little prig, but it was not the least part of the boy's good fortune that he had been endowed with a disposition so sweet that no amount of indulgence appeared to affect it. Generous, affectionate and tender-hearted, he was the idol of all who knew him. We frequently hear of children who are incapable of being spoiled—it is true they are so rare that many of us are excusably led to believe them extinct along with the dodo, the ichthyosaurus and other species of antediluvian creation. It really seemed that Jack belonged to this favored class, for he passed from petted babyhood to caressed, indulged boyhood, and starting to school at the age of eight, he verified his friends' partiality by becoming the most popular boy in the younger set. A child's first

year at school, a boy's more especially, is apt to be a good foretest of his success or failure in after life; and Jack, though not remarkably gifted in a mental way, entered into his studies with the same zest and heartiness that he showed in play, and earned the approbation of his teachers, and among his classmates, the still more coveted reputation of being "an all-round good fellow."

Mr. John Gifford, to whom Jack's birth had given the proud opportunity of adding *Senior* to his firm but irregular signature, was a wealthy banker in L—, a flourishing town not so very far from New York. He had married late in life and the first child, a little daughter, lived only ten months; long enough, however, to leave a painful void in the hearts of both father and mother. All their hopes and ambitions were now centred upon this son, who was born seven years later. When we pause to consider the frailty and uncertainty of life, nothing is more pathetic to witness than the affection and pride which parents lavish upon an only child. Gifford Senior was regarded as a stern, uncompromising man by those with whom he had business relations, but like most stern characters he was absolutely just and impartial, and, in consequence, he commanded the respect if not the love of his employees. On the whole, he was popular without catering in the slightest degree either to the likes or dislikes of the public. His sole idea of enjoyment was in the acquisition of money and, being a typical American father, in the disbursement of the same for his family's benefit.

Many a dollar leaked through his fingers in this process and went to lighten the burdens of others, for Mr. Gifford was a charitable man in his way without the world's suspecting it. With him charity began at home; what was left over and above was ungrudgingly given to the poor, but he never stinted himself, and if his native city wanted a hospital donation of five hundred, and Mr. Gif-

ford happened to want a horse at the same time costing just that amount, the horse trainer would be very apt to get the check. "Why not?" he would argue, "I have worked hard all my life to accumulate a fortune and I propose to enjoy it while I am here. Time enough for legacies and donations when I am gone. No sir, I won't put my name down for a cent," and he would not, but as a sop to that three-headed monster, Conscience, he would perhaps give more than the sum requested in private and unobtrusive charities. Whenever Gifford Senior refused to assist or endow a public benefaction the poor of L— were likely to enjoy a cheerful and comfortable winter, so hard is it for us to truly judge our neighbor.

When the time drew near for Jack to go to college, long and earnest debates took place between his parents as to which institution of learning should be entrusted with his education. Like many of the most important steps in life, it was finally decided by accident. Strange, is it not, that those events to which we have so long looked forward, those *grands coups* so carefully planned, are so often withdrawn from our disposition when the moment of fulfilment arrives, and utterly changed by the hand of Destiny? We may live to bless the trivial circumstance that has determined our career, or to rail against the cruel fate that altered it from the thing we had so confidently planned; but call it by what name we will, we are forced to acknowledge that there is a "Divinity that shapes our ends," taking the chisel from our puerile hands and giving a sharp blow there, a chastened touch here, so that at last our lives may be sculptured after the model set for us centuries ago by the humble Teacher of Galilee.

Mr. Gifford had almost decided to confer upon Princeton the honor of being his son's Alma Mater when a chance encounter with a couple of perfect strangers caused him to reconsider the matter. He and Jack were making what had become

to them an annual pilgrimage up the beautiful Hudson. It was a hot day in August and they had few fellow passengers; among the number, however, were two priests whose enjoyment of the scenery was so keen that they attracted Gifford Senior's attention, and he blandly began to point out to them the different objects of interest along the river. They were men of wide experience and high culture, as Mr. Gifford was not slow to discover. Their conversation was both interesting and instructive and the intensity of eagerness with which Jack hung upon their words amused while it pleased his father, whose acquaintance with the clergy of any denomination had been extremely limited, and this was the first time he had ever held any conversation with a Catholic priest. He was not a bigoted man, but he had heretofore imagined that "Romanists" belonged to a somewhat inferior order of beings—well-meaning enough but rather illiterate, nor need the reader infer from this statement that Mr. Gifford is alone in holding these peculiar views. In neighborhoods where Catholics are few there are many apparently educated people who would unhesitatingly indorse them. Fathers Carroll and Seigel had been abroad fifteen years and were now taking advantage of their short vacation to revisit some old scenes; they were going to Niagara by way of Albany, and Mr. Gifford was so charmed with his new friends that he readily yielded to Jack's entreaties to extend their outing over the same route. Before the Falls were reached he mentally determined that the college which had trained these men was the place best suited to his son's necessities, and the following month Gifford Junior was happily settled in a Catholic College, where he remained four years.

It would be natural to suppose that during his college course Jack should become a convert to Catholicity, but not so; he was deeply impressed by the beauty and solemnity of the Roman ritual, and also by the con-

stant examples of holiness and spirituality in the lives of his teachers, but in spite of all this no thought of embracing the true faith ever entered the boy's mind. The fire of Divine Grace failed to touch his heart and he left school at the age of nineteen as indifferent to affairs of the soul as when he entered. This was not to be marvelled at, for religion had never played a prominent part in Jack Gifford's home life. His mother, after teaching him to lisp the Our Father and "Now I lay me," looked upon her duties in that line as properly discharged, and Jack evinced no disposition for Sunday schools. As he grew older he accompanied his mother to church when he felt like it. Mrs. Gifford was not herself a devout member of the fashionable congregation in whose stately edifice she held a front pew; it is a peculiarity among many of our dissenting brethren to attend *divine service* only when a fine orator is advertised to fill the pulpit or when they personally like their minister, and on ordinary occasions Mrs. Gifford considered the Sabbath properly observed if she read two chapters in her Bible. On fine days when she felt *perfectly well* but not in a church-going mood, she stilled the voice of conscience by reading *three*, and if the weather was at all bad she omitted their perusal altogether, for in this case, she argued, she would not have gone to church any way. Withal she was a devoted mother and conscientious wife, although it is not surprising that her son and husband placed little stress upon religion, regarding it as a merely social duty to be waived or observed as best suited their convenience.

After two years of foreign travel Jack entered his father's bank and settled down to business. Here, as in every other avenue his feet had trod, he found the way made smooth. Fortune continued to smile upon her favorite. While abroad he fell desperately in love with a charming girl, a Miss Habberton of New York; their affection was mutual—as

they say in story books—and shortly after his return home they were married with copious parental blessings and an extraordinary amount of good wishes from their hosts of friends. Then a new world opened to our hero. For the first time in his twenty-four years of careless existence he experienced the sensation of responsibility, welcome only when it is thrust upon us by those whom we devotedly love.

Lillias Habberton could be classed among these sweet, innocent girls whose personality seems such a direct revelation of infinite purity and love, that their mere presence suffices to elevate all who come in contact with them to a higher, holier atmosphere. She was not beautiful and yet—"you turned from the fairest to look on her face." There are such women even in these days when clinics and dissecting-rooms are filled with soft-eyed maidens so intent upon proving their superiority over man that no field is sacred from their invasion.

A happy year of married life followed; twelve wonderful, love-lit months such as come to few in a life-time, but which show us in one dazzling glance what existence without adversity might mean, and then Lillias Gifford died. She did not want to go. For one whose soul had probably never been stained with a deliberate sin, she was terribly afraid. Poor, young wife! It was pitiful to witness the tenacity with which she clung to life, begging the doctors and her husband to save her; but alas, of what avail is human skill against the unchangeable decrees of God?

In deepest misery Jack knelt beside her bed, stunned by that absolute despair which comes to us with our first great sorrow. Fate had been cruel, inasmuch as she had allowed him no chastening preparation, no warning of the bitterness in store for him, and oh, the awful dread, the consuming, maddening agony of love that possesses us in such an hour; the horror of each moment that approaches, the passionate

yearning over the moments that are gone! When the last sad rites were over few would have recognized genial, kind-hearted Jack Gifford, whose ready smile and readier coin carried comfort to every struggling soul he met with on his daily rounds, in the haggard, grief-worn man who was sitting alone in a Pullman compartment, speeding over the Western prairies in the futile hope of getting away from his troubles. Travel is the only possible Lethe in such a case, travel and work, and to Jack the latter was still an unknown quantity.

The three years that ensued were dark with sorrow; no gleam of resignation shed its beneficent light over their weary round as Gifford roamed restlessly to and fro among nature's wild, untrammelled paths—a wanderer on the face of the earth. He could not turn to God for consolation; God and he were strangers! He had not learned how to say, "Thy will be done." Nor could he understand why one so pure and devout as his Lillias should have so feared to die. She had always found such comfort in church-going. Why was it? He scoffed at the cruelty of a creed that could support one during life and then fail him in his supreme hour of need.

This thought haunted him more than all others; he pondered over it at night as he lay in his tent gazing up at the limitless expanse of sky, where millions of starry worlds seemed to mock him with their mysterious creation; during the day it accompanied him in his wanderings among the wild gorges and cañons of the Rockies, or over the burning trails of la Jornada del Muerte. At length, all unsought, the answer came. He was spending the winter in a small village or pueblo of New Mexico, where the bracing climate and ever-shining sun buoyed him up unconsciously. In a half-cynical way it amused and diverted him to go among the poor Mexicans, who comprised four-fifths of the population, doing good. He would not acknowledge, even to himself, the comfort

of it, for his heart was still filled with bitterness. He realized that all hope of happiness had died out of his life forever. His was a nature that could admit no second love. His first sincere, boyish passion could never be rekindled for the reason that there was nothing left to feed the flames; but while in Torreon he formed a sincere attachment for a youth, Felipe Perez by name, who had acted as his guide in various hunting expeditions and had once recklessly endangered his life to save Gifford from the furious onslaught of a wounded bear.

He was a handsome boy of seventeen or thereabouts, with soft olive skin and the dark, lustrous eyes that every Mexican, no matter how lowly, has as part of his inheritance from old Spain.

Felipe and his mother were a happy illustration of the Biblical story, for he was an only child and she was a widow. There is no explaining the laws of mutual attraction, and Jack Gifford found more pleasure and comfort in the society of this joyous, illiterate child of nature than had come to him since his wife's death; as for Felipe, he loved his American friend with all the intensity of his impetuous, southern heart, and such devotion is of the kind that Jonathan gave David; or Damon, Pythias — such kind as outlasts the centuries.

He was by no means a stupid companion, for he had been educated in the school of nature; one is invariably nobler and better for such learning, and he was well taught by his pious old mother in all that pertained to his religion. Indeed, Mr. Gifford was learning many things of his *pequeño amigo*, as he called Felipe, among them faith and trust in God; for the boy's unconscious example was having a most beneficial effect upon the big, good-natured traveller. But their companionship was doomed to an abrupt end. The long-closed silver mines around Torreon were at last re-opened, and Felipe, who was a miner by occupation, bade a reluctant *adios* to the *dolce far niente* existence

he had been leading and accepted a position in the "Golden Giant." Three dollars a day is too high a wage to be idly refused, and the boy was his mother's sole support. She was, however, strongly opposed to his working in this mine; there had been talk among the men, some weeks before it opened, of danger in the east tunnel from the huge timbers that had rotted while the mine was in disuse. Many of them were not satisfied with the cursory examination and slight repairs that had been made, and refused to take the risk of working there.

Others scouted the idea of the beams, falling and Felipe, with that boyish craving for a danger that is possible but not probable, was among the latter number. Thus it came about that he left his mother one glorious autumn day when the world seemed at its brightest, with his customary kiss and cheery *adios*, and a few hours later, was brought back to her a crushed and bleeding mass. The culpable neglect of a rich corporation cost the lives of six brave men that day.

Gifford sat in silence by the stricken widow watching while the fresh, young life of his little friend ebbed away; there was no one else in the room except the good Padre who had hastened to hear poor Felipe's confession and administer the last sacraments of the Church. Presently the boy opened his beautiful eyes and recognized Gifford; he tried to stretch a poor, mangled hand towards him, but the effort was too much. Jack fell on his knees beside the humble cot. "Oh my boy," he cried, "it is cruel, cruel for you to be taken off like this! How can a merciful God permit such things to happen?" "Hush, Señor," whispered Felipe reverently, "we must not question the good Father. I am very willing to die. I used to think it would be hard to leave this beautiful world, but the pain is so bad that now I am glad to go. My only sorrow is for my mother; she has no one to care for

her. Will you do so, Señor, for my sake? Promise me and I shall die content.

"Indeed I will, Felipe; she shall be my sacred charge and may the Lord deal by my own mother as I do by yours." "*Ay de mi, muchacho*, do not think of me in this awful hour, soul of my own!" sobbed the poor Señora in her childish broken English. "Our Heavenly Father will watch over me even as if you were here." With a long-drawn sigh of mingled pain and satisfaction Felipe closed his eyes; the powerful rays of the late September sun streamed through the one small window of their low-roofed adobe, lighting up its rough walls bare of ornament, and revealing each weak spot in the much worn Navajo rug; they scintillated back and forth from the little brass crucifix that hung below a gaudy picture of Mexico's patron saint, "Our Lady of Guadalupe," which was framed in a circlet of impossible paper roses, the whole enclosed in a glass covered frame, and finally pierced farther into the room, hovering like some bright-winged angel over the spot where the boy lay. Outside, the King of Day was disappearing in a last burst of glory behind the silent, majestic mountains; and with his setting Death entered the lowly Mexican cottage, not in terror but with a beckoning smile, and led Felipe's patient soul beyond the far blue hills that bounded his small world into the mystic realms of everlasting life.

Within, the mother tried to stifle her sobs as she clung to her son's still form, and the tall American Señor knelt at the Padre's feet begging to be taken into the Church. All his doubts were swept away and a flood of grace poured its saving waters into his tempest-tossed soul. He did not require much instruction, being already familiar with the teachings of the Catholic faith, and shortly after young Perez's untimely death John Gifford was baptized and made his first Communion in the tiny brown church which was perched like a

sparrow on the hill top, and which could claim nothing in the way of beauty except the simple faith of its humble congregation. Then, with the dawn of a great peace in his heart, he said good-bye to Torreon and went back to his father's palatial home; but before leaving he settled upon the Señora Perez an income from which she was to draw at pleasure, a gift that seemed princely to the poor woman who had never before had as much as twenty-five pesos in her possession at one time. At first she was very reluctant to accept such a present, for Mexicans are proud as a race, whatever tourists may say to the contrary, but Jack used his most persuasive endeavors and finally conquered by telling her it was for the sake of the affection he had borne her boy.

Gifford Junior did not reenter his father's bank upon returning to L—, nor did he remain long in his native town, where the announcement that he had joined the Roman Church, was received with incredulity by his numerous acquaintances. Their surprise soon merged into disgust when they learned he had again left home, this time to study for the priesthood. But Jack had long outgrown all regard for the barometrical changes of public opinion; his only regret lay in the anticipated displeasure of his parents, and his surprise was unbounded when he discovered that Gifford Senior rather approved the step. Mrs. Gifford acquiesced from sheer force of habit.

To-day Father Gifford ranks among the most eloquent of our missionary priests; his yearly converts may be counted by dozens, for he has learned by personal suffering the way to the hearts of his fellow-men. Grief, truth and love go far towards making the perfect priest as they do the perfect poet, and all of these our friend had known in his youth. For it is—

"Thus by ways not understood  
Out of each dark vicissitude  
He bringeth compensating good."



## EDITORIAL.

### THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

Chiefly on account of the long standing prohibition against the public celebration of Midnight Mass at Christmas, there were some serious apprehensions that the Midnight Mass we were permitted to celebrate in our churches at the opening of the year would be attended with disorder and irreverence. Not only was there no disorder nor irreverence, but, on the contrary, the congregations, which were everywhere very numerous, manifested the greatest piety and fervor both within and without the churches. As a preparation for this Mass, confessions were multiplied, and we may surely say that all who had the good fortune to attend it, experienced an extraordinary renewal of faith and gratitude. Even though the fatigue and distraction, which are natural on such an occasion, may have prevented some from realizing all that was going on at that most solemn sacrifice, still the expectation and longing with which they had looked forward to it, and the satisfaction with which they may now look back to the privilege of beginning the last year of the century so holily, are in themselves graces which should make us grateful to God, who has thus blessed us at the dawn of a year, which, we trust, may be fraught with blessings until its close. May we not hope that one of these blessings is to be permission to have this public Midnight Mass regularly in future?

### MORE UNOFFICIAL DISCLOSURES.

"We must credit the Church with having done a great deal of good work among the natives," writes President Schurman, Chairman of the United States Commission to the Philippine Islands and President of Cornell University, in the *Independent* of December 28, 1899. He writes about Luzon only where the natives, he says, "are all Catholic Christians." As a proof of the power and influence of the priests in the archipelago, he notes that "of the \$13,500,000 raised on the island about \$1,500,000 was used for the Church's support." For a college president he is strangely indefinite in his utterances. When was this amount raised, and for what period of time was the sum named given for the Church's support? If it was for one year, it was after all but the tithe due the Church, and cannot therefore be said to show that the priests really ruled the archipelago. Here is another sentence from the college president: "Then on the great island of Mindanao there are many tribes entirely different from each other!" and with this rare disclosure the information about Mindanao stops. Why should those who go on confidential missions for our government feel bound to give their views in periodicals and after-dinner speeches? One would imagine that they owe it to the government to keep their own counsel, unless, indeed, it be that the administration may wish

to have them act as its spokesmen to expose its views and justify its policy.

#### EVANGELIST OR COMMISSIONER ?

But surely President Schurman can have no commission from the government to expose its views or justify its policy, for the chief purpose of his address before the Congregational Club of New York, as reported in the *Independent*, is to recommend American Protestant missionary enterprise in the Philippines, especially in Mindanao. How does it happen that so many Protestant missionaries, or their advocates, have so much to do with our attempts at colonial extension, in Hawaii, in Samoa, in Porto Rico, Cuba and now in the Philippines? And why is it that our Commissioners and some of our Governors in these new acquisitions cannot content themselves with doing what is within their sphere, without recommending Protestant missionary work among peoples who are already largely Catholics, and all the better for being Catholics? President Schurman seems to have some respect for the faith of the Filipinos, at least of those in Luzon, because he gives candidates for the Protestant missions there many cautions about what they are to expect and what they must do to succeed. Thus they must "decide on one form of Protestant Christianity;" "send only one type of missionaries;" "they are contending with a Catholic educated population that knows nothing about the fine differences between Protestant sects and denominations;" therefore, "it would be highly impolitic to send missionaries of different denominations to confuse the minds of the people." President Schurman does not tell us what the Protestant missionary is to say, if the Filipino should inquire if there be more of his kind where he hails from. Indeed, there is an ingenuousness about his utterances that is positively amazing in a college president. He tells us: "We have no adequate idea how confusing to the simple minds of an uncivilized people the dif-

ferent forms of our Protestant faith appear;" as if they were less confusing to the minds of civilized people. Finally, Mr. Schurman hopes "that before sending missionaries to the Philippines the different denominations will unite on some common platform," i. e., that the 150 sects piece themselves together so as to be without seam in the eyes of the Filipino, who is simple enough to think that Christ must have been content to establish but one Church. Should they act on his advice the Filipinos will never know how divided and contentious Protestantism is.

#### ALREADY IN MINDANAO.

Simply because the island of Luzon has been preoccupied by Catholic Christianity, President Schurman thinks that "the island of Mindanao is a more promising field for missionaries to begin their work." "The influence of the Catholic Church has not been extended to Mindanao, and the simple natives would more readily accept the type of faith which the Americans would teach them." What is the type of faith the Americans would teach? In these days of majorities, it could be no other than the Catholic faith; but Mr. Schurman does not mean that. He is the president of a university which has very little to do with faith of any type, and cannot be expected to appreciate the only Church which has the true faith. But, whatever he may mean, in point of fact, has not the influence of the Catholic Church already extended to Mindanao? Our readers may remember that in the *MESSENGER* for October, 1899, we mentioned a body of Religious, 124 in number, who provide for thirty mission churches and 163 stations and reductions. No doubt the ex-Commissioner has yet to visit Mindanao and learn enough to speak less about it and its missions.

#### STATE CONTROL OF EDUCATION.

As an instance of the attempts that are made from time to time on our



liberty of education, we call attention to the Report of the Educational Unification Commission lately appointed by the Governor of New York. In a letter of protest against some of the leading suggestions of the Report, Melvil Dewey, one of the members of the Commission, whose eleven years' experience as secretary of the Board of Regents enables him to speak with authority, warns the Governor that :

"The Report ignores the world-wide distinction between elementary and secondary education by attaching the public High Schools to the Bureau of Elementary Education, and the endowed academies and secondary schools to the Bureau of Higher Education, thus putting a premium on the very duplication of inspection, examination and supervision which it is the purpose of this Commission to avoid. Every civilized country recognizes the essential differences between elementary and secondary education. At no point from the kindergarten to the university is the line more marked than here. The child is just beginning adolescence, the most important and plastic period of its life. It is beginning to trace cause and effect, and to be no longer content with the mere inventories of information of the elementary school. The difference between secondary and higher education is much less marked, as is indicated by the common European practice of merging what corresponds to every college and high school course in a single eight or nine years' gymnasial course. The avowed purpose of some prominent advocates of the Commission's classification is to segregate the endowed academies, private and incorporated schools, so that they may be more easily killed, and they are characterized as a menace to our common school system. I profoundly believe in the public high school as the most important educational institution of modern times, but it is educational extremism run mad to suppose that the world will ever dispense with its endowed

and private schools, which alone can do certain kinds of work that the public wishes to have done. I cannot with good conscience refrain from protesting against any scheme which would either attack the existence and prosperity of these schools, or would ignore the essential difference between secondary and elementary education which is recognized by every man whose training and experience have entitled him to the name of educator."

The time has not yet come when legislators dare make open war on private schools, but they have been discriminating against them very much of late, and in the Report mentioned above they ignore them just as in Illinois a year ago they tried to crowd them entirely out of existence.

#### ONE OF MANY.

The Messenger of St. Joseph for the Homeless Boys of Philadelphia furnishes much instructive information about the rise and progress of a noble charity. "The Home" formally opened in May, 1890, at 732 Pine street, through the efforts of Rev. E. V. McElhone, had for its entire capital at the end of that year \$25.00, while a heavy debt upon the property portended its speedy passing away. To-day, after scarcely ten years of existence, despite large expenditures in the care of hundreds of boys and the acquiring and improving of property, it has, besides the original house at 732, a building covering six city lots, and this, be it remarked, without any State aid or encroaching on the diocesan fund for charities. Still higher progress is told by the half-tone cuts that adorn this edition of the St. Joseph's Messenger. Looking at the clear, bright faces of the boys in these pictures, it is hard to realize that the first condition for their reception was "that they were really destitute and homeless." It must mean a real transformation, mentally and morally, and is in itself the best proof of the good done by Fr. Fitzgibbons and his assistants.

## INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

Louis Veuillot, that devoted son of the Church and of France, died sixteen years ago, on April 7, 1883. His friends and admirers, to perpetuate his splendid memory, have erected in the new sanctuary of the Sacred Heart, at Montmartre, a monument worthy of the man. The occasion of its unveiling last November was observed with due ceremony, as may be seen in *L'Univers* for December 1, 1899. The same paper has an eloquent eulogy of this hero from the able pen of his brother, Eugene Veuillot. He was a true disciple of the Sacred Heart, having learned how to suffer wrong and forgive. This is evident from a note accompanying his last will and addressed to his brother. "I ask pardon of all whom I have ever offended or hurt. I have fought hard and long. And yet in the whole course of my experience I never yet heartily and wilfully hated anybody. Certainly, I have most sincerely pardoned all the wrongs I at any time thought done me. If at times in the first heat of resentment I prayed God for justice, I always knew how to surrender the right to do myself justice before the end of the fight. To-day I am without a shadow of personal hatred. I ask for all the same mercy that I expect for myself. May every single man of my enemies have pardon with God, the one being, perhaps, in the universe whose displeasure constitutes the offender guilty of injustice, wrong and inexcusable folly." Eugene Veuillot closes this tribute to his illustrious brother with the following letter from Cardinal Rampolla, writing for our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. "The

Holy Father learns with no small satisfaction that a fitting memorial is about to be raised in the basilica of the Sacred Heart to the memory of Louis Veuillot. This tribute to a Catholic writer, who consecrated his pen to the defence of religion, cannot but be pleasing to His Holiness. In his desire to see champions of the good cause grow daily more and more numerous, he hopes that the honor shown this leader among them may excite others to follow in his glorious footsteps. Knowing as he does the bond of relationship between yourself and Louis Veuillot, the Holy Father rejoices with you in this public testimonial to a brother, whose devoted attachment to the Holy See you emulate."

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd have, by their zeal for religion and virtue, attracted the notice of the Church's enemies in France. It is indeed a pity to think that a nation, so Catholic at heart and so responsive to chivalry, faith and charity, is at the mercy of a set of legislators, who can stoop so low as to persecute a body of holy women, banded together in the interests of righteousness. And yet, pitiable as it is, word comes to us that investigations are being set on foot, harassing searches are being made and threats of expulsion are going the rounds of the government press. Monsignor Rumeau, bishop of Angers, where the Mother-House of the Good Shepherd is situated, has in the *Questions Actuelles* of December a long letter, addressed on the subject to the Mother Superior of the Congregation. We make the following extracts: "Your

Holy Institute has been lately made the object of a most villainous attack in the French and foreign press. Your own heart and the hearts of your daughters are overwhelmed with bitterness, and the friends of religion grieve with you, whilst her enemies rejoice with a loud noise. In this heap of calumny, I can find only four heads of accusation. First of all, you are charged with being engaged in a mere business venture. Secondly, this so-called business venture is cried down as contrary to humanity and law. Thirdly, a vast deal is said about the harsh treatment you accord your orphans and the cruelties you practice on little children, with no one to protect them. Fourthly, and last of all, much ado is made about the incompleteness of your training, the limited number of branches you teach the orphans and the penitents in your workshops." The bishop proceeds to answer at some length each of these several charges. He calls attention to the fact that the government itself has on more than one occasion praised the good work of the Sisterhood, even to the extent of awarding a medal in 1898 to one of the houses. He cites these laudatory words of a State-inspector, "During the sixty-three years of this house's existence, it has secured a livelihood for more than a thousand young women." The enemies of the Sisters complain that humanity and justice are violated, inasmuch as the inmates of these houses receive at their departure no fair compensation for work done during residence. Apart from the fact that inmates ordinarily hail from a class of society by no means industrious or capable, and necessarily unable to earn any large amount, the bishop scouts the idea of anything like a mercenary spirit among the Sisters, chosen ladies of rank and position, who renounced every worldly hope, no matter how brilliant, to consecrate themselves to an apostolate sowed thick with difficulties. The charge of cruelty falls flat from the very circumstance that children can hardly

be induced by their relatives to leave these homes of their own choice. Girls, after attaining their majority, prefer to remain with the Sisters. At Angers, this is true of half the inmates. The bishop concludes with these graceful and touching words, "If the evil-minded choose to misunderstand you, remember that the disciple is not above her Master, and that the works of God have for special privilege, exposure to persecution and contradiction. Unfair treatment is a sign and a pledge of the blessings in store for them. These blessings Providence has abundantly poured down upon you. Your pious Institute, though only seventy years old, is already established in five of the grand divisions of the globe. You number 7000 religious, scattered through two hundred and twenty-one houses, of which one hundred and eleven are in Europe, ninety-two in America, six in Asia, six in Africa, and six in Oceanica. There are at this present time dependent on your charity 47,385 children, or young women, who, were it not for you, would be a heavy burden on society at large."

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A learned Dominican of Austria, now attached to the staff of the Vatican Library, Father Denifle by name, has unearthed a rare collection of documents, bearing on the havoc wrought in the Church of France by invaders during the Hundred Years' War. He is publishing the result of his find, and has already with indefatigable labor analyzed, copied and summarized more than two thousand manuscripts, hitherto unknown to the learned world. It is a gruesome story of an epoch when churches and villages were ruthlessly burned to the ground, when, to use the words of a royal scoundrel who had himself set fire to two hundred towns, "a conflagration was in the case of a battle, what the Magnificat is to Vespers." A writer in *L'Univers* thinks the publication of such a book opportune, as it must serve to put

Frenchmen on their guard against the religious persecution that to-day threatens them with no uncertain menace. "Without doubt," he writes, "it is not yet all over. But we must keep memory of the agony our fathers underwent, and of the part that the spirit of Catholicity, along with patriotism and love of country, played in the work of resurrection."

Regarding the present situation in France a correspondent writes as follows:

"Catholics watch with growing anxiety a revival of religious persecution. The enemy's latest pretext for increased hostility against Catholics is that they conspire to overthrow the republic. During the Dreyfus case everything was done to compromise Catholics. That scheme proved a failure. Recourse was then had to a so-called conspiracy made up indifferently of Royalists, Imperialists, Anti-Semites and Nationalists. As most of the accused are Catholic gentlemen, it became clear, of course, that Catholics were hatching a plot for the ruin of the republic. If the whole truth were told, many Catholics, docile to the Pope's instructions, are heart and soul with the republic; and their loyal behavior is what most of all frightens the Jews and the Freemasons. These men are by no means too blind to see that this line of conduct must in the near future secure a majority of Catholic representatives in the Chamber of Deputies; and, rather than have this happen, France shall perish first. Catholic education is the objective point in this battle. Religious teachers are to be disqualified, three years in a government institution of learning are to be required as a necessary condition for admission to any office or employment. And three years in an institution of the kind, it need not be remarked, are quite enough to shake the faith and the morals of young men in their twenties. However, the enemies of religion would seem to have some mis-

givings about the ultimate success of this plan. They have already found to their cost that youths religiously trained do not so easily fall a prey to infidelity and corruption. Young clerics, drafted into the army, instead of falling victims to the bad example of their surroundings, have more frequently exerted a salutary influence on their companions in arms. Hence the Masonic lodges and the Masonic government have resolved to start a real Kulturkampf against religious congregations. Here is a sample of the laws proposed in the Chambers during the course of last November: 'Every association founded for a purpose which is illicit, contrary to law, to the constitution, to public order, to good morals, or involving in any way the renunciation of rights not transferable, is void and of no effect.' Then follows this crafty explanation, 'The common law of our country, as of all States, proscribes whatever constitutes an abdication of personal right, a renunciation of whatever involves the exercise of a natural right, such as, for instance, the right to marry, to buy, sell, traffic, follow a profession, possess; in one word, whatever resembles personal servitude. Hence every personal engagement, whatever its nature, must be temporary; and, even when temporary, cannot be absolute, cannot bear on personal rights, taken as a whole.'"

The revival of religious persecution has not failed to call forth new efforts on the part of French Catholics for organized resistance. "The Catholic Association of the Young Men of France" has already agreed on a definite plan of defence in favor of free Catholic education. The bishops are entered heartily into the campaign and Count de Mun is its leader. In a carefully prepared speech the Abbé Gayraud, a priest-deputy, opened not long ago a parliamentary crusade against Freemasonry. He very cleverly laid bare the animus of the sect, unmasked its movements and pointed out the dangers into which it would precipitate the country. The

decided and straightforward tone of this eloquent Philippic proved conclusively that Father Gayraud has mapped out for himself a definite plan of warfare. The violent and ridiculous interruptions with which the Radicals tried to drown the reverend speaker's voice made it plain to listeners how little his theme was to their taste. Abbé Gayraud faced the tempest to the end, closing his discourse with this defiant declaration, "To-day for the first time I ascend this platform to speak against Freemasonry. Let me inform the House that this time shall not be the last." As the Abbé Gayraud hails from Brittany he will without doubt keep his word.

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The proposal of the French Commission of the Budget to suppress the embassy at the Vatican—as a measure of economy!—was rejected in the Chamber by a majority of 141 votes.

Another proposal of the same Commission aimed at ridding the State penitentiaries of their chaplains and of the Sisters. It is essentially a Masonic Commission. Hear how Mr. Goujat, its head, bolsters up his policy. The ministrations of the chaplains and the Sisters, he says, are insignificant. Therefore they should receive no compensation. He proves his first assertion by an appeal to indignant protests, lately entered by Mr. d'Haussonville, a Catholic, against the government, for paralyzing the action of the prison-chaplains by its meddlesome interference. He thinks he sees a serious menace to freedom of conscience in the official approval accorded priests, and by the very fact admits the importance of their work, denied a few moments before. Then with a wily tribute to the zeal and virtue of these priests he remarks that it would be an insult to them to suppose that the absence of wages could in any way affect their charity. All this combined makes one of the finest specimens of bad logic, knavery and hypocrisy.

Rev. Herbert Thurston has in the *Month* for December, a learned article on "The Year of Jubilee and its Past History." Our Holy Father on Christmas Eve personally opened the Porta Santa of St. Peter's, thus inaugurating the Solemn Jubilee of the Holy Year, the twentieth such jubilee on record. Three Cardinals, among them Cardinal Satolli, were appointed to perform the same function at St. John Lateran, Santa Maria Maggiore and S. Paolo fuori le Mura. Both the name and the idea of the jubilee are borrowed from the Book of Leviticus, where explicit instructions are laid down for the guidance of God's chosen people in their festal observance of every fiftieth year. The first jubilee of which we have clear record in the history of the Church was proclaimed by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1300. His Bull was framed on the presumption that such a celebration of every hundredth year had existed in Rome from time immemorial, frankly admitting at the same time that no written record of those celebrations was any longer extant. Other jubilees followed in 1350 and 1390. Later the interval was reduced to thirty-three years. In 1450 the older and more natural period of fifty years again asserted itself. From 1475 the celebrations succeeded each other uninterruptedly every twenty-five years, and that of 1775 was the eighteenth. The nineteenth occurred in 1825. In 1850 the Pope was an exile at Gaeta, and in 1875 the occupation of Rome by the Italian Government forbade the Holy Father to invite his devoted children to visit him in his imprisonment. The ceremonial attending the opening of the Porta Santa is most elaborate and impressive. The immense church is empty, for the doors have been kept closed since early morning. The Pope goes down from his throne and, armed with a silver hammer, strikes the wall in the doorway, which falls at once inward. The Pope then, bareheaded and torch in hand, enters the door, and is fol-

lowed by the Cardinals and his other attendants to the high altar, when the First Vespers of Christmas Day are chanted as usual. It may be remarked that Christmas Eve is chosen for the ceremony, because Christmas Day was reckoned by Christians in the early centuries the first day of the new year.

“In its issue of November 25, the London *Tablet* has this to say of the “Work of Solemn Homage to Christ for the End of the Century :”

“In an age of unbridled scepticism and unbelief, and in the midst of a world, of which the pride and the pomp were never greater, the Catholic Church desires her children to close this century by an act of religion in which we shall emphatically renew in a solemn, public, and world-wide manner, the profession of our unswerving faith, trust, love and worship of Christ as our King and Saviour. As the last hours of the century are striking, the voice of the Catholic Church will be heard throughout the world, repeating to Christ more fervently than ever the loyal and faithful assurance of St. Peter, ‘Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God,’ ‘Lord, to whom shall we go! Thou hast the words of Eternal Life.’”

“This universal act of religion by which the Catholic Church consecrates to her Redeemer the close of one century and the beginning of the next, is not with her any mere concession to the modern taste of a centenary-loving age. It falls naturally into the historic celebration of the great Jubilee, with which she, who is the Church of ‘all time,’ as she is the Church of ‘all nations,’ has long been wont to sanctify the transition from century to century. It carries our minds back to pre-Reformation times, when our Catholic forefathers joined those vast multitudes of pilgrims who crowded the streets of Rome during the Holy Year, and who, side by side with their brethren from every Christian land, knelt at the Tomb or the Apostles, to make glad profession

of that faith and devotion to the See of Peter of which Catholic England was so justly proud, and of which her Ambassadors long afterwards, in the Council of Constance, were still able to utter in the presence of the assembled bishops of Catholic Europe her loyal boast that “the Kingdom of England—praised be Most High God for it—has never swerved from the obedience of the Roman Church,—never has it sought to rend the seamless garment of the Lord, or to evade the obedience of the Roman Pontiff.” Despite the sad changes which pride and sinfulness have wrought since then, there is happily in England the faithful remnant of whom these words are still gloriously true. They are the descendants of men and women who have set the red seal of martyrdom on the words which were uttered at Constance.”

The following are some of the resolutions adopted at a meeting of the English National Committee for the Solemn Homage to Christ in the last year of the nineteenth century, held at Archbishop's House, Westminster, on Tuesday, November 14 :

“That every effort be made to keep alive in the minds of men the doctrine of the Sovereignty of our Lord Jesus Christ over society as a whole, and to extend His reign.

“That every Catholic be invited to renew his consecration to the love and service of Jesus Christ, and, according to his means and opportunity, to make known the Divine claim to the undivided allegiance of mankind.

“That a number of preachers be chosen and invited by the National Committee to deliver courses of sermons or instructions during the year 1900 on the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on His various claims to our allegiance as our God, our Saviour, our King, our Model and our Life. And that such courses be repeated in as many churches as possible throughout the land.

“That during the year 1900 Peter pence

be collected in every diocese, to be presented to the Holy Father on the Feast of the Epiphany, 1901.

"That the Catholic Union of Great Britain be invited to organize a pilgrimage to Rome on a large scale, and that two loyal addresses to the Vicar of Christ be signed and presented, one by the clergy and another by the laity.

"That the faithful be encouraged to wear crucifixes on their persons, to place them in their homes, and to erect them in their churches in token of their allegiance to our Lord Jesus Christ, and that the National Committee shall select an appropriate memorial of the epoch for private use."

The international character of the Eternal City becomes daily more evident. Not only have schools been established in Rome by France, Spain and Germany, but Russia and England have, in their turn, expressed their desire to possess archeological institutes for their men of science in the ancient city of the Popes. The Academy of St. Petersburg has elaborated a plan which needs only the Czar's approbation to be carried into effect. The Slavs will thus come into more frequent and systematic contact with the Latin sources of western civilization. England is about to build her Academy of Fine Arts; in a year the edifice shall crown the Aventine hill, facing the German scientific institutions, which rise on one of the opposite heights of the Capitoline hill, on the spot where once stood the famous temple of Jupiter.

The highest prize offered by the French Academy for literary work, was awarded to Abbé Bandrillart, author of "Philip V." Five other premiums were awarded to religious authors for historical and philosophical works. To Abbé Boissonnot, for his "Life of Cardinal Meignan;" to Henry Joly, for his "Psychology of the Saints;" to Gribaud,

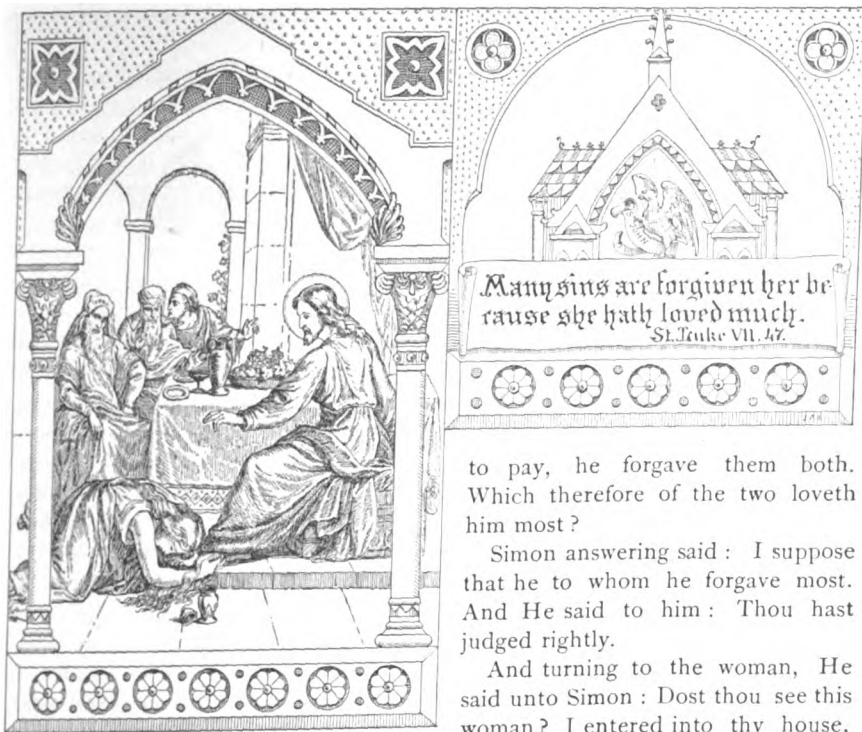
for his work on "St. Dominic;" to Abbé Martin, for his "Monks of Constantinople;" to Abbé Lecigne for his "Life and Labors of Brizeux."

These distinctions are not without special significance at the present moment, when the Church and clergy of France are the object of renewed attacks and calumny.

The Protestant pastor, Rheinard, in a speech addressed to socialists at the Burgvogtei, at Basle, Switzerland, stated that there is no life beyond the tomb, nor of course, any such thing as meeting one another again in another world. Similar impieties had already been preached at Zurich, by the Protestant minister Pfluger, and were re-echoed from other pulpits.

"The Catholic Association of the Young Men of France" lately published a report of a congress it held last September at Paray-le-Monial. The motto inscribed on the cover of the volume reads: "Piety, Study, Action." Never, says the *Univers*, was motto more justified or better applied.

The third part of the report treats of the Consecration of Catholic French Youth to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and was inspired both by the locality where the congress was held, and by the sublime appeal addressed on the subject to the whole human race by Leo. XIII. In this consecration, too, the members of the congress saw the most efficacious means of success in the warfare undertaken by them against the enemies of the Church and of Catholic education. Indeed, the Catholic association could use no more powerful means than this, in order to see its efforts crowned with success. For it should be repeated again and again, and in the very words of our venerable Pontiff, that the Sacred Heart is "a new sign of salvation" that has risen in our midst.



#### COMPASSION FOR SINNERS.

And one of the Pharisees desired Him to eat with him. And He went into the house of the Pharisee, and sat down to meat.

And behold a woman that was in the city a sinner, when she knew that He sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment :

And standing behind at His feet, she began to wash His feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and then kissed His feet, and anointed them with the ointment.

And the Pharisee, who had invited Him, seeing it, spoke within himself, saying : This man if He were a prophet, would know surely who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him : that she is a sinner.

And Jesus answering, said to him : Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee. But he said : Master, say it.

A certain creditor had two debtors : the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty.

And whereas they had not wherewith

to pay, he forgave them both. Which therefore of the two loveth him most ?

Simon answering said : I suppose that he to whom he forgave most. And He said to him : Thou hast judged rightly.

And turning to the woman, He said unto Simon : Dost thou see this woman ? I entered into thy house, thou gavest Me no water for My feet : but she with tears hath washed My feet, and with her hairs hath wiped them.

Thou gavest Me no kiss : but she, since she came in, hath not ceased to kiss My feet.

Therefore I say to thee : Many sins are forgiven her, because she hath loved much. But to whom less is forgiven, he loveth less.

And He said to her : Thy sins are forgiven thee.

And they that sat at meat with Him began to say within themselves : Who is this that forgiveth sins also ?

And He said to the woman : Thy faith hath made thee safe : go in peace. —*St. Luke, vii, 36-50.*

And the Scribes and the Pharisees seeing that He ate with publicans and sinners, said to His disciples : Why doth your master eat and drink with publicans and sinners ?

Jesus hearing this, saith to them : They that are well have no need of a physician, but they that are sick : for I came not to call the just, but sinners.

*St. Matthew, ii, 14-17.*



## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

— Many of the intention blanks for December contained hearty thanksgivings for the blessings of 1899, and general petitions for the continuance and increase of the same in 1900.

— The new or improved *League Leaflets* contain this month an additional four pages intended specially for Promoters. Directors will recognize its advantages and make use of the short explanations it gives to direct and encourage Promoters in their work.

— The exhortation to Promoters to prepare for some special League observance and ceremony during this last year of the century will be amplified and extended to practical details, as soon as we shall have communicated with the Diocesan Directors to hear their views on the best means of making the League contribute to the fervor with which the year should be made one of special homage to Christ.

— “The League Explained,” is simply an abstract from the Handbook, which many Directors have been requesting us to make, so as to have for Associates when they have first been received a brief explanation of the Apostleship of Prayer, together with the prayers which are most commonly read at the League devotions. It is a small, paper bound book, of sixty-four pages, which is sold at 5 cents apiece, with 25 per cent. discount for orders of 50 or more copies.

— The *Almanac* has at last appeared after delays which were unavoidable last month. Seldom have we had to keep our work going against so many obstacles. Fire, strikes and paper famine all to-

gether seemed to conspire against us, but these are now happily over. The *Almanac* for this year is not of passing interest merely; the list of patron saints it contains, fully seventeen pages long, giving, besides the names of the Patrons, the occupations, states of life, diseases and special objects which are under their patronage, makes the *Almanac* for 1900 a book of lasting interest.

— As our readers are aware, we try to send the MESSENGER to certain institutions which are too poor to subscribe for it. As it is read in common, or circulated not only among the communities in charge, but also among the inmates, of these institutions, we do not need to dwell on the benefit thus derived from it. There are also certain people who have long subscribed for the MESSENGER and made it a means of doing missionary work among Protestants and Catholics living at a distance from a church. Occasionally they drop off for want of means. As we have no fund for this good work, the expense for sending all these copies free would fall heavily on us, whereas, it would be comparatively light if distributed among our readers. We call on all confidently to contribute any amount, however slight, for this good object. We promise to recommend the intention of all who help in this good work to those who will benefit by their charity. What we say of the MESSENGER applies also to other League supplies, especially to the *Leaflets*.

— Another matter which is deserving of the attention of our readers is that a number of priests in India, South Africa, China and other distant places subscribe to the MESSENGER and circulate it among

their parishioners. Poor as they are, they never ask to receive it as an alms; but, owing to the difficulty of forwarding the money for it, they invariably ask us to let them discharge their debt to us by saying some of the Masses for which stipends are sent to us. This we should gladly do; but it happens that we do not always receive a sufficient number of stipends for this purpose, and we there-

fore wish to put their request before the many priests among our Directors, who sometimes are asked to say more than the usual number of Masses each month. For the laity, this method of helping these missionary priests to receive the MESSENGER is the same as if they should send them stipends for Masses directly. Instead of the stipend, the MESSENGER is sent as they request.

#### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—“We are sending you the Treasury of Good Works for the poor souls. Our dear Magdalens and children have been fervent during the month of November. Indeed it is wonderful how they have maintained their fervor since the League was established here about a year ago. It puts life and spirituality into all their class duties, and is a great help to those who have charge of them. The first Friday is a great day for them. All approach Holy Communion in a body, and many spend a long time, in loving reparation, before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on that day in our chapel.”

ST. FIDELIS COLLEGE, HERMAN, PA.—“Since the solemn establishment of the League here in 1894, devotion to the Sacred Heart is greatly fostered among the students. The annual admission of new Associates is preceded by a probation of over two months. On the day of their reception, there is general Communion for all the Associates. The new members, clad in cassock and surplice, after a short exhortation by the Reverend Local Director, come up to the altar to publicly pledge themselves to the service of the Sacred Heart. At the monthly meeting, the Reverend Director explains the General Intention for the following month, urges the Associates to greater fervor, makes some practical suggestions, and above all insists on fidelity in offering up and marking down their intentions and good works. To all

these efforts Promoters and Associates alike have nobly responded. The morning offering and the Ten Our Fathers and Hail Marys are recited every morning. All receive Communion on the First Friday, and there is a special time set apart for the practice of the Holy Hour. June, the month of the Sacred Heart, has been always marked by special fervor in thanksgiving for the graces received during the scholastic year then drawing to a close, and in reparation for the imperfections and shortcomings that have crept into our work during the preceding nine months.”

—NEBRASKA. *The good effected through the monthly Calendar.*—“The Monthly Calendar I ordered is for use in my own home. I want to have it placed in the dining room where one can notice ‘the daily practice.’ It reminds one many times through the day to say some prayer. From it we readily know the fast and feast days. Indeed, in some ways, it is more to us than a monthly magazine or an Almanac. They are looked at and then laid aside, but the large Calendar comes to us fresh each month with its message, and I can assure you that I and my family derive from its presence in our midst many helps in spiritual matters, help all the more needed, as we have Mass only once a month.”

CROWN POINT, INDIANA.—“Our League here numbers at present 357 Associates and 13 Promoters. Ninety-five of them make the Communion of

Reparation. Two hundred and sixty belong to the 1st and 2d Degrees, but we hope ere long to have them take up the 3d Degree.

ST. PATRICK'S CENTRE, WHITE MOUND, WIS.—“The League is progressing nicely in this Centre, and is accomplishing a great and good work. We could not advance one-tenth so rapidly, in any way, without it.”

ENGLAND.—The *Annual Almanac*, issued by the English *Messenger*, possesses all the praiseworthy features for which we gave it high commendation in our February MESSENGER of 1899. It is in the strictest and fullest sense an Almanac for the Apostleship of Prayer. Its varied contents, Calendar page with practical and detailed suggestions of acts of piety and charity, the Promoters' Corner, explanations of the three Degrees, even its well-told stories, all make for an increase in fervor and activity on the part of Associates. The Promoters' Corner for August, 1899, has a very special bearing on the value of our premium to MESSENGER subscribers—the photogravure of our Holy Father Leo. XIII. “A handful only of the two hundred and fifty million Catholics in the world ever see the Vicar of Christ. And of that handful the greater number see him but once in their lives, for a brief space, if in private, or if in public, only at a distance. Yet there is no living man so well known, so often thought of, so deeply venerated, so universally loved. Every Catholic house possesses his portrait, in every Catholic church his name is often heard in the liturgy, and he has his honored place in the daily prayers of every good Catholic. Is this all for the Pope's own sake, as a man? We know it is not. To be devoted to a man for his own sake, we must be intimate with him, we must often see him and serve him personally as he personally serves us. No such human ties bind us to the Vicar of Christ. What we do for him in prayers and alms we do for

Christ's sake and as to Christ. Every prayer we say for Peter's successor is united with that of Christ for Peter, that his faith might never fail and that he might confirm his brethren. Every alms we offer to Peter's Pence is added to that *stater* found in the fish's mouth, and of which Christ said to Peter: ‘Give it to them for Me and thee.’”

FRANCE.—Our “Interests of the Sacred Heart” for this month show the great danger that is threatening the cause of Christian education in France, and the measures that are being taken to avert it by priest and laity under the intrepid leadership of the Abbé Gayraud and the Comte de Mun. In such work we should naturally expect the Apostleship of Prayer to take a prominent part. We therefore note with pleasure a grand reunion held on Sunday December 17, in the Basilica of Saint Sernin, at Toulouse, at the invitation of Rev. P. Pic, S.J., Local Director of the Apostleship of Prayer. Its object was to offer public prayer that the proposed iniquitous laws in the matter of secondary education might be defeated in the French Assembly, and Father Portalie, S.J., in an eloquent discourse showed how the contemplated legislation violated the rights of God and of His Church, of parents, and even of the children themselves. Very many received Holy Communion at the Mass, for the intention that had brought them together.

#### SOME EDIFYING LETTERS.

##### A MODEL SECRETARY.

— DECEMBER 30, 1899.

DEAR REV. FATHER :

I regret most sincerely that my report this month should be so late, and I hope that you may yet have time to add it to your totals of Good Works and Intentions. Being an invalid,—or rather having been—I have been away from home for some months in search of health, and have had the League work sent to me each month so that I could still look after it. This month I was detained by

illness in — for a few days and consequently failed to reach home in time to send my reports as usual. Trusting the delay may not inconvenience you in any way, and wishing you all the blessings of the New Year, I remain etc.

AN APPRECIATIVE SUBSCRIBER TO THE  
MESSENGER.

—, QUEBEC, DECEMBER 9, 1890.

"DEAR REV. FATHER :

"Excuse me for not telling you before that I could not pay my subscription for THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART and the PILGRIM OF OUR LADY OF MARTYRS. I don't expect to earn any money before May, but if I get any before, I shall pay in part or in full for the MESSENGER and PILGRIM, as I don't know how to live without them, as I have been taking them for more than ten years. I also regret losing the picture of the Holy Father which you give this year as a premium for prompt renewal."

The foregoing is but one of a hundred letters identical in tone and almost in expression from old subscribers whose poverty prevents them from renewing their subscription, and the receipt of them lessens in no small degree the pleasure we find in our otherwise greatly increased mailing-lists. The dropping of the MESSENGER is, in particular, a real loss and a heavy sacrifice for many convents where it was the only Catholic publication that came to them, and still more so for priests laboring on the distant missions of India, for whom it was not only a means of keeping alive devotion to the Sacred Heart, but of gleaning any news at all of what was going on in the

Catholic world. Of this latter class, not a few have written us that they would be only too happy to say Masses for those who would enable them to continue their subscription. The following letter from a Cincinnati gentleman offers a suggestion of practical value :

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER, NEW YORK:

I enclose herewith a check for \$10.00, for which I would like to have you send your publications to that amount to such persons as may seem best to you, those in particular whose poverty prevents them paying for them.

#### OBITUARY.

Rev. P. J. Kavanaugh, C. M., Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y. ; Joseph A. Riley, S. M., Marist College, Brookland, D. C. ; Catharine Howard, Convent of the Good Shepherd Centre, Bank St., Cincinnati, Ohio ; Rev. Michael O'Neill, St. Patrick's Centre, Rossie, N. Y. ; Katherine Adams, Gesù Centre, Philadelphia, Pa. *May their souls and the souls of all of our deceased Promoters and Associates, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.*

Miss Adams was for several years the Secretary of Intentions for the Gesù Centre, and faithfully and well did she perform the tiresome, uninteresting duty of summing up the Intentions and Good Works, to be forwarded each month to the Central Office. It was an obscure, in some respects, an ungrateful task, as many will testify who have had experience in the work, but who shall count the number of graces that have been obtained through her fidelity to it ?

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,545,509.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1. Thes., v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.* — SANTA FE, N. M. — "I wish to record with gratitude my father's recovery from a dangerous operation. When I heard that he had to undergo it, I commenced a Novena of Communions and promised publication in the MESSENGER. There was but little hope for its success, owing to his advanced age and weakness. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, he is now able to attend to business, and is stronger than he has been for years."

OMAHA, NEB. — "Please acknowledge among your 'Graces Obtained' the reception, by a client of the Sacred Heart, of a good position, for which she had long prayed, and which she at last obtained in a very unexpected manner, shortly after she had promised to have this favor, if granted, published in the MESSENGER."

SPRINGFIELD, KY. — "A Dominican Sister returns thanks for the conversion of her brother for whom she had been praying for forty-nine years. The day before his death, he astonished the Protestant friends who were at his bedside by calling for a Catholic priest. He was baptized and died in the bosom of Holy Church."

NEW YORK CITY. — "Fervent thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony for the happy solution of a seemingly hopeless difficulty, involving both spiritual and temporal interests of great importance. A novena was begun, and publication promised, and on the fourth day the affair was settled."

NEWTON, ILL. — "I desire through your magazine to give thanks to God for my recent recovery of health. I am nearly 78 years old. I made a promise

that if it pleased God to give me still further time to prepare for death, I would strive to employ the time thus granted in corresponding to His graces. I rely on the prayers of the Associates to help me keep my resolution."

CAMBRIDGE, MASS. — "A young man who was brought to our hospital, lay at the point of death. In boyhood he had been a good Catholic, but later on had unfortunately fallen away from the Church. When a sacred picture met his gaze in the room, he asked to have it removed. A Badge of the Sacred Heart was placed at the head of his bed, but under no consideration would he allow it to remain there. Prayers went up unceasingly in his behalf, and wonderful to relate, he asked to have the Badge replaced on his bed, made his peace with God, and had a most edifying death on the First Friday of November."

"Please send me supplies named on inclosed slip. Last night, as I was writing this letter I suddenly heard the fire bells ring. I went out at once to find where the fire was. As I found that it was very near us I hurried home to tell my parents. Inside of fifteen minutes the fire spread through the whole neighborhood, and the sparks were falling like rain around us. It looked as if the church across the street would catch fire. I prayed to the Sacred Heart, and burned a light on my Sacred Heart altar. We were just about to leave the house to seek safety, when the fire began to die out, and we were soon out of danger. I promised the Sacred Heart something great, which I hope will be fulfilled in myself. I belong to the League and the Sanctuary Boys of the Cathedral."

THOMPSON, WIS.—“I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of my husband, who passed peacefully away on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, after two months of great suffering. He finished the nine Fridays on his sick-bed. He with his family joined the League six years ago. At that time he was a slave to drink, but thanks to our dear Lord, from that time he thoroughly reformed, experiencing to the end the result of the consoling promise, ‘I will be their secure refuge during life and above all in death.’”

—“May I ask space to record a thanksgiving which is at the same time an instance of zeal on the part of one of our Promoters? Through her prayers and conversation a woman of dissipated life had been led to reform, and to become an Associate of the Apostleship of Prayer. Temptation, however, proved too strong and she fell again. Our Promoter followed her to the disreputable house whither she had returned, and after nursing her through a fatal illness which shortly afterwards ensued, had the happiness of seeing her die thoroughly penitent, and with all the sacraments of the Church.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—“A gentleman who had made several unavailing novenas for a position, finally began one to our Lady of the Immaculate Conception to end on her feast, December 8, promising at the same time certain acts of devotion, Masses for the poor souls, and publication in the MESSENGER. A spiritual favor of great moment was granted on the third day of the Novena, and on the fourth he received a notice that on the very next day led to a position of great promise and usefulness.”

CHICAGO, ILL.—“I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, our Lady of Perpetual Help, and St. Anthony, for recovery of health after a long siege of nervous prostration, with subsequent loss of sleep, which was the cause of my

being out of my mind for some time. Thank God, I am now on the speedy way to recovery, and so ask publication for this acknowledgment, which with Masses and alms was promised, if this favor were granted.”

LOUISVILLE, KY.—“We desire to express our sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for the cure of one of our Sisters, who had a very bad attack of diphtheria, some months ago. We applied the Promoter's Cross, and promised to have Mass offered and publication in the MESSENGER. Relief came almost immediately, so that when the physician returned the next day, he was greatly surprised, saying that he could not account for the change.”

NEW YORK CITY.—“For two weeks I lay dangerously ill with typhoid fever. On the thirteenth day, hiccoughs set in, lasting for forty-eight hours. A consultation was held, and all medical aid seemed useless. When near the point of death, a Sacred Heart Badge was pinned on me by a Promoter, and I can truthfully say that I date my recovery to that moment.”

ST. CATHARINE'S ACADEMY, SPRINGFIELD, KY.—“Most humble thanksgiving is made to the Sacred Heart and Mary Immaculate, for preservation of life and property in a boiler explosion in our laundry. There were some thirty persons in the adjoining room at the time, and all escaped uninjured. Only the boiler room was wrecked, and the fire did not extend to the rest of our Institution.”

CHICAGO, ILL.—“I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a favor obtained. A general strike was threatened in the publishing business here, and as nearly all my members of the League are in that business, I promised publication in the MESSENGER, if the Sacred Heart would settle the matter peacefully, and the favor was granted, and with satisfaction to both parties.”

*Spiritual Favors.*—Return of a brother to his religious duties after seven years' neglect of them; grace for a brother to make a mission; a reconciliation between former friends; a father's conversion; two reconciliations; grace to resist temptation to drink; return of two persons to the practice of their religion.

*Temporal Favors.*—Employment for twenty-one persons; successful examinations for two; recovery of a mother from serious illness; escape from a threatened operation; recovery of three sick children; improvement in health for two persons; success in a charitable undertaking; protection of a convent during fierce winds; recovery from a serious operation; successful operation on a son's throat; rapid convalescence from typhoid fever; a sale of property; the raising of \$3,000, needed for an orphanage; business success; saving of an engineer's life, seriously imperilled; recovery of a mother's health; an infant's recovery from pneumonia when

all hope seemed gone; deliverance of a mother from threatened miscarriage; recovery of a child suffering from spasms; safe return home of a brother; the disappearance of an abscess; recovery of a sick sister, through the intercession of St. Catharine of Siena; means to meet interest on a mortgage, which was about to be foreclosed; escape from injury in a runaway accident; success in a Civil Service examination, upon which a good position depended; recovery of a family stricken with the grip; the obtaining of a large sum of money, which was being unjustly withheld.

*Favors ascribed to the application of the Badge or the Promoters' Cross.*—Relief from a severe headache; cure of a severe pain in the side; recovery of a child from croup; cure of pain in the back; relief in case of sore throat; cure of a son suffering from fits; of one afflicted with sore eyes; recovery from the effects of blood poisoning; cure of erysipelas in the head; relief from colic.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM W. H. YOUNG & CO.,  
New York.

- "Religion and Morality" By Rev. James T. Fox, S.T.D. Cloth. Pages, 321. \$2.00.
- "The Child's Name. A Collection of Nearly Five Hundred Uncommon and Beautiful Names for Children." By Julian McCormick. Cloth. Pages, 137. 50 cents.

FROM H. L. KILNER & CO.,  
Philadelphia.

- "Lot Leslie's Folks." By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Cloth. Pages, 247.
- "Little Arlette." By Henri Ardel. Cloth. Pages, 292.
- "'Twas to Be." By Henri Ardel. Cloth. Pages, 300.

FROM CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY,  
London.

- "A Bird's Eye View of Church History." Cloth, Pages, 86. 6d.
- "The Lord's Prayer and the Angelical Salutation." By Father Jerome Savonarola, O.P. Cloth. Pages, 80. 6d.
- "The Holy Eucharist." By Bishop Challoner. Paper. Pages, 30. 1d.
- "Mr. S. T. Abbott and the Convent Enquiry Society." By James Britten, K.S.G. Paper. Pages, 19. 1d.
- "Saint Sebastian." By Very Rev. Father Procter, S.T.L. Paper. Pages, 24. 1d.

FROM BURNS AND OATES,  
London.

- "The Gospel According to St. Matthew." By Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J. Paper. Pages, 254. 1

FROM B. HERDER.  
Saint-Louis

- "Liudolf, A Historical Drama." By A. Guggenberger, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 92. 50 cents.
- "Studies in Literature." By Maurice Francis Egan. Cloth. Pages, 130. 60 cents.

FROM J. S. HYLAND & CO.,  
Chicago.

- "Personal Reminiscences of Cardinal Newman." By Caroline Vinton Henry. Cloth. Pages, 181. \$1.00.

FROM MARLIER, CALLANAN & CO.,  
Boston.

- "Daily Thoughts." By Very Rev. J. B. Hogan, S.S., D.D. Cloth. Pages, 202. \$1.00.

FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS,  
New York.

- "The True Story of Master Gerard." By Anna T. Sadlier. Cloth. Pages, 321. \$1.25.

FROM FR. PUSTET & CO.,  
New York.

- "A Series of Ten Sermons for a Jubilee Retreat." By Rev. F. X. McGowan, O.S.A. Paper. Pages, 155.

FROM HOLY CHILDHOOD INDIAN SCHOOL,  
Harbor Springs, Michigan.

- "The Franciscans in Arizona." By Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Cloth. Pages, 235. \$1.00.

# THE READER

*The Orange Society.* By Rev. H. W. Cleary. Cloth. Pages, 459 2s. 6d. Catholic Truth Society, London. A scathing arraignment of Orangeism by a priest of Australia, who has evidently been at great pains to verify his every statement by clear and explicit references to documents of undoubted genuineness. The history is too full of revolting details to furnish sensitive minds an hour of pleasant reading. But any student, intent on storing his mind with a knowledge of Orange atrocities, can find here abundant material. The history of Orangeism, as viewed by loyal Catholics, is a sad commentary on the savage fierceness and rooted strength of religious hate. When fostered, this passion can overwhelm patriotism and every finer human instinct. Everywhere, with some scattered exceptions, Orangeism is to-day a very dead corpse; and its violent death ought to be a salutary reminder to living adherents that every organization of the kind, in league against God's Church, is essentially self-destructive.

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*The Tragedy of Calvary.* By the Abbé Henry Bolo. Cloth. Pages, 287. \$1. 25. Benziger Brothers, New York. A very devotional work, built on the gospel narrative of our Lord's Passion. The author introduces into his account of the sacred event much that is edifying and instructive. He avails himself of the Psalms and the prophets on every page, and his quotations are select and to the point. We regret that he did not see fit to present his readers with the unchanged words of the Old Testament writers. Scripture, as it stands in the old Douay version, has an irresistible

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charm for most Catholics; and some resent every shadow of interference with the text. They are conscious of a simplicity and a sublimity of expression, that more than atone for whatever of gracefulness is lost. Of course, the author in a note, spread on the first page, warns readers of his intention to take these legitimate, though unpleasant liberties. Every selection from Bossuet is effective. The few allusions to revelations made St. Brigid add color to the narrative and heighten its devotional effect. The man of taste and power over language is evident in the description of Judas and the priests when consummating their contract. There is a pleasing touch of nature in these lines on page 74, "Prayer is easy near the beloved dead; the sleep of the departed makes the living dream, especially when the living have, like Jesus, but one dream,—to die." The chapter headed "Anguish" is decidedly strong and well calculated to awaken in readers a horror for sin

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*The Holy Gospel according to Saint John.* By Rev. John McIntyre, D.D. Cloth. Pages, 223. 2s. 6d. Catholic Truth Society, London. The author has brought to the accomplishment of this work a vast store of erudition. The student will find in its pages, besides sound Catholic interpretation of vexed passages, much that is useful in geography, grammar and the literature of the Bible. The introduction, set at the front of the book, is masterly in its way; presenting the reader with a clear exposition of main points, without confusing his mind with a multiplicity of details of

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smaller moment. The characteristics distinctive of St. John's writings, as compared with those of the Synoptics, are cleverly brought out. And withal the language employed throughout is so simple, chaste and exact that reading is a positive pleasure, free in the main from that oppressiveness attending the perusal of other manuals of the sort.

\* \* \*

*Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School.*  
By Maurice Francis Egan. Cloth. Pages 280. 50 cents. H. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

Juveniles are a bother. They worry the average critic as much as their mischievous heroes worry parents, teachers and policemen. To appreciate them at their true worth one has to travel so far back over the hilly country of dead years that he falls tired and weary. Add to this the pain attendant on digging down through the thick crust of ideas, prejudices, experiences, accumulated by age, to the initial layer of boyhood's fancies, when heads were empty of distressing truths and hearts were as free as God's virgin air and as light. It must be a sore trial to a man of Mr. Egan's attainments to leave the more welcome fields of research and study to indite histories of youthful frivolity, and for this sacrifice Catholic boys owe him a debt of gratitude. The success he achieves in this line of literature is much to his credit and a high tribute to his skill and industry. For the present volume we have nothing but praise. If, however, our own experience is worth anything, the author's incidents would be truer to life if he occasionally allowed his heroes to fight to a finish. Quarrels often arise, preliminaries are arranged, and, just when we expect a whirlwind of fists, further proceedings are blocked. We venture this opinion at the terrible risk of being rated cruel and bloodthirsty; but truth is truth, and we fearlessly commit our case to the decision of real, live boys. Miley's remorse of conscience and self-reproach for the letter episode

are admirably well painted and, perhaps, the strongest and most natural feature in the whole book. The opening adventure, in which the watermelon figures, has, to our mind, an element of weakness, due to lack of probability.

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*Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet.* By Marion Ames Taggart. Cloth. Pages, 233. 85 cents. Benziger Bros., New York. The authoress follows the military career of Phil Martin, a patriot, and Dick Watts, a Tory, from start to finish of the Revolutionary War. She is extremely happy in her choice of incidents; and, whilst some of her escapes are of the hair-breadth type, none are too strange to be true. She likewise proves herself gifted with no small vein of wit and humor, and her Irishman shows to advantage. The hero of the story is a Catholic, and his sister Cecily is as sweet a creature as a young flower. In fact, all the girls introduced are quite up to the most exacting standard. All the love in the book is prudently and tastefully banished from the forward pages and crowded into the closing lines of the last chapter, where everybody marries.

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*The Blue Lady's Knight.* By Mary F. Nixon. Cloth. Pages 127. 50 cents. B. Herder, St. Louis. This is a charming story, full of interest and edification for young and old alike. The children introduced, particularly Rob and Molly, are of no artificial growth, but as natural as life. The mother of this jolly pair is another well depicted instance of the dangers inseparably connected with mixed marriages. The opening chapters, because of their light and trivial nature, are unpromising; but, as the story develops, it abounds with agreeable surprises. Everything with a bearing on the freighter and his dying wife is intensely interesting; and the village priest, Father Farrer, figures to good purpose in this episode. Dramatic ability, worthy of remark, is evinced in many of the scenes.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, December 1 to 31, 1899.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
*Cincinnati	Cincinnati, O.	St. Boniface's	Dec. 8
Columbus	Dillonvale, O.	St. Adalbert's	Dec. 20
*Detroit	Maybee, Mich.	St. Joseph's	Dec. 4
Concordia	Oberlin, Kans.	Sacred Heart	Dec. 13
Fargo	Mandan, N. Dak.	St. Joseph's	Dec. 13
Fort Wayne	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Precious Blood	Dec. 20
Leavenworth	Colony, Kans.	Sacred Heart	Dec. 20
"	Ellow, "	St. Patrick's	Dec. 20
"	"	St. Dominic's	Dec. 20
Milwaukee	Granville Centre, Wis.	Mt. St. Philip	Dec. 8
"	Milwaukee, Wis.	St. Vincent's	Dec. 20
Sacramento	Downieville, Cal.	Immaculate Conception	Dec. 14
Scranton	Priceburg, Pa.	Visitation B.V.M.	Dec. 20
*Trenton	New Brunswick, N. J.	St. John's	Dec. 20

Aggregations, 14; churches, 13; monastery 1. \*German-speaking Centres.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of December, 1899, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Bridget's	2
"	Cumberland, Md.	Sts. Peter and Paul's	7
"	Mt. St. Mary, Md.	Mt. St. Mary's	17
"	Waldorf, Md.	St. Peter's	4
Boston	Woodstock, Md.	Sacred Heart	12
"	Boston, Mass.	Immaculate Conception	30
Brooklyn	Lynn, Mass.	St. Mary's	105
Buffalo	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Nativity	2
"	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Nicholas	25
Burlington	Holley, N. Y.	St. Mary's	10
Charleston	Swanton, Vt.	St. Ann's	2
"	Charleston, S. C.	St. John's	8
Cincinnati	Sumter, S. C.	St. Joseph's	2
"	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Lawrence's	2
Cleveland	Kenton, "	Immaculate Conception	2
"	Cleveland, "	St. Malachy's	61
"	Defiance, "	St. Joseph's	7
"	Norwalk, "	St. Mary's	6
"	Toledo, "	Immaculate Conception	1
Columbus	Van Wert, "	St. Mary's	15
Dubuque	Churchtown, "	St. John the Baptist	3
Duluth	West Ridge, Iowa	"	3
Fort Wayne	Duluth, Minn.	St. Clement's	4
Grand Rapids	Crown Point, Ind.	St. Mary's	1
Green Bay	Saginaw, Mich.	St. Andrew's	1
Hartford	New London, Wis.	Most Precious Blood	3
"	Bridgeport, Conn.	St. Mary's	5
Helena	Norwalk, Conn.	St. Mary's	19
Indian Territory	Anaconda, Mont.	St. Peter's	11
"	Pond Creek, Okla.	St. Mary's	2
Leavenworth	Pawhuska, Okla.	Immaculate Conception	3
Louisville	Kansas City, Kans.	St. Joseph's	6
"	Louisville, Ky.	St. Alphonsus	12
Milwaukee	"	St. Rafael's	9
Newark	Stevens Point, Wis.	St. Stephen's	1
"	Elizabeth, N. J.	Sacred Heart	2
"	Fort Lee, N. J.	Holy Angel's	7
"	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Michael's	55
"	"	St. Peter's	2
New Orleans	Grand Coteau, La.	St. Charles	2
"	New Orleans, La.	Sacred Heart	2
New York	Amenia, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception	5
"	New York, N. Y.	St. Ambrose's	9
"	"	St. Ann's	7
"	"	Immaculate Conception	12
"	"	St. Patrick's	27
"	"	St. Stephen's	25
"	"	St. Thomas the Apostle	5
"	Port Richmond, N. Y.	St. Mary's	3
"	Randall's Island, N. Y.	City	6
North Carolina	White Plains, N. Y.	St. John's	5
Ogdenburg	Charlotte, N. C.	St. Peter's	2
Omaha	Carthage, N. Y.	St. James'	5
Oregon City	O'Neill, Neb.	St. Patrick's	3
Philadelphia	Gervais, Oregon	St. Louis'	3
"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Edward's	4
"	"	St. Joseph's	19
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Philomena	26
Providence	Elmhurst, Prov., R. I.	Sacred Heart	3
"	Newport, R. I.	St. Mary's Church	16
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Alphonsus'	7
"	"	St. John's	7
San Francisco	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius'	23
Scranton	"	Holy Rosary	36
"	"	St. Mary's	12
"	"	St. Mary's	4
"	"	Sacred Heart	1

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 749.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, FEBRUARY, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Freedom of Education**.

1	Th.	St. Ignatius, Bp. M. (107).—Pr., H. H.	All for Jesus.	1,545,509 for thanksgivings.
2	F.	<b>First Friday</b> .—Purification, B.V.M. — 1st D.—A. C.—A. I.	Care of children.	847,820 for those in affliction.
3	S.	St. Blaise, Bp. M. (316).	Watchfulness.	132,908 for the sick, infirm.
4	S.	<b>5th after Epiphany</b> .—St. Andrew Corsini, Bp. C. (O. C. 1373).	Compunction.	179,362 for dead Associates.
5	M.	St. Philip of Jesus, M. (O. F. M. 1594).—SS Paul, John and James (S. J. 1597).	Constancy.	33,328 for Local Centres.
6	T.	St. Titus, Bp. C. (94).—St. Dorothy, V. M. (304).	Union with Christ.	55,343 for Directors.
7	W.	St. Romuald, Ab. C. (1207).	Penance.	118,224 for Promoters.
8	Th.	St. John of Matha, C. F. (Trinitarians, 1213).—H. H.	Charity.	1,246,517 for the departed.
9	F.	St. Cyril of Alexandria, Bp. C. D. (444).—St. Apollonia, V. M. (249).	Reading good books.	131,992 for perseverance,
10	S.	St. Scholastica, V. (O. S. B. 543).—St. William, Duke (1166).	Trust in God.	297,071 for the young
11	S.	<b>Septuagesima</b> .—The Seven Sainted Servites, FF. CC. (1233).—Bl. John de Britto (1693).	Love of Our Lady.	87,021 for 1st Communions.
12	M.	St. Agatha, V. M. (352).—St. Eulalia, V. M. (304).	Self-Immolation.	157,009 for parents
13	T.	Prayer of our Lord.—St. Raymond of Penafort (O. P. 1275).—St. Catharine de Ricci, V. (O. S. D. 1590) Pr. 2d D.	Prayer for the dead.	137,800 for families.
14	W.	St. Valentine, M. (306).	Kindness.	101,479 for reconciliations.
15	Th.	SS. Faustinus and Jovita, MM. (120).—H. H.	Brotherly love.	117,712 for work, means.
16	F.	St. Juliana, V. M. (309).	Fidelity to grace.	230,682 for the clergy.
17	S.	St. Theodore, Bp. M. (319).	Fortitude.	3,010,681 for religious.
18	S.	<b>Sexagesima</b> .—St. Simeon, Bp. M. (199).—C. R.	Love of the cross.	78,213 for seminarists, novices.
19	M.	St. Gabinius, M. (296).—B. Conrad of Piacenza, C. (1351).	Resistance to evil.	88,081 for vocations.
20	T.	St. John the Almoner, Bp. C. (619).	Compassion.	135,579 for parishes, schools.
21	W.	St. Ephrem, Deacon (178).—St. Pepin (646).	Humility.	73,376 for superiors.
22	Th.	St. Peter's Chair at Antioch.—St. Margaret of Cortona (1297).—H. H.	Loyalty to the Church.	37,589 for missions, retreats
23	F.	Vigil.—St. Peter Damian, Bp. C. D. (1072).	Zeal.	50,233 for societies, works.
24	S.	St. Matthias, Ap.—A. I.	Mortification.	637,136 for conversions.
25	S.	<b>Quinquagesima</b> .—St. Tarasius, Bp. C. (806).—St. Walburga, Ab. (780).	Respect for holy images.	887,437 for sinners and the in-temperate.
26	M.	St. Nestor, Bp. M. (251).—St. Porphyry, Bp. (421).	Horror of superstition.	544,221 for spiritual favors.
27	T.	St. Brigid, V. (Patroness of Ireland, 523).—St. Leander, Bp. (596).	Imitation of Mary.	310,852 for temporal favors.
28	W.	<b>Ash Wednesday</b> .—St. Joseph of Leonissa, C. (1612).—St. Romanus, H.	Penance.	802,400 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Reparation, H. H.—Holy Hour); A. I., B. I.—Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	9,960,436	11. Masses heard . . . . .	388,248
2. Beads . . . . .	2,004,760	12. Mortifications . . . . .	1,509,958
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	84,809	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	428,858
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	144,961	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	726,086
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	2,296,969	15. Prayers . . . . .	5,593,293
6. Examinations of Conscience . . . . .	643,903	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,874,931
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	1,123,301	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	354,396
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	1,380,453	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	1,819,475
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	850,044	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	916,607
10. Masses read . . . . .	20,168	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	1,388,750
Special Thanksgivings, 15,040,602.		Total, 33,550,426.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, *Messenger*, in our *Masses* here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

MARCH, 1900.

No. 3.

### THE CITY OF THE SACRED HEART.

*By D. S. Beni.*

THE Holy Father has spoken, and from every city, village, town and hamlet rise heavenward acts of consecration and reparation to that Adorable Heart which has loved mankind so much, and in the marvellous increase of this devotion to the Sacred Heart we see the verification of our Lord's own words: *I will reign notwithstanding all My enemies.* With the renewed consecration upon our lips, our hearts go back in spirit to the holy shrine of Paray; we live over again those holy scenes; we recall the sentiments which one must entertain in that spot so honored by our Saviour, where even inanimate things proclaim that "here the Lord has passed."

The Devotion to the Sacred Heart is not a new devotion, nor was it new when our Lord revealed it to the humble Visitandine of Paray and gave her the mission to make it known throughout the world as the *Mediator between God and man.* The Lives of the Saints give us sufficient proof that the Heart of Jesus was always loved and honored from the earliest days of Christianity,

and St. Bernard tells us why, when in an ecstasy of love he exclaims: "O most beautiful among the children of men! Thy Sacred Heart has been opened only that we may be able to dwell in it, in safety and in peace." St. Gertrude in a vision asked St. John the Evangelist, why he, who had reposed upon the breast of our Saviour, had taught us none of the secrets of that Adorable Heart, and St. John told her that God had reserved to Himself to make them known in a time of great coldness; that He held back these wonders to rekindle the flames of charity at a time when it would have grown almost extinct. St. Francis de Sales in founding the Order of the Visitation, promises his religious if they are faithful in observing their rules, that they shall have the incomparable privilege of being called daughters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus: that they shall have the Heart of Jesus for their dwelling place, and he tells them that his Order was established to render a continual homage to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in His hidden and annihilated life.

There is a pretty tradition in France that our Lord chose Paray to be known as the city of His Sacred Heart, because it was in the diocese of St. Lazarus, the beloved friend of His heart. We could find nothing, even in Paray, to support this tradition. We know that St. Lazarus was the first bishop of Marseilles, and the old records say that in the tenth century when the shores of the Mediterranean were infested by barbarous hordes, some of the faithful of Marseilles, wishing to preserve the holy body which had once been resuscitated by our Lord, fled with it to Autun, where they placed it under the protection of the Duke of Burgundy. To give it a worthy resting-place, that Christian nobleman built by the side of the old cathedral the magnificent chapel of St. Lazarus, which was consecrated by the hands of the Pope, and subsequently by the order of another Pope the chapel of St. Lazarus became the cathedral of Autun, and the city and diocese were placed under the patronage of the beloved friend and host of our Lord.

Until the tenth century Paray was only a rural parish, and the mortuary chapel, which stands to-day in the cemetery of the city, was the first parochial church of the little village, which was as humble as Bethlehem or Nazareth. It is situated in the Charolais valley, protected by surrounding mountains, and well watered by the Bourbince. It was formerly called Val-d'Or, or valley of gold. Towards the close of the tenth century, the monks of Cluny built a monastery on the Bourbince, the banks of which were soon peopled by the workmen employed in the erection of the new edifice, and by others who were happy to find in its shadow labor, assistance and protection. Thus the Benedictine monastery became the nucleus of Paray-le-Monial, and the sweet solitude of Val-d'Or became a place of retreat and refreshment for the Abbots of the celebrated Monastery of Cluny. There also, Cardinal de Bouillon found

an asylum when exiled by Louis XIV., and Paray is indebted to him for the magnificent avenue of plane-trees which are still an ornament to the city. The church built in Paray by the Benedictines in 1004, was rebuilt in the twelfth century, and is now known as the Basilica of the Sacred Heart.

Born of the prayers of the monks, from whom it derives its surname, Paray-le-Monial preserved a purity of morals and fervor of piety which have increased under the reign of the Sacred Heart. The large church of St. Nicholas, which was built in the eleventh century, was partially destroyed by fire, and was rebuilt in 1504. Its beautiful tower, or dome, overlooks Paray and the peaceful valley; but the church is now used for municipal offices and a prison.

In 1617 the Fathers of the Society of Jesus were established in Paray, and nine years later, through their influence, a Foundation of the Visitation was made in that city, where the Sisters were called by the popular voice "the holy Marys." Thus our Lord prepared the way designed by Him to make Paray "the heart of the Church, as Rome is the head." (1)

We read in the MSS. history of the Foundation of the Monastery of the Visitation in Paray, written in 1638 and well preserved, that "an establishment of the Visitation would scarcely have been thought of in the small town of Paray, had not Almighty God opened the way for it, through the Marchioness de Raguey, wife of the Governor of Charolais, who resided in Paray, and who had contributed much to the establishment of the Jesuit Fathers in that city, that the light and splendor of their doctrine might dispel the dark clouds of heresy which overshadowed a large portion of its inhabitants, obstinate in their errors. If these worthy laborers did not succeed in eradicating all the weeds, they at least made the good plants increase.

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(1) Cardinal Perraud.

Rev. Paul de Barry, S.J., by his devout life and wise doctrine, had made himself as much esteemed in the Society, as he had been in the world, because of his noble extraction. His benignity so won the hearts of the people that they were glad to be of service to him. He made an eloquent appeal for a Religious House in Paray, setting forth—"the glory of possessing in their city a seminary of sanctity and a school of virtue for the retreat of young girls, that the continual prayers of these good servants of God would attract many benedictions upon the whole country."

Did Father de Barry speak in prophecy of the future of Paray, or of the pearl of great price that would one day shine with such lustre beyond the Convent gates? Upon this point the old manuscript is silent, but it tells us that "the people gave their unanimous consent for the establishment of the proposed Religious House."—Father de Barry, who waited only for this public avowal, communicated his design

to the Marchioness de Raguey, who kindly promised her protection to any Religious Order he would bring to Paray.

Father Emery, S.J., who had witnessed the death of St. Francis de Sales, and who had great esteem for those who live according to his spirit, recommended at once the Visitation, and related to Father de Barry many incidents of the Community at Thonon, which, he said, was filled with the spirit of humility, simplicity, and love of poverty. Father de Barry was so pleased with this account that he wrote to Mother M. Aimée

de Blonay, Superioress of the First Monastery of Lyons. The letter of this worthy priest was filled with all the reasons his zeal could suggest to persuade Mother de Blonay to make the foundation, and in her reply she thanked him most cordially, and gave him hope that his request would be granted, but she promised nothing definite until she had conferred with Mother de Chantal. As soon as she had received a favorable answer from her, she applied for the necessary permissions from the Cardinal

Archbishop and the Count de la Foye, and in order to proceed with as much prudence as zeal, she asked the advice of many worthy persons before giving up her religious. Among those whom she consulted was the Rev. John Fourrier, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, formerly the confessor of St. Francis de Sales, who mentions him in his "Introduction to the Devout Life." This holy Jesuit not only advised the Superioress to accept the foundation, but to accomplish

the good work as speedily as possible.

Father de Barry then obtained the requisite permissions from the Bishop of Autun, and from the Abbot of Cluny, temporal lord of the city. He procured a dwelling for the Sisters, six in number, who, with a novice, arrived in Paray on September 2, 1626. They were received by the Rev. Father Serrurier, S.J., to whom the Bishop of Autun had committed the care of the new Community, and so great was the crowd it seemed as if the whole city had turned out to see the religious. On the follow-



BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

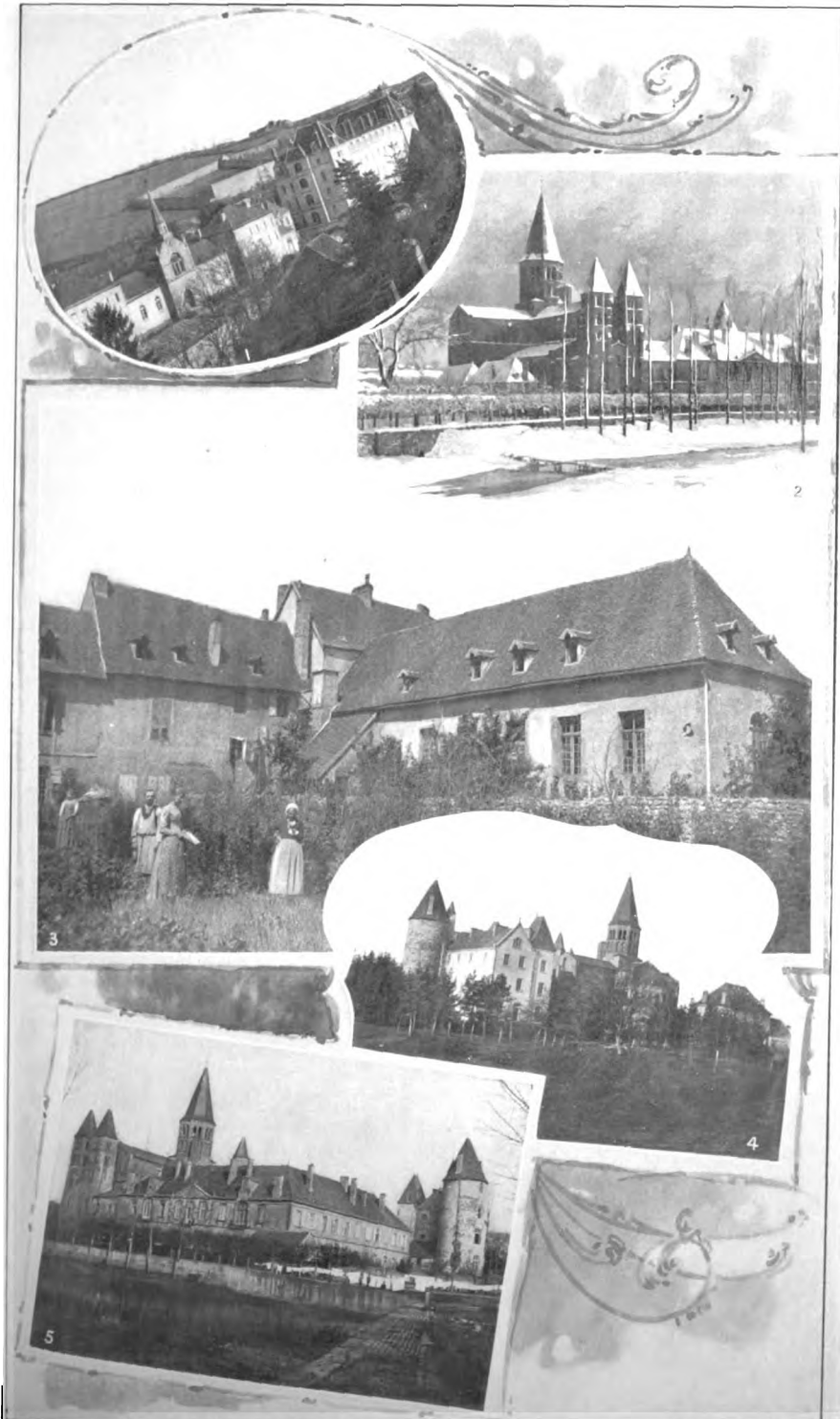
ing day Mass was celebrated with great solemnity, and an eloquent sermon was preached by Father de Barry, who was on that day miraculously cured of a chronic fever.

The Sisters remained in this monastery until 1632, when, in order to secure more room, they purchased the house of the Jesuit Fathers, and their first care in taking possession of it was to prepare a suitable abode for their Divine Master. On the first stone was engraved these words: Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the only Founders of this Monastery. The chapel was dedicated to St. Joseph, and "it was here under the shadow of this patron of the hidden life that Jesus of Nazareth came to dwell, while awaiting the hour marked by His providence to manifest His Divine Heart as a new mediator between God and man, and to renew the fruit of His redemption in souls."

This was the convent which Margaret Mary Alacoque entered on the 25th day of May, 1671. Mgr. Bougaud, in his admirable "Revelations of the Sacred Heart" asks "Why did Margaret Mary choose the Visitation, when so many other religious houses were open to her? Margaret Mary went not to the Visitation like so many others, because this institute, founded recently by two admirable saints, still exhaled its first perfume, a fragrance so sweet to breathe in the infancy of religious houses. She went there by reason of a higher order. God, who has not raised a mountain, dug out a valley or directed the course of a river, without knowing for what people, for what souls He was laboring, in fashioning the Visitation, thought of Margaret Mary. He made one for the other. He made the sweetness, simplicity, humility, the hidden life of the Visitation, that Margaret Mary on her entrance might expand as in her element; and there for twenty years He worked in the soul of the holy child. He made her sweet, humble, simple, pure, so that one day she might be the loveliest of the

Visitandine flowers, the sweetest of Visitandine fruits. Or rather He made one for the other—the grand order for the humble virgin; the former to be the theatre; the latter the evangelist, the apostle of a great miracle, of which neither the one nor the other could have the shadow of a doubt. Long before, in the far away time, He had sent Saint Francis de Sales and Saint de Chantal sublime presentiments of what was to take place. He had sown the living germs even in the foundation of the Visitation. He had given to it, for its arms and armorial bearings, a heart crowned with thorns, and surmounted by a cross. These pious daughters, whom sixty years before He had formed in solitude to be one day the Guard of Honor of His Adorable Heart, the people, though without knowing why, now began to call *The Daughters of the Heart*. In all the first years of Margaret Mary's life, though the Divine Voice had already spoken to her, there was not one word of her extraordinary vocation; not one glimmer of light on her future destiny; not a reference to that Church to which, however, she was sent as a liberating angel. She had felt but one attraction. Hide thyself, fly from men, forget creatures. Seek a little corner, a solitude, a cloister, in which thou mayest forget all and in which, forgotten by all, thou mayest live for God alone. Such were the words spoken by the Divine Voice to Margaret Mary, and her soul had been prepared by our Lord Himself, that she might be the instrument of the most astonishing manifestations of His mercy and His love."

Even before she had left the world, one day kneeling before her crucifix she exclaimed: "My dear Saviour, I should be so happy if you would imprint your suffering image upon me," to which our Lord replied: "That is what I desire, provided that you do not resist, and that you correspond on your side." Scarcely had she entered the monastery, when, upon asking her mistress to teach her



MONIAL.—1. JESUIT RESIDENCE.—2. MONASTERY OF THE VISITATION IN  
TER.—3. OLD HOSPITAL AND GARDENS.—4. CHAPLAIN'S RESIDENCE  
5. BASILICA AND BENEDICTINE PRIORY.



how to pray, she received this answer : " Go place yourself before God like canvas before a painter." Predestined to sanctity, Margaret Mary's soul was the prepared canvas upon which the Divine Artist reproduced the sufferings and humiliations of His sacred Passion. Suffering was not new to the humble novice. As a child she had spent four years chained to her bed with rheumatism and partial paralysis, of which she was miraculously cured after having made a vow to the Blessed Virgin. Sorrow in her home, the separation from her mother, all formed part of that school of suffering which was to close only with her life. When she first made her religious vows, Margaret Mary was filled with such sweetness and consolation that she complained to our Lord that He left her without suffering. Our Lord then revealed a large cross, the end of which she could not see ; it was covered with flowers, but He said to her : " The flowers will soon fall and only the thorns will remain ; you shall feel their pain so sensibly that you will need all the strength of My love to accept the martyrdom."

The two special devotions of the convent of Paray, were love of suffering, and love for Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. There, Margaret Mary received all her light and strength. On Sundays and Feasts she spent almost the entire day before the Blessed Sacrament on her knees, and immovable, and on Holy Thursday, for several consecutive years, she knelt before the Blessed Sacrament from seven in the evening until the next morning without the slightest movement. It was in 1673 on the feast of St. John, the Beloved Disciple, that our Lord first revealed His Sacred Heart to Margaret Mary, and it was on that very day three hundred and fifty three years before, that St. Gertrude had learned from the Beloved Disciple, that our Lord would reveal His adorable Heart to the world at a later day, when the world would have grown cold. That day had come. We have it in Margaret

Mary's own words : " The Lord said to me : My Divine Heart is so passionately in love with men that it can no longer contain within itself the flames of its ardent charity. It must pour them out by means of thee, and manifest itself to them to enrich them with its precious treasures, which contain all the graces of which they have need to be saved from perdition. I have chosen thee as an abyss of unworthiness and ignorance to accomplish so great a design, so that all may be done by Me. Before disappearing He asked for my heart, and I begged Him to take it. He did so, and put it into His own Adorable Heart, in which He allowed me to see it as a little atom, being consumed in that fiery furnace. Then drawing it out like a burning flame in the form of a heart, He put it into the place, whence He had taken it, saying : Behold, my beloved, a precious proof of my love. I enclose in thy heart a little spark of the most ardent flame of my love to serve thee as a heart, and to consume thee till thy last moment. Until now thou hast taken only the name of my slave ; henceforth thou shalt be called the well beloved disciple of my Sacred Heart." On the first Friday of every month, our Lord again showed her His Heart. She describes it as a sun brilliant with sparkling light, the burning rays of which fell directly upon her heart, inflamed it, and almost reduced her to ashes. The second apparition occurred about six months later. The exact date is not given, but circumstances seem to prove that it was on the Friday within the Octave of Corpus Christi. She wrote : " Once when the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, my soul was absorbed in extraordinary recollection, and Jesus Christ, my sweet Master, presented Himself to me. He was brilliant with glory ; His five wounds shone like five suns. Flames darted forth from all parts of His sacred Humanity, but especially from His adorable breast, which resembled a furnace and which displayed to me His loving and amiable Heart,

the living source of these flames. He made me repose for a long time upon His breast. He showed me the inexplicable wonders of His pure love, and to what an excess He had carried it for the love of men, from whom He had received only ingratitude. He said : This is much more painful to Me than all I suffered in My Passion. If men gave Me some return of love, I should esteem as little, all that I have done for them, and should wish, if it were possible, to suffer it over again, but they meet My eager love with coolness and rebuffs. Do you, at least, console and rejoice Me, by supplying as much as you can for their ingratitude." When the humble Margaret urged her weakness and inconstancy, our Lord showed her His open heart, and said : "Fear not, behold here is wherewith to furnish all that is wanting to thee. Fear not, I shall be thy strength. Listen only to what I desire of thee for the accomplishment of My desire." It was then our Lord asked her to communicate on the first Friday of each month and to make Him the *Act of Reparation*, to rise on every Thursday night, to lie prostrate for an hour between eleven o'clock and midnight, with her face to the ground, in expiation for the sins of men, and to console His Heart for that general desertion, to which the weakness of the Apostles in the Garden of Olives had been only a prelude.

Margaret Mary tells us in her Memoirs, that, unconscious and unable to stand on her feet, some of the Sisters led her to the Superior, trembling and almost fainting. Mother de Saumaise feigned not to believe what she said, and humbled her deeply, which gave her great joy, as she felt she was such a criminal. Consumed by a burning fire, her health gave way under the sixty consecutive fevers which resisted all remedies. Mother de Saumaise stood by the bed of the apparently dying Sister and commanded her in the name of holy Obedience to ask our Lord to restore her

to health, and if this should be granted, she would believe in the supernatural character of what had taken place, and allow her to communicate on the first Friday of every month, and to make the hour of prayer on every Thursday night. At the word *Obedience*, Margaret Mary breathed a short prayer, the fever ceased, and the astonished physician pronounced her cured. The Sisters saw the change in her health, but was it an illusion? Margaret Mary was only twenty-six years old, and had been professed only two years ; was she deceived? She was looked upon with suspicion ; some said she was governed by her imagination, others that she was under the influence of the evil spirit. It was at this period that Father de la Colombière was sent by God to Paray, to bring light out of darkness.

On June 16th, 1675, during the Octave of Corpus Christi, while Margaret Mary was kneeling at the choir grate with her eyes fixed on the Tabernacle, our Lord appeared to her on the Altar. He showed her His Heart saying : Behold this Heart which has loved men so much that it has spared nothing even to exhausting and consuming itself, in order to testify its love. In return I receive from the greater part only ingratitude, by their irreverences and sacrileges, and by the coldness and contempt they have for Me in this sacrament of love. And what is most painful to Me is that they are hearts consecrated to Me. Then He commanded her to have a special feast established in the Church to honor His Sacred Heart. He added : It is for this reason I ask of thee that the First Friday after the Octave of the Blessed Sacrament be appropriated to a special Feast to honor My Heart by communicating on that day and making reparation for the indignity it has received. And I promise that My Heart shall dilate to pour out abundantly the influences of its love on all that will render it this honor, or procure its being rendered. Margaret Mary answered : " Lord, how can I ? " For how could

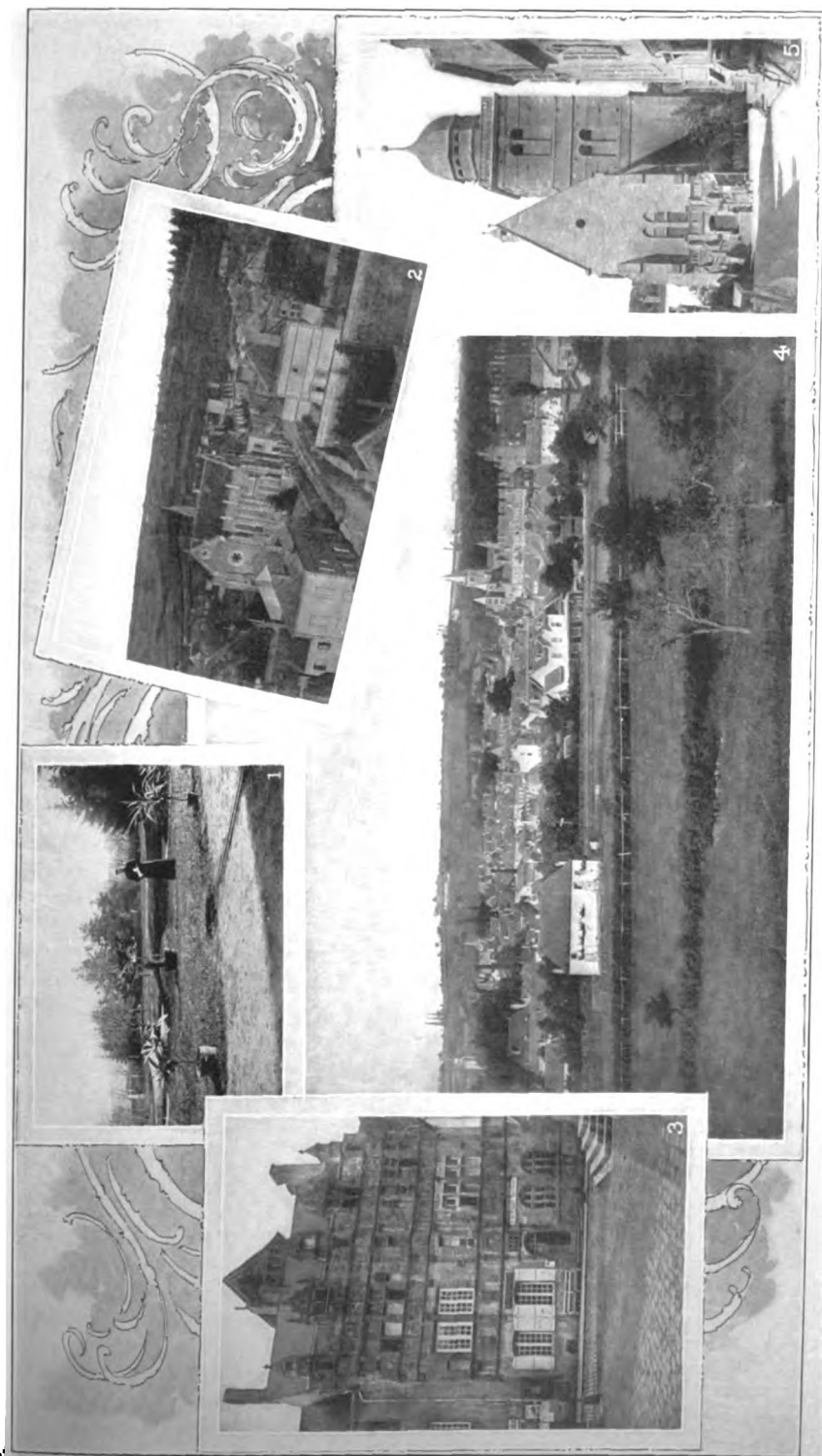
she establish a feast in the Church, who could not convince her Superior and her own Community? Our Lord reassured her, telling her to address herself to that servant of God, Father de la Colombière, who had been sent to her expressly for the accomplishment of this design. Margaret Mary confided this third revelation to Father de la Colombière, who asked a written statement of it, which he examined carefully before God; and, after praying for light from on high, was satisfied that it had come from heaven.

Margaret Mary no longer hesitated. She knelt before the Divine Heart of Jesus, solemnly consecrated herself to it, and thus rendered it the first act of homage, and one of the purest that it was ever to receive on earth, or in heaven. Father de la Colombière, wishing to unite with her, also consecrated himself to the Heart of Jesus. It was Friday, June 21, the day after the octave of the Feast of the Blessed Sacrament; the day that had been designated by our Lord to be forever the feast of His Adorable Heart. Thus He received from a holy priest and a humble religious the first fruits of those acts of adoration which to-day ascend to that Sacred Heart from every part of the world. On the first Friday of every month, hundreds and thousands prostrate themselves before the Sacred Heart of Jesus in adoration, and in reparation for the ingratitude He has received, and then approach the holy table to receive Him in the Sacrament of His love. Each one wears the badge upon his heart to show that all its pulsations are consecrated as unceasing aspirations. *Adveniat regnum tuum*, is the constant and fervent prayer of those who watched with Him on the previous night, for while faithful men flock to the churches to make the Holy Hour before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, who can tell the number of religious in their cloisters, mothers and maidens in their homes, who have watched with and consoled Him in that Hour of Agony? And in this year 1900 where is the spot too remote

to hear the invitation of Jesus through His Vicar Leo XIII., or where is the heart so obdurate as to not unite in the consecration which fills the earth and resounds in the heavenly courts! We quote the words of the Holy Father in speaking of the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus when we say, "it may be called to-day a distinctive characteristic of the Church, the Ark of salvation, the foundation of our hopes for a better future." (1)

Father de la Colombière departed from Paray soon after Margaret Mary had received the third revelation of the Sacred Heart, but he wrote to the fervent religious to abandon herself to God and to the practice of holy humility. For a moment Margaret Mary was troubled, feeling herself alone with such a mission to fulfill, but in the interior of her soul she heard a voice saying to her: *Will not God suffice for thee!* As the time approached in which she was to proclaim to the world the mysteries of the Heart of Jesus, she learned them herself in intense suffering; for the Sacred Heart, crowned with thorns and pierced with a lance, was to impress its image upon the canvas prepared for it. Her health vanished and a severe accident explained to her a vision she had a short time before. In the centre of the Sacred Host she saw our Lord holding a crown of thorns in His hand, which he laid upon her head with these words: "My daughter receive this crown as a sign of that which shall be given to thee, to render thee conformed to me," and from that day Margaret Mary's head was encircled with a band of fire. She made no complaint, but when questioned she answered: "I confess that I am more grateful to my Sovereign Master for this precious crown than if he had given me the diamonds of the greatest monarchs in the world; and this all the more, because no one can take it from me. It often affords me long hours of wakefulness in which I can converse with the only object of my

(1) Allocution, October 13, 1893.



FARAY-LE-MONIAL.—1. GARDEN OF JESUIT RESIDENCE.—2. CHURCH OF THE RELIGIOUS OF THE CENACLE.—3. A XVI. CENTURY DWELLING.

4. BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF CITY LOOKING WESTWARD.—5. TOWER OF ST. NICHOLAS.

love ; for, like my Good Master, who could not rest His adorable head on the bed of the cross, I am unable to rest mine on my pillow."

That she might share in the thirst of her crucified Lord, she abstained from drinking anything from Thursday to Saturday of each week, and once she passed fifty days without taking liquid of any kind. "Neither her hands, nor her feet, nor her side received the visible marks of the Saviour's wounds, and never was she favored with the precious stigmata that glorified St. Francis of Assisi and many other Saints; but her conformity with the Divine Master, though more hidden, was not less real. Like Veronica's veil, Margaret Mary received the impress of the features of Jesus bruised and humbled." (1) She made a kind of last will or testament in which she gave to our Lord to use as He should please, and make over to whom He wished, not only her prayers and sufferings, but even all the prayers and sacrifices that should be offered for her after her death, thus despoiling herself of all merit in favor of Him, whom alone she loved. Then taking a knife she cut the name of Jesus above her heart, and with her own blood signed her will with these words: Sister Margaret Mary, disciple of the Divine Heart of the Adorable Jesus. It was then our Lord said to her: I constitute thee the heiress of My Heart and all its treasures.

Father de la Colombière returned to Paray in August, 1861, scarcely alive; but his Superiors hoped that the mild, pure air of the Val-d'Or would be beneficial to him. Margaret Mary knew from God that his end was near and that he would die at Paray. He lived six months, and his last sigh was an approbation of the revelations of the Sacred Heart. In conjunction with Margaret Mary, he had established a hospital in Paray, which still exists under the name of the Hospice de la Colombière. His

death occurred on the 15th of February, 1682, and our Lord revealed to Margaret Mary, that, on account of some slight negligence in the exercise of Divine love, he was debarred from the Beatific Vision, until his body was laid in the tomb. Mgr. Bougaud tells us that "this was not the only revelation that Margaret Mary had of the supernal happiness of her holy director. God showed her in a celebrated vision, at one and the same time, the glory of Father de la Colombière and the double and distinctive mission confided to the Visitation and the Society of Jesus, relative to the Sacred Heart. Margaret Mary wrote of the vision in these words: "It seemed to me that the place was very high and spacious, admirable for its beauty. In the centre was a throne of flames upon which was the loving Heart of Jesus shedding forth rays so fiery and luminous that the whole place was lighted and heated by them. I saw the Most Blessed Virgin on one side, and our holy Founder St. Francis de Sales and Father de la Colombière on the other. The daughters of the Visitation, each holding a heart in her hand, were there also, and their Guardian Angels at their side. The Blessed Virgin then spoke: Come my beloved daughters, approach, for I wish to make you the depositaries of this precious treasure, the Sacred Heart. Turning to Father de la Colombière, the Mother of Mercy addressed him: And thou, faithful servant of My Divine Son, thou hast a great part in this precious treasure; for if it is given to the daughters of the Visitation to make it known and loved, and to distribute it to others, it is reserved to the Fathers of thy Society, to make the value and utility of it understood. In proportion as they shall console the Heart of Jesus, that Divine Heart, fruitful source of graces and benedictions, shall pour itself out so abundantly on the functions of their ministry, that they shall produce fruits above their hopes and labors; and the same for the perfection

(1) Mgr. Marguerie, Bishop of Autun.

and salvation of each one of them in particular."

Many times our Lord made known to the beloved disciple of His Sacred Heart that He wished pictures of it to be publicly exposed for veneration, making those consoling promises which shine forth amid the dark clouds of life as a rainbow of hope, for all who practise this devotion, and which are ordinarily formulated as follows :

"I will give them all the graces necessary for their state of life.

"I will establish peace in their families.

"I will console them in all their difficulties.

"I will be their assured refuge in life, and more especially at death.

"I will pour out abundant benedictions on all their undertakings.

"Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and infinite ocean of mercy.

"Tepid souls shall become fervent.

"Fervent souls shall advance rapidly to great perfection.

"I will bless the house in which the image of My Sacred Heart will be exposed and honored.

"I will give to priests the power of moving the most hardened hearts.

"Persons who propagate this devotion shall have their names inscribed in My Heart, and they shall never be effaced from it.

"I promise thee, in the excess of the mercy of My Heart, that its all powerful love shall grant to all those who receive Communion on the first Friday of every month, for nine consecutive months, the grace of final repentance, and that they shall not die under My displeasure, nor without receiving the Sacraments, and My Heart shall be their secure refuge at that last hour."

In the garden of the Monastery of the Visitation is shown the Court of the Seraphim, near the sacristy where Margaret Mary went with her Sisters to pick hemp. She retired a little apart, where, kneeling at her work, she could look through the sacristy window at the

Tabernacle. Suddenly she was surrounded by Seraphim, who sang:

"Love triumphs, love rejoices,  
The love of the Sacred Heart gladdens,"

and who invited her to join them in praising the Sacred Heart. The vision lasted two or three hours, and the spot is marked by a marble tablet, upon which, in letters of gold, is engraved the seraphic song. In 1684, while Mistress of Novices, Margaret Mary either made, or had made by another, a pen and ink picture of the Sacred Heart, which she placed on the little Altar of the Novitiate. Her feast day, July 20, 1685, was near at hand, and her novices, knowing what would please her most, erected a little altar under a stairway that led to the belfry. One of the novices seized her brush and palette and covered the walls, ceilings, rafters and planks with glowing hearts surrounded by flowers and stars, which may still be seen. On the altar, embowered in roses, they placed the little picture of the Sacred Heart from the Novitiate. On the next morning, when they led Margaret Mary to this new Oratory, the holy Mistress radiant with joy prostrated herself before the picture, and publicly consecrated herself to the Sacred Heart, and her novices did the same; but the community, fearing innovations, did not join in this consecration.

The first pictures of the Sacred Heart ever distributed were twelve little pen and ink drawings, which Mother Greyfié sent to Margaret Mary as a Christmas gift. The happy recipient immediately sent one to the Jesuit Fathers at Paray, and another to Mother de Saumaise at Dijon, imploring her to have a copper-plate engraving made—"for if we had a plate, we could scatter them far and wide." How this wish has been fulfilled! In every church, in every home however poor, there is seen the Divine Heart, the source of all benedictions, and no day passes that does not witness some cure or favor granted through the application

of a badge or picture of the Sacred Heart.

The first chapel erected in honor of the Sacred Heart is that which still stands in the garden of the Monastery of Paray, which was built under the supervision of Margaret Mary and dedicated with great solemnity September 7, 1688. The records of the Monastery read thus: "The curés of the city and neighboring parishes, accompanied by immense crowds, assembled at the parish church and then came in procession to our enclosure to dedicate the chapel to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The ceremony began at one o'clock, and lasted two hours."

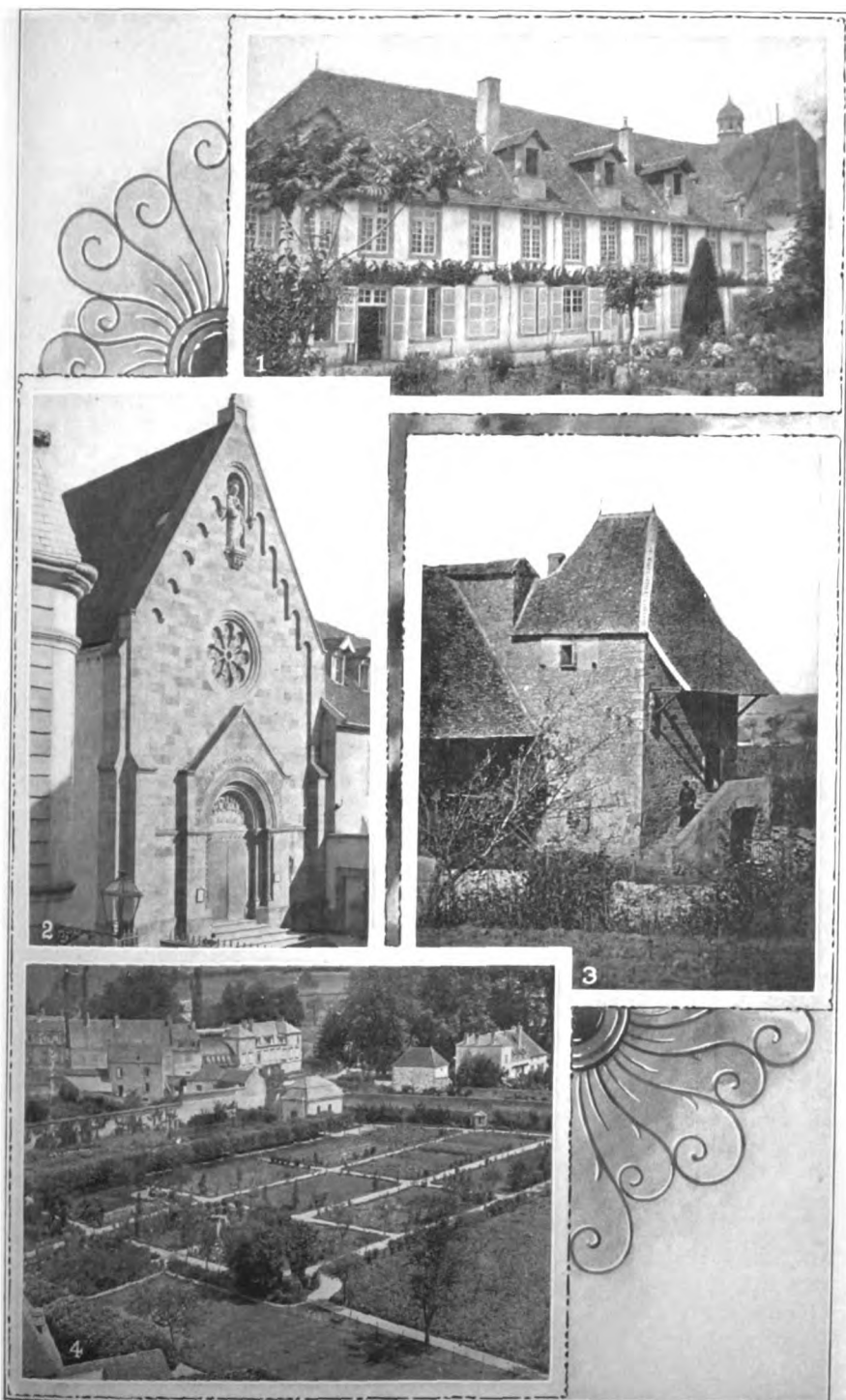
This chapel is built of wood, and wonderfully preserved, notwithstanding the constant humidity, arising from a defective foundation. Over the door are the words: *Venite ad me*, in letters of gold. The interior walls are almost covered by paintings of the apparitions, and the apotheosis of the dear disciple of the Sacred Heart. The first Mass ever said in the Church in honor of the Sacred Heart was celebrated in the chapel of the Visitation at Dijon on February 4, 1689, the first Friday of the month.

Margaret Mary's mission on earth was finished, and in the beginning of 1690 she said repeatedly: "I must die, for I am an obstacle to this sweet devotion: I shall certainly die this year, in order not to prevent the great fruits that my Divine Saviour expects to reap from a book of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus." This book was written by Fr. Croiset, S. J., whom Margaret Mary always called her very dear brother in the Sacred Heart, but at this time he had not spoken of his book to any one.

The time of the Annual Retreat drew near; and, although she had made one of forty days during the summer, she was not dispensed from that prescribed by the Rule, which she said would be for her the *great* retreat. On October 15, she had some fever, but the physician said it was not serious, and would not

cause her death. On the 16th, the eve of her blessed death, from early morning she implored the grace of Holy Communion, and with extended arms and seraphic fervor she thanked our Lord for coming to her. On the next day, October 17, 1690, at 7 o'clock in the evening, while receiving Extreme Unction, with the holy name of Jesus upon her lips, her pure soul went forth to rest in the Sacred Heart of her Celestial Spouse. Throughout the monastery and throughout the town were echoed the words, *the Saint is dead*. When a child in her native parish of Verosvres, the people had called her *the angel*: for the Sacred Heart had darted upon her a ray of heavenly love, which gave her that ardent faith, humility and modesty, and which increased until it reached its perfection here on earth. She was only forty-two years of age, eighteen of which had been spent in the cloister. Her pure body was laid to rest, under one of the choir flagstones, near the spot where our Lord first appeared to her. The spot is holy. For so many years the apostolate of Margaret Mary was hidden, but in silence and in suffering she fulfilled the mission confided to her; and to-day from all parts of the globe pious pilgrims come to her feet to adore the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to plead for mercy.

Though many temporal favors have been obtained at Paray, it must be said that spiritual favors are more frequently asked for, as they are more precious than those of the body, and here the heart of the God-Man acts upon the hearts of men. We do not know precisely the date of the first pilgrimages to Paray, but we read in old notes that during the plague in 1745 and 1746 the pilgrims multiplied; and, although they were not admitted into the monastery where Margaret Mary was buried, they had the consolation of praying in the chapel where our Lord appeared to her, and they knelt outside the enclosure wall, with their faces turned towards the little



1. EXTERIOR OF THE MONASTERY OF THE VISITATION AT PARAY.—2. EXTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF THE VISITATION.—3. HOUSE IN WHICH BLESSED MARGARET MARY WAS BORN, AT TERRAU.—4. GARDEN OF THE MONASTERY AT PARAY.



wooden chapel consecrated to the Sacred Heart. The annals mention Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre among the pilgrims who knelt for a long time near the convent wall in prayer; and Cardinal de Bouillon, during his stay in Paray from 1705 to 1707, went often to visit the tomb of Margaret Mary, which he compared to the catacombs of Rome, and where he said he felt no less fervor. Living, Margaret Mary had been the glory of the Visitation of Paray; dead, she did not cease to be their greatest treasure.

On June 21, 1786, the first centenary of the establishment of the public devotion to the Sacred Heart was celebrated in the monastery of Paray, which now held also the precious remains of Father de la Colombière, confided to the care of the Sisters by the Jesuit Fathers at the time of their dispersion in 1763. When the Sisters of the Visitation were expelled from their monastery on September 23, 1702, the relics of Margaret Mary and Father de la Colombière were entrusted to Sister Marie-Térèse Petit, who, notwithstanding the visits of the police, proved herself a worthy custodian until 1801, when the Community began to reunite, coming from their own homes in secular dress. In the sad years of their separation death had spared only nine of them, and these under the direction of Mother Verchère reunited in some of the apartments of the old monastery, but under the most trying conditions; for it had been confiscated by the government. Having lost everything by the Revolution, they opened a school for their support, and in 1809 the ancient Priory of the Benedictines was offered to them. But their hearts clung to their old monastery, so favored by our divine Lord, and they kept their eyes fixed upon it as the Promised Land, hoping that in God's own good time they might repurchase it.

But as the years rolled on, some of the Sisters, weary of waiting, determined

to join the Community of Visitandines at Charité-sur-Loire, and secretly made arrangements to carry with them the body of Margaret Mary. Sister Marie-Térèse Petit and Sister Marie-Rose Carmoy alone kept the invincible hope of recovering the old monastery, and no sooner were they informed of the intention of removing the relics than they at once made it known to the curé of the parish and the mayor of the city. The news excited extraordinary emotion, and both the religious and civil authorities appealed to the Bishop of Autun for a final decision. It was decided that the bodies of Father de la Colombière and Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque belonged by right to the diocese of Autun and the city of Paray, the cradle of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. By order of the Bishop, both shrines were placed in a little tribune of the parish church, where many of the faithful kept watch over the sacred treasures until the Sisters had set out for Charité-sur-Loire. Then they were again placed in the hands of Sister Marie-Térèse Petit and Sister M. Rose Carmoy on the 25th of September, 1817. In January, 1821, Mgr. Vichy, Bishop of Autun, made an appeal to the people to restore to the faithful religious the convent, now old and out of repair, yet sacred because of the manifestations made within its walls. The appeal was followed by a generous response. The convent was repurchased and placed in the hands of the Visitandines on the 16th of June, 1823, when the Bishop, surrounded by his clergy and an immense concourse of the faithful, solemnly blessed the monastery. The remains of Margaret Mary were incased in a new shrine of cherry-wood bearing the inscription: "Here lies the body of our Venerable Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque." The body of Father de la Colombière was placed near that of his co-laborer in making known the devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The Sisters had now only one thought

and one ambition, to preserve the monastery, with all its sacred memories and associations. They found the arched roof of the chapel cracked, and the pictures of the Sacred Heart upon the walls torn in a thousand places. The architect wished to demolish the old building, and presented plans for a grand chapel; but the Sisters shrank back with horror; and, thanks to their pious persistency, the spot sanctified by the communications of the Sacred Heart was repaired and preserved to the veneration of the faithful. The Sisters had not forgotten the cause of their holy religious in Rome, and God blessed their efforts. In March, 1824, His Holiness, Leo XII., signed the commission for the introduction of the cause of Margaret Mary, and declared her Venerable.

In 1830, the Commissaries Apostolic delegated by the Holy See arrived in France, to inquire into the virtues of the Venerable Sister. On the 22d of July, 1830, the tomb was canonically opened and the body identified. As soon as this was made known, it attracted many pilgrims to Paray, not only from the surrounding country, but from the different dioceses of France, who crowded around the Monastery of the Visitation waiting with impatience for the happy moment, to draw near the blessed body to present their petitions to the lover of the Sacred Heart. Two miraculous cures took place at the opening of the shrine. Sister Marie-Térèse Petit, who had so faithfully guarded the holy treasure, had been confined to bed with heart disease from which she had suffered for thirty years, and on that day she was reduced to such an extremity that she could scarcely speak in the faintest whisper; but as soon as the tomb was opened, with the faith of the woman in the Gospel, she placed upon her breast a piece of linen that had touched the holy relics. Entirely cured, she rose and joined the community to make her thanksgiving at the tomb of her loved and venerated Sister. The other cure was wrought

upon a poor woman of Lyons whose disease of twenty-four years' standing was pronounced incurable by the physicians, who declared that amputation of her limb was imperative. She was instantly cured, and walked out of the city. The shrine of the Venerable one was carried by the Sisters, followed by the Bishop and his clergy, and tenderly placed in a new tomb, where it remained until the second canonical opening in July, 1864.

No sooner had Pius IX. ascended the pontifical throne, than he raised his eyes to the Heart of Jesus, and in the month of July, 1846, he went on foot to the Convent of the Visitation in Rome, to say Mass and to announce to the Sisters that the hour had come to promote the devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Venerable Margaret Mary. Again on the 23d of August of the same year His Holiness carried to the Visitandines of Rome the news of the future glory of their holy Sister. But in the designs of God eighteen years were to elapse before this precious hope was realized. In 1859, the Visitandines of Paray addressed a circular to their Order, begging for a union of prayer to obtain the Beatification of their Venerable Sister; and on August 3d, 1861, they received a paternal letter from the Holy Father Pius IX., in which he assures his well-beloved daughters of the Visitation of the most intimate love of his heart for them, and his great desire for the advancement of the cause of the Venerable Margaret Mary Alacoque, which he has recommended to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, and that he sends them his Apostolic Benediction. When M. l'Abbé Boyer, a native of Paray, expressed to His Holiness the prayerful earnestness of the Sisters of the Visitation for the Beatification, the Pope replied: "Ah! my dear daughters of the Visitation, they write to me so often, and they make others write to me, to beg me to advance the cause of their Venerable Sister; but they must be

tranquil ; with the grace of God it will come to pass."

On the 4th of September, 1864, the cannon of Saint Angelo announced to Rome that the Apostle of the Sacred Heart was to be proclaimed Blessed. On the evening of the same day the Holy Father, with an immense retinue, including about two hundred French priests, knelt before the picture of Blessed Margaret Mary, while the Bishop of Autun advanced and offered His Holiness a small bouquet of flowers, emblematic of the virtues that his diocese had seen flourish in the humble garden of the Visitation, the sweet odor of which was now about to spread over the whole Church. In 1865 the feast of the Beatification was celebrated in all the Visitation Convents throughout the world, and in Paray the festivities were prolonged for three days. More than one hundred thousand persons attended the ceremonies and visited the Shrine. The Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon presided, attended by many Bishops, Mitred Abbots, priests and religious of various Orders. The holy relics were removed from the wooden casket and placed in a magnificent shrine of silver gilt, set with precious stones; and for three days it was borne through the streets of the city on the shoulders of twenty-four priests in dalmatics. The triumphal procession recalled the splendor of mediæval times, and a holy joy shone on every face. The shrine was sealed by a prothonotary, and bears this inscription:

In the peace of Jesus Christ  
Reposes here, His glorious Spouse of  
predilection

Margaret Mary Alacoque,  
of the Order of the Visitation of the  
Blessed Virgin Mary.  
Advance in glory, reign, and pray for  
your brethren.

Paray-le-Monial Feb. 25, 1865.

The Shrine was then placed beneath the main altar, on the base of which we read :

Jesus Christ, Priest and Host,  
United to Himself as a victim during her  
life on earth,

The Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque,  
Whom He had inflamed with the love of  
His Sacred Heart ;

Here He has consecrated to Himself an  
Altar of her venerated body.

The Sovereign Pontiff, Pius IX., in the  
joy of his soul

Has proclaimed her blessed in Heaven.

September 18, in the year of grace 1864.

X Her pure body lies almost directly under the spot where our Lord opened to her His Sacred Heart. It is a holy place, the very atmosphere is redolent of sanctity. Go pray on that spot so blessed by our Divine Lord, look at the seraphic virgin whose heart like the prepared canvas received the impression of His suffering life, and then describe if you can the feelings that overwhelmed your soul and made your eyes fountains of salutary tears.

The shrine is principally the gift of the Catholics of Belgium. It is elaborately ornamented with marguerites, set with amethyst and topaz and six large medallions in enamel, representing the Blessed Virgin presenting her divine Son to the Blessed one ; our Lord showing her His Heart ; Saint Francis de Sales and Saint de Chantal appearing to her ; Pius IX. proclaiming the Beatification ; the Arms of the Visitation, and a picture of the Blessed Sister. From the first of May until the 17th of October, the shrine rests upon a massive catafalque, against the choir grate, in full view of the pilgrims; during the remainder of the year, it is placed under the main altar. The body is clothed in a black velvet habit, with white silk guimpe and black silk veil. In the right hand is a heart ; in the left, a bunch of white lilies. The head is encircled with a crown of gold, set with diamonds, pearls and emeralds, interwoven with lilies and the indispensable marguerites, which are seen everywhere. The yellow marble floor is strewn with marguerites, they bloom upon the altar,

ornament the handsome missal and sacerdotal vestments; the carpets are gardens of marguerites embroidered in profusion upon white velvet, some wrought by the ladies of Annecy, and some by the ladies of England; the cushion of marguerites upon which the body lies, is the work of the Sisters of the Visitation of Caen, all sent to do homage to the queen Marguerite which now blooms in the garden of Paradise, while the sweet perfume descends to earth, to attract the hearts of the faithful. The Tabernacle is a real work of art, surmounted by a beautiful canopy for exposition. The walls are covered with fine paintings, representing the Apparitions and other scenes from the life of the Blessed one. But these mural decorations disappear during the summer, under numerous *ex-votos*, the silent, but eloquent witnesses of the mercy of the Sacred Heart, the power of Blessed Margaret Mary and the gratitude of those who received favors in this holy place.

In another beautiful shrine, near the choir grate, are relics of Saint Lazarus, Saint Mary Magdalen, Saint Martha, Saint Maximin and St. Mary of Salome; and a handsome reliquary, which contains a large relic of the true cross, hangs in the Sisters' choir.

Among the many lamps, we are more especially attracted by one of massive silver, which bears three superb medallions in enamel, that represent America savage, America civilized by Christianity, and America consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. On one side, between white marguerites, is the inscription:

To the Sacred Heart of Jesus

The Church in America

Consecrates the hearts of all her children,  
that they may burn more and more  
with His divine love.

On the reverse, an angel with outspread wings carries the escutcheon and colors of the United States, while an American eagle, in an azure sky, bears aloft the familiar motto: *E Pluribus Unum*, to which the dim religious light

gave a significance we had never felt before: *Many hearts in One* divine heart. The soft light from this lamp does not reveal the tears of the American pilgrim, but it falls like a halo around the head bent down in prayer for our own loved land, ever foremost in devotion to the Sacred Heart. He has much to say, but his lips move not; it is the heart that speaks. He has many thanksgivings to make, and as his eyes rest upon the painting of the Apparition, his heart flies back with loyal pride to the first church in the world ever dedicated to the Sacred Heart, the little church at Conewago, where, in its shadow, his forefathers sleep in the faith of Christ. There as here he sees the altar piece of the Apparition, with Father de la Colombière, all so indelibly imprinted upon his heart. He thanks God for the pioneer fathers of the Faith who planted the devotion to the Sacred Heart in the new soil, where it has produced fruit a thousand fold; and he prays that America as a nation may find a secure refuge in that adorable *Ark of Salvation*. The *ex-votos* at Paray have become so numerous that the chapel will no longer hold them, and a room in the monastery has been appropriated to their preservation. In the Sacristy is shown the spot where Father de la Colombière vested for Mass, and his confessional is the same to-day as it was when he assured the humble Visitandine that her mission was from God. Near the choir grate an inscription announces that in this place Our Lord revealed the riches of His Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary, and a corresponding tablet on the other side says: This blessed virgin Margaret Mary was beatified September 18, 1864.

On the exterior of the chapel, the eyes of the pilgrim rest upon a large statue of the Sacred Heart with outstretched arms, under which are carved the words: *Come unto Me*, and below, "In this Church Our Lord revealed His Heart to Blessed Margaret Mary." The monastery is small—small in its material di-

mensions, but great in the history of the Church. In the convent garden a marble slab shows the exterior of the Infirmary, and golden letters tell us that "Here, in the odor of sanctity, died Margaret Mary Alacoque, October 17, 1690." This Infirmary is now a little chapel and through the glass door of the tabernacle may be seen the copper thimble used by the Blessed one, her veil and discipline, her iron girdle, her office book, a copy of the Imitation which she had used even before she came to the convent, and a reliquary containing a portion of her brain.

On each side of the altar are glass cases which hold the *Livres d'Or*, or Golden Books, in which are inscribed the names of nearly two million Christian families of every nation of the globe. Four of these magnificent volumes "fit for the eyes of the Angels," preserve the names of devout souls in England, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Switzerland and Canada. Another, not less handsome, contains the names of loyal hearts in the United States, Honduras and Uruguay. Two beautiful volumes were sent from this country in 1889, containing the names of eighty thousand Catholic families dedicated to the Sacred Heart in June of that same year; and in 1891 the Apostleship of Prayer sent two superb tomes with the names of two hundred and thirty-one thousand children to be placed near the shrine. At the same time an American Catholic sent an offering of pictures of the Sacred Heart, on the reverse of which were printed the Promises of Our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary in one hundred and eight different languages; and after the pictures had touched the shrine, they were distributed to foreign missions to propagate the devotion to the Sacred Heart. The Argentine Republic alone sent nine great volumes of names; five were sent from the diocese of Naples, eight from Mexico and seven from Spain. Another artistic volume contains the names of the members of the Guard of Honor; and still another, truly unique,

encloses the names of thirteen thousand Chinamen, heads of families consecrated to that Heart which extends its protection over every race and every clime. This book is bound in wood elaborately carved. The Sacred Heart, surrounded by rays, forms the centre piece; on the sides, in the midst of unmistakable Chinese decorations, shine forth the arms of Leo XIII. The first leaf is of white silk embroidered in the tints peculiar to the Chinese. It shows our Saviour revealing His Divine Heart, which sheds its rays over the entire globe. Below this is represented a Chinese family, kneeling, making the Act of Consecration which is well brought out in exquisite handiwork. The inscription reads: *Heads of Families devoutly consecrated to the Most Sacred Heart*. The letters are formed of little pearls, and an arabesque of pearls forms a frame to the first leaf, an offering to the pure Pearl of Paray.

There are other volumes in morocco and satin, some in antique parchment, all bearing the seal of The Apostleship of Prayer. To allow all the pious pilgrims to examine these eloquent testimonies of the faith of so many nations vying with each other in love for the Heart of Jesus, the Golden Books were placed on exhibition at the Musée Eucharistique in Paray, where they attracted universal admiration. In turning over the leaves of the Annals of the Visitation in Paray, which the Sisters courteously placed at our disposal, we noted, that among the benedictions of the year 1873, that of the re-establishment of the Jesuit Fathers in Paray is placed among the first. Then there are pages telling of the great pilgrimages of people of every rank, *ex-votos* of every kind and style, banners and lamps beyond number and description. On the 19th of June, 1873, the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the hours of the night passed too rapidly for the nuns to complete their work in the arrangement of temporary altars for the priests, many of whom carried their own altar stones and chalices

and asked only for a little corner, that they might celebrate in the Chapel of the Apparitions. Although the nuns had improvised one hundred altars, and altars were multiplied in the parochial church and private chapels, yet many of the priests were obliged to receive Holy Communion from the hands of their more fortunate confrères; but they rejoiced that they had at least heard Mass in that spot sanctified by the manifestations of the Sacred Heart.

In 1871 the Visitandines of Paray made a banner of the Sacred Heart for the Pontifical Zouaves, and on the 18th of September, 1871, the seventh anniversary of the Beatification, the standard was consecrated to the Sacred Heart in the chapel at Paray. The whole Legion was consecrated under the title of Zouaves of the Sacred Heart, and General Charette sent the list of names to Paray to be deposited under the Shrine. On the 19th of June, the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1873, General Charette brought the blood-stained banner to Paray, to lay it at the feet of the Blessed Sister, where he renewed the Act of Consecration for himself and his men. Turning to the comrades who accompanied him, he said: "Gentlemen, yet one more prayer to ask of Blessed Margaret Mary to obtain for us from the Heart of our Divine Master, that we may be faithful to our flag, and to the blood which stains its folds, faithful forever to our duty, in the secrecy of our private life, as well as in the public arena. The Holy Father, to whom I have written, approves and sends us his blessing. Let us, then, leave here a souvenir for our comrades in arms, who died defending this flag, and fell, yes, I say it with profound faith, they fell in the Heart of Jesus!" After the De Profundis, the Zouaves passed around the shrine. Each kissed the flag, which the Bishop then placed against the temporary altar by the choir grate, at the foot of the Shrine, upon which some of the officers laid their naked swords; while three who wore many decorations, drew aside

and said to the Out Sister: "Sister, *your hands are pure*, let *them* present our swords to the Blessed one," and so their swords were laid upon the tomb. An act worthy of a Christian knight. Would that no sword were unsheathed with a less pure intention!

In one day thirty thousand pilgrims visited the little bosquet of hazel trees in the convent garden where our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. Every one asked for a twig or a leaf as a souvenir, and the grove was literally stripped. The Out Sisters were kept busy at the front door giving souvenirs to the crowds, who succeeded each other in asking for "only a few leaves of hazelwood, if you please." A Roman priest, who was among the pilgrims, offered to take a souvenir to the Holy Father Pius IX., and the Sisters immediately gathered together some reliquaries, flowers, pictures, hearts and a branch of the hazel tree with its fruit, or as the Superioress expressed it, a box of *little nothings*. In a short time, the curé of Paray received these words from the happy messenger: "I cannot express to you the pleasure of the Holy Father when he received the box of *little nothings*. Scarcely had I knelt at his feet when His Holiness took the box from my hand; and, as he said to me: 'Now tell me all the incidents of your pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial,' he seized the scissors and with his own hand clipped the ribbons which bound the box. On seeing the branch of hazelwood, he said: 'Tell me the history of this.' Oh, if the good Sisters could have seen the gaiety, joy and satisfaction of the Holy Father as he examined each little object, and the eagerness with which he cut the strings!" Some days later the good priest wrote directly to the Superioress to complete the details of his audience on September 29. He said: "The Holy Father took each object, one after the other, asked what it was, and placed it before him, scarcely giving me time to answer his questions. I said to His

Holiness: 'Holy Father, these good Sisters repeated to me many times that they have had no time to do any work; and what could they do in two days? It is the offering of humility, of poverty, of love, it is the Sacred Heart.' 'Oh, yes,' answered the Holy Father, 'it is the love of the holy Church, the pure love of God, it is the love of Jesus Christ. They are good Sisters, holy souls.' 'Most Holy Father, they feared they were failing in respect to Your Holiness in offering these *little nothings*, but I take upon myself the sin.' The audience lasted fifty-one minutes, and as the clock struck seven His Holiness said: 'I know you are a great propagator of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, I want to give you two medals. I bless you, my child, and all your family.' And holding in one hand the box of *petits riens*, with the other he made a great sign of the cross over all the little objects, and then he said: 'And I bless all the good Sisters of Paray-le-Monial, and the good curé, and all the religious in the house where you live.' And now, Mother, I must thank you for the most agreeable audience I have ever had. I often see the Holy Father, but never have I seen him so gay, so happy and so confidential—it was one of the most beautiful days of my life."

On the 14th of May, 1877, the precious remains of the Venerable Père de la Colombière were given into the hands of the Jesuits after having been in the possession of the Sisters of the Visitation for more than a century. They were reverently placed in the chapel of the Jesuit Fathers, where they are visited by many devout pilgrims. In 1876, Mgr. Marguerie was succeeded in the See of Autun by Bishop Perraud, since then raised to the rank of Cardinal. His Eminence claims Blessed Margaret Mary as his kinswoman, and in her honor jewelled marguerites adorn his pastoral crook and his coat of arms. Bound to Blessed Margaret Mary by ties

of blood, he is not less truly bound to her as one spirit and one soul in his desire to honor the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who wished to reveal Himself through her in a little, unknown corner of the diocese of Autun, now known to the entire world.

Near the Monastery of the Visitation, across a side street, is a pretty cottage owned by Mgr. Perraud, and which he calls his "dear Bethany." There he retires apart for solitude and prayer, and in the year of the Jubilee of the Second Centenary of the Death of Blessed Margaret Mary, His Lordship spent six months in that Retreat, only a few steps from the holy shrine; and the Sisters have recorded this as one of the greatest favors of the Jubilee. The Convent Annals tell us of the opening of this Jubilee. "In the year of grace 1890, at nightfall on Sunday, September 7, the bells of the old Benedictine church, now the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, rang out a joyous peal, which was taken up by all the bells of the city to announce the opening of the extraordinary Jubilee granted by His Holiness Leo XIII. to the parish and city of Paray-le-Monial, to celebrate the Second Centenary of the death of our Blessed one. The *mantle of joy*, with which Margaret Mary had felt herself clothed when she first entered the cloister of "dear Paray," seemed to extend over the entire city. Already triumphal arches spanned the streets, garlands and festoons of flowers showed that it was a general Feast. And while three thousand persons with brilliant flambeaux formed a grand procession near the ancient Abbey of Cluny, now the residence of the chaplains, singing the praises of the Sacred Heart and Blessed Margaret Mary, a less gorgeous but more touching procession wended its way through the enclosure of our Monastery, where the Sisters celebrated the two hundred and second anniversary of the dedication of the little wooden chapel, the first ever dedicated to the Sacred Heart, on September 7, 1688."

✕ We pass on to September 11, 1890, when a human wave moved through the city of Paray; the living ebb and flow seemed to increase in every direction, and the Chapel of the Visitation was continually overflowing. There, near the shrine, the Holy Hour was opened by the recitation of the sorrowful mysteries of the Rosary, intermingled with chants. The remainder of the hour was spent in silent prayer. The church was open all night, Masses began at midnight and reached the number of one hundred and fifty on that day alone, and the Communions continued without interruption from midnight until a late hour on the following day, the crowd augmenting in such proportions as the day advanced that the pilgrims who had communicated were obliged to retire through the sacristy to avoid the incoming wave. The number who knelt outside the church to make their thanksgiving, continually increasing, finally reached the little flower-garden of "Bethany" across the street. There, they knelt on the ground lost in adoration before Him, who had made their hearts His living Tabernacle. It was a touching sight, never to be forgotten.

All who have seen the chapel of Paray know that eighty-six lamps are constantly burning there, and shed their light upon the rich banners that are suspended from the ceiling or upon the walls. There the American colors are intermingled with the lilies of France, and the variety and number of these offerings of Catholic faith to the heart of Jesus and his humble Apostle dispense the Sisters from extraordinary decorations.

Upon the exterior of the chapel there floated long festoons of red and white, relieved by four large banners painted in oil. The first displayed a white marguerite attached to a cross, with this invocation: Blessed Margaret Mary, you who were crucified, pray for us. The second was a Sacred Heart resting in the centre of a marguerite;—below were

the words: Blessed Margaret Mary, faithful copy of the Heart of Jesus, pray for us. At one o'clock the bells announced a new reunion at the Basilica to take part in the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the garden of the monastery. This was also the signal for the Sisters to retire to the interior of the monastery; then the doors and windows were closed and locked as at night.

The Mother Superior and the Sister Procuratrix opened the enclosure door and disappeared at once, and the holy invasion began; so silently and with such pious recollection that the two policemen, stationed at the entrance, merely showed the route marked out, by the waving of their batons, and no sound was heard but the solemn chants, the steady tramp of the pilgrims and the murmur of fervent prayers. The decorations in the garden consisted of pillars and pyramids of marguerites, the Promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary, the prophetic words of Saint Francis de Sales regarding the Sacred Heart; and the beautiful invocations of the Litany of the Sacred Heart represented in figures. There were Papal Arms, the Arms of the Visitation, the Arms of the Bishop of Autun and the names of all the Monasteries of the Visitation, one hundred and sixty-six in number. The third repository was arranged in the little bosquet of hazelwood, surrounded by lilies as pure and spotless as the white veil of the holy novice, who rendered this little green pavilion forever celebrated and blessed, and from which the soul rises so easily from earth to heaven. It was on this spot that our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary, just before her religious profession. Many of the pilgrims, children, old men, gentlemen and ladies, threw themselves on their knees and kissed the flagstones in the court of the Seraphim, where a marble tablet announces that "in this place the Sacred Heart of Jesus, surrounded by Seraphim, appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary." But, as one of the Sisters told us wittily, the pilgrims



were obliged to be very quick in these extraordinary devotions to prevent a halt in the procession, which observed with the utmost precision the route prescribed, and perfect order reigned in this multitude.

While the Sisters chanted Vespers in their choir with doors and windows closed, the most varied refrains were wafted in from the garden. One band of pilgrims proclaimed as with one heart and one voice: "I am a Christian, that is my glory," another sang out: "Love, love for the Heart of Jesus," and others sang stanzas, according to the impulse of their pious hearts. On the 16th of October, the vigil of the great Feast, the Basilica of the Sacred Heart and the exterior Chapel of the Visitation remained open all night, and an immense number of pilgrims made the Holy Hour. Masses began at midnight; the confessionals were besieged; a number of temporary ones were arranged for the women, while men knelt at the feet of the priests in any corner of the church or sacristy, asking for absolution. For twelve hours the communicants promptly succeeded each other at the holy table in the Convent Chapel and in the Basilica. More than a hundred Masses were celebrated in the chapel that day, and more would have been offered, had not the altars been reserved from 6 to 7 A. M., for the use of the Bishops. On that day Mgr. Perraud entered the monastery and celebrated Mass in the infirmary, where, two hundred years before, Sister Margaret Mary had slept in the Heart of Jesus. The Sisters write that "the little oratory was too small to admit the entire Community, but we knelt in the corridor near the door. There, we could hear the surging crowd in the street below, pressing towards our church; but it was in the distance, and could not prevent us from tasting something of the joy of Thabor during that silent Mass, which was offered and heard in union with that last immolation of the

Blessed Victim of the Heart of Jesus. The Divine Master alone knows how in this communion of October 17, 1890, we borrowed, as much as possible, our preparation and our thanksgiving from the last communion of our Blessed one. As Monseigneur withdrew from the oratory after Mass, the community followed singing the *Laudate*; and when his Lordship returned to give us his blessing, he addressed to us a few paternal words. He said, 'My dear daughters, I will not tell you all that I have asked this morning from the Heart of our Lord for the Order of the Visitation, and for you especially, through the intercession of her whose Feast we celebrate to-day. I leave it to the Sacred Heart to make it known to you, to make you feel it in silence and in secret. Continue to thank God for all His benefits, and let us pray to Him, if it shall please Him to let His countenance shine on us to-day, as says the Holy Scripture—in bright sunshine which we need to gladden our Feast and to permit the crowd to expand.' "

The pilgrims on that day numbered forty thousand, nearly two thousand of whom were priests. About fifteen hundred Masses were celebrated from midnight to mid-day in the churches and chapels of Paray. Among the distinguished ecclesiastics present was His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, Mgr. Toulon, who recalled with pleasure the day, three years before, when he had received the pallium in that chapel at the foot of the holy shrine. An amusing little incident occurred when the cloister doors opened to admit the pilgrims for the last time. The procession entered according to the prescribed rules; and, in spite of the apparently interminable length of the two close battalions, good order prevailed. But a little Out Sister, whose duty it was to light the tapers at the repositories, saw the crowds passing forward so eagerly to secure a leaf of the hazel tree, that she conceived the idea that they



FARAY-LE-MONIAL.—1. MARKET DAY.—2. SODALITY GROUP.—3. A PROMOTERS' PILGRIMAGE.

4. PROCESSION OF PILGRIMS.—5. STREET SCENE IN THE PILGRIMAGE SEASON.

might carry off some portions of the statues. She appealed to the ecclesiastics to assist her in protecting the sacred treasures; she implored the pilgrims to moderate their devotion and their speed, and cast herself before the statue of the Sacred Heart with her arms extended to protect it from their pious demonstrations. The pilgrims, profiting by her precautions, passed on quietly and embraced all the other statues on the route. When the procession stopped at the little Chapel of the Sacred Heart, some lingered to pray the last prayer in that holy spot, and the little Out Sister, whose love of enclosure exceeded her hospitality, in gentle tones conjured the devotees to pass on, and at last, raising her voice, she promised to ask the Sisters in the monastery to pray for all those who would *leave promptly*. The procession moved on as quietly as it came, and the *Annals* add: "The pilgrimage was over and our doors were closed. Never was silence better kept, nor solitude more complete than during those six Fridays when our blessed enclosure was invaded by the world. God be praised for having concealed us in the secret of His tabernacle." The number of pilgrims during the Jubilee was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand, the communions twenty-six thousand eight hundred and fifty; twenty thousand of these were made in the Visitation Chapel. Imagine the work of these good Sisters, who spent their time preparing altar breads, and keeping the linens in order for the celebration of so many Masses; but it was a labor of love, and love knows no labor, for they thought only of the glory of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the honor of their Blessed Sister. On ordinary occasions visitors are not allowed to visit the monastery garden; that favor was granted by the Pope as a special privilege to the great pilgrimages, and the pilgrims did not enter the monastery, except to pass on immediately to the garden.

At the close of the Jubilee, the Sisters

of the Visitation of Paray sent a reliquary to His Holiness Leo XIII., to give him in miniature the Apparitions of the Sacred Heart, and at the same time a perfect idea of the monastery which had been so favored. The reliquary had two sides. On its face, the Sacred Heart shed its rays over the arms of His Holiness, which were surrounded by marguerites. On the reverse, were several medallions painted on hazelwood, giving a general view of the monastery, and the places of the different apparitions, which served as a frame to this invocation, in the centre: "Lord Jesus, cover with the protection of Your Divine Heart our Holy Father the Pope." Near the portrait of Blessed Margaret Mary, which was delicately painted on white satin, was a small portion of her bones. At the top were displayed the tiara and the keys, all carved from the hazelwood, and small marguerites of the same filled the four corners. At the base, were these words, exquisitely illuminated: *Souvenir of the Jubilee granted by His Holiness, Leo XIII., to the City of Paray, for the Second Centenary of Blessed Margaret Mary, October 17, 1890.*

In a paternal letter His Holiness expressed his thanks to the Visitandines of Paray for their artistic handiwork, which he accepted as a testimony of their obedience and affection, all the more precious as it was a souvenir of the illustrious virgin and very holy Margaret Mary Alacoque; and he then imparted to the community in general, and to each one in particular, his Apostolic Benediction. In a subsequent visit to Rome the Bishop of Autun saw that the Holy Father had preserved this reliquary in his cabinet.

In 1892 Mgr. Perraud went to Bethany to spend the eighteenth anniversary of his consecration in the shadow of the holy shrine; and, to seal the intimate union between the shepherd and his sheep, the Sisters presented to his Lordship the cross which was removed from the body of Blessed Margaret Mary at the time of the Beatification, and which he



PARAY-LE-MONIAL.—1. COURT OF THE SERAPHIM.—2. EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE INFIRMARY, WHERE BL. MARGARET MARY DIED.—3. FIRST CHAPEL OF THE SACRED HEART.

does not disdain to use as a pectoral cross, and to wear openly to show his affiliation to the Order of the Visitation. His Lordship said with a smile: "Now I shall only have to show my cross to make myself known." It is only necessary to mention the name of Cardinal Perraud to the Sisters of Paray, to see that they hold him in veneration; and His Eminence does not conceal his *penchant* for the Visitation. He calls the three Visitandine monasteries of his diocese, Autun, Maçon and Paray, his tiara of the Visitation; and the Sisters themselves say His Eminence is altogether Visitandine. We do not know whether the other Religious Communities of Paray would endorse this sentiment, but certainly Cardinal Perraud is universally loved.

The Hotel Dieu or Hospice de la Colombière, of which we have spoken, was not really founded by Father Colombière and Blessed Margaret Mary; for an inscription in its public chapel says that "it was first established by the Benedictines to receive and assist travellers, the poor and sick, and that it was dedicated to St. Joseph dying; that it was several times destroyed, and that it was re-established by Father de la Colombière

and Blessed Margaret Mary and confided to the Hospital Sisters of St. Martha." Three pupils of the Visitation, instructed by Blessed Margaret Mary, after having made their noviceship in hospital life at Beaume, returned to Paray and made the new foundation. It is said that the rules of the Community were written by Blessed Margaret Mary, and their similarity to those of the Visitation supports the assertion. The old records say that Mère Baudron, a Religious in the Hospital at Paray from 1767 to 1837, continually repeated to her daughters that they must love their Rule, and remember that it could not be changed, for it was given by the Venerable Margaret Mary. The Mother House is at Beaume, though each Community is independent. Their dress, consisting of a sky-blue habit, with white veil and guimpe, is striking, and as picturesque as if borrowed from the canopy of heaven. Strange to say, this was one of the few communities not dispersed by the Revolution. The Hospital Sisters at Paray laid aside their religious habit, and continued to exercise their duties until 1805, when they resumed them and their exterior practices. Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre was a patient in this

hospital for three weeks. In the chapel is an altar of gilded wood, very precious because of its pious associations. It formerly belonged to the Jesuit Fathers, who in 1763, at the time of their dispersion, gave it to the Sisters at the Hospital. Father de la Colombière had often used it in the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. In this same chapel may be venerated relics of St. Francis de Sales, St. de Chantal, Blessed Margaret Mary, Blessed Benedict Joseph Labre and the Venerable Father de la Colombière; a portion of the true Cross, a portion of the sacred sponge which touched the lips of our Saviour dying on the Cross, a piece of the crown of thorns, and a small portion of the holy lance. There are also some books which were used by Blessed Margaret Mary, one of which: "Prayers to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" was composed by her, and written entirely by her own hand, and an autograph letter of Father de la Colombière.

In 1873 the Society of Notre Dame de la Retraite or Cenacle established a house at Paray to procure not only their own salvation and sanctification, but also the salvation of the neighbor by prayer and Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. Ladies and young girls may retire here to make the spiritual exercises of a retreat. The House of the Holy Angels was established by religious from Maçon at the request of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen, Mgr. Thomas, a native of Paray, who gave them his paternal home, and began this pious work to honor the memory of his father and mother. Pilgrims of the *devout female sex* are agreeably and hospitably entertained here for weeks, months or years, as long as their piety will detain them in the City of the Sacred Heart.

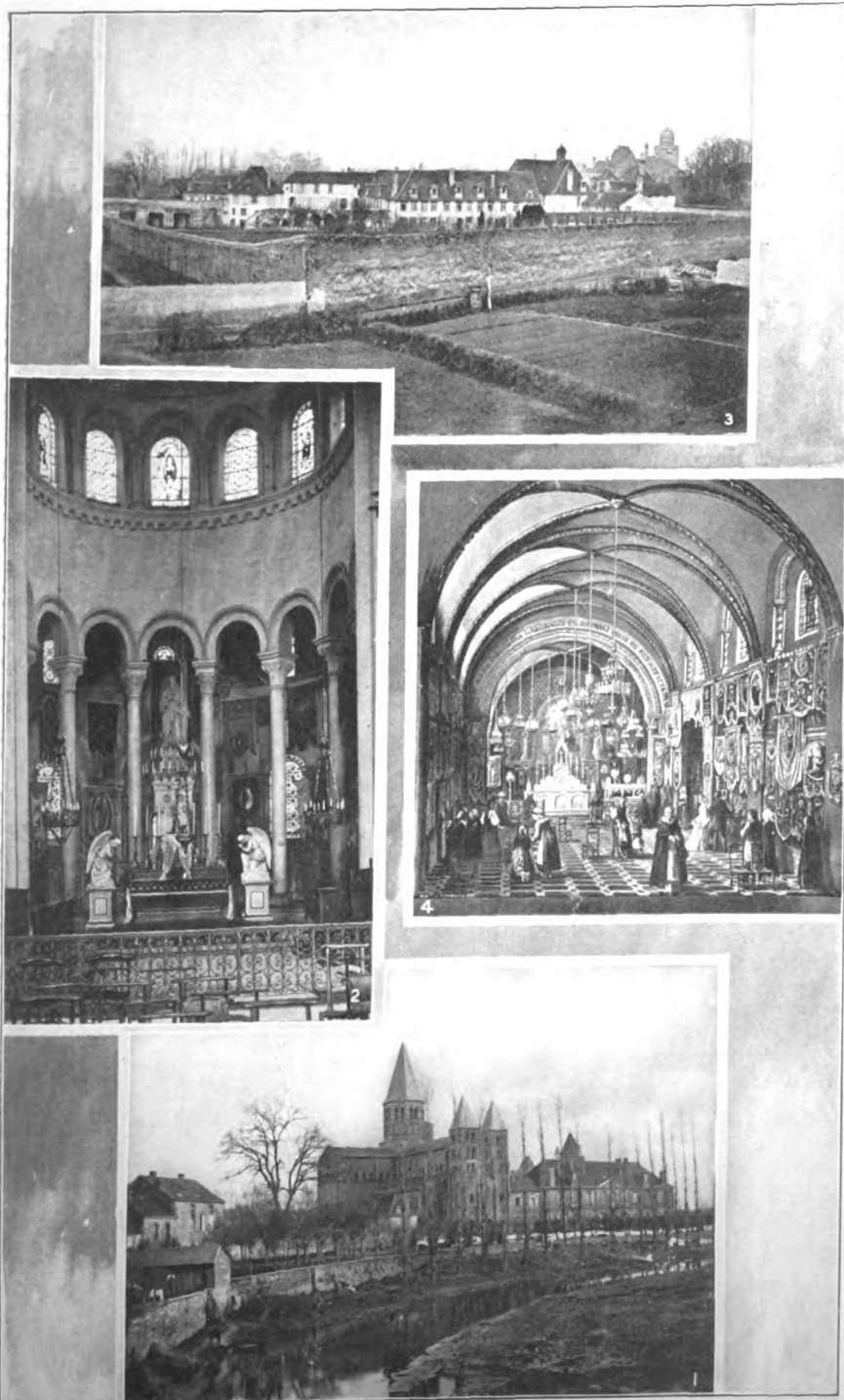
God has visibly blessed the Foundation of the Poor Clares made in Paray, in 1878, by sending so many vocations, and increasing their number to such an extent, that they have since then established two flourishing Houses in Je-

rusalem and Nazareth. A visit to their chapel will convince the pilgrim of their poverty more forcibly than many pages on the extreme suffering of their austere and penitential life.

The Sisters of the Most Blessed Sacrament in 1855 took possession of the old Ursuline Convent, where they have a successful boarding and day school, besides free classes and an asylum. There is also an orphanage conducted by the Oblates of the Sacred Heart, where young girls may remain until they attain the age of twenty. The Christian Brothers have an academy dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and their popularity has in no wise diminished by adding to this a free school, which is well attended.

In 1875 Mgr. Perraud established the Society of Chaplains of the Basilica, composed of twelve priests to minister to the spiritual needs of the pilgrims. Here in a little city with a population of four thousand we see nine Religious Communities, drawn thither, nourished and supported by the Sacred Heart.

It was the celebrated Père Victor Drevon, S. J., who made the first burning appeal for the great pilgrimages to Paray in 1873 and 1875, and the echo of his voice was heard not only in the populous cities, but in the most remote and inaccessible portions of France. And across the sea, America re-echoed the words: "Go to the Sacred Heart of Jesus! Go to Paray-le-Monial." We have seen how the appeal was answered by a religious outburst unequalled since the Crusades. But there was another class of pilgrims, unable to go to Paray, and inflamed with love for the Sacred Heart, who, desiring to share in the precious graces offered, made pilgrimages to the nearest shrines, whence they sent their hearts to Paray, and Jesus most merciful accepted their intention and good-will. During the pilgrimages to Paray in 1873 pilgrims from Savoy flocked to Annecy, six or seven hundred a day, to unite their prayers and sacrifices to those of

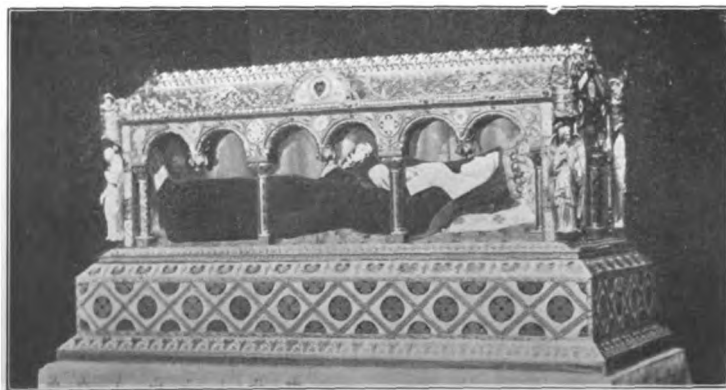


PARAY-LE-MONIAL.—1. VIEW OF THE MONASTERY AND WALLS.—2. THE MAIN ALTAR OF THE BASILICA.—3. VIEW OF THE MONASTERY AND GARDENS.—4. INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL.

their more fortunate brethren, who went in person to Paray. It was Père Drevon also, who in the Chapel of the Visitation received the first inspiration for the Communion of Reparation which is now made throughout the world by the members of the Apostleship of Prayer, in League with the Sacred Heart. Father Letierce, S. J., in his beautiful work *Etude sur le Sacre Cœur* says: Nothing can be more historically true than this predestination of the Visitation and the Society of Jesus in the accomplishment of a common propaganda. The Visitation holds the first rank, the Society of Jesus follows closely. The Visitation announces the good tidings, the Gospel of the Sacred Heart; the Society carries it to the distant shores, where the voice of the Visitandines cannot be heard. It belongs to the Sons of St. Ignatius to be its panegyrists and its apologists, but both the one and the other work together in fraternal accord."

But as the love of Jesus in the Blessed Eucharist must ever be the main-spring, the heart, the life and end of every other devotion, Père Drevon was not yet satisfied, and the magnificent Hieron or Musée Eucharistique dedicated to *Jesus-Hostie Roi* is another monument to the love and zeal of the holy Jesuit, who made this desire of his heart known to a wealthy nobleman, the Baron Alexis de Sarachaga, who carried out the

design with the most edifying zeal and generosity, and the Hieron is one of the pious treasures of Paray. Our Lord, satisfied with the ardent desires of Père Drevon, called him to his reward in 1880, but we may believe that from heaven he aided in the accomplishment of the great work, and in 1893 this magnificent temple was dedicated to *Jesus-Hostie Roi*. It is filled with masterpieces of art relating to the Blessed Eucharist, and a library of more than five thousand books which treat of the Most Blessed Sacrament. It would take a volume to describe this wonderful collection, procured at an immense cost. We shall name only a few of the paintings to show the character of these works of art: The Last Communion of the Blessed Virgin; Miraculous Communion of St. Teresa; Rudolph of Hapsburg before the Blessed Sacrament; St. Philip Neri in ecstasy before the Sacred Host; Communion of St. Bonaventure; Communion of St. Aloysius; Communion of St. Mary Magdalen; Our Lord giving Communion to the Apostles; St. Gertrude in ecstasy. The list might be lengthened out indefinitely with only the names of the great paintings. There are ancient tabernacles and ostensoriums, and Eucharistic lamps from the Catacombs, everything relating to the worship of Jesus, the hidden God, the Saviour.



THE SHRINE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY.

## FLOWER OF THE BROOM.

*By Claude M. Girardeau.*

"Flower o' the Broom,  
Take away love, and the earth is a tomb."

ALL the long day she had been travelling through the country of her dreams. She had strained her eyes trying to peer into the darkness from the window of the car, until they ached. Ever since she had left this land as a little child, with a child's high colored and curiously distorted recollection—or rather inward vision—of it, her one thought had been to return to it. As a schoolgirl, writing to a cousin unknown, yet romantically loved, merely because of relationship, she had once compressed her ardent soul in one sentence :

"And when, my dear Milton, you shall some day see me actually, in the body, walking the historic streets of Carolus, you shall say, 'There goes a happy woman.'"

Thus had written sixteen between a smile and a tear, with happiness ever beckoning in that "historic" perspective. All the long way thither, a few years later, she had recalled the brilliant scene pictured in an early geography-primer—Columbus stooping to kiss the new found continent.

So would she do when her foot should again press the soil of her native State. The very earth of it was dear to her. Was she not of it?

She was a nineteenth century Hellene, with a classic fervor of patriotism inherited from a long line of slave-holding "palatines." It had developed into a strange craving affection, fostered by long exile, by forbidden allusion, by a but dimly comprehended and therefore delightful mystery-enveloping banishment, that had taken deep root in her soul, a deeper and more vital root than any about her had ever imagined. So

when at last the hand of death set wide open the doors of what was by ironical courtesy called a "home," as welcome exits therefrom, she at once turned her wistful face to the Land of her Love, that fair Land of Fancy.

Alas, there were none to gainsay her, and so she pursued her persistent way. That way was long and dreary. Even one less impressionable might have read in it a presage of ill-fortune. The shadow of the grave was behind her, the terror of an overwhelming catastrophe before her. When the news of this fearful event had reached them they said to her :

"You surely will not go now?"

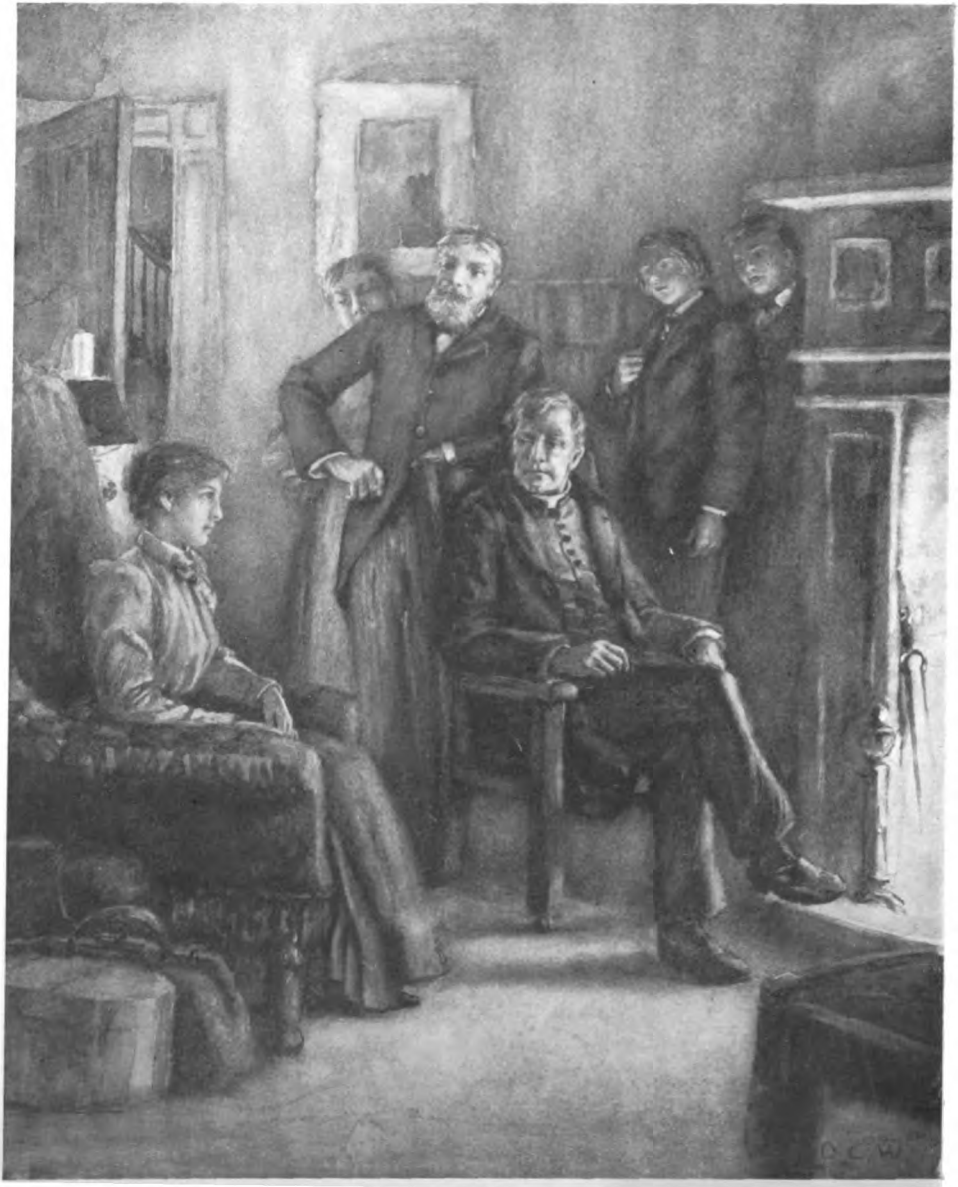
But her desire leaped up in fiercer flame.

"More now than ever," she answered wilfully, "it is all over. There is nothing more to fear. The earth only slipped."

But as the end of the journey drew near she thought within herself, having none to speak with, of her ill-omened arrival. Other travellers were going in opposite directions, as if in flight. Often she was sole occupant of luxurious coaches, luxurious until she reached the edge of the Land of Desire. When the black stewardess at the last station put her on her car, and with motherly solicitude tucked a little bundle of food into her lap, she looked more attentively at her surroundings. The car was smoke-blackened, dingy with soot and cinders, the plush of the narrow seats greasy with countless smears. She drew her veil more closely about her with delicate repulsion and turned her white face to the window.

At last they were in motion again. A





"THE OTHERS ALSO LOOKED INQUIRINGLY AT HER."

distressing nausea seized her by the throat. She pushed up the blurred pane and held her face to the strong wind, reckless of cinders and the black dust that settled under her heavy eyes, powdered her hair and drifted into the folds of her nunlike drapery. The city was soon left far behind, taking with it all suggestion of civilization. Nothing was visible but a reach of barren country with here and there a marsh, or a solitary pine black against a deathly sky. Now and then a pause at a miserable station, where white faces looked corpse-like in the wretched groups of black loungers.

Everything—landscape, sky, infrequent stopping-place, people—visaged an apprehensive melancholy.

Shortly before dusk they came upon a wide plain, bare of grass, seamed and fissured in all directions, stagnant water oozing from the fissures, a few remnants of reed-like vegetation clinging to the edges. A murmur of voices attracted her ear, as one after another of the unnoticed passengers, hitherto silent, joined the huddle of figures at the door of the coach, or leaned out of the window for a better view. Odds and ends of hurried sentences come to her :

"Off the track."

"All the water rushed in."

"Yes ; the dam broke, of course."

"The ground, they say, rose and fell like the waves of the sea."

It had been an incident of the terrible catastrophe that had wrecked a city, disturbed a continent, and shocked a world, and suddenly the ebon veil she wore appeared the outward and appropriate expression of the dark depression that had been creeping over her for hours. The air was ominously still. The farther they went the more marked this aerial torpidity became. The landscape seemed to be listening. The ragged idlers at the desolate stations, now fitfully illumined by lightwood torches, spoke, if at all, in low tones, furtively.

The slant of dying daylight gave a

foreboding look to the distance. It faded gradually, the dreaded darkness descended. The window-pane beside the miserable traveller became a square of reflective darkness in which her face peered eerily at her. She was afraid to sit beside the phantom, drew away from it to the further end of the seat, and shut her eyes, unable to endure the sight of swinging lamps and swaying seats in the uneven motion of the train. It seemed an immeasurable length of time since her journey began ; it lay untold years behind her and stretched before her to eternity.

She had ceased to speculate upon the end of it when the slower motion of the cars made her rouse herself to resist the rush of blood to brain that tortured her whenever they came to a standstill with that sickening backward jar of wheels and crash of brakes.

She leaned forward, grasping the back of the seat before her, her face drained of color in an effort to keep her senses, when the door facing her flew open, caught with a snap, and two young men entered the coach looking uncertainly about them.

Their eyes fell upon the small black figure and they approached it with curiosity.

"Are you Maida Pearlstone?" one asked awkwardly.

She looked up at him eagerly, forgetting her weariness, her desolation. This must be a cousin—which one ?

"Oh, yes, yes," she cried, holding out both hands, "and you are—?"

"I'm Edgar, and this is Hubert," indicating the other, who stood stiffly beside him. Taking one eager hand he held it limply for a second, then dropped it. Hubert lifted his hat slightly, and replaced it without a word. They stood gazing, speechless, curious, like country bumpkins at a county fair.

Maida's heart began to sink. Unassisted she gathered up her travelling impedimenta and followed her cousins to the platform.

"How is Uncle Melancthon?" she ventured upon asking. "Did he receive my telegram?"

"Yes; but he never comes to the depot," replied Edgar curtly.

"And Aunt—Aunt Sallie?" she ventured again, desperately.

Edgar stared.

"Is it Aunt Sarah, then, that I should say?" she murmured, apologetically.

"Anything you like, I reckon," he replied, churlishly. "She seemed to be quite well when I left home about ten minutes ago."

Maida waited for some messages, she hardly knew what, but Edgar was hailing a depot-hack, and Hubert had gone off with her baggage-checks. She got into the carriage, a clumsy surrey, driven by a grizzled negro and propelled by an equally grizzled horse. Edgar seated himself by the negro and they drove off, lumbering along the streets whose Sunday quiet seemed rudely disturbed by the rattle of hotel omnibuses, baggage wagons and empty cabs that passed them in desperate haste to end suddenly in yawning leisure.

After a long silence Maida said softly at Edgar's back:

"And where is Milton?"

"He is here with his wife."

"Wife? When were they married?"

"About a year ago."

"Why, I knew he was engaged, he wrote me. But we did not get the wedding cards."

"There weren't any."

She shrank back into her corner, and the noise of the wheels on the cobblestones of another street prevented further question, until to her great relief and apprehension the surrey came to a standstill before a large dark house, whose blinds were closely drawn and shutters closed.

While Edgar was gathering up her forgotten parcels, she flitted up the yellow path of lamplight suddenly thrown across the steps from the opened door, and cast herself into her uncle's arms. He

bent from a great height to her shy yet fervent kiss, and led her into what seemed his library.

She sank almost out of sight in a huge worn chair beside the yawning fireplace, shading her eyes from the light with a minute dusty hand. Her uncle observed her with retrospective, smileless squint through narrowed lids between which his pale grey eyes made two points of light. When she plucked up courage to return his scrutiny, a spasm contracted her heart. How like the dead! Every feature, every movement, startled her with a ghostly resemblance. There was small affection in recollection, yet this recrudescence wrung tears from her aching eyes.

It was with difficulty that she could reply to the commonplace interrogations in measured ministerial tones, put in a voice whose every inflection lived in yesterday's memory; tones that set again in motion the painful panorama of the past, vivid and repulsive.

Presently her aunt-in-law came to a door and looked in. A substantial, chocolate-eyed woman, wearing a stout white apron over her dark silk gown, like an English housekeeper or a French *bourgeoise*. Her eyes were cold, her demeanor stolid. She smiled faintly as the slip of a figure rose from the deep chair to greet her. She stood holding the doorknob as if undecided whether or not to enter; but finally went in, followed by Edgar, who made a heap of Maida's various bags and shawlstraps on the floor beside her.

Presently a buoyant step came down the stair and through the hall, and entered a vision of gold hair and sea-blue eyes, a red and white Antinous with an indescribable impress of soft hypocrisy on his woman's face in rose tints.

He held out his beautiful hands, bent down, for like his sire he was of goodly height, and Maida turned away her lips to intercept the silky kisses with her scarlet cheek.

"What a 'shilpit bit thing,' to be

sure," declared the new comer, "you do not know who I am?"

He smiled with crimson mouth under his Judas-colored beard.

"You must be Milton," she said dubiously, hoping it was not, yet thinking that the name would fit him. How had she always hated that handsome hypocrite, that Puritanic prig? Milton looked into her serious eyes and resented their gravity.

"We used to laugh immoderately over your letters," he said lightly.

"Those I wrote you?" she inquired with indignant emphasis, sitting up quite straight.

"Yes; they were much too good to keep to myself," he replied, "I am so sorry I cannot stay and talk to you, petite, but I must go up again to Florence. I shall see you in the morning, shall I not? How long will you be with us?" The others also looked inquiringly at her.

"You know I am on my way to Williamsport," she answered to the row of eyes. "I will take some train for that place to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Milton, apparently discrediting his ears. "You do not travel on the Sacred Day, on the Sabbath, I hope, little cousin?"

"I did not think about its being Sunday," she said bewildered, "but of course, if you prefer, I can wait until Monday." She glanced from face to face. No one replied. She felt as if she could not breathe.

"Well good-night, then," said Milton, kissing her again—a lingering caress that made her hate him even more than at sight—and going away humming a hymn in a resonant undertone. His mother's hard eyes followed him adoringly.

For an interminable length of time they sat and talked perfunctorily of things more or less unknown to the weary visitor. Now and then a direct yet indifferent question would rouse her from her nightmare.

Edgar, having made up a smouldering fire that sulked in the cavernous chimney, walked impatiently about the room. Mrs. Pearlstone began to yawn dismally.

"May I go to my room?" Maida inquired with timid desperation. "I am very tired, I have been travelling so long, so long."

Her aunt-in-law got up with undisguised alacrity.

"I've been thinking for two hours it was high time," she said in the provincial drawl; "it is right much past our bed time and we sit up tolerably late here. But I did not know what hours you were used to keeping."

The hall clock struck solemnly.

"I am sorry I have kept you up," said the pale guest. "I believe I was waiting to be sent to bed. I am so accustomed to being told what I am to do."

She followed the stout figure up the stair with a painful tightness at her breast. Mrs. Pearlstone put the lamp down, said goodnight at the door, and shut herself out.

Maida looked at the naked white room, at the staring walls with cruel suggestive cracks from floor to ceiling, then sat down on the edge of the bed holding her burning head between her cold hands. She was almost too tired to undress; too sick at heart to move.

It was so late, however, that she soon fell into a heavy sleep, from which she awoke the next morning with a start, at what hour she could not guess, as her watch had run down and the room was bare of everything except the most indispensable furniture.

Then she discovered that she had forgotten her keys, and must perforce put on the clothes she had taken off. She washed her chapped face in the cold water she found in the ewer and stood on tiptoe to brush the soft strings of hair away from her forehead. Her eyes were still discolored with black underlines.

"How hideous I am," she said aloud,

half smiling ; "the dust will not come off with this cold water."

She shivered again at the basin, dabbled the tips of her red fingers, dressed herself hastily, waited several uneasy minutes and then cautiously descended the bare staircase into the bare entry.

The day was glorious, but she was sure that no amount of sunshine could ever warm that frozen interior. She wrapped her cape more closely about her as she pushed open the parlor door. A corpse-like odor of long-ago dead unburied flowers greeted her ; that, and the dark blue twilight of drawn shades, made her afraid to enter. She closed the door slowly and went down the hall, her high heels clanking alarmingly on the oil-cloth floor.

She beat her knuckles timidly upon a panel of a half open door, went in, thinking she heard voices and discovered the dining-room. A new-born wood fire was struggling feebly in the chimney-place. The mantelpiece, a foot above her head, upheld a solemn clock whose skeleton hands pointed accusingly to nine, a statement harshly corroborated by the ancient timepiece in the hall. On either side the chimney was a mahogany secretary with faded brown curtains drawn under their blank glass faces.

A few steel engravings of lugubrious subjects, "Servetus Before the Council," "Deathbed of Calvin," among them, glared at her from the walls in funereal frames, at a great height from the floor. A sofa covered with worn and slippery horsehair stood stiffly against the wall at the precise distance from the fire where the heat failed. The dull brown shade of one window was half raised, disclosing a high stone wall overtopped by a dismal crape-myrtle with straggling flowers of an aniline dye. Two other windows at the end of the room gave upon a back piazza with a perspective of clean-swept grassless yard in which whitewashed quince and pear trees were planted at exact intervals. The sound of a melan-

choly hymn, sung in unison and with great deliberation, floated in through the door.

Maida sat down upon the sofa, her feet barely touching the floor, tucked her chilly hands under her cape and waited ; her ears assailed by the minor intervals of "Lord, let me know my term of days," her eyes riveted upon her paternal grandfather's awful portrait over the mantel, conscious of the most distressing mental and physical discomfort. The "Sabbath" at home had been bad enough, but this was harrowing. Where was everybody? Could it be that breakfast had been served? There were no signs of feasting either past, present or to come, on the meagre table with its old-fashioned caster, skimpy cloth and knitted mats.

Presently the matutinal music ceased, there ensued a monotonous murmur or drone of voice which lasted perhaps ten minutes, then the sound of shuffling feet and chairs. The door was pushed wide open and Mrs Pearlstone appeared. She was dressed so exactly as she had been the night before, that she gave Maida the impression of never having gone to bed at all.

"Well," was her cool greeting, "why didn't you come in to prayers?"

"I did not know—there was no bell—no clock."

"Ain't you used to family prayers?" queried Mrs. Pearlstone.

"We did have them, once upon a time," stammered Maida, "but I think they were inconvenient or . . . something . . . afterward."

She did not add what an intense relief to all concerned their suspension was. It was unspoken, but deep. Her aunt-in-law made no reply, her expression was non-committal, but she seated herself at table and rang a handbell sharply.

"You might as well take a seat," she said shortly, "breakfast is ready."

A mournful-looking black woman brought in a dish of hominy, followed by an equally black and depressed urchin

carrying a coffee-pot in one hand and a plate of biscuits in the other. Edgar followed them and with a curt "good morning," seated himself and stared openly while his mother said grace in a loud harsh voice: "For what we are about to receive, make us thankful, O God!"

Maida involuntarily glanced at the other end of the hospitable board, half-expecting to behold the iron Moloch nod its demon head in response.

"Are you going to church?" Mrs. Pearlstone presently inquired.

"I hardly think so," murmured the visitor, "I find I have left my keys behind me, and it is impossible to get into my trunk for clean cuffs and collar. Unless you will send for a locksmith . . . Oh, I forgot . . . he would not come on Sunday."

"You seem to forget a good many things," remarked Edgar, who much resembled his mother.

"I wish that I could," she replied, looking him full in the face, and wondering a little at his ill-humor. "Perhaps it is the hymn," she thought, and the thought made her smile.

"I should not consider white cuffs and collar an appropriate addition to your present attire," said Mrs. Pearlstone pedantically and coldly.

Indeed her words fell upon the hearer's sensitive heart like bits of ice. Conversation languished until Maida asked again in a subdued voice:

"Where does Uncle Melancthon preach this morning?"

"He does not preach in the morning," said Edgar, after waiting for a response from his mother.

"But he *has* a church, has he not?" she asked with desperate decision, for she felt she must know something about them.

Mrs. Pearlstone put down the biscuit she was eating and said deliberately: "Your uncle was driven away from the Second Church by the ungodly behavior of the congregation. He refused a call to the First Church because they in-

sisted upon a choir. The Third Calvinist is simply the creation and tool of Doctor Broussait who opposed your Uncle Melancthon in the Seminary. Your uncle, therefore, has a chapel of his own on Palmetto street, where he can preach the Gospel undefiled."

Maida had been used to this sort of thing only in less degree, but her surroundings made it seem new to her. A tiny fountain of humor sent up a sparkling jet in her breast. Edgar wondered at her gleaming smile. A question quivered on her lips; but she repressed it, saying instead:

"And Uncle Melancthon holds service there?"

"He *preaches* there in the afternoon at three o'clock," was the significant reply. An old wrinkled crone came in and seated herself beside Maida with a deprecating air.

"How is Florence?" asked Mrs. Pearlstone.

"Nicely, nicely," mumbled the nurse, "she an' the baby."

"Baby?" cried Maida eagerly. "I *thought* I heard a baby crying this morning. Oh, may I see it?"

"You'd better ask Mrs. Diggles," replied Mrs. Pearlstone. "I reckon you can." Mrs. Diggles reckoned with the same result.

As they rose from table, Dr. Pearlstone came in. Tall, rosy, with grim shaven lips turned emphatically down at the corners, he was a formidable theologian by daylight. But his niece held out a timid hand to him and was saluted not unkindly. She sat in Florence's room all the morning, holding the week-old baby whose pudding cheek she kissed fervidly when unobserved, just because it was a fledgling, and listened to the malicious gabbling gossip of Diggles and her aunt-in-law, a feminine duet to which Florence added at intervals an equally malicious mezzo from the bed, while scrutinizing her visitor with satirical curiosity.

The midday dinner, that awful meal,

dispatched in almost unbroken silence, Maida again crept upstairs, this time to fall into an exhausted slumber from which she was unceremoniously waked by a voice at the door:

"Are you going to church, or not? We are ready." With an accent on the "we."

"In a moment," Maida exclaimed, panic-struck, springing up with palpitating heart. She tied her pathetic bonnet and veil under her chin—a compelled concession to a custom that she hated—and ran breathlessly down stairs, sans collar and cuffs, dragging on a pair of disreputable gloves.

She tucked her ragged hands under the despised veil, thankful for once for its refuge, and stepped into the brilliant afternoon blinking like an owl. It was like going from a dark cellar into a ball-room. The autumn day had grown intensely warm; the sun glared fiercely from a cloudless coppery sky.

It seemed to Maida that everybody stared at her as she tried to keep pace with Mrs. Pearlstone on their way; a Sabbath day's journey that had for its objective point a hideous little chapel on an ugly side street. It was large enough, however, to hold the faithful few who imagined themselves an army of martyrs and apostles in their fanatic devotion to the super-rigid Doctor of Divinity and Professor of Polemics, Melancthon Erasmus Pearlstone.

No Huguenot assemblage or Puritan congregation ever sang long-metres in minor keys with more nasal fervor than these chapel-goers this autumn afternoon. Maida sat through the singing with such poignant self-pity it seemed to her she could endure it no longer, when Pearlstone rose behind the scant pulpit, enunciated a lurid text illumined with hellfire, and began to expound it to his entire complacency and her ever increasing horror. She felt fascinated, unreal. She had thought this intensity of Calvinism something of the long dead past. Theirs at home was a pale reflection of

this fanaticism. She had not dreamed that this hideous fervor of predestination, this diabolical fatalism, Manichæanism, had survived—nay, was flourishing—in such distinct and revolting utterance at this late day. The speaker might have been Farel, the place that of *du Moulard*.

The preacher's voice, too, pierced her very soul, as it was designed to do. A nasal resounding tenor, with a peculiar trick of dwelling upon the final syllables in salvation and damnation, the latter especially. It threw the hot air into electric vibrations, and one auditor, at least, found herself on the edge of the hard wooden seat, staring at the speaker with wide indignant eyes.

As the congregation rose for the doxology, she slipped to her knees and fought back the hysterical tears, unconscious of the glances of venomous disapproval freely bestowed upon her by those around her.

She left the chapel with feverish anxiety to be gone from the sight of its hateful walls, when her steps were arrested by a sound that had been increasing in volume for several seconds, and which she had thought the premonitory snarl of an approaching storm.

But those who had lingered to receive Pearlstone's benediction, or to exchange congratulations, now in turn hurried from the house into the street, Mrs. Pearlstone among them, without a glance in Maida's direction.

The reverberating thunder which came from *below* and not from *above*, made the earth tremble violently. Maida, suddenly sick, grasped at a fence for support and there clung until the earthquake retreated with sullen decreasing roar.

She could never remember exactly how the rest of the day was passed. She had an indistinct recollection of a funereal supper of "cold baked meats," of a visitor, a fellow-clergyman of Pearlstone's proclivities who laughed consumedly for reasons of his own at her uncle's saturnine jokes; of their grew-

some accounts of the great earthquake of the month before when Carolus fell in ruins in a night; of their fierce vituperation of a certain man of their cloth whose heterodoxy was predestined to fan a flame that should devastate their special sect for many a day, and insert the entering wedge of its ultimate destruction.

She remembered Milton's temerity, under his mother's ægis, in opening a tinpan piano apparently of colonial manufacture, and her feeble rendering of Moody and Sankey's most dolorous compositions, while Milton sang them in a glorious tenor sadly marred by the infelicitous Chapel method. She recalled her attempts to blend a pale contralto with his golden notes; her wildly throbbing head; her final stealthy exit up the bare echoing stair; her alternate fever and shiver in her cheerless, fireless room, for since the quake of earth beneath the Titan's tread, something she called a "Norther" had sprung up and was whistling keenly through the chinks of the illfitting casements. So weary and soulsick was she, she tossed about in the uncomfortable bed until the gray light of dawn stole through the shutters. A cock in a neighboring yard blew a shrill trumpet that was echoed from street to street in far perspective. Before he could again issue his strident challenge, Maida dropped into the ocean of sleep and sank stonelike to the very depths of that soundless sea.

She was roused by a sharp rapping on her door from knuckles both stout and impatient. She had locked the door, so was perforce obliged to get up, after a bewildered moment. Her aunt-in-law regarded her stolidly, with no compassion for her heavy eyelids and pale lips relaxed from slumber. "We have finished breakfast," she said woodenly, "when do you intend to come down?"

"Directly . . . in a few moments . . . I am so sorry to have kept you waiting. But I . . ."

"You haven't. I never wait for any-

body. I reckon you can take your breakfast with your uncle. He always has a late one. He will be down in fifteen minutes."

"Yes, thank you," murmured Maida distractedly, "I will be ready."

She was.

She sat in petrified expectancy before her cold plate fully five minutes before Dr. Pearlstone entered the dining-room. From his abstracted demeanor he was evidently far from this worldly sphere, lost perhaps in celestial meditations.

His miserable niece ventured to address him at the earliest sign of returning consciousness.

"Uncle Melancthon, when does the first train for Williamsport leave to-day?"

Uncle Melancthon turned over the paper he was reading and ran a finger down a column.

"At five o'clock this afternoon, from the Central Depot. Why do you wish to know?"

"Because I am going to Williamsport. Cousin Gabriel is expecting me."

"Who is Cousin Gabriel?"

"Why, Gabriel Raymond de Carnac, dear mama's first cousin, you know."

"No, I do not. I do not know any of your mother's family. So you are going to visit them?"

"Him," she timidly corrected, "there is only one of him. He is the only living Raymond de Carnac. He has just returned from the East."

"What do you mean by the 'East' ? It is a general term that might include——"

"Japan," she hastily interrupted, "he has lived in Japan for many years."

"Well," said Dr. Pearlstone impatiently, "I will tell Edgar to see about getting you off. I cannot go with you myself. I never go to the depots if I can help it. Besides, I have a great deal of work to do this morning."

"Will I see you before I go?" Maida inquired as he rose from the table.

"I think not."



"Then I had better say good-bye now." She stood on tiptoe, he kissed her absentmindedly and went off; for the hour had come when his enemy Broussait had delivered himself into his hands by publication of a pamphlet on Evolution, and he was gathering up his undeniable learning and polemical ability to grind him to powder, Calvinistically speaking.

Promptly at half-past four Edgar made an appearance in a depot carriage, the same one that had brought Maida to the house. The neighbors ran to the windows wondering at the little black figure upon which Mrs. Pearlstone was bestowing a thin-lipped kiss of adieu.

As Maida went through the gate a

belated idea caught up with the woman's train of thought. "If you should ever come back to the town," she called out, "you will know where to find the house."

"Thank you, indeed I will," replied Maida, smiling brightly, personifying sunshine in the midst of clouds. She looked over the top of the gate at her aunt-in-law, her eyes sparkling as she shut it carefully between them.

"Thank you. You are very kind. Good-bye. Good-bye."

She even leaned from the side of the carriage to smile and wave her hand at Mrs. Pearlstone, who stood on the piazza looking after her with a puzzled frown.

(*To be continued.*)

## WAITING.

*By Rev. Owen A. Hill, S.J.*

FAITH for a space in the promise,  
 Omnipotence pledged and sealed;  
 Patience with wounds made by sorrow,  
 That Jesus in others healed;  
 Are the heritage left by the Master,  
 To you and to me for a test  
 Of our worthiness, fond heart, to enter  
 The blissfuller rest of the blest.

Bitter the wine in our chalice,  
 But honey distils from tears;  
 Waiting is sweet when the minutes  
 Are rounding Eternal years:  
 And the Master, His hands full of heart's-ease,  
 Is watching and waiting us too,  
 With a hope that we muster the courage  
 To love with love loyal and true.

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(Continued)

THE letter last quoted spoke of the visit that Mother Baptist was then expected to pay to her native land. A correspondent from the Convent of Mercy, Clonakilty, had exclaimed: "What a happiness it will be for Sisters M. Aquin and Emmanuel to see Mother M. Baptist again!" But one of these two was not to see her again on earth. When Mother Baptist had completed the long term of office (1) allowed to a Foundress, in May, 1867, she ceased to be Superioress and became Assistant to the new Reverend Mother, Mary Gabriel Brown; but after the shortest interval allowable, namely three years, the burden of "superiority" was laid upon her once more, as it was again and again in precisely similar circumstances until the end.

This first break was considered a proper time for the execution of a project which seemed to many of the Community useful and even necessary—namely, that Mother Baptist should visit Europe and Ireland for the purpose of getting more suitable postulants, who were by no means numerous in this newest of the United States. But the Bishop of San Francisco, Dr. Alemany, held very strict and very wise views as to the general inexpediency of

such journeys, and the idea was abandoned. Mother Baptist was called, as we have already said, on the first opportunity to fill again a double term of office, from 1870 to 1876; and, when in the latter year she was again free from those responsibilities, the project of a pilgrimage to Europe was revived, but it was not carried out until nearly two years later.



REV. PATRICK O'NEILL,  
P.P., ROSTREVOR.

Before, however, we accompany Mother Baptist on her one visit to the Old Country, we must find room for some particulars belonging to an earlier date. In the summer of 1868 there was a terrible outbreak of small-pox in San Francisco. The Sisters of Mercy offered to take charge of the patients in the Smallpox Hospital, and the offer was eagerly accepted. One of the Protestant newspapers paid at the time this tribute to the devoted services of the Sisters:—"It was almost with a feeling of shame for Protestantism that we saw, the other day, when the continual complaints of mal-administration and neglect of patients at the Variola Hospital in this city seemed to be without remedy, none of our religious denominations save the Catholic Church had any organization which could furnish intelligent help—competent, intelligent, kind, female nurses to enter that home of misery and take charge of its ministrations to the crowd of suffering humanity it contains. Those devoted Sisters of Mercy willingly presented themselves and entered on a mission of charity from

(1) "Six years by appointment and then the two triennials allowed by the Constitution," says the author of *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*, who adds: "To the great grief of her subjects she would not accept a dispensation from Rome, which they unanimously desired."



CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, NEWRY.

which all others shrink in dismay and affright. That their presence there will have a beneficial effect none can doubt. Already the good results of their presence are apparent. Their fearless, self-sacrificing love is an honor to their Church and to their Order."

This was during the three years' interval after Mother Baptist's first long term of office as Mother Superior; and she took advantage of her private station to claim the post of danger in the small-pox hospital. It was there that she wrote the following letter to the Rev. Patrick O'Neill, parish priest of Rostrevor, one of the holiest and most zealous priests that have ever sanctified the Church of Ireland. He was a true and devoted friend of the Sisters of Mercy whom he was mainly instrumental in establishing in Newry and afterwards in Rostrevor. The half parishes that Mother Baptist speaks of were Killbroney and Killowen:—

SMALL POX HOSPITAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 27, 1869.

DEAR REV. FATHER:—As Sister Mary Aquin is no longer in Rostrevor and as I am not sure of the name of any of the Sisters I will take the liberty of introducing to you my very dear friends Mr. and Mrs.

Kelly and their party, and beg you to introduce them to the inmates of your sweet little Convent.

They are travelling for the purpose of seeing the beauties of their native land, and, in my opinion, in no place could so many lovely views be found in so small a compass as in the vicinity of Rostrevor.

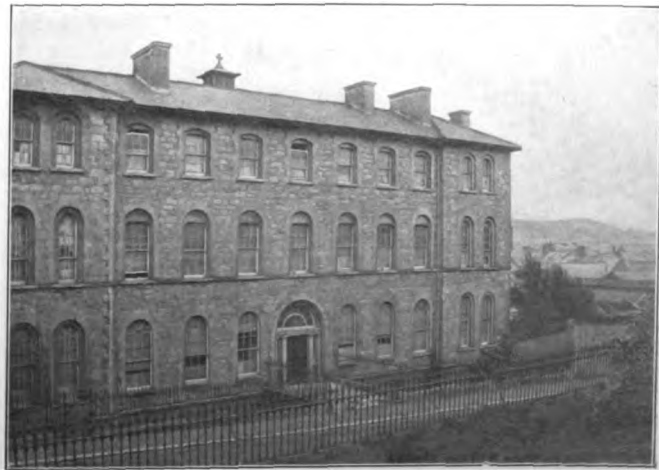
You will be glad to know that *this* Hospital has given

us many opportunities for promoting the salvation of souls. I must tell you of one that was *un doubtedly* saved almost miraculously yesterday. The evening before, about seven o'clock, a carriage brought to this door a half distracted father and mother with their *only* son, aged six years, with the prevailing disorder in a virulent form. The rules of the Hospital require a *special* permit from the head officer of the Board to enable any friends to remain with the sick, so the poor mother had to leave the child with us and go back to the city for this document. We soon saw the child was dying, and we thought he might not live through the night; and, knowing the negligence and want of faith of so many in this country, we began to fear it had never been baptized, and, not having in the hurry even ascertained the name or nationality of the parents, we had no means of judging. So at nine o'clock P.M., I gave it conditional baptism, and most providential it was I did so, as the mother returned soon after and turned out to be a most bigoted *Baptist*, but one that saw no use in baptizing a *child*, and, as she never left him one instant till he expired, we should have had no chance of pouring the regenerating

waters on his head, had we deferred it one *half hour*. This reminds me of a visit we paid once, ostensibly to comfort the *mother*, but in reality to baptize the *child* who was on the point of death. Sister Mary Francis, my companion, was provided with a small bottle of water, and, by way of having better light to look at the little one, took him in her arms to the window, while I in the warmth of my sympathy pressed the mother's hands. Soon the little one was laid in its crib, the child of God, and very soon after it was, I trust, in the enjoyment of His presence. It is terrible to reflect on the hundreds calling themselves *Christians* who have never been baptized, that are met with in this country. I do not know the exact number but think it must now be over a hundred who have received that Sacrament during this epidemic in this one hospital. The Catholics afflicted have been very few indeed, and, as a general thing, very fine men. Often remarks have been made on their edifying deaths by persons of other denominations who were present. Soon after Dr. Miller's appointment I was assisting a fine young Irishman, "James Fennell," in his last moments; he was *choking*, and in as great agony as any mortal ever suffered, his face purple and his big frame convulsed. I thought him long speechless when the poor fellow making a great effort pronounced distinctly the holy names *Jesus, Mary and Joseph*. The doctor and nurse, both Protestants, were evidently much impressed but turned away and left me alone, much to my relief. I found afterwards that Sister M. Borgia, one of my companions, had ex-

plained to him the indulgence granted for repeating those holy names when dying. A German Lutheran said to me afterwards, "I see you Catholics do more for your dying than we do." And true for him, as the poor Protestants are left alone to breathe out their last, and the instant they have ceased to breathe the sheet is drawn over their faces and off they are carried to the "dead house." We get too much gratitude, I fear, from the survivors. Still, as it is not *that* we seek, I trust it will not lessen our merit. I will enclose an article in yesterday's *Pacific*, a religious journal of the Protestant stamp. You will please let James read it as it may interest him, and I have not a second copy, and neither have I now time to write to him. I have come to the end of my paper without expressing a hope that you are enjoying tolerable health, and that your flock in both the half parishes are your comfort *here*, and that they will be your glory *hereafter*. The Sister I have mentioned above is a convert, and loses no opportunity of begging prayers for the conversion of her aged father, her brother, and two sisters. Please remember them sometimes at Mass, and I will feel very grateful; and pray for me sometimes also.

Begging your blessing, I remain, dear Rev. Father,



CONVENT OF MERCY, NEWY.

Ever most respectfully in Jesus Christ,  
 Your obedient, humble servant,  
 SISTER MARY B. RUSSELL,  
*Sister of Mercy.*

One of Mother Baptist's helpers in this hard task was Sister Mary Francis Benson, who took advantage of a bad cold to write a long letter home to the Kinsale Convent of Mercy. As (unlike the preceding letter) it is already in type in the *Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy*, we shall quote only the opening paragraph :

"This is truly a horrible disease, so loathsome, so disgusting, so pitiable. Twice the number of patients with any other disease would not require the care and attendance that those afflicted with smallpox required. Not one spot from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot sound, the eyes of the greater number closed, and pus running from them down the cheeks; their throats so sore that to take a drink almost chokes them; the tongue sometimes so swollen that not a drop can pass down; the hands so

sore that they are helpless and the odor so terrible that they themselves cry out : 'O, Sister, I cannot stand the smell.' The doctors say it is an unusually malignant type. It is strange that few Irish take it. The majority of the sufferers are Germans, the next in number native Americans, with a mixture of Danes, Prussians, French, Spaniards, Italians and Portuguese."

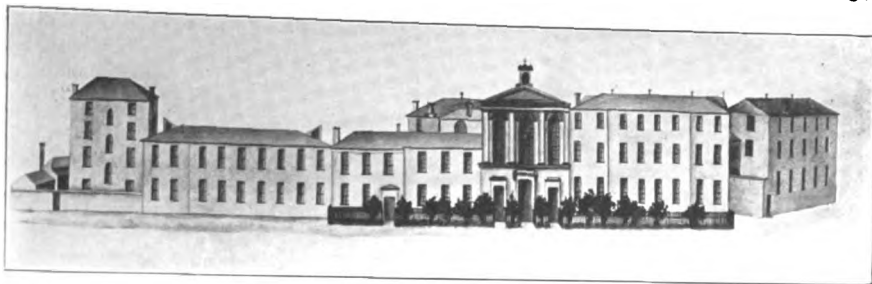
One of the patients who recovered publishes this "outpouring of a grateful heart," in *The Morning Call*, one of the San Francisco newspapers :

"What shall I say to express my sentiments regarding those ladies so heroic, those angels of mercy? Oh, what work they did for their suffering fellow-creatures! I shall begin with the youngest, a noble specimen of God's work. There she might be seen from six A. M. till a late hour at night, going through the wards, carrying a tray with medicine, beef-tea, wine, egg-nog, always with the kind look and benevolent smile that did more good to our hearts than anything the doctor could do for our health. May

heaven's blessings descend on that soul! The next, a Spanish lady, whose kind interest in the poor sufferers was manifested by her untiring attention, going her rounds, morning, noon, and night, with a pot of oil in one of her blessed hands, and a little brush in the other, and well may we thank her if there's a bit of skin left on our poor faces. The third, an old lady—a real lady in every sense of the word. Here words fail to describe her goodness and kindness to all and every one, no matter who they were. Oh mothers, whose sons died in that hospital, if you could see that blessed lady kneeling by the bedside of your darlings, as I have seen her, with uplifted eyes and hands, wafting the soul to heaven with beautiful prayers! How often did the tears rise up in my man's heart at the blessed actions I have seen her perform for the loathsome bodies of the poor sufferers!



CHOIR IN CONVENT CHAPEL, KINSALE.



ST. JOSEPH'S CONVENT OF MERCY, KINSALE.—FRONT VIEW.

"But these works were done for God, not for the praise of any one. I could tell a great many more divine works of these holy ladies which made the pest-house a place of happiness, but another time. I hear that most worthy lady, the Rev. Mother of St. Mary's, is now at the pest-house in place of one of the blessed souls that I know. May God protect them all—they are real Sisters of Mercy and mothers of the afflicted!"

Mother Baptist was not yet ten years in California when a letter was written, not by her or to her but about her, which has chanced to flutter back to the writer of it thirty-five years after its date. The household to which it was addressed contained two sisters who bore the names of the two sisters of Lazarus. Mary and Martha are often alluded to as being both represented in the vocation of the Sister of Mercy. Thus Dr. Patrick Murray of Maynooth, in the best lines he ever wrote and perhaps the best that the Sister of Mercy has ever inspired, makes the Sisters say of themselves:

"Martha's work and Mary's part  
Our endless portion still."

An irrelevant sentence is included in the beginning of the quotation for the sake of an unpublished literary appreciation which reminds me of a passage in Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." (1) "If I could only read English and had to choose, for a library narrowed by poverty, between Cary's Dante and our own original Milton, I should choose Cary without an instant's pause."

"The 'natural man' would like to chat with Dunleer much oftener, for instance, every other day. But that would never do, as Jeffrey said of Wordsworth's *Excursion*—which Aubrey de Vere informed me in confidence was the greatest work of this century except Cary's translation of Dante.

"Certain California dispatches passed through my hands last week. The instructions were that they should reach Dunleer *via* Arthur and Margaret. Have they reached you yet? Kate is a grand creature. The Martha and the Mary elements (nothing personal, I allude not to John's sisters but Lazarus's—have you brought out that possessive *s* with sufficient distinctness? Try it again). Well, to return to Bethania, (Dr. Johnson never indulged in parenthesis but *I* do), the Martha and Mary elements are mingled in Kate in immense quantities and in most harmonious proportions. She has chosen the better part, but at the same time she manages to have the tea-table pretty comfortable. That was always her way, and it is not a bad way. It will seem past belief, but to hear her talk with such quiet faith and charity of offering up Holy Communion now and then for poor Father McEvoy, whom we at home have forgotten years ago—that and other simple touches in Kate's letter almost betrayed me into that twinge of the nose, moistening of the eyes, and puckering of the mouth, which, with the assistance of a cambric pocket-handkerchief, are known in fashionable society under the name of weeping."

(1) Vol. II., page 262 of the new edition.

At last in the year 1878 Mother Baptist was allowed to pay her one visit to Europe, as we have already said, for the purpose chiefly of procuring a supply of suitable novices. After landing at Queenstown she and her companion, Sister Mary Columba, proceeded at once to her dear old Alma Mater, St. Joseph's Convent, Kinsale, where they received the heartiest welcome. Sister Columba did not say like Cardinal Wolsey, "I have come to lay my bones among you;" but so it was to be. After accompanying Mother Baptist to several houses of the Order, she returned to Kinsale with the express purpose of performing there the last great act of dying. How she performed it we are partly told in a letter of Mother Baptist to her half-brother, Judge Hamill.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY.

KINSALE, April 20, '79.

MY DEAREST ARTHUR :

You will all be pained to hear I have lost my dear Sister Mary Columba. She died at four o'clock yesterday morning and I am now just expecting her two brothers, brother-in-law and his sister; and I assure you I feel no little embarrassment meeting them, for they feel dear Sister's death very deeply. You know al-

ready she spent ten days in Tipperary where nothing could exceed the tender care she received. I left her there and paid a hurried visit to Thurles and Limerick. While in the latter place she got Sister M. Joseph Gartlan to write to hasten my return, saying she wanted to reach Kinsale before all her strength was gone. This was her only desire, for she looked on this as next to home, and, whenever particularly ill, expressed the hope that,

if she were going to die, it might be here. Still neither of us really imagined she was in danger. We rested two days in Cork to break the journey, and at last reached Kinsale, two weeks ago tomorrow, just about the time we shall be laying her in the grave. On Easter Eve she was so ill we gave her up, and on the following Monday she received the last Sacraments. I wrote to inform her brother of our fears, but being from home, he did not receive my letter till Tuesday evening. Next day he was here for several hours and found her so much better apparently than he expected that he went off quite relieved. On Friday I saw her end was approaching, and so wrote to him again, and he had my letter in time to prepare him for the telegram announcing her death. About half-past four on Friday she missed me, (I had gone to dinner) and sent for me, and, on my coming in, she embraced me so lovingly, and said: "Don't leave me

any more, Mother. You won't have me long now, the great struggle with death is beginning; pray for me, pray for me, and get prayers for me. You won't fret, Mother; you know God's will is best; I am not sorry to die, God's will be done. Poor Michael and the



CEMETERY AND VIEW OF CONVENT SCHOOL,  
SISTERS OF MERCY, KINSALE.

girls—God help them and *He will*." This was about all she said, except to ask for Reverend Mother, and, when she came, she begged for *prayers* and *prayers*; and, when Mother was saying a few kind words, she said so earnestly, "O, don't mind me but pray." I tell you all this to secure your prayers and those of dear Mary, Arthur, Alice, Emily and dear old Kitty. I would be so glad and so grateful if you would all go to Holy Com-

munion, and offer it for her soul on the third Sunday after Easter, the Patronage of St. Joseph.

During the eight or ten hours preceding her death, Sister could not speak, and, as far as we could see, was not even conscious, at least could make no sign of knowing what was said around, though she may have heard it all the time; we were saying to each other it ought to be a lesson to us all, to do all we can for our souls before death comes; for too often the struggle is such as to render it impossible to do much at that awful hour. Well, dear Arthur, all this may not be very interesting to you, but it occupies my mind at present, and I could speak of nothing else. Now that I am no longer obliged to calculate *when* my sister would be strong enough for the journey, I believe I may say pretty determinedly that we shall sail, please God, on the 30th, and I am arranging to get a young Sister to bear me company, though I might go with one of my "recruits" by letting her enter here, even

one week before our departure, but I think it is better to get one who has been some time in a convent. I will go now overland, as the chief reason for preferring the long sea-voyage was that it agreed better with Sister Columba. I hope, therefore, to reach San Francisco about the 24th of May. I will write to some one and beg whoever it may be to inform the rest of my safe arrival, as I know you will all be anxious. I enclose an Agnus Dei and marker for each of you with my fondest love. You always have my prayers and deep affection, and if I never saw Mary, Alice, Emily and Arthur John, for *your* sake they would have the same, but I both know and love them, though I did not see very much of them; and I hope dear Arthur John will get really strong and have everything that the fondest heart could desire. Give each my love most affectionately.

Ever, dear Arthur,

Your affectionate sister,

MARY B. RUSSELL,

Sister of Mercy.

## BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

(Continued.)

### III.—THE TRIPLE LAW.

By Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J.

THE phrase "Triple Law" as understood by the Biblical critics does not merely point to the difference of precepts of the natural, the divine, and the human law contained in the Pentateuch; nor does it merely signify that the Pentateuchal laws considered from a logical and literary point of view may be clustered around three principal groups, Ex. xx. 22-xxiii. 33; Deut. xii. 1-xxvi. 19; and Lev. xvii.-xxvi.; but it implies that these three groups repeat to a certain extent the same laws, that they differ from each other in style, that they contain a number of opposite

enactments concerning the same ritual or social questions, and that they are intended for different stages of society. And since, according to the critics, the history of the Jewish people actually shows three degrees of national development, corresponding to the foregoing three groups of Pentateuchal laws, it is obviously inferred that the Pentateuch contains three different legislations. In order to test the truth of this conclusion, we shall investigate these three groups of laws in their relation, first, to each other and, secondly, to the history of the Hebrew commonwealth.



Before we can compare the three alleged legislations with each other, we must determine them more accurately. The first group of laws, Ex. xx. 22-xxiii. 33, is known as the Book of the Covenant; it contains eighty or ninety injunctions on the construction of altars, the right of slaves, capital offences, injury to life or limb, danger caused by culpable negligence, theft, deposits, loans, seduction, dealings with the weak and poor, offerings, testimony, justice, feasts, and sacrifices. The critics add to the Book of the Covenant Ex. xiii. 3-16 and xxxiv. 10-26, and assign it to JE or a document composed of the original Yahwistic and Elohist writings which were combined about 640 B. C. The prophetic document JE contained, therefore, the oldest written laws that regulated the Jewish community. The second group of laws treats successively of man's duties to God, to his superiors, and to his equals (Deut. xii. 1-xxvi. 19). Among the duties to God are placed the regulations concerning the place and manner of worship, the seduction by false prophets and one's own relatives, and a number of other laws and precepts especially concerning the three greater feasts; among Israel's superiors the Deuteronomist considers the judges, the future kings, the priests, and the prophets; finally, among the duties to one's neighbor we find first the laws referring to life, especially during time of war, and then those referring to certain external goods. With the exception of some verses in chapters 27, 31, 32, and 34, critics assign the whole of Deuteronomy to the second group of laws; they believe it agrees substantially with the book of the law found in the temple at Jerusalem in 622 B. C., and enforced by Josias in the Jewish community during the period before the Babylonian captivity. The third group of laws clusters mainly around Lev. xvii.-xxvi., or the Law of Holiness, denoted by H; this latter forbids the killing of sacrificial animals for food and the offering of sacri-

fices except at the central sanctuary, the eating of blood and of the flesh of animals dying naturally or by the teeth of wild beasts, unlawful marriages, unchastity, and Moloch worship; it regulates the religious and moral behavior of the Israelites, enjoins penalties for certain offences, lays down five heads of regulations concerning priests and offerings, and gives a calendar of sacred seasons: it declares the laws of the lamps in the sanctuary, the showbread, blasphemy, the sabbatical year, and the year of jubilee: it prohibits idolatry, and enjoins the observance of the Sabbath. This code of Holiness has been incorporated by the priestly writer, denoted by P, and thus forms one group with Ex. xii. 14-20, 43-49; xiii. 1-2; xxv. 1-xxxi. 18 a; xxxv.-xl.; Num. i.-x., xv., xvii., xxvi.-xxxi., xxxiii.-xxxvi.; Lev. i.-xvi., xxvii. The priestly writer is assigned to about 500 B. C., but his subsequent enlarged editions belong to the period of Esdras, about 444 B. C.; the third group of laws represents, therefore, the Hebrew code after the Babylonian captivity.

After determining the three groups of laws more accurately, we may proceed to investigate their relations to each other, inquiring into their repetition of the same regulations, their difference of style, their alleged contradictions, and their adaptation to three different stages of society.

1. *Repetition of the same laws.* The reader of the Pentateuch is well aware that its middle books give a genetic statement of the Mosaic laws, i. e., they record the law at the time and under the circumstances of its origin. The first group, e. g., contains the prohibition of blasphemy, Ex. xxii. 28; in course of time, a blasphemer is convicted, but the existing law attaches no penalty to the crime. The convict is therefore imprisoned, and Moses, after consulting the Lord, issues the general law contained in the third group, Lev. xxiv. 15-16, for the stoning of a blasphemer. It is true that the critics some-

times assign such successive legal developments to the same group. This happens in the case of the law regulating the succession to property; the family inheritance descends by the male line according to Num. xxvi. 52-56; however, if there are only daughters, they succeed, xxvii. 8-11, but must marry within their own tribe, xxxvi. 1-9; similarly, the Sabbath breaker is to be put to death, Ex. xxxi. 14, by stoning, Num. xv. 32-36. But in other instances the higher critics divide up the development of the same set of laws so violently, that one can hardly believe in their sincerity. Such a conservative writer as Driver, e. g., speaking of Ex. xii.-xiii., believes "the double treatment is peculiarly evident." He assigns xii. 1-20, 43-50, and xiii. 1-2 to the priestly code, xii. 21-27, 39, xiii. 3-10, 11-16 to the Yahwistic-Elohistic group, thus constructing a double legislation concerning the pass-over, the unleavened cakes, and the first-born. If one pays attention to the genetic manner in which the law is stated in the foregoing passage, Canon Driver's division appears puerile. In Ex. xii. 1-13, God ordains the first pasch, and in the succeeding verses, 14-20, the annual pasch; in the verses 21-27, Moses promulgates the two divine ordinances. After the first pasch has been celebrated, and the Israelites have left Egypt, God ordains more accurately who is to take part in the pasch, xii. 43-50; next, God expresses His will concerning the first-born, xiii. 1-2; finally, Moses promulgates the laws concerning the unleavened cakes and the first-born.

Thus far we have seen that the critics, at times, base their alleged repetition of the same law either on its first general statement and its subsequent determination, or on its first revelation to Moses and its subsequent promulgation to the people. At other times, the alleged repetition of the same law is based on a wrong interpretation of apparently parallel passages. According to Deut. xv. 12. a Hebrew man and a Hebrew woman,

after serving six years, are allowed to go free and without limitation. Here the critics believe they detect a repetition of Ex. xxxi. 2-11, while in reality we have only a repetition of Ex. xxi. 2-6; for the following verses 7-11 treat of the special cases in which a daughter has been sold by her father as maidservant, which has no parallel in Deuteronomy. But is it not enough that the first part of the passage in Exodus is repeated in Deut. xv. 12? In point of fact, the parallelism extends to Deut. xv. 12-18, and is not limited to a mere repetition of the earlier law: this latter mentions only the manservant, Deuteronomy includes the maidservant also; there the command is simply to manumit after six years of service, here provision is made for the future of the freedman. And even if we were to grant that in the case in question the same law has been repeated, would it follow that the two passages in which it is found belong to two different legislations? The regulations concerning sacred things contained in the Book of the Covenant, Ex. xx. 22-xxiii. 33, are repeated in Ex. xxxiv. 10-26; still both these passages are assigned by the critics to the first group of laws. It is but fair to admit that in this case God's renewal of His covenant with His repentant people called for a repetition of the principal laws regulating the first covenant; but it is equally fair that in other cases of legal repetition the critics should investigate the demand of the circumstances before having recourse to a difference of authorship in order to explain the facts. We maintain therefore that the repetition of the same law is in most cases only apparent; where it is real, it does not prove multiple legislation.

2. *Difference of Style.* It is but natural that the style of Deuteronomy should differ from the style of the earlier legislation of the Pentateuch. While the middle books form a diary of the various legal enactments, the book of Deuteronomy is almost entirely occupied by the discourses in which Moses, before his

death, sets before the Israelites the laws which they are to obey, and the spirit in which they are to obey them, when they are settled in the promised land. If we expect a difference of style between the jottings in a traveller's note-book and the lectures on his journeys and experiences, we must be prepared to admit the necessity of a difference of diction and language between the two groups of laws contained in the middle books of the Pentateuch on the one hand, and the group of the Deuteronomist on the other. If according to Dillmann "the style of Deuteronomy implies a long development of the art of public oratory, and is not of a character to belong to the first age of Israelitish literature," it appears to demand an author like Moses, who after his repeated appearances before Pharaoh and his own people must have possessed a more intimate knowledge of public oratory than could be claimed by any priest or prophet of a later age.

It is true that on a careful reading of the Pentateuch one notices a difference of style even in the laws contained in its middle books; but it cannot be maintained that one manner of expression is found in the group JE, and another in the group P. It suffices for our present purpose to notice that according to the traditional view of Jewish history Moses became the leader of his people after they had lived about 430 years in Egypt; not to speak, therefore, of the patriarchal customs and laws regulating the civil and social relations of primitive Israel, the people must have followed in its Egyptian exile certain practices and ways of acting which in the course of centuries acquired the force of law. It was not the part of Moses to destroy what could be of use in the Jewish community; what wonder then if we find in Ex. xxi. 2-11, 12-36, xxxii. 1-17, 18-20 as well as in Lev. xii.-xv., xvii., xviii., xix. 20-22, xx., xxvii., etc., a number of legal forms and regulations that have all the appearance of being pre-Mosaic? Other laws, such

as those concerning the pasch, the Aaronic priesthood, Ex. xii., 14-20, 43-49, xiii. 3-16, xx. 22-26, xxiii. 20-33, Lev. xvi., xxiii. xxiv. 1-9; xxv., etc., clearly date from the time of Moses; these are often proposed in a less terse style, since the legislator expresses not merely the bare commandments, but explains also their reasonableness, and adds their sanction. Without entering into particulars we may conclude from the foregoing general principles that the difference of style in the various Pentateuchal laws is no sufficient reason for admitting the existence of a triple Pentateuchal legislation as understood by the higher critics.

3. *Opposition between the laws of the three groups.* "Even though it were clear," writes Canon Driver, "that the first four books of the Pentateuch were written by Moses, it would be difficult to sustain the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy. For, to say nothing of the remarkable difference of style, Deuteronomy conflicts with the legislation of Ex. Num., in a manner that would not be credible were the legislator, in both, one and the same." The same author then proceeds to compare some of the laws found in Deuteronomy with the corresponding enactments found in the group JE on the one hand and in the group P, on the other. Before following up the various discrepancies which the critics establish between the various laws, it may be well to call to mind that the critics' first group JE forms the Constitution of the Hebrew commonwealth, the second group Dt is a legal manual for the use of the people, while the third group P is the technical law-book for the priests. It is on this account that Deut. xviii., 6-8 does not distinguish as clearly between priests and Levites as is done in Num. xvi. 10, 35, 40. Dt therefore occupies a middle place between JE and P, being almost an expansion of the former, and containing parallelisms and allusions to the latter.

Coming now to the alleged discrepancies between Dt and JE, it is urged

that in Ex. xxii. 16-17 a seduced daughter is said to be regarded as a loss of property to her father, and the price to be paid for her appears to be variable; in Deut. xxii. 28-29 seduction is regarded as an offense against the laws of moral purity, and the price to be paid is a fixed fine of fifty shekels of silver. But the law in Exodus stands between a list of cases relating to pecuniary compensations for injury to property, and a list of regulations concerning moral purity. While the critics therefore regarded it as the last of the former list, the legislator may have intended it to be the beginning of the latter. The Deuteronomist, therefore, does not necessarily differ from the legislator of Exodus in this regard. As to the second alleged discrepancy, we have seen in the preceding paragraphs so many instances in which a primitively indefinite law became more definite in the later books, that the settlement of a fixed fine in Deuteronomy does not surprise us. Another discrepancy is said to exist between Ex. xxiii. 10-11 and Deut. xv. 1-6; in the former passage the provisions of the sabbatical year are purely agricultural, while the latter passage appears to apply these agricultural provisions so as to form a check on the power of the creditor. It is really remarkable that the critics in spite of their ingenuity in detecting differences and divisions, do not perceive that in these two passages we have two distinct laws, codified under different circumstances and with a different end in view, though both touch the principle of the year of release or the sabbatical year.

We pass on to alleged instances of discrepancy between Deuteronomy and the priest-code P. Deut. xviii. 6 describes the Levite as a sojourner without settled residence and adequate maintenance, while in Num. xxxv. 1-8, forty-eight cities are assigned to the tribe of Levi as places of residence. But both passages agree in supposing that not all the Levites will reside at the place of the principal sanctuary; both assign to the

non-resident Levites a home in the cities of Israel, the number of which amounts to forty-eight according to the law attributed to P; it is nowhere stated that these forty-eight Levitical cities must be inhabited by Levites only. Supposing all this, Deut. xviii. 6-8 adds the special law that if the country-Levite wishes to officiate at the central sanctuary, he may, minister like his brethren the Levites, and receive like portions to eat, besides the "private sources of his income." Where is the discrepancy between the two laws? Again, according to Deut. xii. 6, 17-19, and xv. 19-20, the firstlings of oxen and sheep are to be eaten at the central sanctuary by the owner and his household; according to Num. xviii. 15, 17-18, the firstlings are to be brought to the Lord, and, having been dedicated, their flesh is placed at the disposal of the priests. But the latter law gives only the "consecrated breast and the right shoulder" to the priests, while the former law does not ordain that the owner and his household must eat *all* of the flesh of firstlings. What discrepancy is there between the statements, "Peter receives the head" and "Paul receives the tail?" A third discrepancy is detected between the laws regulating the tithes, contained in Deut. xiv. 22-29, and Num. xviii. 21-24. This latter law is said to assign all the tithes to the Levites, and to oblige the Levites to pay a tithe of their tithes to the priests; the former law ordains that the yearly tithe is to be consumed by the owner, his household, and the Levite within his gates, and every third year a tithe is to be laid up within their gates for the Levite, the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow. But a brief statement of the law of tithes removes this apparent contradiction: Lev. xxvii. 30-44 prescribes that a tenth of all the produce of animals and of the land shall be the Lord's; Num. xviii. 20-28 appropriates this tenth for the support of the Levites who are to pay a tenth of their tenth for the maintenance of the priests. This is the first tithe, not

indeed mentioned in Deuteronomy, but supposed in its legislation, Deut. x. 9, xviii. 1-2. In Deut. xii. 6, 17, a second tithe of all the vegetable produce is alluded to as one of the sources from which the sacrificial meals are to be supplied ; in Deut. xiv. 22-27, a strict levying of this tithe is enjoined, and commutation of it provided for, with a view that the money should be applied to the same sacrificial feasts. It is doubtful whether Deut. xiv. 28-29, enjoins an additional third tithe for every third year, or whether the foregoing second tithe was every third year consumed at home instead of at the central sanctuary ; at any rate, there is no contradiction between the various laws that regulate the payment of the tithes. Finally, Deut. xvi. 2 refers to the sacrifices offered during the week of the passover, while Ex. xii. 3-6 refers to the passover in the strictest sense : the latter must be a lamb or a kid, among the former are other sacrificial animals. The alleged discrepancies therefore are so many instances in which the critics do not distinguish where they ought to distinguish.

4. *The three groups of laws are intended for different degrees of society.*—It must be kept in mind that the Pentateuchal legislation covers three different periods of the Jewish nation : certain regulations refer to the time before the Sinaitic legislation ; others refer to the sojourn of the people in the desert ; others again refer to their dwelling in the promised land. It is clear that the laws of circumcision, of the paschal celebration, of the first-born, preceded the Sinaitic legislation. Similarly, Ex. xix. 22 speaks of priests, though the Aaronic priesthood has not yet been instituted ; Ex. xxxiii. 7 supposes the existence of a "tabernacle" though the Sinaitic tent has not yet been built ; and if before the institution of the Aaronic priesthood there be question of an altar of earth or of unhewn stones (Ex. xx. 24), is it surprising that after the new priesthood has been instituted the altar be described in

a different manner (Ex. xxvii. 1-8 xxxviii. 1-7)? Again, is there anything contradictory or even unreasonable in the law that according to Lev. xvii. 1-9, the Israelites must kill their animals, even for food, at the central sanctuary, while before the institution of the Aaronic priesthood they had been allowed to offer their sacrifices "in every place where the memory" of God's name happened to be (Ex. xx. 24), and while after the nation's entrance into the land of promise, when the law of Leviticus had become quite impossible to keep, only sacrifices, tithes, and first-fruits must be offered at the centre of worship, Deut. xii. 1-28? Still, the critics demand an interval of centuries between the periods for which these laws were intended.

We are informed that Deut. xviii. 3 and Lev. 32-34 present another example of laws intended for different stages of social development. Deuteronomy specifies the shoulder, the cheeks and the maw as the priest's perquisites in a peace-offering, while Leviticus grants him the breast and the shoulder. Both Deuteronomy and Leviticus agree in assigning to the priest a shoulder ; the word rendered "maw" is doubtful ; but what difficulty is there in admitting that in the desert, where all the animals, even those killed for food, were presented at the central sanctuary, the perquisites of the priest were less than in the promised land, where the animals slain at the principal sanctuary were fewer? Again, from Ex. xxi. 14 it is obvious that in the desert, at least, Israel's asylum for manslaughter was the altar of the Lord ; but the preceding verse also provides that a place shall be provided whither the man-slayer may flee. Deuteronomy xix. 7, 9 actually provides three cities to be set apart as places of refuge, with other possible three besides these three. Confessedly, there is a modification, but not one requiring centuries to account for it. In this class of difficulties, therefore, the trick of the

critics consists in magnifying the modifications of the successive laws of the Pentateuch beyond their due proportion.

Thus far we have compared the alleged three groups of Pentateuchal laws with each other, and have found that from this point of view they need not be regarded as three different legislations. It now remains to compare the Pentateuchal laws with the different periods of Jewish history in order to see whether it be true that they must have been promulgated partly before Josias, partly during the reign of Josias, and partly after the Babylonian captivity. In this comparison it is of the utmost importance to remember that according to the foremost critics the present comparison depends almost entirely on the relation of *Deuteronomy* to the later historical books. Now it is generally granted that the books of Josue, Judges and Kings show a literary dependence on the book of Deuteronomy. Of itself this does not show that Deuteronomy does not belong to the seventh century before Christ; hence the primary question is not one of *literary* dependence, but of *legal* dependence. It must be shown, in other words, that unless Moses actually promulgated the Deuteronomic statutes, and left them in writing, Israel's manner of warfare and worship becomes inexplicable.

Now we believe that Josue destroyed the whole of Jericho except Rahab (Jos. vi. 17-18) according to Deut. xiii. 15ff.; that Achan was stoned and burned (Jos. vii. 1, 20, 25) according to Deut. xiii. 10, xvii. 5; that only the cattle and the spoil of Ai were taken (Jos. viii. 27) according to Deut. xx. 14; that the King of Ai and the five kings of the Amorites were hanged and taken down after sunset (Jos. viii. 29; x. 26-27) according to Deut. xxi. 23; similarly, that the occurrences of Jos. x. 40 and xi. 12, 15 happened in accordance with Deut. vii. 2, xx. 16-17. And does not the altar built at Ebal agree with Deut. xxvii. 4-6 (cf. Jos. viii. 30-31), the copying of the law on the stones (Jos. viii. 32) with Deut. xxvii.

3, 8; the bearing of the ark by the elders, officers and judges, and their position on Mt. Ebal and Mt. Gerizim (Jos. viii. 32) with Deut. xxvii. 3, 8, xi. 29, and xxvii. 12-13; the reading of the law with its blessings and curses (Jos. viii. 34-35) with Deut. xxxi. 11-12? Finally, how explain the indignation of the people in Jos. ii. 2 over the violation of the law concerning the unity of worship, if no such law had been promulgated at the time of Josue?

Though the period of Judges be a time of spiritual decline in the people of Israel, we find in it sufficient traces of the law to warrant us in maintaining its existence. In Jud. i. 17 Hormah is destroyed according to Deut. vii. 2 and xx. 16 f; in Jud. vii. 1-7 Gedeon's army is selected according to Deut. xx. 1-9; in Jud. xxi. 13 peace with the children of Benjamin is proclaimed according to Deut. xx. 10-18; in Jud. vi. 25-27 and xiii. 16 legitimate violations of the Deuteronomic law are excused as being cases of special divine intervention; where there is no such lawful excuse, the writer freely acknowledges the people's sinfulness, as in Jud. ii. 7, 10, 11, 13, 17, 19, 20; iii. 6, 7, 12; iv. 1; vi. 1; x. 6; xiii. 1; xvii. 6; xxi. 25. Can we reasonably suppose that the author of the book of Judges would have written thus, and that his heroes would have acted thus, if there had been no Deuteronomic law in existence?

Next, we come to the time of the prophet Samuel and of the kings. Before the birth of the prophet, his pious parents went up annually to Silo to worship at the central sanctuary, as we know from I. Kings i. 1-9, 21; during his youth the prophet himself lived at the place of the central sanctuary, I. Ki. iii. But the ark soon becomes the prey of the Philistines, and is thus separated from the tabernacle, I. Ki. iv.; ever after, there is doubt as to the true place of central worship. Samuel himself becomes a priest, and sacrifices successively at Mizpah (I. Ki. vii. 7-9), at Bethlehem

(I. Ki. xvi. 5) and at Rama (I. Ki. vii. 17). Prophet as he was, Samuel might sacrifice according to the special inspiration of God; but the rest of the people, too, appear to have been left in doubt as to the principal place of worship during the period of the Philistine supremacy. The state of the Jewish people at this time seems to have resembled, to some extent, the state of the Catholic people during the reign of the anti-popes; the principle of ecclesiastical unity was believed in and acknowledged, but, in point of fact, it was doubtful where the centre of unity was to be found. David attempted to solve this frightful doubt by erecting the temple at Jerusalem; but he was told that the time was not yet ripe for the building of the house of the Lord. Meanwhile, all kinds of abuses crept in, and though Solomon, Ezechias, and Josias emphasized the central place of worship, there were political as well as moral motives that tended to separate the people from the true adoration of the Lord. If we remember that idolatry means in the history of Israel what heresy means in the history of the Christian Church, we shall be able to understand more readily the many acts of faithlessness to the law of the Lord. Does the steady degeneracy of the Oriental church, or does the internal disintegration of the Protestant sects prove the non-existence of the gospels? No more can we point to the repeated infidelity of the Hebrew race during the period of the Judges and the Kings as a proof for the non-existence of Deuteronomy.

If we descend now to the time of the earlier prophets, we find that they rather urge the observance of the Deuteronomic law than foreshadow its origin. Oseas (iv. 13, 15) complains of Israel's sacrificing on the mountains, and warns Juda not to follow Israel's example in going up to Gilgal and Bethaven. The same prophet (iv. 4) alludes to striving with priests, removing landmarks (v. 10), returning to Egypt (viii. 13, ix. 3), bear-

ing Ephraim in his arms (xi. 4) all of which passages agree with Deut. xvii. 12, xix. 14, xxviii. 68, i. 31, xxxii. 10. Amos (ii. 6) condemns Israel for inhumanity to the poor, for adultery (ii. 7), for retaining pledges over night (ii. 8), notwithstanding God's destroying the Amorite before them (ii. 9, 10), and he threatens the people with divine visitation (iii. 2); this bold language of the shepherd-prophet is easily understood on the supposition that he had before him the written law of Deut. iv. 7, 8; vii. 6; viii. 2, 15; xxiv. 12, 23, while it can hardly be explained if there existed no written divine law bearing on these subjects. The prophet Isaias never recognizes the legitimacy of the high places as places of worship, he speaks to the people of their appointed feasts (i. 14), alludes to a great variety of offerings (i. 12, 13), and pictures Sion throughout as the central place of worship (ii. 2-4; viii. 18. xxviii 16; xxix. 1, 2; xxxi. 9; xxx. 29). In connection with Is. xxxvi. 7, Dillman remarks, "That Deuteronomy should have introduced a command against high places as something entirely new is in itself unthinkable." The prophet Micheas (vi. 8) almost paraphrases Deut. x. 12; it appears to be out of the question that a pseudo-Deuteronomist of the seventh century should have placed in the mouth of Moses so ethical and profound a teaching.

Every period in Jewish history bears, therefore, evidence to the existence of Deuteronomy and its principal laws. Since the critics generally acknowledge that the group of laws denoted by JE precedes Dt, and since in several instances Dt modifies the laws contained in the priestly code P so as to fit the period of Israel's sojourn in the promised land, it follows that all Pentateuchal laws precede Israel's entrance into Palestine. Moreover, we have seen that the critics fail to prove from internal evidence, a triple legislation in the Pentateuch; we must conclude therefore by endorsing the traditional view of the Mosaic Legislation.

## BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

*By J. M. Carr.*

*(Continued.)*

**B**LANDINE'S memory recalled not one familiar feature of the face that was looking into hers. Still she suffered herself to be kissed, over and over again. Nan was on her knees now, both arms around the child, who was ashamed not to remember one apparently so fond of her.

The princess came in. "Well, Ania, does she remember you?"

"Remember me," cried Nan. "How could she, the darling, she never saw me. You forget, I had to go back to Rand before she came."

"Oh, yes, I remember. It was Doonasha who went to the South with them."

"Doonasha was my nurse," said Blandine. "I remember her. She is in heaven with my mamma. And perhaps I remember you, a little. Did my papa call you Nan?"

"Yes, that he did, and Nannette, and Nanney!"

"You were very good to my mamma. Your picture is in her book, and in my papa's book too." Blandine returned Nan's embrace now, and felt as if she had found a friend.

The princess was greatly pleased. "I shall give her into your hands while she is in Paris, Ania. Daria has too much to do; though I hope you will stand between me and her jealousy, when she sees you with her favorite. She would keep her by her side constantly, if I did not use violence. The child needs air and exercise."

"I am her governess, her maid, her everything; and Daria shall not be hurt either," cried the delighted Nan.

"Promise me, Ania, to watch over her."

"I promise, good mother. But is it

really too late to keep her, or give her to the Dacres, who so love her?"

"It is too late. From the hour in which I accepted the conditions of her entry at Smolnoe, it was too late."

"But you will be yourself to-morrow, good mother, and all will yet be well. To-morrow the Abbé Laland will be in Paris. He will cheer your heart by telling you what a noble fellow your Sacha's husband was."

"To-morrow! To-morrow!" repeated the princess. "Well, go to rest, Ania; you look tired. It is a comfort to me to know that I have you to confide in, and that the little one loves you. Here comes Daria, to put me to bed." Daria's face was the picture of melancholy, but Nan found means to whisper to her that the princess was depressed, that she must try to cheer her. Daria took the hint, and to the surprise of her mistress was all at once cheerful and even gay. But her gaiety met with sorrowful smiles, and she was obliged to withdraw at last, leaving Madame de Vallinski in a most unusually grave mood.

"She feels it already," said Daria to herself. "What will it be when the door shuts forever behind the child?"

\* \* \* \*

"The door has shut behind the child," to use Daria's words. It has shut out sunshine at the same time. Although Madame de Vallinski is dressing for a grand entertainment, and Mlle. Donzelli is already dressed, and waiting to accompany her, the sound of the closing door has left in the lofty rooms and grand halls an echo that sounds mournful enough.

"It is useless, Daria. The pain is there again. Unlace me, quick!" Be-



fore Daria's practised fingers could undo the robe, her mistress had fainted. This was not the first time Daria had witnessed such an attack. The remedies were at hand, the most powerful restoratives known to science. But it was long before they availed to bring back consciousness; and when they did, it was not complete.

Mlle. Donzelli tapped at the door. Daria opened it slightly, and motioned her to enter. By a sign she warned her not to speak. But the rustle of her robes aroused the princess. She opened her eyes, and tried to speak. Her voice was low, and not clear. Daria had to bend over her to catch her meaning. "Make my excuses. I am tired and must sleep."

Outside the door, Mademoiselle asked Daria if the doctor had been summoned, and if it would not be better for her to remain.

"The doctor will soon be here," answered Daria. "But she has been like this before, and if she wakes and learns you did not go, it may excite her."

"True! So I will go, and return early."

While Daria is watching beside her mistress, who lies as it were in a heavy sleep, Mlle. Donzelli makes her triumphal entry into the state apartments of one of the leaders of fashion. The grand salons have been lent for a charity fête, and the greatest names of the old and the new noblesse head the list of patronesses. A splendid combination of prestige and money!

One of the chief stalls is that of the Princess Vallinski, whose name was worth a fortune in itself for all such undertakings, she being one of the most generous as well as the most popular ladies of the select circle.

"Where is the princess?" was the question on every lip, as Mlle. Donzelli took her place at the head of the bower or kiosk, above which was suspended the Vallinski's coat-of-arms.

There was a murmur of general sym-

pathy, mingled with exclamations of regret and incredulity as to the possibility of any of their set's being ill at such a crisis. "Impossible! Impossible! She cannot be sick to-day! Dukes and grand-dukes and foreign potentates, and only Donzelli to receive them! No! that will never do," said some of the leaders. "What is to be done? There is no substitute available!"

The wit of Mlle. Donzelli took in the state of affairs in a twinkling. She knew she was the object of conversation, and that she could not remain in solitary state, to represent the absent princess. The halls began to fill. It was not long before she singled out the very one on whom her wishes were fixed. She turned away to hide a smile, while a brilliant group approached the Vallinski kiosk.

"The princess is not here?" A pretty woman, very gorgeously attired, asked the question. Regrets followed, much talk, much admiration of everything. The group was about to withdraw without making any purchases, when Mlle. Donzelli made a little motion to a stout lady who had kept well in the rear of the brilliant advance guard.

"Madame de Vallinski, I believe?"

The stout lady bowed stiffly, haughtily. She was the widow of the great Vallinski: and who was this booth sales-lady who spoke to her without warrant and without introduction?

Mlle. Donzelli, nothing daunted, meeting pride with pride, and holding in her own hand the power to patronize even this stiff-necked dame, whispered something that made her hearer start.

"Can it be possible?"

"And if you would take her place here, it would secure the success of our section. Alone, I shall not be able to meet the demands."

If a great fortune had suddenly fallen into the lap of the widow of the great Vallinski, it would have been less prized in one way. To be substituted for the Princess Vallinski was like representing

the Queen, to say the least. There was at once even more than cordiality between the two ladies.

Once or twice during those busy and eventful hours Mlle. Donzelli sent a messenger to bring her news of the princess. "There was no change, Madame was sleeping. The doctor was with her. Mademoiselle was not needed." So she gave herself up to the really hard work of the fête, and charity was well served that day by her efforts.

The following day Madame, the widow Vallinski, called upon her new friend. The intimacy ripened rapidly. The words of the kind princess were realized. "You will go, Appolline, and I will go, but Daria will remain." Soon only Daria remained. Daria remained, and kept the closely sealed house and its contents for the heir, who was far away in the Russian Steppes. She was virtually mistress of everything. None of the good intentions of the princess could be carried out. They were only *intentions*, to which neither seal nor signature had been set. Mlle. Donzelli went away, rich with her savings and perquisites. Ania Clough went away poor as she had come, but with an unselfish joy in her heart. She had been able to brighten the last moments of the princess, or, at least, to take from the dying woman's heart the worst blackness, the worst sting. After leaving Blandine in the hands of Madame Blank she had sought the Abbé Laland. She found him feeble, broken, a spark of life only left to the good old priest. She told him of the morbid depression of the princess, of her remorse and anxiety. She begged him to go with her then and there and give what consolation he could to one who had been a good friend to her parents and to herself, and who could easily be brought to do more good under the right influence.

The Abbé was indeed too feeble to undertake even this work. But Nan's earnestness, her intense entreaties, were hard to resist. "It will be for the child,

too," she added. "You will tell her, Abbé," she pleaded, "that they must let her keep the faith of her parents, your faith, Abbé. Unless they do this, the child is lost, soul and body. She was going to the great charity fête this morning, but much against her will. She will not remain, only just show herself, while the great people are in line, and then come back. She is very far from well. I would not be surprised if she were called away suddenly, at any moment."

The call had come even then. They found Daria in tears. The doctor had come and gone. He gave no hope at all. Heart disease, and a stroke of apoplexy, was his verdict. Several times had Daria asked her mistress if she should not send for a priest, for Atyets Ivan, her confessor; but a slow rolling of the eyes seemed to protest against the question, and the faithful servant was yet hesitating, in doubt on the subject, when Nan returned. She led her at once to the bedside of the sufferer. One look, and Nan rushed back to the reception room where she had left the Abbé. "Haste," she whispered, and almost by force she drew him with her, terror on her face, terror and anguish in her heart. The old man tottered on as fast as his feeble limbs permitted.

"Good mother, awake! awake! you are sleeping too long." Nan knew well enough that it was the last invading sleep that was settling there. "Awake, good mother! Here is the good Abbé, come to tell you of Sacha, and of Sacha's father!"

The princess opened wide her eyes. They rested on the face of the priest. A light shone in them. The Abbé was in time, not indeed to tell anything of Sacha or of Sacha's father, but to ask a few vital questions, to take such responses as could be given to them: a look of anguish, a deep sigh, a moan, a wail that his words and his prayers changed from look and sound of mortal anguish, to something like hope and

resignation. The Abbé was in time for that and no more. The absolving of this soul was the last work of his apostleship. He blessed Nan, and would not let her follow him; but went his way homeward, leaving her there, disconsolate, yet thankful and submissive.

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While all Paris is following the splendid obsequies of the Princess Vallinski, Blandine is travelling northward, not under the safe wing of good Mme. Blank, but beside her "grandmother," the widow of "The Great Vallinski."

With the help of Mme. Donzelli this had been achieved. By a clever stroke, or a rare piece of good luck, the widow had obtained possession of the much talked of "little Vallinski."

Since the eventful day of her first appearance in Franco-Russian society, the day of her apparition at the children's fête, given by Madame Blank, rumor had been busy with the daughter of lost Sacha Vallinski.

"Can it be possible," she exclaimed, "that a child of that proud girl lives! And how comes it that no one ever heard of it till now, when, like a ghost from the tomb, rises another Sacha Vallinski to confront me? I must look into that! There must be some mistake, some imposture, the work of some personal enemy, perhaps, who knows the reason of my aversion for the memory of that step-daughter, the proud girl who dared openly disdain me and all mine and who, rather than abide under the same roof with us, fled from her home!" The visit of the widow to the charity fête, had been for the sole purpose of learning the truth or falsehood of the rumors. She had heard that the princess was so fond of her adopted daughter that she took her about with her. She might, in that case, see for herself what the gossip was worth. Better even than that sight, was the amazing condescension of the Donzelli, in asking *her*, of all the world, to take the enviable part of hostess on that occasion, under the

shield of the absent princess. Not slow to push the advantage so unexpectedly gained, though content to remain that day modestly within the booth, and leave the ceremonial part of the duties to her companion, she called the next morning on her new friend. Mlle. Donzelli turned no deaf ear to the temptress. Seeing her present position in imminent jeopardy, she was willing to risk something for the rich prospect held out to her.

When it became clear that the princess would never rally from that lethargy, a letter was written in her name relieving the Blanks of their charge. It reached them at Berlin, where they were making a short halt on their way to the North. It was a shock to them, and certainly nothing but the express command of the princess would have induced them to let Blandine go under the circumstances. But how could they hesitate to respect the assurance "that it was the will of the Princess Vallinski that Mlle. Sacha should be given into the keeping of her grandmother, Mme. Karloff Vallinski?" The writer of this mandate had been the confidential companion and friend of the princess, her amanuensis and woman of business for many years; they had no right to question her authority.

"She is not her grandmother," said Mr. Blank. "We might take exception on that plea, but it would only raise a storm about our ears. There is no alternative but to obey these instructions." He handed back Mlle. Donzelli's letter to his wife, who took it and went away with an expression of real sorrow on her kind face. The pain of parting with the little orphan was still within her heart, and its shadow on her brow, when she was startled by a whoop that made the air resound. In the twinkling of an eye she heard the wild rush of her children from the classroom, and cries of "Uncle John! Uncle John!" In vain the governess had tried to restrain them, when from a

window one of the elder boys had seen the beloved "Uncle John" spring from his carriage and run up the hotel stairs.

"I feel like shouting with them," says Miss Mackintosh, the governess. "The bonnie bairns, it does one's heart good to hear them!"

"And whom are they welcoming in such fashion," asks her cousin, who has only lately arrived in Germany and happened to be with her for a day. "Their uncle, it seems?"

"Nay, no more than you, or I. Only a connection of our leddy; but the bonniest young laird that ever trod the green. Look, there he is smiling at you! The mistress keeps the picture always in the classroom, so that if any of the youngsters get troublesome or lazy it brings them round only to look at the smiling face of Uncle John. It is worth all the penalties in the world, to look at that likeness."

The face that looked from the canvas was the very face that had so pleased little Blandine on the heights of Betharram; the face of "St. John of the Cross," as she still called him in her thoughts.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," counts Uncle John, when he has succeeded in extricating himself from strangling arms. "Only six! I want one more, Are we not seven?"

Mr. Blank made a jocose reply, but his wife did not smile. She guessed at once that he referred to Blandine as the seventh, and shook her head sadly.

Uncle John's face became very grave in an instant. As soon as he could bribe the youngsters to let him go, he joined their parents, impatient to learn the cause of Madame Blank's grave look. When he did, he was even graver than that good woman.

"I know nothing of gambling," he said, after a pause, "absolutely nothing! And yet nothing remains but to try a game with that past-mistress of the art. It is indeed the story of the 'Lamb and the Wolf.' But I think I can answer

for it, that the lamb shall not be devoured in this case, neither shall it lose its fleece, if I can help it."

"You are ever ready to take up arms for the weak, cousin John," said Mrs. Blank. "But I hope you will allow me to be with you in this case, as far as I can go. The child appeals to me almost as strongly as if she were my own." The sequel will show how far their efforts were successful.

Karloff never before sheltered a lover or more innocent guest than it is now entertaining in the person of Blandine of Betharram. Blandine is lost, as it were, in the depths of the Samara woods, in the great wilderness of the Russian Steppes. Her promise to mamma Margaret, and the Curé of Betharram is not forgotten. She goes through the whole Rosary faithfully, day after day, and it still seems as if each day was the *very first*, so deep is the feeling each mystery arouses. She makes the Way of the Cross, holding the little sticks she has fashioned cross-wise, as reverently as if they had come from the Holy Land. And each station is indicated by some secret of her own, a twisted branch, a heap of pebbles, a moss-grown stone, a turning in the path. Her memory recalls almost word for word the prayers of the Manual of Betharram, that she read so often, and with such intense feeling to her blind mother. She paves the walks with Litanies as she goes up and down them, sometimes by herself, though never out of sight of her companions and their governesses. The companions race and romp, and quarrel with their companions, the dogs, while leaving her to herself now and then. She has been told to call them cousins. They are a boy and a girl, nephew and niece, they tell her, of Mr. Barde.

It was long before Blandine knew much about Mr. Barde, nothing in fact save that her "cousins" called him "Uncle Charles." Every day Mr. Barde had the sunny southern terrace cleared for his sole use from noon till

sunset. There he walked or reclined in a great deep arm chair, his head covered with an immense queer-shaped bonnet and further protected from the sun and air by an umbrella fastened to his chair when he reclined, or carried by an attendant when he walked. Although Blandine asked no questions, she found that here, also, were plenty who, like Daria, though less faithful, thought that the sooner a thing was known the better. She had to hear, whether she willed it or not, that Uncle Charles had once been tutor to the Karloff boys. He was a handsome, clever gentleman, and useful to Madame when her second husband, the great Vallinski, died. So useful was he that he became manager of all her affairs. Finally they decided to marry, and they married. But this must be kept a secret from the Emperor, for the law would deprive Madame of her pension, were it known she had married again. In Russia, widows must be *widows indeed*, to retain their pension. Most likely the Emperor thought little and cared less for the doings of this widow. But so it was, Madame remained a Karloff-Vallinski instead of proclaiming herself to the world as Madame Charles Barde. Years passed, Madame and her husband travelled together sometimes. Then Madame travelled alone, and Uncle Charles remained, for good and all, at Karloff with his nephew and niece, who had lived somewhere in Germany or Switzerland, till the girl was three or four, and the boy about two. Sophie Barde was now a pale, sickly looking girl of nearly twelve. The boy, a lad of eight or nine, an irresponsible little being, half-witted and mischievous. His real name was Ferdinand, but because of his noisy ways he had been surnamed 'Rattle.' A Rattle he was, with a difference. He was noisy without being shaken, without being interfered with.

The children's day invariably began with riot and noise around the breakfast table. Sophie loved to incite her brother to annoy the governess, for no other ob-

ject than her own amusement, and the possibility of retarding lessons. She too often succeeded in spite of the example of her cousin, who did her best to keep order and quiet. What a contrast was here to the quiet of the Convent Hall, or the love and peace and regularity of her life at the English Villa, where the dear Blandines were emulating each other in acts of kindness! Malice in practice, she had never seen before. In quiet hours Blandine worked hard at her books. She had to work hard to conquer the Russian language, and to overtake Sophie in music. She gives all her intelligence, all her good-will, all her time, to study. The weak lad, who could not make her angry or spiteful, clings to her, and ere long she is left to be his sole companion and nurse, when, as is constantly the case, neither governesses nor nurses can do anything with him. The weak girl who envies her, and profits by her at every step in their studies, still teases and torments her. Madame Karloff-Vallinski, whom she calls "aunt," as she was instructed to do, and as do her cousins, avoids her, never shows her good will or ill will. She simply ignores her. "I will marry her off early," she sometimes says to herself, "her good looks will be her dower." Or again, "I will keep her here till Sophie is of age and the estate divided: nothing goes to her." Of this assertion she had no proof at all, for the "Great Vallinski" had left no positive will on record to that effect. His widow had published the statement abroad so freely, it had become an accepted fact. No question being raised during the life-time of her step-daughter, she felt herself secure on that head.

It seemed as if Blandine of Betharram had nothing at all to count upon in this world. Separated by law (for Madame had obtained legal possession of her) from those who would have led her by pleasant ways, what has she to expect? What claim can she put forth to the world around her, for support or sym-

pathy? None at all. And yet, the little circle of which Uncle John and good Marie Blank are the centre, has been untiring in her interests. They know how she is passing her days and nights. They see her efforts, and are eager to come to her aid. But to accomplish this, they must have a friend within the citadel. The friend without, their present informant, sees no possibility of effecting this; for every human being, admitted to Karloff, must be devoted to the will of its mistress. Neither Charles Barde nor his nephew or niece count for anything. They are as much and as closely watched as Blandine herself. But the Lord chooses his own time, as well as His own instruments. Who could have foreseen that that accidental meeting on the Hill of Betharram was to be the potent factor in two destinies? Yet so it is. Where neither Margaret nor Antony could find a way to reach the object of their solicitude, the Lord's instrument succeeded. After two years of fruitless but steady effort, there is, at length, a friend within the gates. Madame Blank suggested the idea that was to accomplish what seemed a forlorn hope.

"If that poor victim (meaning Mr. Barde), could be rescued and made independent, would he not become the best defender of our captive?"

Uncle John sprang up. "Cousin Zenie, you have let in, not only daylight, but a flood of sunshine. How blind of me not to have remembered him before! he was once tutor to Graff Z., whom you know well, and who is the best of good fellows. He will write to Barde, get him interested in a confidential servant whom he wishes to retain, but who must be kept from temptation and under good guard till his master returns from a long journey. His salary will be paid, nothing demanded for his services, save the assurance that he will be returned to his master when claimed."

"You do not mean that you would part with Gregory?"

"Temporarily, and for such a purpose, certainly. He would fit the place to a nicety. He would write to his master in the far East, his master would transmit the letters to Father Dacre, who could communicate them to his family; while, under the eye of Gregory, Blandine would be safe."

"You call her Blandine. Why?"

Uncle John frankly told of their first meeting, of his friendship for Father Dacre, of the anguish of Madame Margaret at the separation from her adopted daughter. Uncle John created not a little jealousy, it must be confessed, even in the good hearts of the Blanks, by his enthusiastic praise of Blandine.

"It is a case of love at first sight, Zenie," said Mr. Blank to his wife. "If you are building any hopes on the prospect of one day seeing your eldest daughter mistress of the old Graff Cross, or the wife of young John of Bethlehem, I warn you to prepare for disappointment."

"It shall be as heaven wills," said the good lady. "Not for any selfish wish of mine will I hold back from helping to deliver that sweet innocent."

"You do well," said her husband, who at once took upon himself the duty of opening up correspondence with Graff Z.

To be asked to do a favor for his old pupil was a source of immense joy to Mr. Barde, so long shut out from companionship with all save menials. He took no part in the nightly reunions held at Karloff. He showed the letter to his wife, who, at first suspicious, finally came to the conclusion that it had nothing to do with any of Blandine's friends. She, too, felt elated at being in correspondence with the house of Z. Gregory was invited to fill the post of confidential attendant to Mr. Barde himself, who would answer for his safety till such time as he should be recalled by his master.

Henceforth it will be only through Gregory's letters that news of Blandine can reach her friends.

The first letter, that long-prayed-for assurance of her safety, brought untold solace to the heart of Margaret Dacre. A precious letter it was, full of information concerning her darling, full of consolation.

Gregory told how he had been many months at Karloff, in close attendance upon his new master, before he could say more than that the young girl looked well. He saw her at a distance sometimes, either in company with Miss Sophie, or little Master Barde, the foolish lad, who kept the household on the *qui vive* for accidents, by his mania for creating excitement, and his thirst for sights of danger or horror. His joy was to see a village in flames. And this was no uncommon sight from the tower of the house. Master Ferdinand would have fired them every one, for the pleasure of watching the consternation and grief of the hapless peasants.

He learned that she was gaining great influence over the dreadful boy, whom the peasants looked upon as an evil spirit. They made no secret of their belief that all the misfortunes that befell their crops, or cattle, or household goods were owing to the demon within him. They prayed for his death. They thought he ought to be put to death or put out of the way, for only harm could come of him. As the young girl gained in influence over him, so it came about that he was allowed to visit the apartments of Mr. Barde, and thus Gregory made his acquaintance. Soon it became safe to let him pay a daily visit, without fear of a catastrophe. He was very talkative, when in good humor, and could mimic every one with the utmost ease. He began to enjoy the freedom purchased by his good behavior, while attributing all the credit to himself and his own cleverness.

"I have changed things in this house," says Rattle, "I am sick of cry-babies, and cowards, and sneaks. I have a new sister. I give Sophie to the Domovay. She says she'll give me to him, and he'll

stuff me up the chimney some night, and in the morning there'll be an old owl hooting in the hollow oak, and some one must shoot the old grey screecher, and when he's dead she'll have a new brother. So I'm not going to wait for *that*, you know. I have a new sister, who isn't afraid of Domovays. She's a good sister, the new one."

"Who is this new sister?" asked Mr. Barde.

"What do you want know for, Uncle Charles? Perhaps you'd like to take her away from me? Take Sophie, she's a sneak, and ready to kill poor little flies."

"I knew a little boy once, who killed flies, and tried to kill little birds!"

"He doesn't do it now," cried Rattle proudly. "His new sister told him it was mean and cowardly, and he hates cowards. I—I say, I—Uncle Charles;" Rattle stammered in his eagerness to change the subject, "I say, why don't you come out of this room? Come out, do, and take me up in the loft. Sophie says you have the keys, and there are all sorts of beautiful things up there!"

"There is nothing in the loft that could amuse you, my boy. Sophie is mistaken. There is only a quantity of old rubbish there. We shall speak of it another time. You may go now."

Gregory opened the door and Rattle withdrew. Had Gregory not been there the refusal might have borne unpleasant consequences for Uncle Charles.

"I know a way to get there without his keys," muttered Rattle under his breath, "and if I do, I'll burn some of the old rubbish he wants to keep all for himself."

He tried to be as good as his word without much delay. The next night he made his way along the gallery that ran round two sides of the house, climbed like a wildcat up the great wooden water spout, out upon the projecting roof of a porch, whence a beam gave him access to a little window under the loft. His ascent had been perilous in the ex-

treme, but Rattle was unconscious of any danger.

Seeing a great pile of muslin curtains and draperies lying near, he dragged them towards a trunk and piled them up around it. Then he struck a light, the lace flamed up and the mad child danced and shouted with glee. "I'll go back now," he said, "and cry fire." But he could only hang helplessly out of the window and scream with all his force. His cries alarmed the dogs, then the watchmen. A ladder was quickly brought and Gregory carried the terrified boy down in his arms. "Gregory," he whispered, "I know they'll want to kill me now. Please lock me up with my sister Sacha."

"Do not be afraid," said Gregory. "No one shall hurt you. Where is your sister Sacha?" She was there waiting in great anxiety, for the house was in imminent danger, the flames had made such headway. She led the way to her own room, and placed Rattle in her own bed, while Gregory hastened back to give what help he could. Blandine uttered not a word of reproach. She covered the shivering limbs and prepared a warm drink, and tried her best to soothe the insane terror of the little culprit, who kept whispering: "I know they'll want to kill me *now*." She assured him, as Gregory had done, that no one would hurt him, but she had to let him see her lock the door before he would resign himself to lay his head on the pillow. He was ill and in danger of death for weeks, delirious most of the time, and frantically calling out for Gregory or his sister Sacha to save him. And that was how Gregory came to speak to Blandine for the first time. He had been obliged to wait for months before he could give her the blessed consolation of a message from her loved ones. By Rattle's bedside he finally slipped into her hands her precious beads, the little black chaplet bought for her at Lourdes by Sister Noella, and blessed there, and at Betharram, too,

and touched reverently to many a cherished spot. Gregory found an opportunity to whisper to her that his master had received them from Father Francis Dacre, and that he would be passing by Karloff some day, on his way to visit friends, and he would stop there to see him, and she might expect to hear more and fuller news from his family.

The long illness of poor little Rattle was not without its influence on the household. Madame was away at a neighboring estate on the dreadful night. She heard of it and came back in haste. She heard, too, that the culprit had not been punished, and she was full of just ire, and prophesied worse things from the same source. But when she saw the face of the criminal, more like that of a spectre than a living child, she only turned away. She had come prepared to wall up the apartments of Mr. Barde, for her informants had talked freely of the visits of the lad, but she changed her mind on that point also.

"Let me alone!" she cried, turning upon the sycophants, "and let the boy alone, and let him have his way!"

So Rattle had his way after that, which meant the freedom of Mr. Barde's apartments, and perfect docility to Blandine and to Gregory. He never felt so safe as when in the little sitting-room adjoining Mr. Barde's great library. There was a huge divan there on which he could rest at ease, among the ample cushions. He began to conceive a sentiment of deep gratitude to Mr. Barde for letting him come so often. He would hold out his hand to him and say, "Thank you, Uncle Charles," in a very earnest tone.

"What for, my boy?" Uncle Charles had once asked him.

"O, for not letting them kill me, when I was such a coward."

"And when was our brave Rattle such a coward?"

"When he tried to hurt people. Only cowards hurt people in that way. Gregory says one must first say 'look out!' before he hits."



"I am glad you are learning such good things, Ferdy. You will grow up to be a brave man, I hope."

"Are you brave, Uncle Charles?"

"I would not hit without first saying 'look out!'"

"I'm so glad!" cried Rattle.

"Has my sister Sacha been telling you to love me?" he asked.

"No, my boy. No one has been telling me to love you."

"Not God? My sister Sacha says God tells everyone to love everyone else. He didn't tell me, or if He did I didn't hear it, but Sacha says so. I love Sacha, do you?"

"Sacha is very good," said Mr. Barde.

"I must go to her now. She will be lonesome for me, she loves me. Good-bye, Uncle Charles, thank you for letting me sit beside you in the big chair. Take me, Gregory."

Gregory took him and carried him to Blandine.

\* \* \*

And now the useful, beautiful country life is coming to an end. A whole year and more has elapsed, since the lawn was gay with laughter, the laughter of little Rattle, who was as merry as a bird, lying in the sunshine on the pleasant terrace. And songs were sung that summer long, for Rattle's entertainment. Blandine sang the hymns she learned at Betharram, and Rattle's favorite was the "Ave Maris Stella," which she had to repeat over and over again. The songs and the sunshine of that summer are ended. Rattle is quiet. The clouds are gathering. Madame is coming home from abroad with a guest. She is impatient to come, but seems waiting for something. When she hears that there has been a grave dug on the hill yonder, near the church, she fixes the day and the hour. And she comes with

the guest, who proves to be no stranger to Blandine; no stranger and no friend. And there shall be changes manifold, henceforth, in the family life at Karloff.

It is hard to think that only sixty versts away there is a church, and a priest, and yet have to wait years and years for the Banquet of God's Altar. For that priest, who can doubt but he would risk Siberia to carry joy even to one heart? But he has no right to involve others in his own risk. So Blandine waits, and honest Gregory waits till a passing missionary can bring them the Bread of God. Charles Barde is greatly changed since the boy was taken away. He keeps Gregory occupied reading to him works of price that had not seen the light for long years. He is coming back to the faith of his race, the creed of his forefathers. He is trying his best to be brave, and Gregory, who is working out for himself an apprenticeship that is to earn for him the title of "Brother" in a community he loves in the Holy Land, has become invaluable to him in this respect. They have exchanged confidences on more than one subject. Gregory knows that this will be the last time his master will visit him at Karloff. This will be the last time an altar will rise in the little sitting-room where Rattle died. He prays that *three* may kneel before it on this occasion, and his prayer is heard. "Uncle John" and the good missionary have only had time to come and go when Madame and her guest arrive. Blandine needed the God-given strength she had just received to welcome the guest, who looks down upon her as haughtily as of old, as she coldly offers her hand.

"I need not introduce you," said Madame. And she was right. Blandine needed no introduction to Mlle. Donzelli.

(*To be continued.*)



## PILGRIMAGES TO PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

SOON after the Holy Father had issued the *Bull* announcing the Jubilee we are celebrating this year, he addressed to the bishops, clergy and laity of the Church, a letter calling on them to consecrate the world to the Heart of Jesus Christ. He looked to this consecration for a renewal of the spirit of devotion which would help to make the Jubilee successful, not only by turning the eyes of all men to the vicar of Christ, but also, and specially by inspiring all of them to join in the solemn act of homage to Christ, by which he wishes this century to be distinguished from every other.

"But a short time ago, as you well know," were the opening words of this letter, "We, by letters apostolic, and following the customs and ordinances of Our predecessors, commanded the celebration in this city at no distant date, of a holy year. And now to-day, in the hope and with the object that this religious celebration be more devoutly performed, We have traced and recommended a striking design, from which, if all shall follow it out with a hearty good will, we not unreasonably expect extraordinary and lasting benefits not only for Christendom but also for the whole human race."

The striking design was to consecrate the world to the Heart of Jesus Christ

as a more signal act of devotion, and "in a manner the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Sacred Heart." How significant His Holiness considered this decree is clear from the emphasis he lays on the fact that the decision has been made after twenty-five years' deliberation.

Having thus placed the celebration of the Holy Year under the auspices of the Sacred Heart, it is not surprising that he should bless the project of renewing, during this year of Jubilee pilgrimages to Rome, the pilgrimages which have been made from time to time to Paray-le-Monial, the cradle of devotion to the Heart of Jesus.

It is now two hundred and thirty years since an humble Sister of the Visitation, cloistered in her monastery at Paray, gave to the world the message about the love of Christ for men, which has given such an impulse to Catholic faith and piety in every corner of the earth. Margaret Mary Alacoque, now venerated as one of the Blessed Servants of God, was a simple nun, cut off from the great world, often misunderstood and regarded as an enthusiast by her superiors, rarely favored with the counsels of an experienced director, and still charged with a mission which seemed not only beyond her powers, but even

utterly inconsistent with her vocation.

Margaret Mary lived in an age when the charity of men had grown cold, when the pride which had led to Luther's revolt had already culminated in the blasphemous conceit of Calvinism, and had begun to infect Catholic France, so much so that traitorous men were attempting to rob the people of their faith, first, by depriving them of a sure ground of hope, teaching that Christ did not love all men, because he had not died to save them all, and secondly by depriving them of the very source of Christian life by persuading them to abstain from the Sacraments of Penance and of the Holy Eucharist. Hidden away in the cloister, unacquainted with the men or women who were resisting this heresy of Jansenism, she could not have known its evils nor devised its remedy without some extraordinary light from heaven, and even when that light had been vouchsafed her she could not have uttered, without some special assistance, the cry which would resound in the uttermost parts of the earth and keep ringing loud and clear until our own day. No one who knows the marvels of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as practised in the Church during the past two centuries, according to the teaching of Blessed Margaret Mary, doubts that she received special communications from Christ Himself, as she relates with so much sincerity in her letters and autobiography. In fact, it is a sign of little faith, of the slowness of heart to belief, so plainly rebuked by our Lord, to counsel or practise this devotion without making mention of the extraordinary graces by which the simple nun of Paray was moved to propagate it.

As we have repeated so often in these pages, and as the Apostle of devotion to the Sacred Heart recounts so often in her writings, our Saviour manifested Himself to her, appearing to her eyes in visible form, and spoke with her, declaring His love for men, showing His Heart as the symbol of His love, deploring their in-

gratitude, inviting their coöperation in His efforts to repair the evils of their sins, specifying the practices which would enable them to honor Him, and urging her to make known His message to all the world. Sometimes in the chapel of the monastery, sometimes in its garden, He appeared to her, often He spoke to her heart in the silence of her cell, but the burden of His message was always the same, never adding what men had not known before, but always repeating what had already been revealed and written in the Scriptures about His love and sacrifice for all men, and about His yearning for their love in return.

This is why the Catholic world, since Blessed Margaret Mary's time, has looked upon Paray-le-Monial as a shrine or sanctuary of the greatest devotion the world has ever known. From out that little city of but a few thousand inhabitants, has come forth a spirit which has renewed the earth. The message of the holy Visitandine cloistered within its walls has brought home to a world of men and women, whose faith was in decay, the form and figure of Christ as vividly as when He stood before the doubting Thomas; nay, it has enabled them to see with the eye what he searched for with his hands, the Heart of Christ broken and pierced for our iniquities; it has crushed the hidden serpent of Jansenism, and challenged and overcome every insidious effort of liberalism to show that Christ is here or there according to its accommodating assumptions, by manifesting Him as He is divine and human, bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, with a heart like ours capable of suffering pain, of seeking sympathy, feeling for our infirmities, throbbing with love for us, and yearning with all the craving of an infinite love, to infuse life and love into every member of the mystic body of which He is the head, to impart His spirit unto all men whom He has adopted as His brethren and made after His likeness to be the sons of God.

It is no exaggeration, therefore, to consider Paray-le-Monial as the shrine which is most like the holy places in Palestine, like Nazareth, the Temple, Thabor, Calvary, consecrated by the presence of Christ in His mortal life. Without comparing it with other shrines or sanctuaries, or claiming for it precedence over them, it has one distinctive merit, and it is, that though it is but little frequented by the faithful in pilgrimage, it is never out of their minds or hearts, and it has done more than any other spot in Christendom to make almost every Catholic church, nay more, almost every Catholic home a shrine in which the Sacred Heart of Jesus is adored and praised. If crowds do not congregate in Paray-le-Monial, if there be no miraculous grotto or statue there, the multitudes of communicants who approach our altar-rails on every First Friday of the month, the worshippers who kneel before the Blessed Sacrament exposed on our altars, the crowds attending the monthly or weekly services in our churches to honor the Sacred Heart, and the Catholic households in which an image or picture of the Sacred Heart is set up for worship, all attest the universal veneration in which Paray and its chief sanctuary are held in the hearts of Catholics. While the influence of other shrines is to lead Catholics to visit them in pilgrimage, that of Paray-le-Monial seems to be to invest every corner of the earth with its own sacred associations. Margaret Mary's special endeavor was not to make Paray a shrine, not to draw people to invade the sacred precincts of her monastery, but to multiply the places all over the earth in

which the image of the Heart of Jesus should be held in veneration.

After describing, as we have done at length in the opening pages of this number, the city and the sanctuary in which devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus had its origin, we need not dwell further on the reasons why a call should be made for pilgrimages to Paray from every part of the world during this Jubilee year. The time is opportune even for ourselves, distant as we are from Europe, since the Jubilee and the Paris Exposition will naturally attract to Rome and Paris so many who will wish to visit Paray also. The year is favorable, because it has been set apart by the Church for a Solemn Act of Homage to Jesus Christ, and what act could be more solemn than that which brings men to the shrine where He manifested in a special manner His sovereign love for mankind and His desire to reign over their hearts? Even should no large pilgrimage be organized in this country, what Promoter is there who would not, if it were possible, make this pilgrimage? Whether possible for us individually or not, it is a worthy object of our prayers, since we should wish to obtain by God's mercy that thousands of people may be so favored as to make this pilgrimage, to go in all piety to the Shrine of the Sacred Heart, to take part in a magnificent manifestation of devotion to Christ where His Heart was revealed to us as the symbol of His love, to be filled there with the spirit of His charity, and to return in safety to spread among men the abundant graces they would surely obtain in such a blessed journey.

## O'CONNER'S HERO.

*By John J. A. Becket.*

O'CONNER let his hoe drop as the sun went down behind the Virginia mountains. The great luminary's work was over for the day and so was his. The sweat on his forehead dampened the thick grey hair that straggled below the peak of his furze cap. His keen Irish eyes looked with pensive wistfulness on the familiar view. How many sunsets had he seen in the wilderness! How many years it was since he had sailed from Ireland for the Western shore toward which his countrymen so naturally drift; sailed, full of ignorance and hope. He had achieved nothing very brilliant. This small farm on the mountain side was his and he had built a primitive cabin on it with his own horny hands. He seemed to have grown into the fragrant isolation of the airy region from which he wrung his living. Now his beard was pretty white and his russet skin was wrinkled.

But he was not thinking of the lonely being he was as he stood wrapt in thought in the sweet dusk, his sparkling eyes, a film of abstraction over their brightness, peering into the golden West. His soul was steeped in a vision familiar to his avid ideality. The Capitol rose in its magnificent mass, the Nation's flag fluttering from its heights, swallows darting in and out of the arches where with grateful irreverence they had built their nests. Beneath its swelling dome, a sonorous voice rang through the Senate Chamber, thrilling with the passionate cogency of his hero's oratory. His stout heart thumped anew with tense perception of the scene. The young Senator, Edward McCarthy, was his ideal of the Irish patriot transplanted to an alien but adopted land which magnanimously honored his worth in the work-shop of the Nation's strongest brains.

He had read of him: had slowly conned his speeches: had grown friendly with the indomitable manliness of him: had approved the sweetness of his heart and pictured with content the endearing phases of his home life. But the old Irishman was never so moved by thought of him as when he conjured up the spectacle of his virile force swaying rows of Senators agape before the magic of his suasion.

In the flesh, he had never set eyes on him.

Day by day, the craving to behold him grew more insistent. Senator from this "Old Dominion State," he lived in a county not far away, and several times, in November, had come to a deer-stand in the adjacent county: but poverty and fate had kept Dominic O'Conner from slaking his vision on the face of the man who represented him in the Senate. Once he had actually started for the county seat to hear his idol speak; but his cow got foundered and he was too late for the barbecue!

The cow and the patch of land with the cabin were the sum total of his earthly possessions, except the huge Saint Bernard dog which he had found one bleak morning, barking beside the frozen form of his master, a young Englishman gone astray in the mountains. He had been hand in hand with poverty, ever since he pattered around on Irish bog, and was as accustomed to her as a husband to the homely face of a good wife. But of late, sometimes when he let fall his hoe and contemplated, as he faced the dying sun, the hero who had taken such hold upon his simple soul, he felt a dumb resentment at the lack of means which barred him from a pilgrimage to where he was. In his unthinking resignation to a straitened lot,

this one desire stood up like a steel thorn which made his heart bleed. He sought to exorcise this smouldering rebelliousness by work, trying to bury the uplifting hope with the seed he cast into the broken earth. Yet despite him, he could not but aspire to the day when he should look into the strong, kindling eyes of this man among men.

Once in a burst of familiar nearness to his hero, he had written to him with a bold request that he would send him a few garden seeds! Then he had walked to every train for a week in desperate fear that his audacity would reap naught but the humiliating chiding of the great Senator's silence. But one morning he got a long envelope with "U. S. S." on it in blue. Flushing like a girl at the sight of it, O'Conner opened the packet as if it were a personal message from an Apostle. He had never known the full swelling of pride till he read the magnanimous words.

MR. DOMINIC O'CONNER :

DEAR SIR :

It gives me pleasure to respond to your modest request by sending you a good supply of garden seed : also some choice flower seed. Perhaps I may be in your part of the world next summer and shall look in upon the crop. Daniel Flanagan tells me that you are from Tyrone. That is my father's county and I have a warm feeling for every Irishman who hails from it.

Yours very truly,

EDWARD MCCARTHY.

Nobody would have pitied the old man for his barren lot could he have seen into his gladsome soul as he trudged vigorously back to his cabin. With all reverence, he tucked the precious missive from the hero for whom his heart was niche, back of a rude print of the Crucifixion. The good Lord gave His life for men, and Edward McCarthy was giving his for the good of his fellows, Dominic O'Conner and the others.

It was the same spirit of ingenuous loyalty and simple regard that led the old Irishman to call his great dog, McCarthy. A fit namesake, this noble dumb thing which would wander forth from the cabin when evening glow signalled respite from toil, and, going to his master's side, would stand looking up with eloquent eyes for a word of greeting. He would remain supportingly by, as the old man's worshipful fancy reared again in the golden frame of the West, the majestic pile within which his splendid countryman set the pulses of men astir. When he felt the dew beneath his hand on the tawny back of his own loyal admirer, O'Conner would stalk slowly to the cabin, light his pipe and continue his devotions at the shrine of McCarthy.

Then came to him one day the acutest joy in his life of prose, which glittered with such one-syllabled words of poetry as love, truth, right, duty, hope. Its source, his exemplar of humanity, the man of Tyrone.

A shadow fell across his threshold.

"Is it you, Kathleen?" he asked, knowing so well it was that he knocked the ashes from his pipe against the end of a flame-spitting log before he turned his head to greet her with a gleam from his clear blue eyes.

She came forward and took the rush-bottomed chair across from him, swinging round the rifle that hung at her back to rest it on the floor. The same hardy, guileless type as himself, his old-time neighbor was such a Diana in homespun that he gave no special heed to the weapon she bore. Her gray eyes considered the compact figure, slightly bending forward in tranquil expectation. After a moment, she spoke.

"The Senator's ben at the house."

O'Conner let his question fall slowly :  
"Ben and gone?"

"Yes. He was at the Court House, 'nd only stopped for dinner. I wanted to come for you, Dominic." She spoke slowly, administering the disappointment

in sympathetic mitigation. "I would have, if the horse hadn't gone to the mill, 'nd he couldn't wait."

His left hand rubbed his heavy eyebrow in an absent sort of way. Then he beat his empty pipe two or three times against the palm of his hand.

"He sent you this," said Kathleen, sitting up and holding the rifle erect.

"Sent me—that!"

He rose alertly, strode forward and grasped it.

"Yes," said Kathleen with full appreciation. "Please give that to my good friend, O'Conner," says he, "with my respects. And tell him it's a gun fit for a man from Tyrone."

"With his respects," muttered the old man. "McCarthy!" He held the gun as if it were a new-born infant.

"And will you be after looking at the stock of it," cried Kathleen, warming up. "He made that himself! Cut the wood, dried it, and carved them pretty things on it. He even drilled the screw-holes with his own hand, do you mind? 'Give it to Mr. O'Conner, with my respects. My *best* respects.' Those be his exact words."

"Best? Did he say his *best* respects, Kathleen?" demanded O'Conner with gravity.

"He did that, Dominic; for I know I thought the eloquence of him! Sure, I don't think the City of New York could show a better gun nor that."

She ran her fingers over the glistening walnut and the incised pattern on the stock. McCarthy stood back with it, a little jealously.

"Thank you, my good girl, for bringing me the likes of that. It's long I've been thirsting for a sight of his face and to hear him speak with the music of his voice. The day must come when I shall. But it's not complainin' I am when the great Edward McCarthy sends me a rifle fit for an Emperor. With 'his best respects.' You *didn't* put in the 'best,' did *you*, Kathleen?"

"The Saints forbid, Dominic O'Con-

ner. Would I be addin' words of my own invention to the speech of him, that flows like wild honey? Shure, if I could say it like him, man dear, it would sound more than 'best.' An' now I'll be goin' to leave you alone with the gun to get used to it."

O'Conner made no effort detain her. Kathleen and the gun were too much company for him as yet. When she had gone, he sat down and examined every inch of it; turned it around, fingered it, held it, aimed it at an imaginary eagle, and loved it; until the huge log burned through and the ends fell together with a soft crash. He rose with a long inflation of his chest and placed it carefully on his cot. Then like a good old child, knelt down, said his prayers, and as the dawn was blotting out the stars got into bed. He went to sleep with his hand on the rifle lying at his side, on the grey blanket.

It was a sharp, clear morning, when O'Conner stood, fully dressed in his "best clothes" for a journey. He wore his mountain boots and had a green woolen cloth around his neck. "McCarthy" waited with interest for the break into the outer world. When he reached the door of his cabin, the old man paused and looked up the road. A dry creak had prepared him for the spectacle of Kathleen, sitting in an ox-cart, wrapped up, like a mummy, in swathings against the cold, and urging forward a superannuated pair of oxen, whose ruffled fur showed dingily in the fresh brilliancy of the wintry weather.

"Can I do anything for you to-day, Dominic?" she called, as the steaming steers came to a halt. "I'm goin' to town."

"Then it's meself you can take with you, my girl," he replied briskly. His foot was already on the wheel and as soon as he was settled, he helped in "McCarthy," who lay down over Kathleen's feet as if in chivalrous devotion to the sex.

"To town, is it?" she cried, goading

her reluctant team to more hated exertion. "Shure, you wasn't meaning to *walk* it, Dominic! You'd be frozen before you got there."

"Kathleen, my brother, Mike, in Californy, is dead—God rest his soul!—and his lawyer man has sent me a check for a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars! Whatever will you be after doing with it?"

"I'm going to Washington to see Edward McCarthy," he replied with quiet exultation.

Kathleen gasped at the audacity and expense of it.

"Yes," said the old man, raising his head; "it's a long night that has no sunrise, acushla. My sun is rising and will shine on the head of one of th' Almighty's finest make for me to see his blessed face. I'm taking him the best thing I have in the world, the good dog there. It's long ago he'd have had him, only for the money it took to send him. Sure, Kathleen, money can't do much, but what it can, it does powerful well."

Kathleen snuggled her feet under the great dog's side with a new appreciation of its warmth. The wind whistled and blew the fine particles into their faces, until they glistened like frosted pipkins. They fared on in silence, the cart groaning, a thin steam rising from the oxen. Once a shot rang out and a deer flew across the road and dashed into the woods. O'Conner urged the oxen incessantly. He was getting too slowly to his goal after the long waiting. He was so lost in picturing the event of the near future, that he did not notice how quiet he and his companion were. Kathleen set him down at last to wait yet a little longer for the train which should whirl him to Washington. It was too cold to linger to see him start, but she looked back two or three times at the sturdy figure striding up and down on the small platform, "McCarthy" slouching at his heels with jovial patience. O'Conner did not see her. His eyes were up the track.

... Washington!

When O'Conner made his way out of the station, he beheld the stretches of the beautiful city sheeted in dazzling white. Had he found it buried in blackness that left nothing visible, he would have loved its hospitable charm: for he had no thought save of him whom it held for his coming.

"Drive me to the Capitol as fast as you can get there," he said to the first cabman he met, and clambered in, the Saint Bernard crowding jealously in after him.

He had not tasted food or drunk anything since he left his cabin, but he felt no hunger save that of his greedy soul, and scarcely heeded the biting cold. He breathed a little heavily as he felt how near he was to his heart's desire. Should he fail now? But he could not, for he had stepped out and there was the Capitol before him, not a dream, but solid reality. Still, his hand trembled slightly as he paid the cabman.

The Capitol loomed grander than he had ever fancied it. Its imposing mass of pillared height and soaring dome seemed as if it had sprung into the upper blue, born of the white earth. A crowd of muffled men and women were decorously making their way up the long steps. Perhaps McCarthy was to speak to-day, and they were thronging to hear him. He would like to see him first, as he had so often pictured him; his spare, well-knit figure, drawn to its full height, his Celt fire kindling the souls of his adopted countrymen by passionate pleas for their national interests.

A lady gave a curious glance at the eager, roughly-clad Irishman, with the beaming face, as he pressed forward, the great dog slouching close at his heels. O'Conner saw no one individually. He only knew that there were many pilgrims to the national shrine.

In his doubt as to where he should go, he followed the throng, which swept him into the rotunda. Then, still following a stream of people, he found himself at



the door of the Senate. Oh, these city folk ! It irked him to see their sad faces, such as the mountains did not show. He hoped McCarthy's would not wear that constrained expression. There was a glow in his heart and a glitter in his eye. He was here, where Edward McCarthy won his glory and did his good.

A guard stopped him to ask about the dog. As O'Conner was trying to explain why he had brought him, his fear of delay or frustration making him awkward and diffident, someone approached wearing the purple robe and cape of a bishop.

"Can I do anything for you, my good man?" he asked considerably.

"You can, Your Lordship," he answered with blunt trustfulness. "I want to see Senator McCarthy. Edward McCarthy, Your Lordship. I've brought the dog for him. I've never seen him, but it's long that I've desired to. He'll know me, Your Lordship, if you'll only tell him Dominic O'Conner is here to see him and shake his hand. With his best respects, Your Lordship."

The bishop's face grew grave before the childlike assurance and joy in that of the old Irishman, whose blue eyes quivered with supplication.

"My son," he said with slow gentleness, "I fear you will not find the Senator can greet you as you hope. All of this throng of people are come here today to see him."

Then, as the rugged face reflected only pride at this homage to his hero, the prelate went on quickly and with unction: "But you will see him as God has willed you should. Remember that, my son. These citizens are here to see how the Nation honors the noble man who is dead in her service. Go in with them, Mr. O'Conner, and look at him. It will give you peace if not the joy you were counting on."

The stanch old man stood, numbed by the blow, his face seeming to shrivel. Only a moment. He straightened up, in the pathetic resignation of one who

takes sorrow from the hand of the Lord instead of repulsing it with a curse.

"I am sorry. God rest him!"

The Bishop put his hand on the hard arm and guided him into the Senate Chamber where the young Senator lay in state. Under his guidance, O'Conner drew near the casket, bent forward and saw McCarthy. He had dreamed that he would behold him in some flight of burning oratory, his soul flashing through look, word and gesture, as the exuberant passion of his sincerity swept his auditors on to the goal he set before them. Instead, he saw a noble face with death's calm upon it: veiled eyes, closed lips and hushed repose giving tribute, as it were, to a mightier eloquence than his own. As O'Conner looked upon him, through the cool perfume of the white roses strewn on the casket's lid and the delicate breath of the violets massed on the black steps came a warm whiff from the melting candles whose spears of flame fluttered above the dead. It swept O'Conner back to the days when a rugged, barefooted lad, he had served the Mass in Tyrone. Two hot, big tears gathered in his eyes, rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks and splashed upon the black cloth.

"Oh, the boyish look of him! And the folded hands after the good work!"

He spoke the words audibly, in a smothered voice, forgetful of all but McCarthy and himself. He stretched forth his calloused hand and gave a fatherly stroke to the fine, brown hair that overhung the broad brow. Then he fell back into the crowd and sank upon his knees to pray for the soul of him whose warm, friendly grasp he had hoped to know ere this.

The Bishop had not lost sight of him, and now brought up a friend of the dead Senator who took O'Conner to a good place on the Senate floor. After a little, he saw the President and the legislators of the Nation file into the large, severe room to render tribute to their brother statesman who had been called, leaving

the plough with its share buried in the unfinished furrow. Then followed the Senator's family and a stream of surplised altar boys, the assisting clergy and the Bishop. The remains were blessed and the Bishop spoke a few telling words on the man, good and true to his every trust, whom the country grieved for, cut off in his energetic prime.

As in a dream, O'Conner saw the casket uplifted and borne away, and the dense crowd silently melt after it, leaving him alone in the great, empty hall which had been the scene of his hero's activity. Again the friendly prelate came to this unique mourner who had come in glad-heartedness to meet the living, and had found greeting of the dead.

"This is a bunch of violets I took from those they had piled around his coffin, thinking you might like them, Mr. O'Conner," he said.

"Yes, I do. Thank Your Lordship," he replied haltingly. "I would, indeed."

He grasped them, rose stiffly and bowing to the Bishop with uncouth dignity, moved slowly out of the echoing chamber. As he abstractedly descended the long flight of steps he had mounted so short a time before in fevered expectancy, he raised the bunch of violets to his

face and drew comfort from their chill perfume. Once he paused and looked back, not knowing why. The Saint Bernard rubbed his head against his leg and raised his eyes inquiringly. It recalled him. He let the hand which held the flowers fall for a moment on the dog's massive head, and gathering the mute sympathy in his eyes, patted him. Then he turned and went down the rest of the steps.

Before he left it all, he wheeled slowly about and looked up. High in the air, from the top of the Capitol, taut in the strong wind but with ripples as of life through its red and white and blue, flew the Stars and Stripes—Flag of the Nation, for which and beneath which McCarthy had worked out his destiny. The Senator was dead, before his time: but thanks to him and his like, the flag would never die!

O'Conner is back in his mountains, as deep a peace as ever in his soul, and a glory which no man shall take from him. Whether he hoes his field, or peers into the dying day, or smokes, pensive at his bare hearth, the old dog drowsing at his feet, he still looks forward to seeing McCarthy's face and hearing his mellow voice, one day.

## A FORGOTTEN SAINT.

*By the Rev. Richard Henebry.*

**T**ADG GOIDLACH O'SULLIVAN was a foremost singer of the band of troubadours that helped to lighten the sorrows of Munster in the last century. From one leading a vain and wayward life, the poor man, responding to some extraordinary influx of grace, became a saint. His song-themes underwent a corresponding change, for he sought to make atonement for whatever scandal his profane ballads might have given by consecrating his wonderful gift of song to the office of praising God.

His language is transcendent in beauty; however, it is not to this, but to his piety that I would direct attention here. If an opinion be permitted me, I should say that in the whole annals of the Church, there is nowhere found a meet parallel to the confiding simplicity and the boldness springing from it, that grace the outpourings from the full heart of this poor wanderer.

Father Pierser de Poer (of the Power family of Rath, Carrick-beg) reported his pious songs and got them printed in

Clonmel. Later editions used to be peddled at all public gatherings in Munster for fifty years.

The following scheme for Englishing his song of the Sacred Heart may or may not give an idea of what he said. The power and the medium of expression are all too weak, viz., my own insufficiency and the mere English language. It stands *longo intervallo* behind the original; how far exactly will be known, however, to those only who enjoy the supreme advantage of an ability to read and understand his words. And they will not cavil.

Tadg was a little man, illiterate, and died in April, 1795. His resting-place in Ballylaneen churchyard, County Waterford, is unmarked save for the poor memorial of a little iron cross placed at his head by the charity of a local blacksmith. He owes his title Goidlach, "Irish," to the fact that he knew no English. He was a native of County Kerry, but spent the most of his days amongst the Dési and the I.e Poers of County Waterford.

THE DUAN CHRIDI ISU OF TADG GOIDLACH.

I.

The gladness of my heart, that Heart of Thine;

My heart Thy Heart's embrace deems richest hoard,

For filled Thy breaking Heart with love for mine;

Enfolded in my heart Thy Heart be stored.

II.

Thy woes through me, O King the All-empower'd,

In seeming tale to tell surpasseth lore,  
With Heaven's wage a myriad saints  
hath dower'd

Thy venom-wounded Heart's fell scalding sore.

III.

Jesus, Father, though sanéd in Thy death,

Though shaped my face to Thine by master craft,

Yet sad, O Christ, with might of brain and breath

I slighted still the cup Thy need hath quaff't.

IV.

Thy law, by Moses doled to many hosts,  
My wanton will to meekness never wrought;

I bade new sin make bidding with the ghosts

Of long-begotten guilt in heart distraught.

V.

Now sorrow-rived I hie me forth to wend  
My pilgrim path by land of (1) Owen  
and (2) Alve;

To wail a prayer that God my loss forefend,

To eke a tear my wounded soul to salve.

VI.

Returning home, O Christ, at Thy behest

In grace bemantled fair as flowing milk,

The rugged rocks that often broke my rest

As satin lawns shall lie and glebes of silk.

THE BOND-VERSE.

Though exiled Holy King from Heaven here

For us ~~through~~ darkened ways of Earth to roam,

I never claimed Thee till the bitter spear  
In thy dead Heart for men had cleft a home.

In Bunnén ærach.

(1) *Cinel Eoghain*, now Tyrone; a reference to St. Patrick's Purgatory, a celebrated place of pilgrimage on an island in Lough Derg.

(2) *Magn-Ailbe*, "the Plain of Ailbe," now Moyalliff, a parish in the barony of Kilnamanagh five miles west of Thurles in the County of Tipperary.



## EDITORIAL.

### THE GODLESS SCHOOL.

Some Catholic children refused to be present when the Bible was read during class hours at a public school in Piermont, New York, whereupon they were expelled, until State Superintendent of Education Skinner decided that such reading was a religious exercise and therefore not permissible in the public schools. Almost at the same time the State Superintendent of Education for Ohio was making a similar decision to meet the case of the public school at Fulda, whose patrons are all Roman Catholics. By the advice of the Attorney-General, to teach the catechism or Bible history in the schools is an unlawful diversion of the school funds of the State and should be prohibited. We have not yet heard that any decision has been given to meet the difficulty in the McDonald school, in Harrisburg, Pa., from which forty Catholic children were lately driven out for refusing to attend the Protestant religious exercises which had been held in the school for some time. No doubt the religious exercise will be suppressed, and soon we shall have the universal admission by our State authorities that religion can have no place in the education given in our public or common, or, as they are sometimes erroneously called, "free" schools, since parents have to pay dearly for them, though they have little or no voice in their management or system, and have reason too often to fear the attempts of the State to compel them to send their children to

what they rightly consider as Godless schools.

### THE PAROCHIAL SCHOOL.

It seems very inconsistent on the part of our Protestant citizens to contend for the reading of the Bible in our "free" schools so called, now that their ministers generally are disputing so much about its authority and value as an inspired or revealed rule of faith. How shall they explain to young minds all the human errors, perversions, and contradictions which the critics,—and what Protestant, by right of private judgment, is not a critic,—choose to find in it? Nor have they any substitute on which they can agree among themselves, even the civic, unsectarian or undogmatic lesson in morality; so that they must at length face the evil of a Godless education in the common schools, for which they are chiefly responsible, or introduce, as their more enlightened brethren have done in England and Germany, either a proper system of denominational education in our public schools, or allow parents to apply the education tax, they are forced to pay, to the schools which provide what they consider proper religious education for their children. We might suggest as an alternative the parochial school system of the Catholic Church, which many of the Protestant bodies imitate on a small scale; but that might be asking too much, unless, indeed, they could be made to see that our parochial school is the chief reason why we never need complain, as they do, of

empty churches or, what is worse, of the decay of faith among our communicants. The \$20,000,000, or more, contributed annually by Catholics to the 3,000 parochial schools in which 800,000 Catholic children are educated, is a noble, and so far as a solid religious education is concerned, a far more profitable investment than the \$30,000,000 given annually to non-Catholic colleges which for the most part bring up young men to consider themselves above any form or profession of faith.

#### DENOMINATIONAL SCHOOL SYSTEM.

The hope of having a proper denominational system of education is not a vain one, if we may judge by the sentiments very commonly expressed in our leading Protestant newspapers, and in some secular and educational organs. Some of them advocate it plainly; the others are so impressed by the need of religious instruction in education that they suggest various means of supplying it, though they seem as yet to regard our public school system as too sacred to let even religion be intruded into it. The *Spectator* for January 20, assumes that Nonconformists as well as Churchmen and Roman Catholics consider religion "an absolutely vital element of all education worthy of the name. They recognize, we know well, that alike for the solution of our great social problems at home, and for the worthy discharge of our vast imperial responsibilities abroad, it is essential that the English should be a religious people—that in both directions a readiness to face personal sacrifices is and will be called for—not only at times of obvious crisis, like the present, but steadily and at all times, and that a temper of that quality can only be expected to flourish permanently in a distinctly Christian nation. Such a nation, as they would agree, can only exist if from generation to generation it is brought up in the faith. And that can only happen if in schools for all classes the essential doctrines of Christianity are plain-

ly taught and an atmosphere corresponding to them maintained." The purpose of the *Spectator* is to recommend to the Nonconformists some articles in the *Church Quarterly* as offering a plan by which state money could be applied to denominational education in a manner satisfactory to all parties. The *Churchman*, for January 27, says: "We recall no time in this generation when the serious consideration of the religious instruction of the young has been pressed upon us so earnestly and from such varied quarters. . . . Religious training is not taking the place to which it is pedagogically entitled. . . . The responsibility for this rests with the parent." The editorial is based on Professor Butler's address delivered in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, last October and published in the *Educational Review* for December. The Professor is candid enough to admit that: "The separation of religious training from education as a whole is the outgrowth of Protestantism and of democracy," but the *Churchman* suppresses mention of the first source, merely stating that: "It is the natural result, as Professor Butler showed in his address some time since at St. Bartholomew's Church, of our democratic institutions." The editor, however, agrees with Professor Butler's view, that though "in other times and in other nations today religious training has been and is united as a matter of course to the secular," this is impossible in the United States, so that we must devise some other means of giving religious instruction to our children. He adopts the view of Professor Butler that "The Sunday School . . . is a necessary part of the whole educational machinery of our time." The very extent to which these men would make the Sunday-school a necessary part of the "national," to quote the *Churchman*, "educational machinery of our time," appears from their proposal to lengthen the hours, to hold class on Saturday as

well as on Sunday, to multiply the subjects of study, to train the teachers and pay them, in a word if they would put it plainly, to make the Sunday-school a weekly two days substitute for the parochial school, making it "reach out beyond the Bible and the catechism . . . make use of biography, of history, of geography, of literature and art, to give both breadth, and depth and vitality to the truths it teaches and enforces." The *Christian Intelligencer* (Dutch Reformed) has lately been advocating religious instruction in the schools, at least in its ethical aspects. But it wants the Bible as a basis of such an instruction. All recognize the need of religious instruction in the schools, all are beginning to admit their attempts to supply it hitherto have failed; is it in vain we hope that they may soon agree to adopt what they know in their hearts to be the only proper and possible way of giving a sound religious education to our young people, viz., by letting all who wish their children to have it, apply their taxes to the schools to which they choose to send them for this purpose?

#### PARENTS' RIGHTS VS. STATE CONTROL.

Our priests generally do not fail to teach the faithful their duty in the matter of educating their children; but they may not insist enough on the rights of parents to control this education and to resist the efforts of the State, or, rather of politicians who manipulate the resources of the State, to wrest from them this control. Our pastors cannot easily follow the pernicious activity of such politicians, particularly when they combine with the heads and factotums of some of our large secular colleges to share in a monopoly of public education, and often they are unaware that compulsory educational measures are being framed until it is too late to defeat them. On the other hand, many of their parishioners know or think little of their rights to resist such measures, simply because they have grown accustomed to accepting

education for their children from the State, as though the State had the right to impose it on them. Catholics in New York State are actually confronted with this condition of things. According to the masterly article in the January number of the *Ecclesiastical Review* on: "The Trend of National Educational Legislation in the United States," it is not a new danger, nor one that threatens them alone; nor, we regret to say, has it always been met with sufficient vigilance or determination, simply because Catholics have not been instructed about their rights to the exclusive control of the education of their children, nor led by their pastors to act together in resisting the attempts of political sciolists to rob them of this sacred right. We are delighted to notice that the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, the *Sacred Heart Review*, the *Review*, some of the college journals, notably the *Fordham College Monthly*, are keeping their readers informed on these matters, and we cannot recommend a more worthy enterprise to the Catholic press generally, than the presentation and defence of the claims of Catholic education.

#### EXAMPLES FROM GERMANY AND FRANCE.

The Catholics in Germany have given us a splendid example in this. Step by step they have fought the iniquitous enactments of the Kulturkampf for nearly three decades, until now, with the balance of power in the Reichstag fully in their hands, they may hope to have its last and most odious statutes repealed. In France the resistance Catholics are making to the socialistic measures of MM. Leygues and Waldeck-Rousseau is leading even those who oppose them politically in other respects, to unite with them in their efforts against the *Scolarité* bill, by which every young man who wishes to take a position under the government would be obliged to spend the last three years of his studies in a State lycée. We quote elsewhere some of the letters of adhesion to Count

de Mun's appeal for action against this bill, the avowed purpose of which in the Minister's own words is to become master of the minds of the children for the sake of public utility. Already the Commission of Education has condemned the measure by a vote of fourteen to nine as a flagrant violation of conscience, but it must still come before the Chamber of Deputies. The control of the minds of children for the sake of public utility reminds us of a phrase which is found in the opening clause of a law proposed to regulate education in New York State. "Children of the State," it calls our children, and the words have been adopted unsuspectingly by the editor of a Catholic magazine, as if they do not imply the right which the State arrogantly claims throughout the measure of compelling not only the education of children, but also the co-operation of parents to educate them in the manner and to the extent the State chooses to require.

#### THE CATHOLIC'S DUTY.

All this opposition to religious teaching in the schools necessarily arouses Catholics to a sense of their duty to support their own schools, parochial, academic, collegiate and university, so as to enable them to give their pupils a complete and thorough education. If the State will not as yet do us the justice to allow us to devote our own share of the educational tax to our own schools, then at least it must keep its hands off our parochial, which are strictly speaking private, schools; if some wealthy colleges strive to crowd out our own, or to allure our young men to themselves with the promise of social and commercial advantage, then our priests should warn parents of the danger of submitting their children to the influence of college presidents and professors, who are so bold in their utterances of heretical and infidel teaching as not to confine themselves to the limits of their colleges or class-rooms, but to seek every opportunity of expressing them-

selves on the platform or in our magazines in a manner to shock Catholic ears; if some of the sectarian universities refuse for no valid reason to admit graduates of our Catholic colleges to their professional schools, as President Eliot of Harvard has lately done, then it is time for us to favor more loyally the Catholic, and Georgetown, and Notre Dame Universities; or, if some of our young men must go to non-Catholic institutions, let them frequent universities, such as Yale, where their faith will be respected. It is time that the true Catholic spirit should be manifested, and the Catholic voice heard from our pulpits and lecture platforms, from our magazines and newspapers, and, in due time, in our ballot-boxes. We may not need to form a Catholic party, but we do need to cultivate a thorough Catholic sentiment on subjects which concern our religious interests and the true freedom of all our fellow citizens as well; and when necessary, we need to give to the so-called statesmen, who are forever attempting to limit our religious rights and political liberties, the only expression of our sentiments which they deem unanswerable; whether as a Catholic party or not, we do sadly need to cast, in matters that affect us as Catholics, a united Catholic vote.

#### THE ASSUMPTIONISTS.

We have often had occasion to describe in these pages the good work of the Assumptionist priests who are publishing *La Croix*. The effective service it has rendered the Church is only too clear from the fact that the present socialistic Ministry has chosen them for a first mark in its programme for exterminating clerical congregations and the Religious Orders in France. The present Ministry is to introduce a measure to declare illegal and void any body of men or women which gives up what it terms inalienable, or rights that cannot be relinquished, *e. g.* the right to hold property, the right to marry, the right to act as one's own mas-

ter. The charge against the Assumptionist Fathers is that they belonged to an association of more than twenty members, which dealt with questions of a religious, political and social nature! Needless to say, they were declared guilty, and ordered to dissolve their community as being illegal, and fined each 16 francs. They have appealed their case. For paying them a visit of sympathy the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris was called on by the Premier to explain his action, under penalty of forfeiting his stipend. For writing them letters of sympathy, five or six members of the French hierarchy were deprived of their stipends for three months. All this in a republic so-called, and we suppose in the name of liberty!

#### DR. MIVART'S CASE.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has forbidden the priests of his diocese to admit St. George Mivart to the Sacraments until he shall have retracted the errors contained in his articles in the *Nineteenth Century* and *Fortnightly Reviews* for January, and made a profession of faith according to a formula prescribed by his Eminence. His errors, which are patent to any reader of his articles, are well set forth in the *Catholic Standard and Times* of February 3, by the Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J. Strange to say, the Protestant and secular papers, which were pleased with the signs of his disaffection before he wrote these articles, were disappointed with him for making such outrageous statements. As the *Spectator* expressed it: "The Continuity of Catholicism would be more interesting were it not pretty clear that Mr. Mivart is gliding away from the Catholic faith. No dignitary of the Church would admit that a convinced believer could have written the following sen-

tence: 'Instead of proclaiming that to be true which has been believed *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, we may confidently affirm that whatever has been so believed is probably false.' Mr. Mivart produces a formidable list of changes which, he says, have occurred in Catholicism — especially one as regards the taking of interest, which was officially condemned by Popes and Councils as usury — but his argument as to the altered view taken of the Scriptures seems to us to break down. He himself states that the present Pope endorses the old belief that the whole of Scripture is at all events so far inspired as to be incapable of error, which is a proof of continuity, not of discontinuity. The fact that Dr. Hogan thinks otherwise only shows, from the Papal point of view, that eminent divines are capable of misbelief."

#### A REVELATION FROM SAMOA.

The boy king of the London Missionary Society in Samoa, Malieta Tanu, is disappointed. The missionaries bungled things in some way, and his rival Mataafa, the lawful king, is now reigning. So the boy pretender tells what he knows of the missionaries, how they live in luxury, profit by the sale of Bibles, etc., all that, in his innocence, he imagined would be news for the people who support their enterprise. The *Independent* is angry with him, or rather with the London *Times*, and concludes at once that the *Times* has been deceived, that not since the Pigott forgery has there been such a slanderous forgery as this. The favor shown to this missionary waif by the *Independent* and other Protestant papers, when Mr. Chambers was helping his cause in the interest of Protestant missionary bodies in Samoa, explains why it is now so hard for them to admit he could have proved so ungrateful.





The *London Tablet* of January 13, calls the attention of its readers to a leader [the *Times* recently saw fit to print concerning the political importance of the social movement among the Catholics of Italy. The *Tablet* refers in these terms to the leader in question : "The writer of the leader in the *Times* is beside the mark in pointing to the policy of Leo XIII. as an appeal from Cæsar to the populace, from the growing indifference to its claims displayed by secular powers to the rising strength of the democracies behind them. 'So long as the State allied itself with the Church on more or less equal terms (says the writer), the power of the Papacy was used to uphold the authority of secular governments and to suppress every symptom of revolutionary resistance.' This is no less true to day than in the days when the Empire and the Church formed the two mainsprings of the great social machinery of the Middle Ages. Even in Italy, where secular hostility to the Church has been embodied in violent dispossession, no incitement to revolutionary excesses, direct or indirect, has ever emanated from the Vatican, and the weight of its influence has been no less unvaryingly cast on the side of order than in the countries with whose rulers it is in the greatest sympathy.

"The social action of the Church as described by the *Times* correspondent, is one that should be welcomed by any civilized government, as tending towards what should naturally be its chief aim, the improvement of the conditions of life among the lower classes. 'The movement in Italy (says the writer) is intensely Papal : it is essentially popular,

without being exclusively democratic ; it does an increasing work in connection with the social question, while it remains anti-Socialistic ; it organizes the Catholic laity, with the object of winning loyalty and effective support for the Church, in return for the formation of mutual aid societies and various economic institutions for the benefit of the people.'

"The machinery consisted in 1898 of sixteen regional, 188 diocesan, and 4,044 parochial committees, which had under their control 186 journals and periodicals. The activities of the association take various forms. One section is devoted to economics, under which heading are grouped all works of co-operative utility, such as mutual aid societies, associations for the sale of agricultural produce, insurance societies, and people's banks. Works of pure beneficence form a separate category, as do workmen's unions and young men's associations. The parochial committees are declared by Count Paganuzzi to be the pivot of the movement, which has had, among its other results, that of forming a strong bond of union between clergy and laity, as well as a certain solidarity among its members in the practices of religion. Processions and other pious demonstrations are organized by the various associations, and under their auspices mass-meetings of Catholics are held on a scale of which the assemblages presided over by the Cardinal Patriarch of Venice, numbering 5,000 to 6,000, may be taken as representative. It is obvious that by the federation of all these bodies in the unity of a common faith and under the control of a single central committee, a

great social force is wielded, containing latent political possibilities capable of future development. At Parliamentary elections this influence is used at present in a purely negative sense, to enforce the Papal policy of abstention, summed up in the phrase, 'Neither elected nor electors.' As regards national politics the position of the Papacy interposes an impassable barrier between the Catholic party and the Moderates, diverting the sympathies of the former rather to the Republican section, with the dream of a federated Italy as its ideal of the future. An attitude of perpetual protest on this head is therefore that of the bulk of the Italian population, and the tenacious maintenance of the claim of the Papacy to 'independence' is an integral part of the programme of the association. The existence of so powerful a body, with this avowed hostility to the present order of things as its principle, is felt by the rulers of Italy as a silent menace to her institutions.

"While the Liberal Press of Italy point to the inauguration of the Holy Year as evidence of the spiritual freedom of the Holy See, their view is directly traversed by the words of the Pope himself. His Allocution in the Consistory of December 14, dealt specially with the position of the Papacy in regard to the celebration of the Jubilee, and showed how far it falls short of the spiritual freedom required for the exercise of its functions on such an occasion. According to traditional usage, the Holy Year should be solemnized by processions through the streets and public rites, in which the pilgrims might recognize the character of the Holy City, whereas now their religious privileges are restricted to the precincts of the churches."

The policy referred to in the above extract from *The Tablet*, is defined in a letter issued August 5, 1898, by Pope Leo to the bishops, priests and people of Italy. "In the present state of affairs," writes the Holy Father, "you must keep aloof from any active part in politics.

Turn your attention rather to the social and religious question. Better the people's morals. Make them obedient to the Church and its head. Keep them far from the dangers of socialism and anarchy by inculcating profound respect for duly constituted authority. Finally, minister to their extreme need by multiplying works of Christian charity."

The Bishop of Annecy lately published a pamphlet on "The Present Position of Catholics in France," and received in commendation of his work a spirited letter from Cardinal Perraud, Bishop of Autun. We regret our inability to present our readers with the whole of this admirable letter, want of space limiting us to these few extracts. "I am with you heart and hand in the stirring language you address to your flock, in the eminently practical advice you give, and in your earnest recommendation to them to fight as they never fought before, first of all by prayer and then by concerted action and an intelligent and conscientious use of the ballot, against the plot, already in part realized, to utterly destroy Catholicity in France. No amount of optimism can in the face of surrounding events blind men to the sad pass to which things by leaps and bounds are come. And yet all these attacks of intolerance and oppression are but the prelude to future inroads our enemies contemplate making on the ragged remnants of our liberty and our rights. In appealing to the consciences of your faithful sons, you are but seconding the work of courageous and eloquent laymen, among whom I am proud to count my colleagues in the Academy, Mr. Jules Lemaitre, and Count de Mun; laymen, who warn in no uncertain tones every friend to justice and freedom in France against the danger of bending the head to the tyrannous and degrading yoke of Freemasonry. Your manner of speech is so clear, so emphatic, that it must reach the ends of your diocese. May it be heard by every Catholic in France, and inspire all to a

man to fight with vigor and energy for their sacred rights. We take our stand on strictly legal grounds, and we are determined not to yield an inch. This is the time, this the place to use all the resources put by law at our disposal for safeguarding the interests of religion.

"We are as much citizens as other Frenchmen. We pay our taxes. We are neither rebels nor conspirators. And as the law not only imposes obligations, but also confers and guarantees vested rights, why should we submit to oppression without a word of complaint, without a demand for redress? What a pity, what a cowardly surrender of every manly instinct, if Catholics yield without protest, without a struggle, to bigots who have sworn an oath to rob the Church of her liberty, who make open boast of their intention to reduce her to the condition of an abject slave! I hear in your voice an echo of that bold appeal made by the brave Machabees to their persecuted compatriots, 'We are battling for our lives and our laws. Let us gird our loins for the fight. Let us stand brave and stand ready.'"

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It is no exaggeration to say that the eyes of all France are to-day turned on Count de Mun, mentioned with honor in the above letter of Cardinal Perraud, and everywhere hailed as the redoubtable champion of Catholicity in her struggle for freedom of education and the protection of her religious congregations from the attacks of unbelieving wolves. Here are some of the many letters addressed to him by friends of fair play irrespective of politics and creed. Paul

Bourget writes: "The father's right to manage the education of his children is an indispensable condition for the very existence of the family, dependent as it is on him and on his authority. To directly or indirectly tamper with this right, constitutes a downright crime against society."

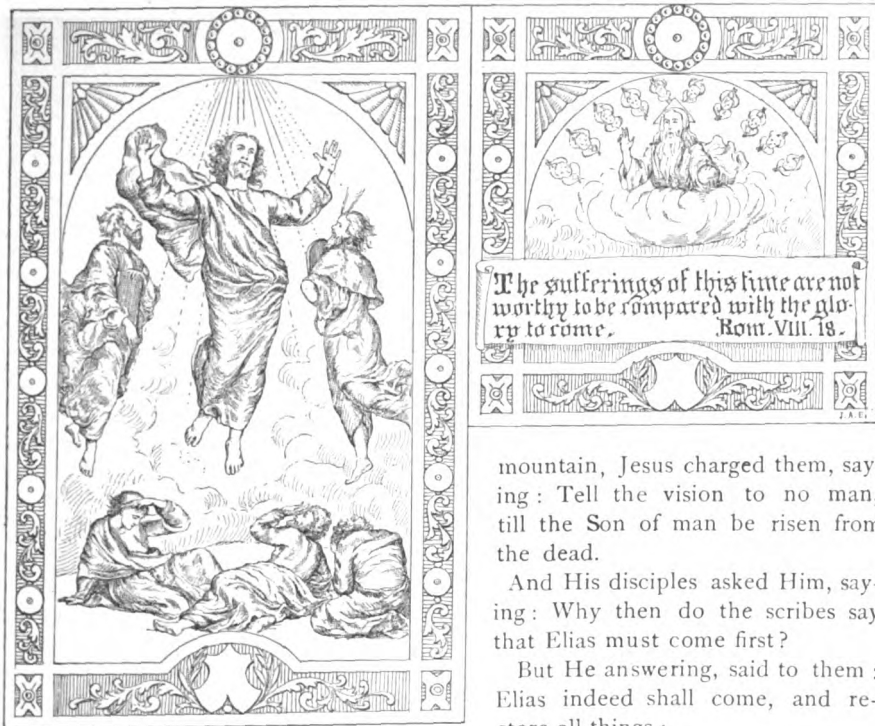
The Marquis Costa de Beauregard: "With all the energy at my disposal I protest with you against the Jacobin law, that would fashion after a preconceived type the minds and the hearts of our children."

Mr. Hébert: "The University of France, so high in our esteem, will feel hurt in its honor, if persuaded that pupils attend it only because forced to do so."

Mr. Francis Coppée: "I am heartily with you in this business. My pen and my tongue are at your service. Absolutely we must by all means vote against this iniquitous law, against this new outrage to justice and liberty."

Mr. A. Barth: "I am not a Catholic; but I belong to the University, and I reckon myself a Liberal. In this double capacity I hold it a duty to answer your note of appeal. Of all the bigoted measures already inflicted or now threatening, this would be the most hateful, a strange mixture of hypocrisy and cynicism."

Mr. C. de Witt: "As a Protestant opposed to sectarian strife, as a Liberal-monarchist opposed to Jacobin principles, as a friend of the University opposed to compulsory attendance, as a patriot opposed to the suppression of patriotic activity, cooperation and responsibility, allow me to join hands with you in this campaign."



### 15. THE TRANSFIGURATION.

And after six days Jesus taketh unto Him Peter and James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart :

And He was transfigured before them. And His face did shine as the sun : and His garments became white as snow.

And behold there appeared to them Moses and Elias talking with Him.

And Peter answering, said to Jesus : Lord, it is good for us to be here ; if Thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.

And as He was yet speaking, behold a bright cloud overshadowed them. And lo a voice out of the cloud, saying : This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased ; hear ye Him.

And the disciples hearing, fell upon their faces, and were very much afraid :

And Jesus came and touched them : and said to them : Arise, and fear not.

And they lifting up their eyes, saw no one, but only Jesus.

And as they came down from the

mountain, Jesus charged them, saying : Tell the vision to no man, till the Son of man be risen from the dead.

And His disciples asked Him, saying : Why then do the scribes say that Elias must come first ?

But He answering, said to them : Elias indeed shall come, and restore all things ;

But I say to you, that Elias is already come, and they knew him not, but have done unto him whatsoever they had a mind. So also the Son of man shall suffer from them.

Then the disciples understood that He had spoken of John the Baptist.

*St. Matthew, c. xvii.*

And His garments became shining, and exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller upon earth can make white.

\* \* \*

And as they came down from the mountain, He charged them not to tell any man what things they had seen ; till the Son of man shall be risen again from the dead.

And they asked Him, saying : Why then do the Pharisees and Scribes say that Elias must come first ?

Who answering, said to them : Elias when he shall come first, shall restore all things ; and as it is written of the Son of man, that He must suffer many things and be despised !

*St. Mark, c. ix.*

## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Now that we have introduced into the *League Leaflets* the points which we formerly gave to Promoters each month under this heading we shall not need to repeat them here. Directors will find them usually in the *League Director*.

We hope to learn before our next issue what definite plans are being made for the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial. So far as pilgrims from the United States are concerned it would seem more convenient for them to accompany some of the pilgrimages that are being organized in various parts of the country, and about these also we hope to have more definite information ready for the April number. Thus far Father Coubé who has been preaching the Paray pilgrimages in France has merely suggested that the Feast of the Sacred Heart would be a proper day for a large international pilgrimage. No doubt many people from this country will find it possible to be at

Paray on that day. At present we prefer to counsel small pilgrimages composed of parties travelling together on some of the regular steamers, and would suggest that October be a fitting season for such parties, especially as the feast of Blessed Margaret Mary falls in that month.

We beg to call the attention of our Directors and MESSENGER readers to the notice in the January and February numbers about the reduced price of the League Emblem. We shall explain in due time how we have managed to make this lower price though the Emblems are now better made than formerly. Meantime, it is important to caution all against manufacturers who may attempt to sell our Emblems, in spite of the penalty for infringing on the patent which we have taken for them in order to secure uniformity and perfect quality in the Emblem for the lowest possible price.

### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ROME, ITALY.—A letter of great importance and joy for our Apostleship. Another day assigned for the making and renewal of the Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart.

MOST REVEREND SIR :

The hope and confidence expressed by our Holy Father, Pope Leo. XIII., in his Encyclical Letter *Annum Sacrum* of the 25th day of May, of this year, on the Consecration of Mankind to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, that this act would be productive of very great good not only to the individual but for the whole Christian family, have been confirmed and augmented by the unanimous acclaim and ready good will of Christendom. No

sooner was the voice of the Supreme Pastor heard urging the world to deserve well of the Divine Victim of love, and to surrender itself entirely to His service, than at once the Romans in the first place, and after them all Europe and the most distant and widely separated regions seemed to vie with each other in yielding obedience to the desires and wishes of the Sovereign Pontiff. With what joy these tidings filled the Holy Father, I have already sufficiently made known in my letter of July 21, of this year, in which by command of the Pope himself and in his name I congratulated most warmly and returned thanks to you, and to each member of your clergy.

Now, however, word has been brought to us that the said Encyclical Letter reached some of the more remote countries too late to carry out its recommendations within the prescribed period. Wherefore humble prayer has been made His Holiness that he satisfy their pious desire also by granting them authority to consecrate themselves to the Most Sacred Heart on the same conditions as if they had rendered this solemn tribute with the rest of their brethren at the specified time. To this petition the Holy Father has kindly assented; nay more, going still farther in his indulgence, he has granted that not only the faithful whom his Encyclical reached too late, but those who repeat the form of consecration on the next Feast of the Sacred Heart or the Sunday after it, and observe his other prescriptions, may by a privilege, altogether unusual, obtain the same indulgences as are set down in his Apostolic letter.

From this it can be easily understood how solicitous is the Sovereign Pontiff for this exercise of piety, and the dedication of all mankind to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus. For the Holy Father trusts, as he has already proclaimed, that then at last the many wounds inflicted on human society will be healed, that all justice will spring up with renewed life after the model shown in the old-time days of authority, that the splendors of peace will be restored, when "every tongue shall confess that our Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."

I cherish the certain hope that all the bishops with the zeal and activity of which they have up to this given so illustrious an example, will in the future in no wise desist from their efforts, so that as many as possible of the Church's children by availing themselves of the largess of Apostolic liberality for their salvation may be gained to Christ and "draw water in joy from the fountains of the Saviour."

In the meantime, I sincerely pray for your Lordship's prosperity in all things.

ROME.—From the Office of the Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, November 27, 1899.

Your Lordship's Brother,

C. Bishop of Palestrina,

CARDINAL MAZZELLA,

Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

D. PANICI, Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

FRANCE, PARAY-LE-MONIAL.—The success of the world pilgrimage to the birthplace of devotion to the Sacred Heart, as at present practised in the Church, seems in large measure already assured. *Le Pèlerin de Paray-le-Monial*, whose scope is so well set forth by its sub-title "monthly echo from sanctuaries of the Sacred Heart," informs us in its January number, that the work is being energetically pushed forward. Cardinal Perraud is about to make a personal appeal to each of the French bishops to enlist their cooperation. Enthusiastic letters from General Charette, the old commander of the Papal Zouaves, Vice-Admiral de Cuerville, the great Dominican, Père Monsabré, the well-known writer, François Coppée, the Catholic leader, Comte de Mun, and others, evince the general interest that is taken in this worthy tribute to the Sacred Heart and Blessed Margaret Mary.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—*Annual Report of St. Mary's School*.—Number of Associates from time of Aggregation, January 10, 1897, till January 1900, 2,660; number of Associates received during the year 1899; in the first degree only, 54; members in the second degree 403; members in the third degree 98; total number of new Associates received during the year 1899, 555; number of Associates who passed from first to second degree during the year 1899, 81; number of Associates who passed from the first or second to the third degree during the year 1899, 54; number of Promoters that received Cross and Diploma, 94;

number of Associates who expect to become Promoters, 37.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—“A superb marble statue of the ‘Sacred Heart Pleading’ has been ordered from Carrara, Italy, for our church. It is a gift of the League as a memorial of last year’s consecration of mankind to the Sacred Heart. It will cost \$1100.00.”

#### THE NEW LEAFLET.

CROWN POINT, INDIANA —“I am very much pleased with the new Leaflet. I think that they are so much nicer and handier, and are something that Associates will try and keep. Everybody here seems pleased with them.”

SIKESTON, MD.—“I think the new Leaflets are very much improved, and we appreciate your endeavors in this matter.”

SAN DIEGO, CAL.—“As the members of the Sacred Heart League in this parish are very much pleased with the new form of Leaflet, please continue to forward this improved kind.”

DES MOINES, IOWA.—“The League is doing a world of good in our city. The new Leaflets are exercising a salutary influence in helping us along. Soon we hope to have every member of the parish belonging to the League.”

CHICAGO, ILL.—*A layman’s commendation and suggestion.* “I am greatly pleased with the new form of Leaflet. It is a decided improvement. I tell my Associates if they would only read and study it attentively, they would be better members of the League. That little sketch of the life of the patron saint is quite an incentive to the Associate to have every month his patron; it also helps them not to forget the monthly Communion of Reparation. My firm conviction is that if our people would strictly follow the suggestions of this little sheet, we would soon have saints. I tell the members of my Band to keep the Leaflets together, and at the

end of the year they will have almost a volume of ‘Lives of Saints.’ Four of my family belong to the League, and we have adopted this practice. I well remember the introduction of the Apostleship of Prayer into this parish and the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament on First Fridays. How thankful we Catholics ought to be for these merciful opportunities, denied us in our youth.”

ANTIOCH, CAL.—“The short address to the Promoters which now accompanies the new Leaflets is very good, brief and to the point. At the meeting on Sunday I used it for my talk to them. I advised Promoters to put a copy of it in their Handbooks.”

FANCY FARM, KY.—“I am well pleased with the new Leaflets; they are a vast improvement over the old form, especially with the new departure of the special leaf for Promoters. I know of nothing more useful, particularly in a country mission scattered over a large territory, where it is impossible to assemble for public instruction, at least during the winter and spring seasons.”

#### IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

We publish the following letter just as it comes to us. It will justify our appeal in the last number of the MESSENGER, and testify the gratitude of one whom the generosity of our friends has enabled us to place on the mailing lists of the MESSENGER.

—, MANGALORE, INDIA.

DEC. 14, 1899.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

I beg to acknowledge your bill and the intentions of November 1, 1899, and according to your desire I herein enclose bill with acknowledgment. Reverend Father, you have been too good up to this time in sending your MESSENGER for my poor missions in this cheap way, and have benefited not only myself, but also several of my Christians, as well as some pagans. But alas! it is a great blow to my poor purse if you were to

discontinue sending them to me for Masses. I am a poor missionary having three stations ; can scarcely pull on with my meagre funds, and at the same time I cannot discontinue your valuable magazine on account of the appreciation in which it is held both by Catholics and pagans here, who nowadays prefer it to any other English book. Nay more, it is a great preventive against reading Protestant pamphlets and leaflets which are freely distributed everywhere in our mission.

Seeing our state, I venture once more to ask you to send me the MESSENGER as before. Thanking your Reverence for past favors, and much more, by anticipation, for those reserved for me in the future,

I beg to remain,

Yours very sincerely in Christ.

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In this connection, the subjoined extract from a recent letter may furnish food for reflection. "In reading the MESSENGER, I often see accounts of people who have to give up the pleasure of continuing their subscriptions from lack of means. Will you not please use the enclosed check to send the magazine for a year to some such person ? A *tithe* of all that I earn belongs to God and the Church, and I have been so very successful in all the work I have undertaken since I became a Catholic, that I want you to use these two dollars, feeling that I am happy to be able to give them."

#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Patrick Kelly, St. Ignatius Centre, New York. Mr. Kelly was the first Promoter received at this Centre, and was to the end always faithful to the duties of his office. Sister Mary of St. Pius, Good Shepherd Centre, Columbus, Ohio ; Susan Herbert, of St. Peter's Centre, Steubenville, Ohio ; Estelle Ryan, Mrs. Hampton Elliott, St. Jerome's Centre, Fancy Farm, Ky. ; Abram Carman, St. Joseph's Centre, Troy, N. Y. ; Sister Mary Fridoline, St. Louis, Mo. ; Captain Thomas D. Norris, Brooklyn, N. Y. The life and death of this hero of the Civil War at the advanced age of seventy-four calls for more than a passing notice. The world knew him as a gallant soldier of the Corcoran Legion, and a Gaelic scholar of marked ability and enthusiasm, but his correspondence covering many years with the editor of the MESSENGER reveals him as a sincere, practical Catholic and a devout client of the Sacred Heart. In proof of this we refer our readers to the second letter under "Words of Praise for the MESSENGER," in our January number, 1900. Other communications of a more confidential character, put in still clearer light the deep spirit of faith and patient resignation of this Christian soldier, zealous alike for the glory of God and the welfare of his adopted country. *May his soul and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.*



## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 519,178.

"In all things give thanks." (1. Thes., v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.* — *Through the intercession of St. Anthony of Padua.* — "Mr. H. a resident of the city of B. had lately taken out a life insurance. Burglars having broken into his business office, blew open the safe with dynamite, and made off with its contents. Among other valuable papers was the policy of said insurance. Mr. H. promptly obtained a duplicate from the insurance company, but not long after he was called to his eternal reward. His widow sought to have insurance paid, but the agent refused to acknowledge the validity of the duplicate, unless she would deposit a certain sum of money. The eldest daughter, like the rest of the family a good Catholic, assembled the young children and made them join in the fervent prayer to St. Anthony every day for a week. At the end of that time, the second daughter, who carried on her father's business, was seated as usual in her office, when a sorry-looking individual entered. He stated that he had a paper which he thought might be of some use to the family, and at Miss A's request he produced a dirty-looking, washed-out document. The written characters, however, on it were still legible. It was the stolen policy. The man further stated that while working on one of the roads near the city, he had found a parcel of papers in a dump and this was one of them. Needless to say that he received from Miss A. a suitable reward, and left the office happy. The H—— family were equally so, and became more than ever devoted to the Wonderworker of Padua."

*The story of a Sacred Heart Badge* — "On January 15, there died in Chicago a young man who had been the re-

cipient of a great grace through the Sacred Heart. Some two years before a Sister was travelling through Iowa. Arriving late one evening at a small station on a railroad, then in course of construction, she found it would be impossible to leave before morning. Accommodation could scarcely be obtained at any price, but at last after much persuasion and entreaty the Sister and her companion obtained lodging for the night. The next morning when about to leave, one of the officials in the commissary department, having heard of her rough experience the previous evening, expressed his regret, saying that had he known of it, he would have gladly given up his own quarters to the two travellers. This kindness deeply touched them, as he was an entire stranger, and they did not fail to evince their gratitude. A brief conversation followed, during which Sister cautioned him to have a care for his health, and to take some medicine for that cough which might have come to stay. While distributing, as was her wont, some medals, scapulars, beads, etc. among the workmen, she asked the young man whether he was a Catholic, giving as her reason, that if so, she would like to remember him in the same way. 'No,' was the reply, 'but I would be pleased to have one of your emblems.' She accordingly gave him a Badge of the Sacred Heart, explaining at the same time its meaning and use. He gratefully accepted the gift and promised to wear it. Thus the interview ended, and among many other similar incidents was scarcely recalled by Sister M. B. Not so with the young man.

"Two years and more had passed, when two Protestant ladies called at the con-

vent where Sister resided, to make inquiries for her. As she was absent at the time, they explained the object of their call. It was in behalf of a young man dying of consumption, who had just been brought home to his sister's in Chicago, for needed care during his few remaining days of life. Though scarcely able to speak, his only wish seemed to be that he might once more see the Sister whom he had met two years ago at the railroad station. He knew nothing of her whereabouts save that she lived in or around Chicago. The search appeared a seemingly hopeless one, yet his friends and relatives generously set to work to realize this last and earnest desire of the dying youth. At length, after many inquiries, and as it seemed to them almost by chance, although in reality by the aid of Divine Providence, they located Sister's convent. When told of the circumstances, she could not at first recall them. Hastening however to the young man's bedside, she found him more dead than alive, and barely able to give expression to the joy her arrival brought him. His object, he explained, in wanting to see her was that she might have him taken to a Catholic hospital. It was a strange request coming from a Protestant, and stranger still for the reason that he was receiving every possible attention and comfort from his family. Still, as he insisted and the relatives made no objections, Sister promised to do what she could, though not without grave fear of the consequences of his removal. In response to a call, an ambulance appeared into which he was lifted cot and all. Two or three times during the trip his failing strength presaged a sudden end, and Sister, anxious for the welfare of his soul, asked if he would allow her to give him conditional baptism, at the same time giving a brief explanation of the nature and effect of this sacrament. He not only consented, but was most desirous that she should do so. However, as there was a slight change for the better,

she decided to wait until a priest could be seen at the hospital.

"He lived a week or so more, during which Sister was unwearied in her care. His great comfort was to have her near, and to listen to her explanations of the Church's teaching. He received with great fervor the Sacraments of Baptism, Penance and Extreme Unction and his end was peaceful and tranquil, a foretaste of the joy awaiting him in heaven. Sister learned that he had carefully kept his promise to wear the Badge, and may we not attribute to the Sacred Heart his yearning and longing for the presence of her who under God was to be the means of his salvation?"

"Nor do we think the good work will end here. His nearest relatives not only put no obstacle in the way of his conversion, but they show themselves well disposed to follow his example. We earnestly ask the prayers of the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer that they too may yield themselves captives to God's grace."

RACINE, WIS.—"A Promoter wishes to make public thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for the happy death of her father. He had not attended to his religious duties for years. His daughter, who is a Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart, promised publication if he returned to the Church before his death. On Christmas day he was taken dangerously ill. His daughter pleaded with him for permission to send for a priest, but in vain. She renewed her promise and continued to pray fervently to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin Mary. On the morning of his death, her father asked that a priest be summoned and died a most happy and peaceful death."

OSWEGO, N. Y.—"An Associate of our Centre is anxious to have the following thanksgiving published. She had been having trouble over a will, and the settling of some real estate. She was about to be involved in a lawsuit, which

threatened the loss of all. She resolved to have recourse to our Lady, and she promised if the case was settled amicably, she would have Masses of thanksgiving said and publication made. On the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception when things looked darkest and she was inclined to give way to discouragement, word came that everything would be satisfactorily arranged the next morning. She attributes this happy termination to our Lady, invoked through the merits of the Sacred Heart."

——, OHIO.—"We wish to record with gratitude the recovery of a person who had been dangerously ill. When told that an operation might be necessary, a Sacred Heart Badge was put on her with promise of publication in the MESSENGER, if she would recover without having to undergo the operation. When the physician called a few hours later, he found her so much improved that the operation was not thought necessary, and she is now entirely cured."

——, S. DAKOTA.—"Most sincere and humble thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the recovery of one of our little school girls, from a very dangerous brain fever. Two experienced physicians declared her case hopeless several times, expecting death every hour. St. Walburga's oil was used, nine holy Masses were promised on the next first Fridays, and publication in the MESSENGER. After two months of danger, she gradually recovered and at present is in the ranks with the other children."

——KENTUCKY.—"I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the MESSENGER, for the many favors and graces received, especially during the year just entered. Two favors I wish to mention especially; 1st, the obtaining of means to diminish greatly a burdensome church debt, with fair prospects that the entire debt will be paid during the present year; 2d, the removal from the neighborhood of our

church of a prolific cause of intemperance. For many years it had been a scandal to the congregation and to outsiders, but it seemed impossible to remove it. Frequently the matter was recommended to the prayers of the League. About twelve months ago the last one engaged in the scandalous traffic quit it, and no one else has taken his place; during that time there has been no case of drunkenness in the immediate vicinity, at least I have heard of none; the improvement in morals and conduct is very noticeable. All is due to the love and goodness of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and, therefore we all sincerely thank this divine Heart for this and all other mercies."

CHICAGO, ILL.—"I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for a very great favor obtained through my Promoter's Cross. A cousin, who for nearly three weeks could not keep anything on her stomach, was finally, by order of the physician who could do nothing to help her, carried to a hospital for special treatment. It was then nine o'clock at night, but the specialist, by some mistake, was not there to receive her, nor would he come till morning. The house doctor was afraid to undertake the case. In this emergency, I took my Cross from her husband's neck, where I had placed it during an attack of pneumonia, from which he had just recovered, and put it on his wife. I then prayed earnestly to the Sacred Heart. She had only one bad spell during the night, and is now in good health again."

*Temporal Favors.*—Success of two young ladies in a difficult school examination; recovery of a mother from severe illness; perfect convalescence from an attack of typhoid fever; employment for three; escape from serious illness of a peculiarly virulent type; the recovery of a mother and her young son; a good situation after promising Mass of thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart; restoration to health.



*Daily Thoughts for Priests.* By Very Rev. J. B. Hogan. S.S., D.D. Cloth. Pages, 202. \$1.00. Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston.

In spite of the title, this little book is a treasury of spiritual advice for laymen as well as priests. Indeed, the learned and pious author has spread on its pages many lessons with more of a practical bearing on the flock than on its pastor. Natural to expect, he is at his best when discussing points of exclusive interest to priests. The chapters can with profit be read at random. We should, however, for better results counsel selection after a first reading. Without being profoundly deep or ascetic, the work abounds with familiar principles, couched in terse and easy language and peculiarly serviceable to priests kept busy with the daily routine of parish duties. Natural motives, whilst never given undue prominence, are kept well in the foreground throughout the work.

\* \* \*

*Religion and Morality.* By Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.D. Cloth. Pages, 322. \$2.00. William H. Young and Co., New York.

This learned work mercilessly drags from its lofty pedestal our century's most conspicuous idol. Morality without religion and without God is the horrid and monstrous growth of that intellectual pride, which in every epoch of history settles as a compensating curse on civilization and enlightenment. Hardly has the race begun to enjoy the peace and the myriad other blessings of progress, when some restive and ill-balanced minds set about devising theories for God's banishment from His universe. It is

lately become fashionable with a certain set to expatiate on the advantages likely to accrue to morality, and the consequent betterment of mankind, from the establishment of standards entirely independent of God and of religion. Kant, Mill and Spencer, with their paltry imitators, are the sages from whom morality's capital enemies derive their tenets. A Godless morality is the refinement of immorality. It is a plague spot of offense, sure in the nature of things to work more harm to individuals and the State than any crime visited with the death penalty. The book at present under consideration is therefore admirably fitted for the times in which we live. Its forward chapters are concerned with the notion, universality and origin of both morality and religion. Passage is then made to the nations of antiquity and irrefragable proofs adduced that in all times and with all peoples religion and morality kept equal pace together, and that, whilst moral law derived its efficacy from the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, morality itself stood or fell with the reverence and respect paid the divinity. The third and fourth parts of the work are especially valuable and instructive. They discuss topics as important as the proximate and ultimate basis of morality, and morality's debts to natural and supernatural religion. They enter into a critical and somewhat exhaustive examination of the false and eminently deleterious theories advanced by Kant, Mill and Spencer. They prove Kant a fool, Mill a knave, and Spencer an idiot. Kant was that dull or that blind from prejudice he could not see an absurdity when it stared him in the face. Mill

preached hedonism or pleasure-worship up to a point where self-respecting men would blush to follow, and then endeavored to cover his sin by practically abandoning his whole theory. Spencer filled men's ears with empty words and endeavored to elucidate what he labelled from the start as unknowable. Verily, as Father Fox says, "Common sense, which is, if the expression may be allowed, the instinct of reason, is a surer index of truth than the refinements of philosophers which contradict it."

\* \* \*

*Studies in Literature.* By Maurice Francis Egan. Cloth. Pages, 130. 60 cents. B. Herder, St. Louis. The six essays comprising this volume are worthy of an abiding place in American literature. They are the polished products of a versatile mind and betray depth of thought as well as mastery of language. We like the author's devotion to good old Chaucer and his scholarly defense of the poet's sense of religiousness. The strong plea set up for more correct methods in the teaching of literature is refreshing and hopeful. It is high time for somebody to cry out against the rooted notion that literature is a mere collection of words, and that style is a deft combination of phrases borrowing little or no color from the writer's true inwardness. Bishop Spalding as an essayist meets with high praise at the author's hands, and the quotations judiciously selected from his works make the tribute good. Whilst agreeing in the main with everything said of Coventry Patmore, we venture to think that a too studied contempt for rhyme is going to meet with little favor from either writers or readers of English poetry. Whatever may be said of other languages, rhyme is sacred to this branch of literature in our own, and its charm, if absent, would be sadly missed. Mr. Egan's thesis on this point is not proved to evidence; his arguments, though admirably well presented, fall short of convincing. Abuse of rhyme is, of course, an abomination;

but no valid reason for entirely abandoning its use; and if on occasions Coventry Patmore rises to the clouds of poesy without the help of rhyme, there always lingers a suspicion that he would perhaps have pierced the heavens had he not disdained to use this help. We commend to the special attention of novel-readers the sixth or last essay in the collection. By a happy conceit he styles the modern novel a new handbook of philosophy and he mercilessly scores for atheistic tendencies many among the most prominent of to-day's literary pets. His accusations are far from groundless and his language is hot with the fire of a Catholic burning with zeal for the growth of God's Kingdom.

\* \* \*

*Little Arlette.* By Henri Ardel. Cloth. Pages, 292. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

*'Twas To Be.* By Henri Ardel. Cloth. Pages, 300. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

These are two love-stories of the mildly innocuous type. "Arlette" is a Breton maid, transplanted, simplicity and all, to gay Paris. Rich relatives are responsible for the sunshine let into her life and Guy, a cousin, renounces more tempting opportunities to take her to wife. In spite of the tedious and insipid diaries with which the author burdens her good name, she is a somewhat lovable character with a world of affection for her father and a diplomatic hatred for her natural or unnatural stepmother. Her worst crime is a fondness for waltzing developed in surpassingly quick order. She assists at High Mass in the Cathedral, a delicate allusion, no doubt, to her own and the family's Catholicity. To say nothing of the dance, the precocity of her love for Guy, the suddenness of her transformation from mere girl to young lady, forbid us to recommend the book in any hearty way to readers of tender years. Otherwise the book is decidedly harmless and another implement of war for the fight some mortals are

bent on waging with time. Guy's only rival for the hand of Arlette furnishes an amusing incident. He is a widower rejoicing in a corroded look and carrotty hair and is, of course, doomed to early disappointment.

"*'Twas To Be*," is in the same strain, a song sung to the same old tune. The plot, however, is in this instance a little more intricate. Sylvanie, an impossible caricature of girlhood, and Michelle, a rather correct and attractive type of the same genus, are pitted against one another for the friendly notice of a grave and learned critic, Raymond Dorient. Under these circumstances the denouement is easy. The only personage apt to interrupt the harmony, a certain Count Sergius Loubanoff, appears on the scene to merely disappear, like the ghost in a play.

\* \* \*

*Lot Leslie's Folks.* By Eleanor C. Donnelly. Cloth. Pages, 247. H. L. Kilner & Co., Philadelphia.

*The Young Puritans in Captivity.* By Mary P. Wells Smith. Cloth. Pages, 323. \$1.25. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A remarkable sameness in all but manner of treatment is characteristic of these two volumes, and our excuse for discussing them in one article. Both turn on the varying fortunes of persons, mostly children, made prisoners by the Indians. Both put their heroes and heroines through pretty much the same adventures. One is redolent with the tender piety and robust faith of Miss Donnelly and is of a decisively Catholic tone throughout. The other, whilst eminently respectful to Catholic priests and Catholic belief, betrays a marked leaning towards the Puritans of New England and their tenets. From an artistic and literary point of view we much prefer the effort of Miss Donnelly. It is charmingly intricate and holds the reader's attention from start to finish. Not a line or an expression is superfluous. Miss Smith's work, on the contrary, is

full of painfully tedious and irrelevant incidents, descriptions and conversations, making the whole composition seem crowded for mere copy's sake. The poems in Miss Donnelly's piece, notably those on pages 50, 54 and 120, are things of beauty and bespeak an artist of no mean genius. Our admiration, however, prevents us not from remarking that the punctuation of "*Lot Leslie's Folks*" is pitifully bad.

\* \* \*

*The True Story of Master Gerard.* By Anna T. Sadlier. Cloth. Pages, 321. \$1.25. Benziger Brothers, New York.

An altogether charming love-tale, founded on events in the early history of Manhattan. Master Gerard, a convert in early youth to Catholicity and afterwards secretary to Governor Dongan, is the hero. His courage, daring and deep piety are so vividly and so pleasingly portrayed that the reader, when regretfully closing the book, almost envies Judick the place she holds in his affections. The heroine, herself born of an Irish mother to Mynheer Van Gelder, a relic descended from the good old times of the doughty Stuyvesant, is a lovely creation and another proof that only our Catholic novelists can invest girlhood with graces borrowed direct from heaven. What a contrast this lovely Dutch maiden presents to the empty-headed, emotional and godless counterfeits of womanhood painted, yea smeared, on the pages of our modern novels and studied to the infinite disgust of men and angels by growing girls, who, heaven knows, have difficulties enough to contend against, without seeking the acquaintance of low and degrading ideals! Old Mynheer is a reminder of Irving's best work in his "*Knickerbocker's History of New York*." Barbarie is a jolly French matron, as full of life as she is of instinct in the affairs of Cupid, and Jan, the town-crier, is as droll a specimen of his craft as any fashioned by the nimble fingers of Will Shakespeare. The young,

with a taste for mad adventures, will find abundant and healthy food in these pages, and will rise from their reading conscious of many a pious lesson, sadly wanting in the empty efforts of non-Catholic writers of juveniles.

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The *Tablet* of January 13, under the caption, "Mediæval Devotion to the Name of Jesus," enters into an extensive and edifying description of two forms of prayer dedicated to the Holy Name and much in vogue with our ancestors in the faith. They are the Jesu's Psalter of Monk Richard Whytford, a close friend to Fisher and More, and the XV. Oes. The Psalter consists in substance of fifteen principal petitions, each commencing with a threefold invocation of the Holy Name and each repeated ten times after the analogy of the "Mary's Psalter" or Rosary. After the principal petitions a series of secondary petitions follows, interspersed with Paters and Aves. The fourth petition (by way of specimen) with a portion of its supplement, runs thus :

"Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, comfort me (10 times).

Jesu, comfort me and give me grace to have my most joy and pleasure in Thee.

Send me heavenly meditations, ghostly sweetness, and fervor of Thy glory.  
Ravish my soul with burning desire to the heavenly joy,  
Where I shall everlastingly dwell with Thee."

With regard to the "XV. Oes," as they were called, these few sentences, with the quaintness of their original spelling preserved, may sufficiently indicate the character of the whole: "O Jesu, heavenly leche (i. e. physician) have mynde of Thy languors and blewnes of Thy woundes and sorrowe that Thou suffredde in the hyght of the crosse, whan Thou were lyfte up fro' the erth, that Thou were all to torne in Thylymmes; so that was no lymme abydinge in his ryght joynte, so that noo sorrowe was lyke to Thyn fro the sole of Thy fote to the toppe of Thy heed there was noo hole place . . . O Blessyd Jesu, swetenes of hertes and gostly honey of soules, I beseeche Thee for the bitternes of the aysell (vinegar) and gall that Thou tasted and suffred for me in Thy passyon, grant me for to recyve worthely, holsofly, and devoutly in the hour of my dethe Thy blessyd body in the sacrament of the awter for remedy of my synnes and comfort of my soule. Amen. Pater Noster. Ave Maria.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS,

New York.

- "The Best Foot Forward." By Rev. Francis J. Finn, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 244. 85 cents.
- "A Round Table of the Representative French Catholic Novelists." Cloth. Pages, 315. \$1.25.
- "The Paraclete, a Manual of Instruction and Devotion." By Father Marianus Fiege, O.M.Cap. Cloth. Pages, 352. 60 cents.
- "The Catholic Mother." By Rt. Rev. Dr. Augustine Egger. Cloth. Pages, 640. 75 cents.

##### FROM B. HERDER,

St. Louis, Mo.

- "For the French Lilies." By Isabel Nixon Whiteley. Cloth. Pages, 241. \$1.25.
- "Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska." By Charles Warren Stoddard. Cloth. Pages, 168. 75 cents.

##### FROM O'SHEA & CO.

New York.

- "Essays Educational and Historic." By a Member of the Order of Mercy. Cloth. Pages, 408.
- "Little Orphan Annie and her Friends." By Mary A. McGill. Cloth. Pages, 241.

##### FROM AVE MARIA PRESS,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

- Chronicles of "The Little Sisters." By Mary E. Manix. Cloth. Pages, 378. \$1.25.

##### FROM CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

New York.

- "The Christian at Mass." By Rev. J. L. Andreis. Cloth. Pages, 277. 50 cents.

##### FROM STILLMAN PUBLISHING CO

Brooklyn, N. Y.

- "Consumption and Chronic Diseases." By Emme Densmore, M. D. Cloth. Pages, 198. \$1.25.

##### FROM ROXBURGHE PRESS.

Westminster.

- "Thoughts for all Times." By Rt. Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. Cloth. Pages, 385. \$1.50

##### FROM FALLON & CO

Dublin.

- "First Steps to Heaven." By a Father of the Society of Jesus. Cloth. Pages, 207.

##### FROM RECORD PRINT.

Collegeville, Minn.

- "Cereemonial for Altar Boys." By Matthew Britt. O.S.B. Cloth. Pages, 179. 50 cents.

##### FROM J. T. PICKEN,

Melbourne, Australia.

- "Jesus, The Well-Beloved. By Rev. Michael Watson S.J. Paper. Pages, 33.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, January 1 to 31, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Buffalo . . . . .	Middleport, N. Y. . . . .	St. Stephen's . . . . . Church	Jan. 30
Dubuque . . . . .	Charter Oak, Ia. . . . .	St. Boniface's . . . . .	Jan. 30
Fargo . . . . .	Dickerson, N. Dak. . . . .	St. Patrick's . . . . .	Jan. 27
Helena . . . . .	Phillipsburg, Mon. . . . .	St. Philip's . . . . .	Jan. 13
Louisville . . . . .	St. Matthew, Ky. . . . .	Holy Trinity . . . . .	Jan. 31
New York . . . . .	New York, N. Y. . . . .	New York Mothers' . . . . . Home	Jan. 13
Peoria . . . . .	Peru, Ill. . . . .	St. Valentine's . . . . . Church	Jan. 20
Philadelphia . . . . .	Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .	Our Lady of Victory . . . . .	Jan. 27
Providence . . . . .	New Bedford, Mass. . . . .	St. Antony's . . . . .	Jan. 20
Sacramento . . . . .	Woodland, Cal. . . . .	Holy Rosary . . . . .	Jan. 27
Scranton . . . . .	Susquehanna, Pa. . . . .	St. John's . . . . .	Jan. 27

Aggregations, 11; churches, 10; institution, 1.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of January, 1900, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany . . . . .	Troy, N. Y. . . . .	St. Lawrence's . . . . . Church	2
Baltimore . . . . .	Baltimore, Md. . . . .	St. Ann's . . . . .	50
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Thomas' . . . . .	8
" . . . . .	Ellicott City, Md. . . . .	St. Charles' . . . . . College	1
" . . . . .	Washington, D. C. . . . .	St. Augustine's . . . . . Church	6
Boston . . . . .	Boston, Mass. . . . .	St. John's . . . . .	1
" . . . . .	Lynn, Mass. . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . .	108
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . .	10
" . . . . .	Whitman, " . . . . .	Holy Ghost . . . . .	36
Brooklyn . . . . .	Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .	St. Francis of Assisi . . . . .	8
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Mercy . . . . . Convent	6
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Our Lady of Lourdes . . . . . Church	1
Buffalo . . . . .	Buffalo, N. Y. . . . .	Holy Angel's . . . . .	25
Cheyenne . . . . .	Evanston, Wyo. . . . .	St. Mary Magdalen's . . . . .	6
Chicago . . . . .	Chicago, Ill. . . . .	All Saint's . . . . .	13
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Vincent's . . . . .	11
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Seven Sorrows . . . . .	4
Cincinnati . . . . .	St. Martins, Ohio . . . . .	Ursuline . . . . . Convent	6
Cleveland . . . . .	Delphos, " . . . . .	St. John's the Evangelist . . . . . Church	1
Columbus . . . . .	Delaware, " . . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . Convent	8
Davenport . . . . .	Harlan, Iowa . . . . .	St. Michael's . . . . . Church	2
" . . . . .	Iowa City . . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . .	2
Dubuque . . . . .	Shenandoah " . . . . .	" . . . . .	7
" . . . . .	Dubuque . . . . .	St. Patrick's . . . . .	3
" . . . . .	Lyons . . . . .	Our Lady of Angel's . . . . . Seminary	2
Duluth . . . . .	Duluth, Minn. . . . .	Sacred Heart . . . . . Cathedral	1
Harrisburg . . . . .	Bellefonte, Pa. . . . .	St. John the Evangelist . . . . . Church	1
Indianapolis . . . . .	Evansville, Ind. . . . .	Holy Trinity . . . . . Convent	1
Indian Territory . . . . .	Sacred Heart, Okla. . . . .	Sacred Heart . . . . . Abbey	4
La Crosse . . . . .	Richland, Wis. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	9
Marquette . . . . .	Munising, Mich. . . . .	Sacred Heart . . . . .	9
Milwaukee . . . . .	Sheboygan, Wis. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . .	10
Mobile . . . . .	Mobile, Ala. . . . .	St. Patrick's . . . . .	3
" . . . . .	Warrington, Fla. . . . .	St. John's . . . . .	3
Nesqueally . . . . .	Spokane, Wash. . . . .	Gonzaga . . . . . College	1
" . . . . .	White River, . . . . .	St. Bernard's . . . . . Church	12
New Orleans . . . . .	New Orleans, La. . . . .	St. Alphonsus . . . . .	16
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Our Lady of Good Counsel . . . . .	1
New York . . . . .	New York, N. Y. . . . .	St. Cecilia's . . . . .	27
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Holy Name . . . . .	28
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Sacred Heart of Jesus . . . . .	2
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Peter's . . . . .	25
" . . . . .	Poughkeepsie " . . . . .	Holy Name . . . . . Convent	3
Oregon City . . . . .	Astoria, Ore. . . . .	Immaculate Heart . . . . . Convent	60
Philadelphia . . . . .	Philadelphia, Pa. . . . .	St. Thomas Aquinas . . . . . Church	106
" . . . . .	Sharon Hill, " . . . . .	Holy Spirit . . . . .	12
Providence . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . .	2
St. Augustine . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Michael's . . . . .	2
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Louis . . . . .	12
St. Louis . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Angela's . . . . .	4
San Francisco . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . .	1
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	" . . . . . Convent	12
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	" . . . . . Church	12

Total Number of Receptions, 53.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 706.



# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, MARCH, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial.**

1	Th.	St. David, Bp. (Patron of Wales, 561).—H.H.	Zeal for the Faith.	519,178 for thanksgivings.
2	F.	<b>First Friday.</b> —Sacred Passion.—St. Charles of Flanders, C. (1127).—1st D., A.C.	Almsgiving.	98,093 for those in affliction.
3	S.	St. Cunegundes, Empress (1048).	Detachment.	117,578 for the sick, infirm.
4	S.	<b>1st in Lent.</b> —St. Casimir, Prince of Poland. (1484).	Love of chastity.	170,813 for dead Associates.
5	M.	St. John Joseph of the Cross, C. (O.F.M. 1734).	Christian sympathy.	47,317 for Local Centres.
6	T.	St. Colette, V. (O.F.M. 1447).	True reform.	182,337 for Directors.
7	W.	Ember Day.—St. Thomas Aquinas, C.D. (O.P. 1274).—SS. Perpetua and Felicitas (203).	Truthfulness.	112,661 for Promoters.
8	Th.	St. John of God, C. (1550).—H.H.	Charity.	690,057 for the departed.
9	F.	Ember Day.—Crown of Thorns.—St. Frances of Rome, W. (1440).—Pr.	Devotion to Angels.	231,960 for perseverance.
10	S.	Ember Day.—The 40 Martyrs of Sebaste (240).	Courage in persecution.	246,479 for the young.
11	S.	<b>2d in Lent.</b> —St. Eulogius, M. (859).	Spirit of forgiveness.	186,104 for 1st Communions.
12	M.	St. Gregory the Great, P.C.D. (604).—A.C.	Praise of God.	148,495 for parents.
13	T.	St. Euphrasia, V. (410).	Sacrifice.	131,485 for families.
14	W.	St. Matilda, W. (Empress of Germany, 968).	Patience.	187,443 for reconciliations.
15	Th.	St. Longinus, M. (I. Century).—H.H.	Repentance.	111,631 for work, means.
16	F.	Holy Lance and Nails.—St. Abraham, C. (VI. Century).	Pity for sinners.	162,080 for the clergy.
17	S.	St. Patrick, Bp. C. (Apostle of Ireland, 464).	Constancy in the Faith.	263,607 for religious.
18	S.	<b>3d in Lent.</b> —C.R.	Confidence in God.	88,195 for seminarists, novices.
19	M.	St. Joseph, C., Spouse B.V.M.—Pr., A.I., A.C.	Sanctify the home.	94,247 for vocations.
20	T.	St. Cyril, Bp. C. (386).	Uprightness.	64,917 for parishes.
21	W.	St. Benedict, Ab. P. (O.S.B., 543).	Love of prayer.	68,726 for schools.
22	Th.	St. Gabriel, Archangel.—St. Catharine of Sweden, V. (1381).—H.H.	Devotion to the Passion.	81,264 for superiors.
23	F.	Five Holy Wounds.—St. Victorian, M. (484).	Hope.	69,727 for missions, retreats.
24	S.	St. Simon, Child Martyr (1472).	Edification.	80,458 for societies, works.
25	S.	<b>4th in Lent.</b> —Annunciation B.V.M.—A.I., A.C.	Humility.	586,158 for conversions.
26	M.	St. Ludger, Bp. C. (809).	Liberty of spirit.	738,563 for sinners.
27	T.	St. John Damascene, C. D. (780).—St. John of Egypt, H. (394).	Retirement.	109,776 for intemperate.
28	W.	St. John Capistran, C. (Minorite, 1456).	Defence of the Faith.	348,609 for spiritual favors.
29	Th.	SS. Jonas and Barachisius, M.M. (337).—H.H.	Fidelity.	248,836 for temporal favors.
30	F.	Most Precious Blood.—St. John Climacus, Ab. (605).	Silence.	2,246,296 for special, various.
31	S.	St. Balbina, V. (132).	Purity.	FOR MESSENGER READERS.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C.R.—Communion of Reparation, H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I., B. I.—Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	37,395,451	11. Masses heard . . . . .	333,441
2. Beads . . . . .	2,260,731	12. Mortifications . . . . .	3,832,122
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	85,809	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	35,582,954
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	212,771	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	67,627,645
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	11,193,394	15. Prayers . . . . .	8,215,489
6. Examinations of Conscience . . . . .	1,004,233	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,838,988
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	1,224,921	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	226,514
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	465,197	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	444,186
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	334,772	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	451,935
10. Masses read . . . . .	16,904	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	5,434,506
		Total, 178,088,953.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar*, *Messenger*, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.





VERSAILLES.—1. CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS. 2. SMALL CHAPEL OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS, NOVICES AND POSTULANTS. 3. CONVENT AND CHURCH. VIEW FROM GARDEN.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 4.

### OUR LADY OF THE CENACLE.

*By E. Lummis.*

WHEN St. Ignatius and his companions took their first vows together at Montmartre, nothing was farther from their thoughts than that near to that very spot would stand in years to come a house of a new Religious Order, where women would supplement the labors of their future followers in making known to the world the Spiritual Exercises.

St. Paul forbade women to preach, but he did not forbid them to guide, to counsel, and to advise, and there could be no more profitable and congenial field of action for the gentle ministry of woman than that of guiding souls in the spiritual life, when that field of action is sanctioned and guarded by the wise rules of Mother Church.

The stately convents of Our Lady of the Cenacle in Tours, Versailles, Paris, and Montmartre, with their lofty aisles and Gothic arches and a wealth of artistic beauty in sculpture, would scarcely seem to claim kinship with the modest buildings that represent the Congregation in America, so unpretentious have been its beginnings and so silently and unassum-

ingly has its fruitful apostolate been carried on.

Like the treasure hidden in the field, the jar and fret of life goes by its door, and footsteps pass and repass, unmindful of the cloistered solitude so sheltered is this House of Retreats in its green environment, and so unknown is it to many even in the city of New York.

One may reach the very end of the little lane that slopes down to the river at West 140th Street ere the sign on the high wall that encloses the grounds calls attention to the fact that we have reached the Convent of St. Regis, and will be shortly welcomed by the Ladies of the Retreat of the Cenacle. A bright-faced religious waits on the rustic porch of the convent, clothed in a habit that closely resembles that of the religious of the Sacred Heart, save for the cape of violet cloth, the color known throughout France as the chosen color of St. Francis Regis, the Missionary Saint of Louvesc.

If we enter and wander through the beautiful grounds, the spirit of recollection that haunts the place casts its charm upon us, and we would fain abide for a

while in the shadow of these sacred walls, to make fuller acquaintance with the gentle nuns who have chosen such an exalted mission as the guidance of souls in the spiritual life. The doors of the Cenacle are ever open to those who wish to make the Exercises of St. Ignatius. And there are pleasant rooms, also, where ladies of the world may dwell for a few weeks for rest or convenience.

It is an ideal spot for meditation. The vine-covered porch overlooks the river with its flitting sails, and the only reminder of the countless interests and unceasing traffic of the great city that is so near, comes to us in the whistle of the locomotive or the soft plash of a passing steamboat. Through the arching trees, one catches a tranquil glimpse of the nuns as they walk to and fro, saying the Rosary, or the little French lay sister, clattering over the stone pavement in her wooden sabots, busy on some domestic errand. Our solitude is

shortly broken in upon, however, by group after group of retreatants, who tread the green paths in silence, or the Father with his breviary, taking a restful stroll between the instructions in the chapel. Sometimes, too, a merry throng of young girls, the Children of Mary, or the Reading Circle, gather here for a monthly reunion among the nuns they love and whose influence is so great in forming their young lives.

Here, after many daily visits for

catechism, comes many a band of little children to spend the peaceful hours of a First Communion day, or to hold some fête champêtre that will long be cherished among the innocent memories of childhood.

Through the grounds, in reverent procession, the Blessed Sacrament is borne, and the whole neighborhood winds from one rose-decked altar to another, under the June skies of the Feast of Corpus Christi. And when the Benediction hymns have died away and

the chapel is redolent of sweet incense, here lingers still in its shadowy corners a young girl with bowed head, struggling with the momentous question of a vocation, or some lady of wealth and fashion, who has stolen away from the gay world to refresh her soul with a day of monthly retreat.

From our coign of vantage on the piazza, when all the visitors are gone, we steal many a secret



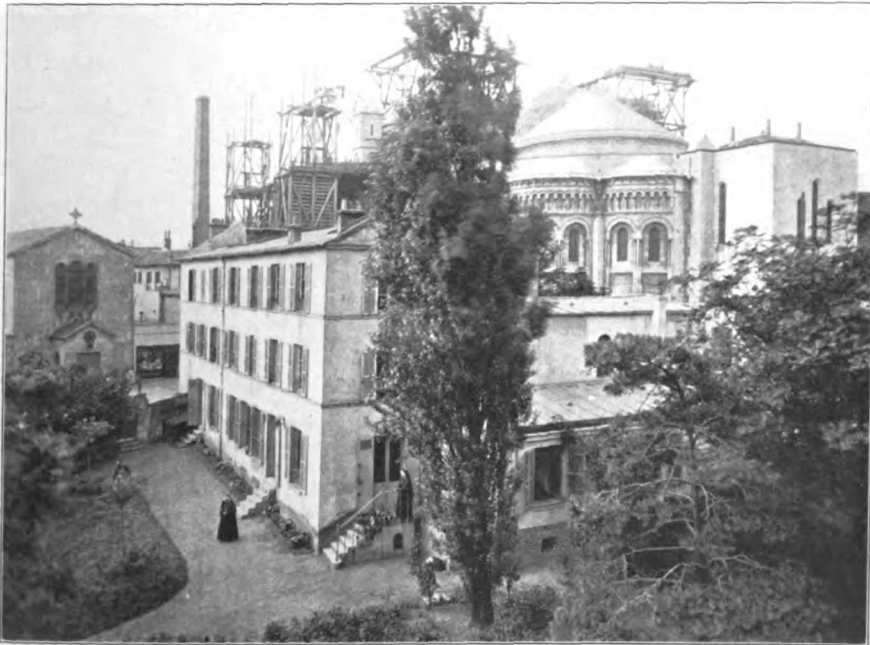
MARIE VICTOIRE THÉRÈSE COUDERC,  
Foundress of the Congregation of the Cenacle.

glimpse, too, of the inner life that is the source of so much good. Sitting in the summer sunshine, under a spreading oak tree, the Community gather daily for recreation. Their hands are busy with some light work, as they listen to a pious tale told by the Mistress of Novices, and all are merry as only those hearts can be that are full of "the peace that passeth understanding." But scarcely does the first stroke of the bell for Office fall upon the ears of these close followers of the

spirit of St. Ignatius, than the scene is changed as by a magic spell. The merry laugh is suddenly hushed, the half spoken word is unuttered, the unfinished task is laid aside, and between recreation and prayer there seems but the difference of a name.

Nothing, in fact, so strongly impresses itself upon even the casual visitor to St. Regis as the contrast between the numberless works undertaken by the Order and the cloistered life of the religious themselves. Though their spirit is

stairways of the first convent at Louvessc testify to the depth of its early impression on the Congregation. Theirs is not, however, a spirit of unusual penance or asceticism, for the Cenacle seeks to attract souls rather than to awe and impress them. Giving of retreats, public and private, is the principal work of the Order. The public retreats are given several times a year by some noted preacher of the secular or regular clergy and are intended for all classes of persons. There are retreats for ladies

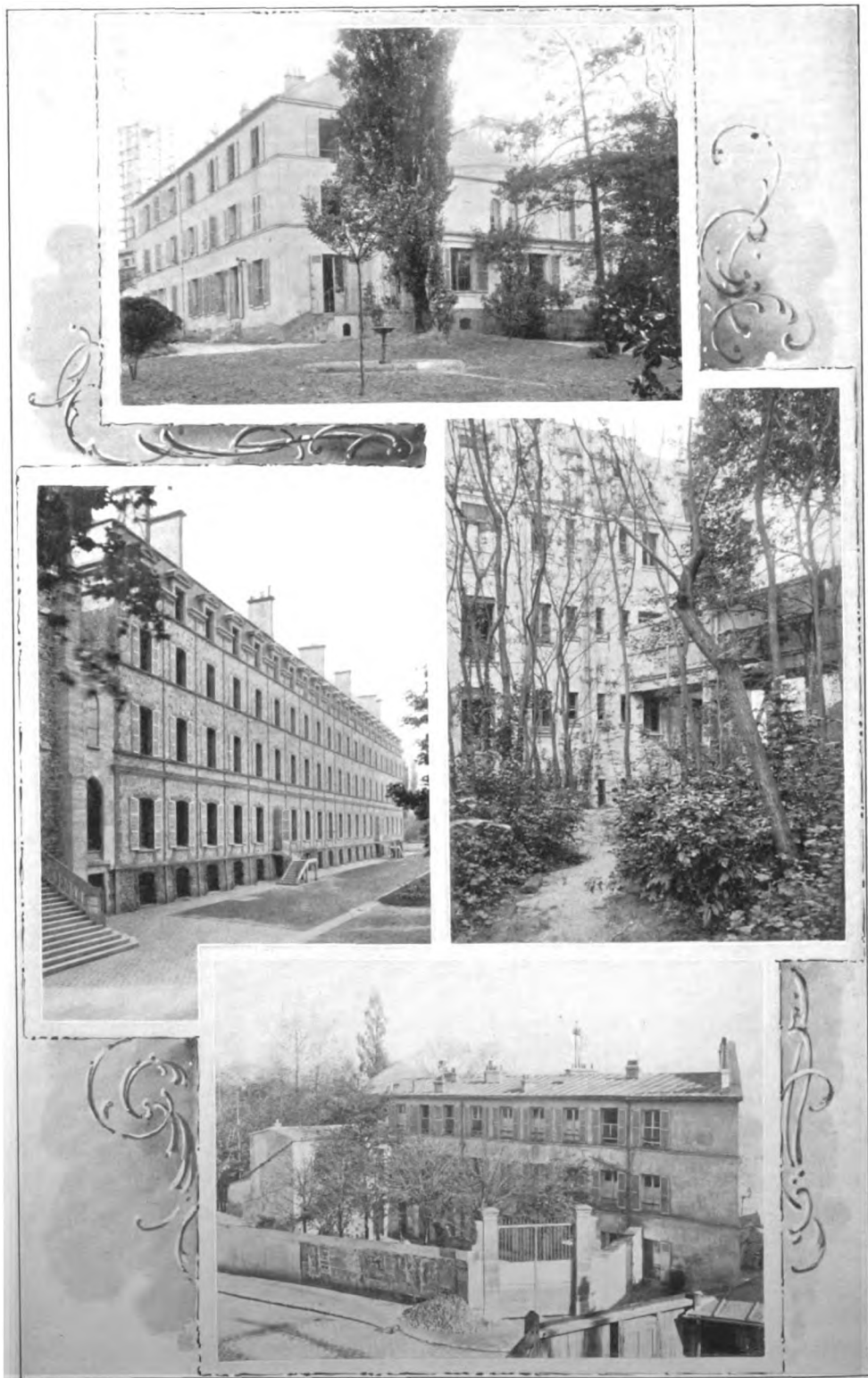


MONTMARTRE.—CONVENT OF THE CENACLE, WITH VIEW OF BASILICA AND TEMPORARY CHAPEL.

apostolic in an exalted degree and their apostolate comprehends every spiritual work of mercy, their own life is pre-eminently a life of prayer, a life apart, as of those consecrated to the ministry of souls. They spend themselves in spiritual labors, and enter into the innocent pastime of those to whom they would make religion beautiful, *but they live in the Cenacle*, and, when their ministry is ended, to the Cenacle they return.

Poverty is always the heritage of religious, and the rough walls and wooden

of the world, for teachers, for working girls, for children, and, as in Paris, even for mendicants. These retreats are announced in the Catholic papers, and all who make them are invited to reside in the convent during the time of the retreat. For this hospitality no recompense is asked. All are welcome. Though the nuns have no means of support beyond the offerings received, and it is but just that their devotion should be generously remembered, no offering is either exacted or expected from those



MONTMARTRE.—1. COMMUNITY HOUSE. 2. ENTRANCE, ON THE RUE DE LA BARRE. 3. HOUSE  
AND GARDEN FOR RETREATANTS. 4. CONVENT AND NOVITIATE AT VERSAILLES.

whose means are limited. The private retreats are given by the religious themselves in the same unpretentious manner that they were given by Mère Thérèse and her first companions. The number of these private retreats is very great. The religious are continually occupied in this manner. The other works devolve from the principal end and have in view the guidance of souls or their attraction to the spiritual life.

The instruction of converts is also undertaken by the nuns; as, also, the preparation of aspirants for the religious life, for many a young girl having a religious vocation, either from the circumstances of her life or the want of spiritual direction, is wholly unfitted to enter at once upon the trials of a religious novitiate. The Divine Office is recited daily from the Breviary by the religious, and perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is devoutly observed in the Order, each house having its special day and night of exposition. Several houses, also, enjoy the favor of perpetual exposition, in conformity with the Constitutions.

It is only within a few years that the death of the foundress, Mère Thérèse, on September 26, 1885, made it pos-

sible to publish her life and the circumstances attending the foundation of the Order of the Cenacle.

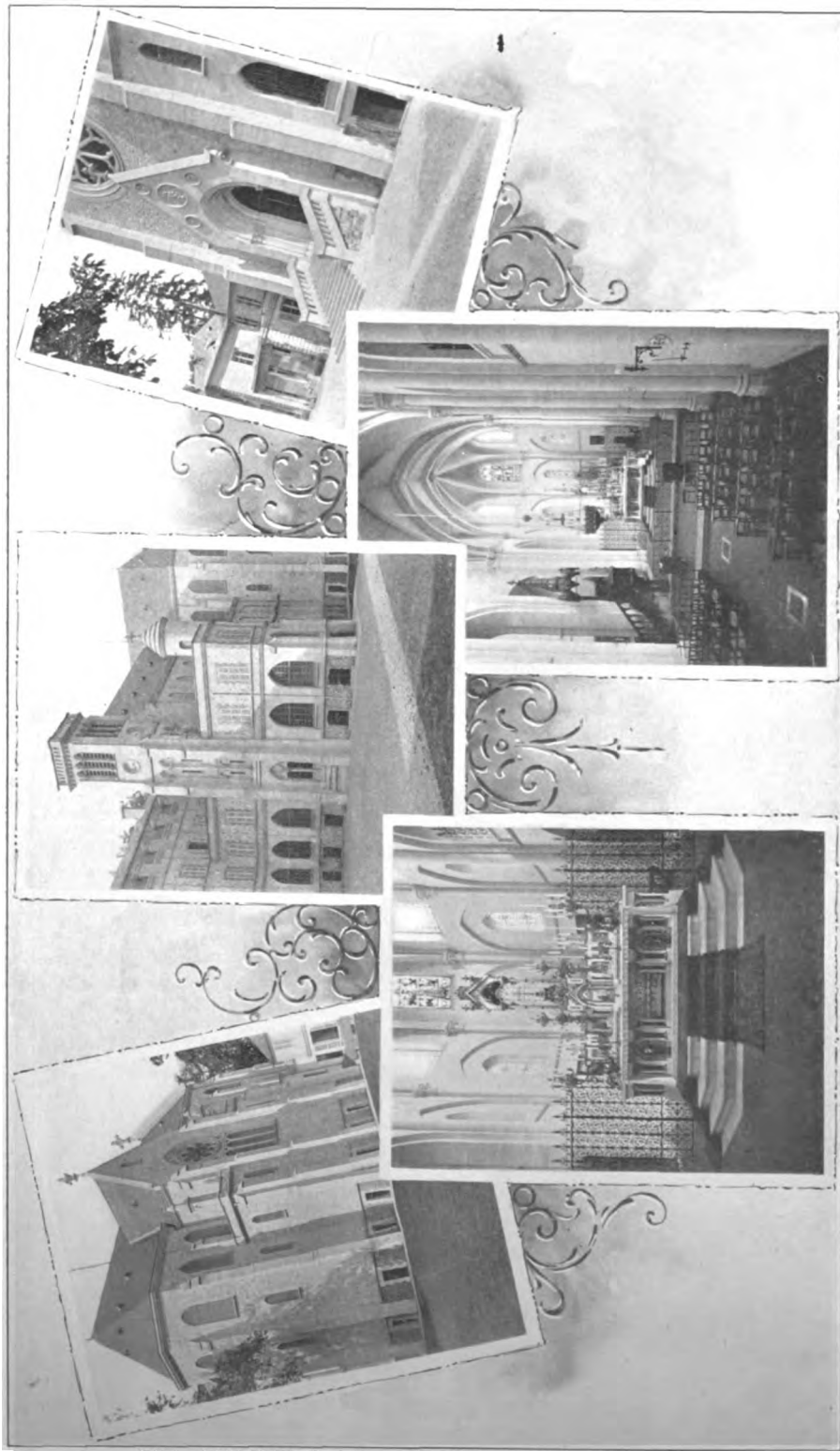
About sixty years ago a young secular priest, Jean Etienne Terme, who had given proof of apostolic zeal and devotedness in the French diocese of Aps, where he was curé, was led by the force of circumstance, and the visible needs of his parish, to found a religious house. The children of the neighborhood were very ignorant, and a school was needed where religious instruction, above all, might be solidly inculcated. He had neither money nor teachers, but Providence sent him both at his need. The school was begun and the teachers were allowed by the bishop to live in community under the rule of the Presentation Order and the direction of Père Terme. Their costume was that of widows of the time, and the Rule was strictly observed.

The institute was successful, and soon the little community sent assistants to represent its work in several adjoining villages. The need was great, and the novices who offered themselves for the work were trained, like soldiers levied in haste, at their post of duty. Père Terme allowed the religious of his community to hold reunions of the mothers of families for a sort of higher catechism



VERSAILLES.—1. THE NUNS' CHOIR. 2. HOUSE OF ST. REGIS. 3. WITHIN THE CLOISTER.





VERSAILLES.—1. EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE AINÉ, AND THE SMALL CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS. 2. BELFRY AND COURTYARD. 3. ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH, CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS. 4. MAIN ALTAR. 5. INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

instruction in their faith and in the duties of their state of life. One may see here a vague outline of the future Cenacle, yet the young curé kept the sisters in absolute humility and simplicity while confiding to them a mission slightly higher than that of teaching a village school. He was a severe Master of Novices, and strictly enforced the spirit of unassuming devotion. To one who had succeeded brilliantly in these works of supererogation and seemed a little

field of action and dreamed only of the Missions. Two centuries earlier, St. Francis Regis, longing like himself for distant fields to conquer, had in humble obedience confined his labors to the field chosen by his superiors. Père Terme received a similar call or was chosen with several companion priests to evangelize the diocese. It was the first link between him and the great missionary of his native land. Louvesc, the burial place of St. Francis Regis, was



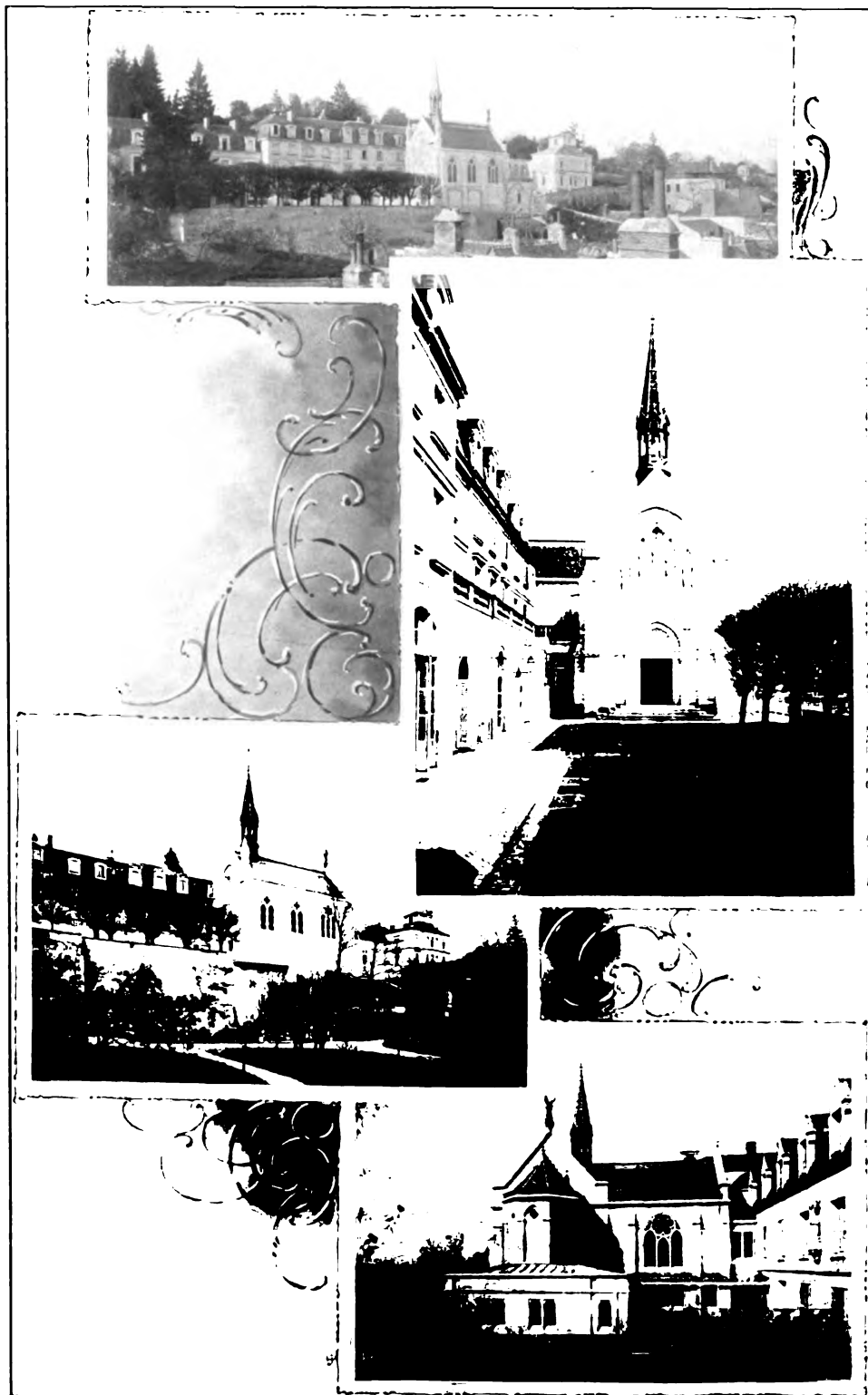
A GROUP OF FRENCH RELIGIOUS OF THE CENACLE.

conscious of the fact, he showed uncompromising severity, depriving her of Holy Communion on two occasions, and that on special feasts, that the lesson might be more deeply enforced.

Such were the first steps towards the foundation of the Cenacle, beginnings which can scarcely be retraced in the fuller outlines of the perfected work, so completely has its aim developed and its scope widened. The young curé himself, after nine years of pastoral duty at Aps. was far from foreseeing his future

chosen for the centre of the diocesan work and was to be the cradle of the Society of the Cenacle.

Père Terme was obliged to leave his little religious family with many regrets. "The Bishop himself will be your superior in my place, and all will go better than before," he said at parting. He did not, however, wholly forsake them, but continued to aid them with his direction whenever his duties would allow of it. His summers belonged to Louvesc, to the needs of the parish and



TOURS. — EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CHURCH AND CONVENT OF THE CENACLE.

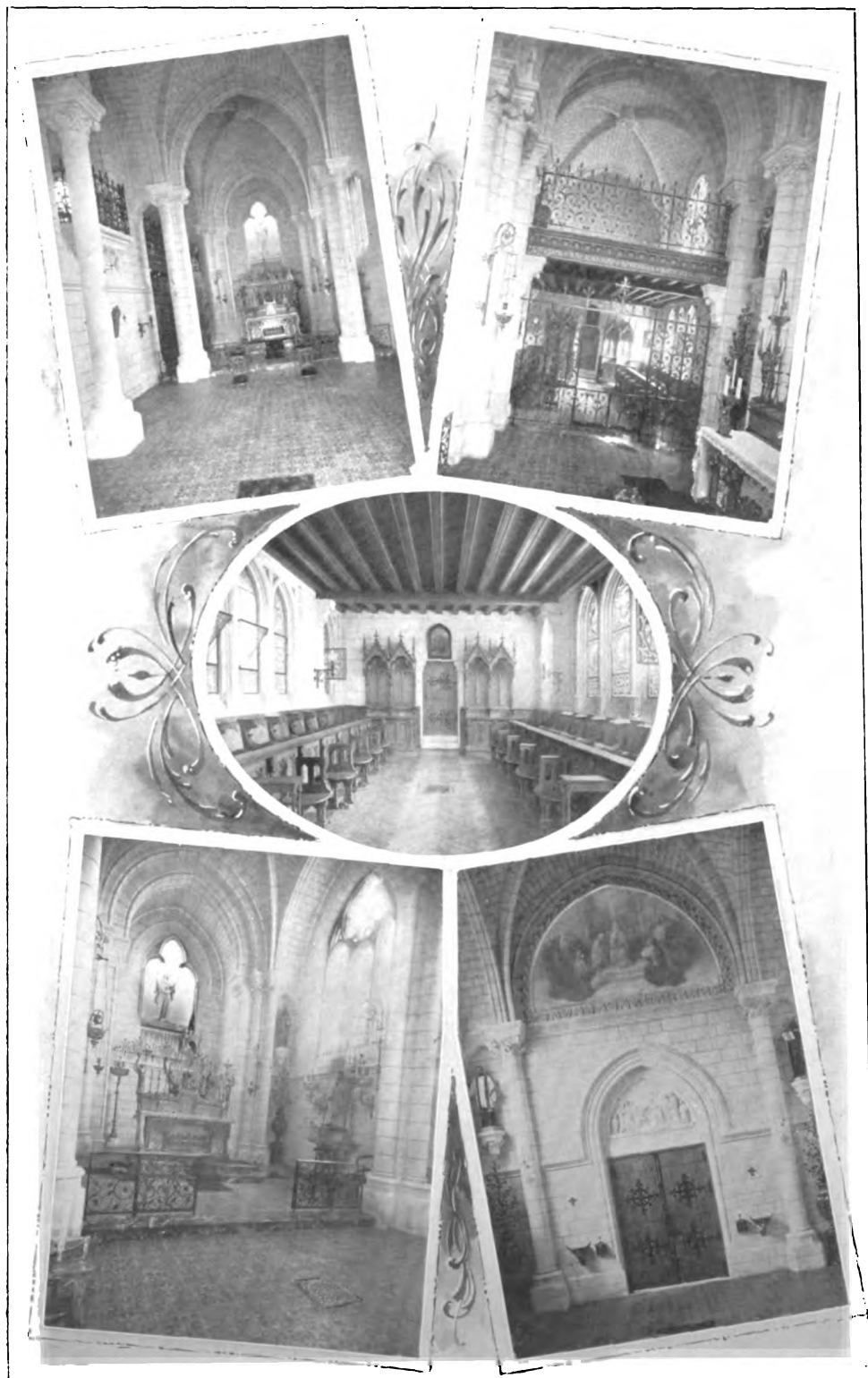
the overflowing tide of pilgrims to the holy tomb, and his winters were given to apostolic journeys. Such had been the life of St. Francis Regis himself, and such, for ten years more, was to be the life of Père Terme. He was soon, however, to meet, in the performance of his duty, the soul whom God had chosen to co-operate with him in founding the Cenacle, and to guide its early years when he should be no more.

Marie Victoire Couderc was born on the 1st of February, 1805, of somewhat higher station than the Curé of Aps. Her family owned a lordly domain in the suburbs which form the country town of Sablières. Situated elsewhere, these possessions would have been a fortune in themselves, but the young girl inherited from her ancestors a firm and valiant faith that was more precious still. Her father, Claude Couderc, was a man of superior intelligence, and had administered the affairs of the town for many years. He was a true and valiant Christian, whose faith had been forged in the fire of days of persecution. Born in 1780, he had seen the great white house of Mas serve as a parish church for the faithful and afford a shelter to many hunted priests. Many a time, while but a youth, had he served a Mass in some secret chamber, or given the signal for defence from a turreted window. Often too, when pursuit came near, after a hurried Mass at dawn, had he guided the celebrant to some rocky pass or secret cavern until the danger was over. Such memories might well strengthen the faith and virtue of Claude Couderc's young daughter for the mission God wished to confide to her.

The mother of Marie Victoire, who preserved like souvenirs from her ancestry, was a woman of fine character, possessing great good sense, and encouraging and helping all who came within her influence, notably many ecclesiastics who consulted her in the difficulties of the time. The young girl grew up in the spiritual atmosphere of a Christian

home, and the only souvenir preserved of her early years was that of the singular innocence and fervor of her First Communion. The next seven years were spent in the paternal home, learning lessons of careful thrift and practical virtue. She had but one desire, the grace of a religious vocation, which she asked of God with tears and midnight vigils. To these was added the strength of a determined spirit that was ready to brave all obstacles. She would little have understood the delicate piety of modern days. To her the favor of an extra Communion was a grace so great that to obtain it she would walk the whole distance to Sablières and back, a three hours journey, regardless of snow or bitter cold, often fasting until mid-day when purchases had to be made in the town. In summer, to attend the only Mass in the parish church, she was obliged to leave home before four o'clock in the morning. The education of Marie Thérèse was confided to the nuns of St. Joseph, who were established in a neighboring suburb. The Superior and Foundress had herself been on the verge of martyrdom. An Ursuline at Mende, she had been hunted from her convent, twice imprisoned for the faith and had narrowly escaped with her life. Set free at last, she devoted herself to the work of education, and when Marie Victoire became her pupil the little community had just been formed into a regular Congregation. Perhaps the young girl would have looked no further in her choice of a religious house, and the Superior greatly desired it. God had, however, other views for her. A mission was to be given during the Easter holidays in the parish church at Sablières, and Claude Couderc, who wished his child to enjoy every spiritual advantage, urged her to attend and even came to the convent after her.

One cannot but recall here the similar circumstances that attended the first meeting of St. Francis de Sales and St. de Chantal. Père Terme, who was



TOURS. — 1. CHAPEL. 2. NUNS' CHOIR. 3. INTERIOR OF THE CHOIR. 4. MAIN ALTAR.  
5. DOOR OF CHAPEL.

preaching the mission, seemed to have recognized at once the vocation and virtue of this candid young soul and begged Claude to confide her to his care as an aspirant for the religious life. The plan was not at once carried out, but after some slight delay Marie Victoire presented herself for admission at the door of the little school at Aps. That her virtue corresponded to the views of Père Terme we may readily conjecture, for on Easter Monday of the same year she was admitted to the religious habit and given the name of Thérèse, by which name she has always been distinguished, the religious of the Cenacle in general retaining the family name. Her biographer thus describes her: "She was at this time about twenty years of age, somewhat short of stature, of a delicate complexion, with refined and delicate features. Her manner was modest and simple, yet showed firmness and dignity. Her natural vivacity was tempered with sweetness and amiability, and her conversation, always discreet, showed wit and penetration." Père Terme speaks of her as possessing "a good head, a good judgment, and a discernment of spirits rarely to be found in woman."

The young novice was received at Aps, but was very shortly afterward summoned to Louvesc by Père Terme, where little by little God made manifest His designs in her regard.

It is rare, indeed, that the whole scope of a spiritual work should be revealed at once. Perhaps the Curé and his gentle assistant would have shrunk from the thought of founding a new Order, or confiding to women such an important mission as the guidance of souls. Yet how simple were the beginnings that led to the separation of the work of teaching from the later mission of the religious, and, like flowers springing from a parent stem, divided the Congregation of St. Regis from that of the Cenacle.

A thought had come to Père Terme

while saying Mass one morning at the tomb of St. Francis Regis. Reverence for the sacred relics drew to Louvesc an immense throng, and amid the distractions incident on the arrival of many pilgrims, not all of whom came to pray, the spirit of piety and recollection was endangered. To provide lodging and shelter for the many feminine visitors who came to Louvesc in the pleasant season was the first thought of Père Terme, and obtaining a provisional dwelling he installed therein two of the religious of Aps, giving to Sœur Thérèse the post of assistant to Mère Agnes, whom he destined for Superior. But an unforeseen difficulty prevented the departure from Aps of Mère Agnes, and hesitating no longer, Père Terme appointed Mère Thérèse Superior of the little community, finally installing the Sisters in an old house which preserved many historical souvenirs of St. Francis Regis, their holy patron. The undertaking was a great success. The new hospice proved so attractive, and the class of visitors was so diversified that some limit had to be placed in regard to the reception of visitors. It was difficult to maintain order and the spiritual interests of the novices suffered

It became necessary to choose between the visitors coming for pleasure or curiosity and those desiring to spend the time in recollection. It was decided, therefore, that those only would be received who wished to make a novena or to pass at least three days at the convent.

But how were these tridiums to be observed and in what manner were these pious visitors to spend their time? Père Terme, whose life as a missionary was one of much activity and agitation, had in no way lost his love of prayer. He cherished a great devotion to the Society of Jesus, and his most ardent desire was to be received into the Society when his present engrossing work should allow of it. Taking advantage of a short vacation, he went to visit one of the houses



TOURS.—1 AND 3. VIEWS OF THE HOUSE FOR RETREATANTS. 2. COMMUNITY BUILDING.

of the Jesuit Fathers and, while there, for the first time in his life made the Spiritual Exercises. It was a revelation. This practical method of aiding souls, so convincing and so adapted to every need, struck him most forcibly and he wanted to make known his discovery to all the world. He hastened to share the privilege with his little religious family, and came to them bringing the Book of the Exercises, with certain detached leaves on which were written the outlines of the various Meditations.

So in the words of Mère Thérèse her-

and raising themselves to God. There was no course but to obey, when their Superior commanded, and the Order of the Cenacle was established, as one may say, in having found its primary object and destination.

With what humility and discretion were the first attempts made by Mère Thérèse and her companions! We quote her own words:

"We proposed to all those whom we received that they should profit by the time of the pilgrimage for the good of their souls, adding, that, if they so de-



ST. REGIS' HOUSE, NEW YORK.

self: "He gave us a retreat after this method, the first of the kind we had ever made, a method, indeed, of which we had never even heard before."

But this was not all. Great was the surprise and consternation of the simple religious when Père Terme declared that in future they must do for others what he had done for them.

They were overcome, and found countless objections to his plan in their humility and self-distrust. But he explained that it was only needed to help souls of good will in offering them the elementary means of leading better lives

sired, we could lend them books of meditation or spiritual reading, whence they might find a means of making their novena. The offer was well received, and all showed much good will, telling us, however, that they did not know how to meditate. We took occasion, then, to make them understand that with a little good will it was not more difficult to reflect upon some religious truth than on their temporal affairs. We dared not call it a retreat, we were too timid and afraid, but we made them follow a certain order, giving them three meditations each day, taken from the Exercises



of St. Ignatius. We tried to explain these meditations to the retreatants as well as we could, and gave them written leaves such as Père Terme had given to us. We also suggested to them spiritual reading analogous to the subject. The fervor of these good souls greatly edified us, and the good countrywomen were delighted with this new method of making their novena, as they called it."

It was soon noised about that retreats were given at the Convent of St. Regis, and people from all parts of the country came in crowds to benefit by them. It was a source of great embarrassment to the nuns, who were but poorly lodged and clad themselves, and found their little convent besieged by numbers of applicants, generally of a superior and wealthy class. But the founder counted on the help of God, and his words were even prophetic. To a novice who complained of the noise and distraction, incidental to the coming and going of so many people, he replied: "Remember, my child, what I am going to tell you. In eight years on this spot where we are now standing there will be no longer a garden, but a house, and the religious will be cloistered."

The present view, however, was not quite so consoling. Where was the money to come from to build a proper house for the religious? It came from

many directions, through the care of Providence, and when in some dire necessity the Curé had no resource left, he knocked in simple trust at the door of the Tabernacle and told the ever loving and generous Heart of Jesus his desires and his needs. The following day a large sum of money was placed at his disposal.

Though the young Curé numbered under his direction already eight religious houses, that of St. Regis at Louvessc alone had renounced the work of teaching and was regarded as the Mother House of the new work.

Scarcely, however, had Père Terme formed the nucleus of his religious Congregation and given it a definite aim, than God called him to Himself. Over the last meeting with the religious at Louvessc there seemed to hover a presentiment of some parting near at hand. Mère Thérèse supposed him to be preparing to enter the Jesuit novitiate, and, terrified at the thought of being left alone to guide the growing work of the new foundation, could not refrain from the heart-wrung cry: "Who will direct us when you are gone, and what shall we do without you?" He presented his crucifix to her, and, pointing to the figure upon it, said: "He will be your guide."

They never saw Père Terme again. In



VIEW OF THE HUDSON FROM PORCH OF ST. REGIS' HOUSE.

a few short weeks came the announcement of his death. Sadly, indeed, did the orphaned religious cherish his parting words. To Mère Thérèse they were like a prophecy, for it was hers, more than all the rest, to follow in the footsteps of the Crucified in a life of self-immolation and self-effacement that was to be the strength and example of her daughters in the years to come.

Shortly before the death of Père Terme the Bishop of Vivrières had conceived the graceful thought of confiding to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus the tomb of their illustrious compatriot, St. Francis Regis, and upon his invitation and greatly urged also by Père Terme they had come to live at Louvesc. Deeply penetrated as he was with their spirit, it was but natural that they should take a vital interest in the new Order that so closely followed the traditions of their own. Père Terme was indeed at the time of his death awaiting the moment of his own admission into the Society, his application having been accepted. A significant clause in his will remains to show that the disposition God finally made of the Order of the Cenacle was also the earnest desire of the founder himself. "I recommend my dear daughters of the Retreat to their glorious patron, St. Francis Regis, to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Vivrières and to the Rev. Fathers of the Society of Jesus."

The Bishop of Vivrières earnestly besought from the Society the favor so distinctly pointed out; that they should continue the spiritual formation of the Order of the Cenacle in accordance with their own spirit and rule. Père Renault accepted the charge. He had been spiritually called to the work by an interior voice that spoke to him in prayer, saying: "Take this child that is lying upon the straw." He insisted, however, on certain conditions that appealed to the wisdom and good sense of Mère Thérèse, deeming it absolutely necessary that the work of the retreats should be

separated from that of teaching still pursued at Aps and in the other houses of the Order. The religious were all summoned to Louvesc, where a careful examination was made into the vocation of each. The decision was then made and the Order of the Cenacle formally separated from that of St. Regis. The latter Order is still flourishing, though entirely distinct, and entitles Père Terme to the honor of having been the founder of two religious congregations. After long deliberation Père Renault completed the constitutions of the Congregation of the Cenacle. He remained the cherished counsellor and friend of the religious for many years. New foundations followed quickly upon the definition of the work at Louvesc. That of the Rue du Regard in Paris was one of the most important and in 1857, the guardianship of the Order being intrusted to the Archbishop of Paris, it was looked upon as the Mother House. The novitiate was later transferred to Versailles, where the original building of Notre Dame des Anges still remains, overshadowed by the stately walls of the later foundation, a testimony to the immense growth of the work. To the house in the Rue du Regard came many celebrated preachers of the Society of Jesus, Pères Felix, Olivaint, de Ponlevoy, Ducoudray, Bazin, Caubert and many others, and the Fathers of the Oratory lent their valuable assistance to further the work of the retreats.

The house in the Rue du Regard was later abandoned for the present site, 7 Rue de la Chaise. The Cenacle in Paris is the centre of the work of Catechisms, founded by Mgr. d'Hulst, which has lately been elevated to the rank of an Arch-Confraternity. This work reunites all those who desire or are fitted for the work of religious instruction, to which the members are spiritually trained. Each pastor desiring assistants for catechetical instruction, may obtain them on application at the Head Centre. This work, begun in 1887 with eight

affiliated parishes and 100 teachers, had increased in 1898 to seventy-eight parishes and 2,000 teachers, catechizing 23,000 children. All who have read the life of the martyred Père Olivaing will remember his devotion to the work of the First Communion. The annals of the Cenacle in Paris and elsewhere make special mention of the consoling fruits of this beautiful work among the little ones of Christ's flock.

After a few weeks' residence in the convent, the poor and ignorant children of the streets carry the abiding influence of a well-made First Communion into the surroundings of their lives, and become irresistible Apostles among their relatives and friends. Mère Marie de la Providence, then Mlle. de Smet, the Foundress of the Order of Helpers of the Holy Souls, made many a retreat at the Convent in the Rue du Regard. Who shall count the Apostles that have been formed in the Schools of the Cenacle, or seek to measure the boundless influence of the work of the Retreats upon souls in all conditions of life. It was after a retreat made in the Cenacle that Madame Garnier and her companions formed the resolution to establish the merciful work of the "Women of Calvary." The members of that society still gather for their reunions and spiritual guidance at the convent of the Order in Lyons.

From the report of the Cenacle at Montmartre for the year 1899 we glean the following facts:

The number of public retreats given during the year was fifty-six, which were attended by 1,700 persons. Monthly retreats of one day were given to 1,600 persons. Catechism taught to 2,251 children and adults. First Communions, 268. Baptisms, 184. Returns to the practice of religion, 182. There are about twenty-one houses of the Order in the various countries of Europe, including one at Rome, and a recent foundation in London.

The first and only house of the

Cenacle in America was founded in 1892, when, through the kindness of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, Mother Grimaldi and a few companions rented a house in West 142d Street, after having been for several months the guests of the Dominican nuns of Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunt's Point. The first convent soon proved too small for the growing work, and the house and spacious grounds on the banks of the Hudson at 140th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue, were purchased. To this property have lately been added the adjoining house and grounds forming the valuable and attractive site of the present convent. The nuns occupy the smaller house, the larger being mainly reserved for retreatants and visitors.

Some time after the removal to the new building, Rev. Mother Grimaldi returned to France, and was succeeded by Rev. Mother de la Chapelle, the present Superior. The Convent of St. Regis is easily reached by the Sixth Avenue Elevated R. R., or any of the surface roads that cross 125th Street, where the cross-town cars passing up Amsterdam Avenue carry one to within two blocks of the convent. The report of the St. Regis House, New York, for the present year, besides the various works that are comprised in the many sodalities and monthly reunions, gives a total of 409 retreats, public and private, and 809 monthly retreats of one day. Though the neighborhood is unfavorable to the work of instruction in the Catechism, more than 100 children have been instructed and prepared for the Sacraments.

But the time of our visit draws to an end and we must leave the Cenacle. The spiritual exercises have made us strong and ready for the fray. We bid good-bye to the nuns and hurry off to catch our trolley car with many a regret for the peaceful scene we have left behind, and an ardent desire to tell everybody we know about the Cenacle, that they may go and do likewise. In

fact, we wonder as we glide down the long avenue why everybody does not make a retreat ! How many people in New York have never made one, and how many more ought to make one and do not !

The rose withers away in the glare of the ball room, and yet the soul, more sensitive than the fairest flower God ever made, must bloom or fade as it will, in the vitiated moral atmosphere of the times, without its seasons of spiritual

refreshment and grace. Shall we never reflect on spiritual things ? And is there no higher life within the reach of the Catholic women in every state of life than that lived by all the rest of the world ? Rome was not built in a day. The very existence of this house of retreats in the midst of our busy and populous city, and the sight of its increasing apostolate is an encouraging sign of the times and a hopeful outlook for the future.

## PATRON SAINTS AND THEIR USES.

*By Rev. Owen A. Hill, S.J.*

TIME was when every craft, from the humblest to the proudest, had its patron saint, its ideal, its champion, its intercessor with God. The ploughman never went abroad to follow his horses without a mental picture of some servant of God, who compassed holiness in the same lowly occupation. The soldier never rode down to the fight unattended by a guardian angel of courage in the person of some mail-clad knight, who raised warfare to heights it would otherwise never know, by investing it with the halo of sanctity. The boy on his way to school had a model, heroic enough to tax his loftiest ambitions. The young girl growing towards womanhood learned almost instinctively the inward worth and outward beauty of modesty and prayerfulness from sisters, whose tender graces lit the desolate pages of forward history when Christianity was struggling into the sunshine. Fathers and mothers kept ever before their eyes the glowing example of canonized parents, and praiseworthy emulation operated as a healthy incentive to lift up the whole family. Lawyers, doctors, officials ; cardinals, bishops, priests ; carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors ; merchants, clerks and mechanics ; the very beggars and house-servants had their

patron saints, and frequent thought of them necessarily exercised a wide influence for good in every individual calling. Labor lost half of its drudgery, the cares of office proved no heavy burden, poverty was honorable in these surroundings, and God's comforting presence in the garb of virtue made itself felt in every nook and corner of every-day life.

To-day saint-lore is forgotten lore, and we are heavy losers. Much of the old-time poetry has gone out of life, and a morbid discontent, a restless activity, are poisoning and blighting earnest hearts, that in another environment would bloom and blossom as the rose. Suicide is one of civilization's nastiest growths. Content is its supremest antidote ; and, when familiarity with the lives of the saints flourished, content with one's lot was the only possible and natural attitude. Men had yet to learn that any given sum of evils weighs in the balance against opportunity to reach heaven ; that escape from pain is desirable, even if an eternal hell were the only avenue open ; and that the self-murderer violates no sacred rights vested in society and Almighty God.

At the risk of provoking incredulity to laugh at our expense, we purpose calling attention to a few of the saints who

found most favor with our forefathers, endeavoring at the same time to rescue from oblivion whatever reasons prompted their devotion. There are hundreds of others about whom we must be silent, for time and space set limits and compel us to choose. The devoutly curious can find a fuller list in the Calendar and Almanac issued by the Apostleship of Prayer for 1900.

St. Nicholas of Myra in Lycia, whose feast the Church keeps on December 6, enjoyed a wide popularity. He was a favorite saint with boys and girls. Prospective brides looked to his solicitude for fortunate matches. Candle-makers worked under his special protection. Sailors invoked him at sea. Druggists, butchers and coopers had claims on his piety. Traders in grain expected him to watch over their cargoes; and the much abused profession of pawnbroker even at this late day pays a silent and ill-understood homage to the saint by the obtrusive display of its three golden balls. Traditional incidents in the saint's life account for all this popularity, and prove how solidly grounded was the devotion of his clients. To be brief, the principal incidents are these: A blood-thirsty citizen once slaughtered three little boys, and to hide his crime salted their dead bodies in a barrel of pickle brine. The disconsolate mother visited the saint and with many tears told him of her loss. Nicholas, aided of course by help from on high, went at once to the butcher's shop, upbraided the murderer with his crime, and concluded by ordering him to unearthen the pickle-barrel with its ghastly contents. But the greatest miracle of all was yet to happen. The saint raised the three dead boys to life and gave them to their mother. Hence the saint's age-old title to the affection of boys. In connection with the same event butchers, druggists and coopers commended their respective avocations to his guardianship.

On another occasion it came to the knowledge of Nicholas that a good

man of the town was sore perplexed about the future lot of his three daughters. He was anxious to see them settled in life, and marriage without a dowry was a scant possibility. When the world was younger men had to be bribed to enter wedlock. Now the reverse is the case, and, if recent events are a safe criterion, men are become the suitors and their fair sisters are exacting from them a terrible revenge for centuries of tyranny. This by the way. At any rate, the sorry plight of the moneyless father and his three girls stirred the tender heart of Nicholas to its depths, and he determined to remedy the thing. Armed with a bag of gold, he wandered past the man's house and deftly threw it in by the window. A second and a third night he repeated the deed, and brought triple bliss to a household. Girls, of course, and brides-to-be never forgot the story, and kept St. Nicholas busy with their petitions.

Candle-makers ranged themselves under his standard and had an unmistakable right to his good services because of the part played by their wares at weddings. Torches and lights at weddings are as old as history. But the funniest circumstance of all is the symbolic use to which the three bags of gold, now represented by three gold balls, have been put by pawnbrokers the world over. It is funnier still to think how few of the gentry really know to whom they are indebted for this distinctive badge of their profession. The trade, I fancy, would lose much of its ill-report and discredit, were it exercised in the spirit of neighborly charity that prompted its holy patron to run to a stranger's rescue.

The saint saw rough times in Myra during his archbishopric and more than once was forced to abandon his see and wander an exile over the earth. Once, when setting sail from a certain port, he predicted a heavy storm. The sailors laughed at his fears; but soon changed their tone to beg his prayers. The ship was in imminent danger of sinking, and,

when at his word the wind and the waves grew still, all made grateful acknowledgment of his influence with God. Ever after sailors turned to him for relief when hard pressed by danger. At another time provisions ran low in the city of Myra, and famine stared its people in the face. A merchantman loaded with wheat, in mid-ocean and on its way to some remote corner of the world, was miraculously hailed by St. Nicholas; its owner was induced to change his course and touch at the port of Myra. His cargo saved the inhabitants from all the horrors of starvation. Traders in grain thought the incident sufficient warrant to enroll themselves under his protection.

The Church calendar honors the memory of another St. Nicholas on June 2. To distinguish him from the bishop of Myra and call attention to a salient feature in his life, he is surnamed the Wanderer. Travellers, sailors and boys invoked his aid. He was a Greek by birth, and, to escape persecution at home, crossed the seas to journey from place to place as a pilgrim. Sailors were particularly enamored of the tradition that he was borne by angels from Greece to Italy without boat or sail. Boys were impressed in his favor by the singularly touching occurrence that had place just before his death. Arriving at a certain city and feeling that his end was near, the Saint's wonderful simplicity inspired him to spend the last few days of his life at play with the youngsters. He entered into all their sports, took part in all their games, and, to the great sorrow of his little friends, passed from their midst to the kingdom made up of such as children.

Actors, comedians and clowns had for patron a St. Genes, with August 25 for feast day. He was a martyr, beheaded in Rome during the reign of Diocletian. He had been a comedian of some repute in the city, engaged at the time of his conversion in the role of a newly baptized Christian. The theme, of course,

furnished a rich subject for mimicry with a thoroughly responsive audience of pagans. But one night the comedian grew suddenly serious, and in a tone that admitted of no misunderstanding asked for Baptism, the sacrament he had so recently reviled and blasphemed. The event soon reached the ears of the Emperor, and the courage of Genes was rewarded with the crown and palm of martyrdom. Women of the stage had a patron in the person of Pelagia of Antioch, who, in the midst of a glorious career, at the suggestion of a zealous hermit, abandoned her profession and devoted all the remaining years of her life to works of prayer and penance in the solitude of the desert. She is represented in ecclesiastical art as a radiantly beautiful woman, stripping her neck of a pearl string, a mask at her feet. Her feast is kept on October 8, and her heroic example ought to be a fortress of courage to the few magnificent heroines of faith, who to-day ornament our stage and save it from universal reprobation. Her heroic example ought to be a stinging rebuke and an annoying thorn of reproach to the painted things, that poison the moral atmosphere of our theatres, and for money and applause employ God's rare gifts of beauty, grace and song to damn souls and people hell.

The name of St. Thomas, the Apostle, December 21, has been from time immemorial connected with architects and builders; with masons, bricklayers and stonecutters. In the partition of the world, made after Pentecost, India fell to his lot; and tradition is witness that he worked his way into the good graces of India's heathen rulers, and won a hearing for the gospel, by his success as a builder. In all the older representations of the Saint the familiar rule and square of his profession are prominent figures. They say, too, that a huge cross of stone, the handiwork of this apostle, survived to the time of St. Francis Xavier's arrival in China. Tra-

dition has it that St. Thomas with the permission of the authorities erected it at a point far removed from the sea, predicting at the same time that when the waters washed its base other missionaries would come from the West to preach the Lord Christ anew. The thought invests these several arts with sublimity and an abiding halo of faith and piety.

In the gospels Saint Matthew, honored by the Church on September 21, is put on record as a publican, or tax-gatherer. This circumstance fully accounts for the predilection always evinced for the saint by collectors of customs, clerks, cashiers and whatever classes are entrusted with the management of public or private moneys. The man's virtue lifted him from the lowly bench of a humble and despised profession to a seat in the College of the Apostles, and his elevation is the loudest sermon ever preached on public and official honesty.

The last of the Apostles, St. Matthias, commemorated on February 24, was always considered to preside over the destinies of carpenters, confectioners and repentant toppers. His prerogative in the first two cases would seem to be founded on the two kinds of death ascribed to him in history. Some writers are of opinion that he was beheaded with an axe, the foremost tool of the carpenter. Others again think that he was beaten with a club, or overwhelmed with stones; and candy-makers inherit in all languages a name significative of crushing, squeezing and kneading, because, perhaps, of the frequency of these processes in the art. Repentant toppers are said to enjoy the privilege of his especial care, because of the humility and small conceit of self such devotion encourages. As he was the last to register among the Apostles, so these must ever bear in mind that their reformation is a signal favor of God, a call to grace when the term of merit was nearly lapsed. Not a few writers identify St. Matthias with

Zacchaeus of the gospel, the man of small stature who climbed the sycamore to see the Son of David pass, and had his faith rewarded by a personal visit from the Master. Zacchaeus was always reckoned a favorite with the keepers of bars and public houses, and the connection of cause, or occasion, and effect between them and tipplers is too evident to need comment.

Every walk in life had its saint, and the more lowly the occupation the more sweetly tender are the associations between it and its patron. St. Isidore of Madrid in Spain is a case to the point. His office is inserted in the Breviary under date of May 15. In life he was a common laborer hiring his services to neighbors, with fields to plough and tasks of the same nature to perform. No wonder then that farmers and workmen in general, when in search of a model, turned their eyes in his direction. Besides, an element of poetry had crept into his otherwise prosaic life, and his humble followers were not slow to appreciate its intense beauty. It was a practice with him, we are told, to open the day with long prayers and pause a while at each church or wayside shrine in his path to the fields. One of his employers, less pious than the rest and, no doubt, of what we call a harder common sense, took vigorous exception to this custom of the saint and determined to soundly rate him for the time he lost at his devotions. To this purpose and to more carefully observe him at work, he climbed an elevation and made ready to note results. Imagine his surprise at the sight that confronted his eyes! In the field below Isidore was pacing the furrows, but not unattended. An angel on either side supported the old man's arms and lightened his labor. Needless to say, the employer forgot his original errand and hastened to spread far and wide news of the miracle. The saint's fame grew when on closer scrutiny his neighbors discovered that all his earnings went to the support of the

poor. In art he is sometimes pictured on his knees before a spring, miraculously opened by the turning of a sod with his spade. He was canonized by Pope Gregory XV., in 1622, four hundred years after his death. He was one of a group of five, presented on that occasion to the veneration of the faithful. The others were St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, St. Theresa, and St. Philip Neri. The last named saint had in his own merry way prophesied the event years before his death. In conversation with a friend he jovially remarked, "I shall be hanged in St. Peter's with four Spaniards." What a flood of sunshine the life and deeds of good St. Isidore throw round the humble occupation he adorned and consecrated! What an incentive to holiness frequent thought of him could be to tillers of the soil and to the laborers in our streets! Work of whatever kind puts on new glory when viewed in the light of St. Isidore and his two angel helpers.

St. Marcellus I., Pope and martyr, with January 16, for feast-day, was in special honor with stable-keepers and livery-grooms. He was supposed to take an interest in their affairs because of the peculiarly trying punishment to which he was subjected by the tyrant Maxentius. The emperor, enraged at the venerable pontiff's constancy and zeal, condemned him to tend the beasts in the circus and the horses in the royal stable. For this reason, St. Marcellus often appears in ancient art with a pitchfork in hand, and girded for the duties of his cruel office. He died in this employment just before Constantine the Great ascended the throne to change the face of history and raise the Spouse of Christ from her degradation.

A Dominican, Blessed Martin of Porres, was, before impiety weakened faith, widely known throughout South America by the unusual title of "the saint for rats." His name occurs in the calendar on November 5. Three centuries ago he was infirmarian to a convent in Peru.

Before assuming the religious habit, he had followed the humble avocation of mule driver, and to this day his successors, in their long and difficult journeys over the mountains of Peru, invoke his aid in straits occasioned by their refractory and ungentle beasts. Contrary to all expectation, he was of a wonderfully sweet and tender disposition, and his care of the sick only made his heart larger and softer. It is said that he often found time in the midst of his multiplied duties to bind up and cure the wounds of dogs and birds. The sacristan of the church, attached to the convent, had troubles of his own. Rats and mice made havoc with his carpets, lace and vestments. Pestered beyond patience, he determined, sensible man that he was, to declare open war and poison the whole colony of marauders. Brother Martin, as custodian of the drugs, had to be approached for the medicine. The drastic nature of the proposal appealed to all his sense of pity and he begged delay, pledging himself in the meantime to apply a more effective, even if less severe, remedy. Armed with a basket, he went to the sacristy, summoned the rats and mice of large and small degree from their hiding places, carefully stowed them away in his basket and took them prisoners to the monastery yard. There, before setting them free, he made them a short speech; forbidding them to ever set foot within the sacred precincts of the sacristy and promising them daily and abundant rations. He was as good as his word; and every morning, in the capacity of purveyor to the rats and mice of the convent, he set them a rich and enjoyable meal. The rats and mice, on their part, proved docile to his instructions, never after invaded the enemy's territory and left the afflicted sacristan to enjoy a long period of peace.

A woman-saint of a much earlier date, Gertrude of Nivelles, commemorated on March 17, afforded her clients protection from the ravages of these diminutive, but destructive workers of mis-



chief. Fields sprinkled with water from a well in her abbey were always secure from danger and loss. This fact was so well recognized that in art her staff of office is always decorated with a procession of ascending mice, rather annoying company for persons of her sex, and company sure to promote a panic.

Hatters thought they discovered in a penance imposed on St. William of Malvalle, February 10, claims to his patronage. He was a French baron, and an old story runs to the effect that after a wild youth and manhood he repented his ways and repaired to a monastery to mend them. The monks sat in council on his case and gravely determined that his misdeeds called for no ordinary punishment. He had been a man of arms, quick to anger and guilty in his lifetime of no few excesses of violence. The abbot therefore informed him that to make his peace with God he would have to forever carry on his bare head a rough and heavy helmet, and gird his naked body with a coat of mail, fitted with rings and points to inflict new pain. The penitent, with every token of good will, accepted the decision and patiently wore these instruments of torture till his death.

The veneration entertained by tailors for St. Francis of Assisi, October 4, can occasion no surprise. Among all the saints he is poverty's stoutest champion. His love for the virtue created within him an intense craving for patches, and no garment sat easily on him unless covered with them. The disgust and holy anger provoked in the saint's bosom by Brother Elias and his flowing sleeves are become historic. The incident raised his indignation to such a pitch that he resorted to even mimicry for a corrective.

St. Anthony of Padua, with June 13 for feast day, enjoys in these latter times much of the prestige that in bygone ages attached to all the saints thus far enumerated. Memory of him, far from declining, is ever on the increase; and he fills a very prominent place in the affections of the devout. His image, with the

Child Jesus in his arms, or resting on the open pages of his book, is a familiar figure in all our churches. He is credited with a large amount of willingness to restore lost or stolen articles to their owners, and scores of clients bear ready testimony to this, his peculiar attribute. This strange phase of devotion towards the saint had its rise in an incident of his busy life. When abbot to a certain monastery, one of the monks, yielding to temptation, made off with a valuable book. Those were not the days of printing presses, and books, because they had to be laboriously transcribed from preface to end, were worth dollars where they are now hardly worth cents. When, therefore, this treasure was missed from the library, St. Anthony fell to his prayers for its recovery. God, in answer to His servant, sent a mysterious messenger to overhaul the fugitive monk and frighten him back to the monastery. Sore afraid, he repented him of his crime and hastily retraced his steps to sue for pardon and forgiveness. The childlike trust put by many in this saint's intercession is a loud reminder of the ages of faith, and cannot be too highly encouraged or too devoutly cherished.

Some salient characteristic in this or that mystery of our Lord's life often influenced artisans and tradesmen to make the mystery an object of special veneration. They kept each recurrent anniversary of the feast with pomp and ceremony, and consecrated themselves and their profession to its memory. Thus, to allege only one out of many instances, tapestry-makers saw in the splendor of the Transfiguration, August 6, a reason for commending their labors to the Saviour as He appeared on Mount Thabor. The touchingly simple picture of the event, on record in the Gospel, must have appealed to their artistic instincts, and faith urged them to hallow the thought. "And His face did shine as the sun, and His garments became white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can make white."

The piety of our ancestors was of no sombre sort. It impelled them to take with holy things familiarities, that shock our exacter and less ingenuous tastes. No doubt they felt themselves sons of God and brothers to the saints in a way denied us, and the softer atmosphere of the home-circle is conducive to freedom. Hence the frequent occurrence in hagiography of patrons, who depend for the distinction on the thinnest kind of a joke; on what we call, to be plain, a pun; *un calembour*, if the word hurts less in classical French. St. John before the Latin Gate is the feast marked in our calendar for May 6. Copyists, printers, booksellers and the whole tribe of writers ever regarded it as their one distinctive holiday. It is commemorative of the saint's being plunged into a cauldron of boiling oil, and the connection between literature and the event is not at first sight evident. The only explanation at hand is that offered by most authors on the subject. In earlier times Latin was, of course, the universal language of the arts and was under great obligations to knights of the pen. The debt was entirely mutual, as the language was a means of livelihood to its servants. Wits detected this relationship in the expression, "*ante Portam Latinam*." It sounds remarkably like this other, "*portat Latina, qui Latinam portant*," i. e. "they support Latin, and Latin supports them." The prominent part played by the book with seven seals in St. John's Apocalypse may have had something to do with this strange choice of patron; but older writers neglect to even so much as mention the circumstance.

St. Expedit, honored on April 19, furnishes another instance. He was a martyr of the early Church in Cappadocia and no details of his life or triumph have found their way down to our times. His name is a derivative from "*Expedire*," meaning to bring to a hasty and successful issue, to expedite. This seemed foundation enough to in-

voke his aid in difficulties and, like St. Antony of Padua, he daily grows in popularity. He is represented in art as a mail-clad warrior, with a cross subscribed "*Hol. lie*," or "*To-day*," in one hand, and a raven inscribed "*Cras*," or "*Tomorrow*," under his foot. The raven's familiar cry is suggestive of "*cras*," and procrastination, besides being the thief of time, is fatal to business.

St. Acharius, November 27, was prayed to by husbands afflicted with nagging scolds for wives. The only apparent reason is the play on words contained in his name. *Angariare*, to nag, is responsible for the French, *achariatre*; and our own English word is not a long enough remove from the two to make the pun far-fetched. The women retaliated. Against ungentle helpmates they had recourse in their troubles to St. Mary Magdalen, using the formula she addressed to the newly risen Saviour in the garden, "*Rabboni*" or "*Good Master*." They prayed her under this title to invest their wayward husbands with qualities more characteristic of real sovereigns and lords.

These are but a few of the many instances of fervor displayed by our ancestors in their veneration for the saints. They represent only a small beginning of the long list that survives to our times. Few, however, as they are, space obliges us to be content with them for the present. Girls and women-saints offer even a wider field for study, all the more interesting because of the singular innocence of their lives and the charms maiden modesty must ever have for the minds of men and of angels.

The Old Testament, too, is full of heroes and heroines, well worthy of a more familiar acquaintance than most Christians can boast. Surely, if a man's conduct borrows color from the company he keeps, frequent rehearsal of their lives, as set down in Holy Scripture, ought to work wonders of change in devout readers. Robust faith needs healthy food and plenty of it. Thoughts sug-

gested by the men we meet upon the street are food of another kind, and the ideas held up to us in the modern novel and the newspapers are, if not degrading, fearfully hostile to piety. Besides, union with God in every detail of life is the normal condition of the saints ; and we are all called to be saints.

It does, indeed, seem strange that a mind beneficently moulded for the truth and a heart on fire with love should find it hard and irksome to keep close all day long to the fountain head of knowledge, the central sun of love. It does, indeed, seem strange ; and yet not too strange to be true. We are essentially men of business. So much of our day is given to employments tending to divert our attention from God that thought of Him is violence and exerts a strain. We are all day long in a whirl of mental excitement and absorption. Our heads are seldom at leisure to enjoy God contentedly. We have to descend into the pit and do with problems well able to monopolize our thoughts and rest like a cloud between them and God. Fathers have to provide for their families, mothers have to work from early morning till late at night, keeping the home in order. Young men and young women have to lend their fathers and mothers a helping hand. And the children—God bless them—they are all intent on play and mischief, they are strengthening their little bodies for the years ahead. And where does God come in? Is He entirely absent from the day's round of duties, morning and evening devotions alone excepted? Heaven forbid! If He is entirely absent from the day's round of duties, He will infallibly be absent from prayer's meagre portion of the day. We are so constituted by nature that we cannot rush at a moment's notice from one phase of mind to another. We cannot live all day on earth and of a sudden climb to heaven. To pay God due homage we must see to it that

thoughts of God get into the web and woof of our most indifferent actions. Purity of intention, presence of God, recollection, whatever we wish to call the practice, must be our guardian angel.

Union with God in every detail of life, we have said it, is the normal condition of saints, and we can by honest endeavor get into the blessed condition. From familiarity with the lives of the saints we can have sign-posts scattered along the day's journey of duties, and we can by a glance at the beginning of each separate task sanctify the work and keep in touch with God. What, for instance, more encouraging, what more restful, than to recall at the beginning of a day's work in the fields that sublime picture of St. Isidore with an angel in white at each plough-handle! What more elevating or inspiring than to see at the threshold of morning and evening prayers, or at a visit to the church, the majestic form of Aaron as portrayed in the sixteenth chapter of Numbers, "And standing between the dead and the living, he prayed for the people!" With grey beard and hands uplifted, with fourteen thousand and seven hundred dead behind him and the rest of Israel huddled together for fear of the plague in front, his head seems to tower to the sky, and the image lends a new zest to duty. A hundred such incidents and sayings can be found scattered up and down the Scripture ; and remembrance of them, far from annoying, will serve but to recreate and delight the mind. St. Thomas with his rule and square, St. Matthew with his tablets, St. William with his helmet of penance, St. Nicholas at play with the boys, all the myriad saints in our calendar furnish salutary reminders without limit. We must do something to hold our errant thoughts in check. Otherwise our lives shall prove but a succession of lost days, wasted on things and projects, unworthy the sons of God.

## AVE MARIA !

*By Rev. C. W. Barraud, S.J.*

AVE.

**H**AIL, thou chaste and gentle maiden,  
Fairer than Eve's fairest daughters,  
Like a palm by Jordan's waters,  
With all graces heavy-laden !  
Hail to thee !

Hail, thou pearl of matchless whiteness,  
Hidden from the ken of mortals !  
'Twas for thee through heaven's high portals  
God came down and veiled His brightness,  
'Twas for thee.

Hail, thou peerless star of heaven,  
Thou whose lustre knows no waning,  
Ever in thy place remaining,  
Star of morning, star of even,  
Hail to thee !

MARIA.

Word of comfort, word of joy,  
Ne'er without rapture spoken,  
Chanted by angel choirs on high,  
Uttered in accents broken  
By poor souls in agony !

Word of mercy ! Pledge of love  
To our guilty fathers;  
Like that token from above  
O'er the raging waters  
Brought of yore by Noe's dove !

Name of Mary, who shall tell  
One half the joy thou bringest  
To the blessed souls that dwell  
With God, and how thou wringest  
Homage from the fiends in hell ?

Mary, Mary, who can know  
The depth of that rich river  
From thy heart doth ever flow,  
And shall flow for ever  
On thy children here below ?

Sweet to tell and sweet to hear  
Is thy name, O Mother;  
Soothing sorrow, calming fear:  
There is but one other  
To the heart should be more dear.

## FLOWER OF THE BROOM.

*By Claude M. Girardeau.*

*(Continued.)*

THE Williamsport people had never ceased to refer with pardonable pride and complacency to the visit paid the town by the Father of his Country; and his words on that memorable occasion were quoted to every other visitor since that time by successive descendants of his auditors with as much unction as if they themselves had been the original ear-witnesses of the epigram.

And, in truth, the sentence was as applicable at the end of the nineteenth century as it had been at the close of the eighteenth.

"The town of Williamsport," said General Washington, as he majestically debarked from the sloop that had brought him thither from Carolus and stood on the beach looking about him, "the town of Williamsport has a remarkably finished look."

Maida agreed with him heartily, if unconsciously, as she debarked, though not majestically, from the solitary passenger-coach that had dragged her thither, and stood on the rickety station platform, looking about her. The excessive flatness of the country and the one or two-story buildings embowered in trees, prevented an extensive view of the place; to the right, beyond a sluggish river, stretched the ricefields, and on the left rose the tower of the old English church of Prince William. Had Maida passed the quaint lichgate set in its wall of crumbling masonry and pushed aside the ground ivy in the corner under the grey cedar, she would have discovered her great-great-great-grandmother's name deep-cut in dull blue stone, and half would have belonged to her under the cherub's defaced wings in the black-letter

hieroglyphics of early Colonial epitaphs. But instead, she gazed uncertainly about her, wondering what was next to befall. A horse and buggy, both apparently a thousand years old, were waiting at the platform steps, the horse's nose almost touching the ground.

Finally Maida bethought herself to seek refuge in the "Ladies' Waiting Room," and there, standing within the dingy door, she beheld an old gentleman, somewhat bent of back, with delicate silver curls falling over his velvet collar.

He was peering nearsightedly at the string of negroes trooping in and out, and started when a small soft hand was slipped into his, and a tender voice whispered in his ear:

"Is this Cousin Gabriel Raymond de Carnac?"

He smiled at the stately title, then put a shaking arm about the little sombre creature

"My dear child," he said, "my darling," and kissed one white cheek and then the other.

The quivering tone, the tenderness, were too much for her after her recent experiences. She buried her face in his old velvet collar, and under shelter of her black veil sobbed heartbrokenly, like a forgiven child. The passing negroes looked with friendly inquisitiveness at them. They all knew who "Mass Gabe" was waiting for. Yet—

"Who dat?" inquired one of another. "Enty um Mass Gabe's daughter?"

"Hit mought a bin," replied the other, laughing at her own penetration.

"This is my carriage and pair, dear child," said De Carnac, leading Maida

to the buggy that had excited her amusement.

She leaned to him, smiling through her tears, pressing a cheek to his shoulder, for he was a little old gentleman.

"Dear Maman told me of the carriage you used to have," she said.

She determined to ask him some day why first cousins should not marry.

He helped her in carefully, gave her the reins with a comical air of caution, for the old mare was rooted to the spot, and trotted away for her trunk.

By comparison it was three times as big as the buggy. Therefore it was delivered to Cæsar, he of the black skin and the strong arm, and presently the procession of wagon and buggy moved cautiously out of the village.

It was too dark to see much of the road. But De Carnac said it might have been the Emperor's Highway from Nikko to Imaichi under the limitless stretch of pines and cryptomeria in the odorous dusk. The stars appeared, yellow and brilliant, lucid between the treetops. Now and then came a pause at a perilous bridge, four planks over a rice canal; now at a rotten gate through which they lurched with ominous creakings. Then up a gentle declivity overhung with grey moss pendent from live oaks, centuries old, gnarled and lightning torn, past the euonimus hedge and beneath the lustrous leaves of the magnolia trees.

Maida looked into the spacious opening before her with a singular sensation. But where was the house? Surely the night was not misty? Was that a phantom gleam of marble façade, of cornice and of turret? Of latticed piazza and airhung belvedere?

Were those twinkling lights the shimmer of candelabra through light curtained casements?

No; the low stars were gleaming through the holly bushes and the Christmas berries.

She rubbed her eyes with her crum-

pled hands. They had come to a standstill. The old mare was scratching her touzled head against a tulip tree. De Carnac came to the side of the buggy, holding out his hands, saying:

"Here we are, dear child. Let me help you out. Be careful."

She stood winking the dusk from her eyes as he fumbled under the buggy-seat for various parcels.

Then she began to trace the rough outlines of a low building under the tree. Never painted or whitewashed, its grey blended with the purple gloaming, making it almost invisible in the shade.

Two rooms in length, with a shed-room at one end, it huddled forlornly against a background of dense shrubbery and drew the deep roof of the narrow veranda over its front like a cowl.

A huge figure slouched out of the dark and appeared at the mare's head.

"Is that you, Adam?" queried De Carnac, who could hear but not see.

"Yezzah," replied a deep melodious voice.

"All right. Be off with you and see that Lady Gay gets enough to eat to-night, or you will hear from me in the morning."

He smacked the decrepit Lady Gay on her lean flank and the black giant grinned behind his hand, as he led her off to "stuff her ribs with mouldy hay."

Maida went up the decaying steps and De Carnac fumbled at the door; then pushed it open and stood aside. "Go in, my darling. Home at last." Bewildered she entered and thrust aside her veil to see. Her feet sank in the soundless carpet. The flying birds, the velivolant clouds, the undulating monsters of the embroidered tapestry screening the rough walls, danced, gleamed in iridescent splendor in the flare of heaped pine-knots in the huge fireplace. A copper lamp, upheld of writhing dragons in beaten iron set with uncut jewels, shed a translucent glow upon an open piano.

Vases of pierced silver, of rare blue, of rose pink, bowls of bronze and plaques

of lacquer overflowed with chrysanthemums in crimson, gold and white.

The black lettered page turned, revealed the fantastic illumination of the Arabian Nights.

A wide deep lounge heaped with rainbow pillows had been rolled up to the fire place. Behind it an enamelled screen set in carved sandalwood unfolded innumerable leaves to intercept the draught from a door.

Maida sank down upon this fairy divan, speechless with astonishment.

The old gentleman deposited his parcels on a table, went to her and sat beside her, holding one small cold hand.

"What is it, dear child?"

"I think I must be dreaming," she said pathetically, "and I am afraid to wake up."

"No wonder," he replied, observing the paleness of her fair cheeks, "I forgot you could not know. The plantation house was burned during the Civil war. It has never been rebuilt and nothing was saved. I found this hovel occupied by the overseer when I came last year. It was big enough for me and my belongings and I think it unlikely that Uncle Francis will ever build again. He is very, very old. Almost ninety-five. I am young when I think of him. Thirty years my senior and alive! This place, Escondida, belongs to him. I am living here to save the plantation from utter rack and ruin. I have nothing but the small field by the ferry left me by my grandmother. I do no planting, however, for my nephew, Dino Montevarchi, plants for both Uncle Francis and myself. I am too old, and have forgotten all I ever knew about low-country methods of rice-planting. If I could bring some coolies, now, from Fukushima. I can't manage these free negroes. I pretend to look after them, but in reality Dino does all the work. He lives on his mother's plantation, *The Place*, as it is called, near the ferry. His mother is my sister, you know, Felicia Raymond de Carnac.

She married one of the 'Italian cousins' about thirty-five years ago and sent Dino here to save her property from destruction and confiscation, as soon as he left college. I was afraid she was going to make a priest of him. So now you have a little history of us. You shall have more after awhile." He untied her bonnet and passed his fingers caressingly through her loose hair.

"That is your mother's piano," he said softly. "I found it in a forgotten corner at Kensington and bought it from the Yankee overseer for ten dollars. Uncle Lucien gave two hundred pounds for it in England. It is a Broadwood. Do you play?"

"Yes," she whispered at his ear as if it were a secret.

A sound of heavy breathing and stepping came from the back entry.

"Cæsar with your trunk," explained the old gentleman. "I had better see about it. No keys, did you say? Then he shall bring his tools and unfasten it at once."

He went with short alert steps in the direction of Cæsar's groans and Maida spread her palms to the rosy flames.

Before her on the rough mantel was a Japanese dream in ivory, an exquisite figure of a young girl, holding in one hand an empty cage. The delicate face with its mute expression of forlorn bereavement was turned pathetically in the direction of the truant's flight. A soft breeze blew her diaphanous drapery about her slender childlike limbs.

Maida rose from the lounge, leaned forward impulsively and pressed her lips to the tiny face.

She was still observing it with quiet delight when De Carnac returned.

He looked from her to the ivory statuette with indescribable tenderness. Maida betrayed her wistful face to him.

"Does she not fill one's heart? I felt like that once before. I heard a very great musician play one of his own compositions—it was Paderewski and he

played 'The Song of the Exile'—I could not breathe. I was afraid my heart would stop beating."

De Carnac returned her look intently, with eyelids almost closed.

How often he had seen her mother look like that, especially after her marriage.

"Do not dream too much, my darling. Though this air is full of dreams," he added in a low voice. "Come, let Olympe take you to your room."

An hour or so later, when De Carnac's nephew, Dino, opened the front door and peeped cautiously in, hearing voices, he smiled.

Maida sat opposite the old gentleman in the midst of the rainbow pillows. Between the two a table, checked off in squares of onyx and nacre. The small figure in the *Kimono*, with long faint-colored sleeves falling from her slim arms, held something on her palm and laughed like a child with a toy.

"Look, Cousin Gabriel, at the wonderful work on this speck of a howdah," she was saying, delighted, "and see the face of the mahout on his neck between his great ears. Is it not strange that such a tiny scrap of ivory carving can give such a wonderful, vivid impression of size and power? Or is it because I *know*?"

She put the elephant down and took up a prancing barb with a paladin upon his back, then examined the turbaned pawns and the veiled queen upon the tiger with the lotus in her hand.

Maida's face was flushed, her eyes liquid. She had forgotten that she was ever heartsick or tired, for Olympe had rubbed her aching body with sea-salt and had charmed her to sleep for an hour before supper.

And so she laughed.

And Dino Montevarchi, leaning against the shut door, laughed also.

His uncle looked around.

"I see it is not safe to leave that door unlocked," he said.

"Where is the lantern—the *Gifuchochin*

—you promised to hang out for me at the end of the piazza?" retorted Montevarchi, going up to the table.

"I may be excused for forgetting it this evening," replied De Carnac, "this is your cousin, Maida, and my god-daughter."

The omission of the surname was significant.

Dino absorbed in his warm palm with manifest amusement the delicate hand held out to him.

"I thought it must be another importation from the Honcho-dori," he said.

Maida colored to her eyebrows.

"I forgot my trunk-key and Cæsar could not open the trunk and Olympe could find nothing but this."

She lifted the end of a lilac sleeve lined with applegreen and ornamented with a design of cherry-blossoms, and looked up at him.

"It is very pretty," said Dino.

He glanced at the table.

"Is Uncle Gabriel teaching you chess already?"

Maida leaned her chin on her hand and pushed the little carvings absently about. The ghost of a smile puckered her half open lips.

"I have often played," she said, "I like the game."

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed Montevarchi, still more amused. He sat down by De Carnac, and after a desultory talk of crops and village affairs dropped his riding-whip and went to the piano. It was an old instrument with mother-of-pearl keys, magnificent in its youth and still mellow and satisfying in old age since Dino had tuned it. Maida drew in her breath. She wondered if he could really play. Dino struck a deep singing chord with his lean brown fingers and began a strange improvisation. A Chopin valse, a prelude, a haunting air from some old-time ballad, a wild dance, snatches of Creole love-songs, the chant of the ricefield, a whisper of harplike arpeggios, swelling chords of a blood-



stirring march, the trampling beat of the rhythmical horse-hoofs, a faint song from the far distance—a fainter echo—then silence.

Maida pressed her face upon a pillow and wet it with her tears. De Carnac stared into the fire, lost in reverie. Dino picked up a sheet of music from the stand beside the piano and stuck the page up before him on the rack.

After a few preliminary notes he began to sing. His voice was a soul-penetrating baritone, powerful, clear, vibrant like a 'cello string. He subdued it to the narrow compass of the room. Maida did not know the song. She sat up to listen, bringing her cameo profile between De Carnac and the fire.

"Oh, love and life are for a day,  
And then farewell to laughter;  
Oh, love and life are for a day,  
Then tears forever after."

"Why, Dino," exclaimed De Carnac, "since when have I heard you sing that? Not for many a day."

"It happened to be the first thing that came to hand," said Montevarchi, "there was no *arrière-pensée* in the selection."

But he left the piano and went up to lean on the mantelpiece and stared into the fire with compressed lips and dark brows drawn. De Carnac glanced at Maida.

Her lips were pale, her eyes heavy. "You are tired, my darling," he said at her ear. "Do you not think you had better go to bed?" She got up obediently, held a delicate cheek to him, said good-night to Montevarchi, who replied without looking at her, and went away. Olympe met her at the door and put an arm around her, half carrying her to her room under the sloping shed.

"You are very good," said Maida, looking up into the fine yellow face with admiration.

Olympe held out her arms, on her knees beside the bed. Maida crept into them and wept unrestrained upon her bosom. She fell asleep in that maternal

shelter and did not wake until late the next morning.

Dino rode over to Escondida in a day or so and was surprised by the sight of Maida on the veranda. "Why," he exclaimed, looking down at her from his horse, "I thought you were a little thing, a child, the other evening."

"Well," she answered, amused by his chagrin, "I am not very big, and not so very old."

"Truly," he replied, "but you are more than twelve, are you not?"

She laughed in her throat.

"I think I had better wear a *Kimono* all the time."

Montevarchi dismounted and sat on the steps beside her, much taken with her expression and the babble of laughter.

"What a spectacle I must have made of myself the other evening," he complained, observing her serious profile askance. "I am in the habit of playing for Uncle Gabriel and you looked so. . . so. . ."

"Insignificant," she finished, narrowing her blue eyes under their dark lashes and slanting her face to him. A smile ran over it like a wave of light from brow to chin, and spent itself in the crescent of her scarlet lips.

"I am glad you played and sang like that. You made me cry, it is true, but it was delightful. Why do you plant rice when you can play like that?"

"What would you?" he laughed. "Should I be a 'professor' of piano somewhere? You see I am two-sided; the Italian of me makes the music, the American plants the rice. Besides, I believe I would rather have money than music."

"It is a good thing to have," she replied soberly, folding her small hands and gazing speculatively at him.

He was intensely taken by her child-like gravity.

After this he fell into the way of observing her varying moods, and it seemed to him she grew happier every day, ap-

parently from the pure pleasure of living her own life. De Carnac, also, felt the gradual change in her, the daughter of his dreams, for she spent most of her time with him.

In the ricefields watching the half-naked negroes at work in the ditches; in the roads bronzed with pine-trash where her feet slipped as she walked;

when the grave face with its eyes of larmoyant blue appeared at the old gentleman's shoulder, above the lap-robe of Nishimura silk, dragon-embroidered and bordered with lotus.

He would turn in his saddle to watch them in the perspective of pines, De Carnac's silvery curls floating in the breeze, Maida flapping the reins and



"HE SAT BESIDE HER, HOLDING ONE SMALL COLD HAND."

in the park and flower-garden where peacocks called harshly from the hedges, or flaunted their staring vanity on the ruined pillars of the gate, contrasting their enamelled brilliance with its dull decay. Nearly every day they drove to the village in the antebellum buggy, moving Dino to laughter inextinguishable whenever he met them on the road. But he was careful to meet them soberly

chirruping to the purblind Lady Gay, who was as wilful as she was blind. One evening late in the day Dino came driving a matched pair of fox-colored horses.

"I have been trying them for some time," he said to his uncle, "and have bought them. Can I take Maida for a drive?"

"Say, 'yes,' please," implored Maida, her eyes dancing.

The light trap whirled away down the long, wide road, through the sleepy village and for miles along sandy avenues stretching ghost-white before them. The sharp scent of pines and pungent salt made the air buoyant, electric.

Maida leaned forward, the soft delicious wind rushing against her cheek, her veil sweeping from her in inky curves. Her face gleamed like marble. It seemed to her she sped through space alone. Nothing but the luminous half light around her, the rush of ether past her like liquid waves. She felt bodiless, elated, scarcely breathing. The atmosphere was like an infinite crystal bell, reverberating sweetly with the fragrant breath of evening. The moon, a glassy sphere, hung above the

square church tower. On either side and beyond the church, the ricefields lay, their canals striping the twilit wastes with golden ribbons, their oppressive odor rising pungently, penetrating the air with the promise of fever. Across the wide reach of salt marsh the spiky palmettos fringed the beach where fishing sloops from the islands southward thrust their black masts against the sal-low sky.

She hardly knew when Dino lifted her from the cart to the veranda, and observed her curiously. With a smiling face and many words of thanks to him for the great pleasure he had afforded her, Maida hastens within to tell dear Cousin Gabriel of the day's enjoyment

*(To be continued.)*

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA

*(Continued.)*

**B**EFORE accompanying Mother Baptist back to the distant scene of her life-work, we shall venture to note one quaint little indication of the impression she made during her home-tour. Among the convents that she visited was the spacious and most efficient convent of her Order at Dundalk, where her aunt is still a Sister of Mercy, the sole survivor of her generation. One of the persons who called upon her during her stay at St. Malachy's was the excellent local physician, the late Dr. John Gartlan, a relative and lifelong friend of her kinsfolk, who had come south from Killough and made that prosperous town their home. This warm-hearted and clever man was a devoted admirer of the sitting member for the borough, the last that it was ever to return to Parliament before being disfranchised as below the new limit of population. This M. P. was Mother Baptist's brother, then

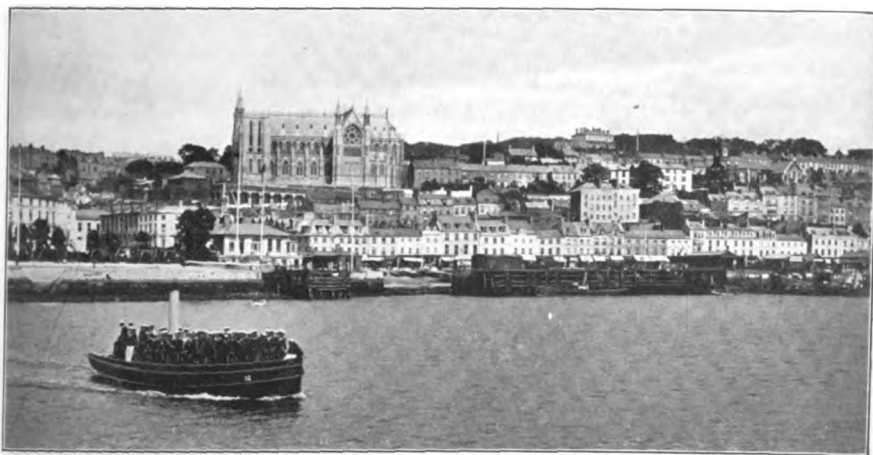
Charles Russell, Q. C., and the doctor's high esteem for him lends energy to this expression of his opinion of our Irish-American nun: "She is as much above that London chap as I am above my Johnnie," namely, his old coachman, for whose intellectual powers he had no great respect, especially in comparison with his own.

Sister Mary Columba having "gone home" by a shorter route, Mother Baptist was left free to hasten her return to California. Members of a family are counselled to keep up certain social formalities as a help to the maintenance of charity, and in religious families such observances cannot be overlooked. The Sisters at Kinsale did better than that Lord Mayor who, at a farewell banquet given to the British Association of Science, said: "A week ago I welcomed you to this ancient city with a *cead mile failte*, and now I take leave of you with

the same idiomatic expression." A hundred thousand welcomes certainly greeted Mother Baptist's arrival, but not her departure. In their parting address the Kinsale Sisters say, after many loving words: "You have during your too brief stay with us endeared yourself still more to your loving sisters in your old convent home. Your visit, beloved Mother, has been indeed a memorable one for you and for us. The saving impress of the Cross, the pledge of our dear Lord's special love has marked it, and since He has been pleased to take your beloved child and companion to Himself, may we not hope that she will

To these affectionate words was added what an old writer calls "the mellifluous meeters of poesie," but the farewell song is not as quotable as the song of welcome that greeted Mother Baptist at the other end of her second and last journey from the Old Head of Kinsale to San Francisco and the Golden Gate. Space allows us to give only the opening lines of this long and beautiful poem.

The rapture of this meeting  
No parting fears dispel;  
The gladness of our greeting  
No words may fitly tell;



QUEENSTOWN AND CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

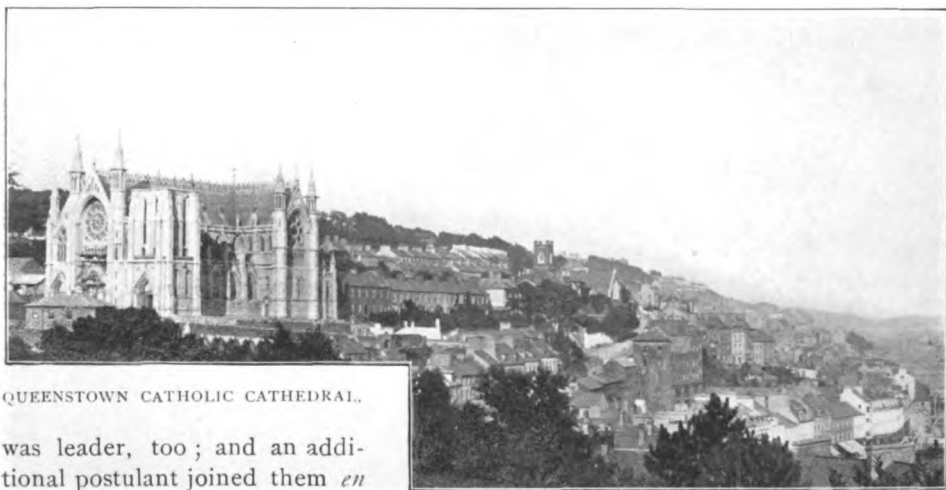
join us in interceding for her cherished and devoted Mother? Her grave will form another link to bind us still more closely to our Sisters in the far West, and, when breathing a prayer for the dear departed, *they* will not be forgotten. And you, beloved Mother, will ever be remembered by us all where remembrance is best—at the foot of the altar. There we shall ask the Divine Prisoner of Love to bless and reward you; and during our visits to Him, especially while you and your little band are on the wide ocean, we shall fervently beseech Him to guide and protect you and bring you safe to the loving ones who anxiously await your return."

And in our hearts no other,  
No sweeter thought may reign  
Than this:—"Our dearest Mother  
Is with us once again!"  
The long suspense is over,  
The pain of waiting past—  
Our loved and loving rover  
Is safely here at last.  
Our heavenward-wafted pleading  
Hath ever followed thee  
When thou, dear one, wert speeding  
Across the crested sea.  
We bade Love bind the ocean  
With fetters of His will  
And calm its wild commotion  
With tender "Peace be still!"  
And to our fond petition

He sent His answer sweet,  
 And safely on their mission  
 He led thy pilgrim feet,  
 Until they trod serenely  
 Their own dear native Isle,  
 Whose valleys, glist'ning greenly,  
 Returned thy greeting smile.

Between the prose and the poetical addresses just quoted Mother Baptist conducted her band of recruits over ocean and continent, and no doubt drilled them quietly on the way. They were about twice as numerous as the original missionary band, in which she

at noon I left Omaha with Mother Baptist and her companions. Her kindness and thoughtfulness in the cars was extreme—always thinking of others before herself, waiting on them, procuring little comforts for them. We did not feel the almost five days' travel. The dear Mother beguiled the time with incidents of her early life in California, or of her recent visit to Ireland and England. Our party had a drawing-room car all to itself, and Reverend Mother asked each of us (eleven in all) to tell a story, to sing, or recite. While crossing the Rockies the train moves very slowly.



QUEENSTOWN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

was leader, too; and an additional postulant joined them *en route*, to whom was assigned the patron of the deceased Sister Columbia and who was destined to be Mother Baptist's immediate successor in the office of Superior. The younger nun gives this account of their meeting and of their first journey together. "On Sunday, May 18, 1879, I first saw Mother Baptist Russell. Her first greeting was 'Oh, I know you.' She had seen two sisters of mine who were Sisters of Mercy in Tralee, and recognized me from them. She won my heart at once, inspiring an affection that lasted for the twenty happy years that I spent under her.

"This meeting was in Omaha, on her way back from Ireland, where my sisters had almost accidentally brought me into communication with her. The next day

We were seated around Mother Baptist, asking for our names in religion. I asked for Patrick, but she said, 'I am sorry you cannot have *that* as we have a Sister Patricia already and a black novice, Sister Mary Patrick.' One of our companions looked frightened, saying she did not know they had negroes in the convent in San Francisco. Oh, how the dear Mother enjoyed this and spoke of it during the rest of the trip. Of course the phrase black novice refers to the change of black veil for white veil after Profession. When I addressed her as Reverend Mother she said, 'I am not Reverend Mother,' but added with a sweet smile that I should think would win any heart, 'but have a very good

chance of being such on my return.' As a fact she was in office every time that she could according to rule since 1854. I thought her so wonderful to be able to say from memory the Litany of the Saints, and the long Litany for the Dead, and the one for a happy death with all the prayers attached to them; (1) she used to say them at dusk every evening. On Friday, May 23, we reached our destination to the great joy of all. Our dear Mother was delighted to be home again. So here I am ever since, and every day of my life I thank God for having been allowed to associate with Mother Baptist so long and to have known her so intimately."

Mother Baptist's first letter after her return was begun on "July 2, 1879," but not finished till the 19th. "You know from others that I am safe at home since the 23d of May. Next morning at 10 o'clock I got the keys of the house"—something like being appointed Vicar Capitular during the interregnum before

(1) In this she took after her mother, who had off by heart the Rosary of Jesus, the Jesus Psalter, and other long prayers that have now gone out of fashion.

the election of a new Superior—"and the following Thursday I was made *Boss*. So you see I was *just in time*." She ends a well-filled letter with "a thousand loves to each dear Sister in all the houses"—namely in Newry Convent of Mercy and its branches.

Mother Baptist thus after her European trip settled down quietly to another long term of office. All testimonies tend to show that she had altogether exceptional gifts for wise, gentle and firm administration and government; a wonderfully effective combination of the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. One of her most striking characteristics as a Superior was her calmness, her peace, her self-possession, even in the most untoward circumstances. Part of her secret she reveals in the counsel given to a Sister whom she had placed in charge of a branch house and who was evidently tried a good deal by one of her subjects:—

"Don't on any account let her shortcomings or anything of that kind bother or disturb you in the least, like a good child. God leaves each one of us our free will, and we are accountable for



SUGAR ISLAND BRIDGE, TAYLOR HILL, NEWRY.

ourselves. See how even the immediate presence and personal intercourse with our Lord did not keep the unhappy Judas right. So do what you can, but keep your mind not alone peaceful but joyous, and the more joyous the better for yourself and all."

She ends this letter with the following very commonplace advice: "See that all the Sisters have heavy, good shoes, and everything necessary to keep them warm and dry, and keep a good fire. Call for a little music occasionally, or play yourself."

After the date that we have reached in her story, Mother Baptist was never again to see Ireland or any of her dear kinsfolk except the elder of her brothers. On the 14th of August, 1883, Mr. Charles Russell started from Liverpool to pay his first visit to America. His travelling companions were Lord Coleridge, whom he was to succeed as Chief Justice of England, Mr. Justice Hannen, before whom he was to defend Parnell, then the leader of the Irish people, Mr. Patrick Martin, Q. C., M. P. for Kilkenney, and Mr. James Bryce, M. P., whose visit to the States led to the composition of an important work, "Impressions of America." Another of the party, the one with whom we are now concerned, also took notes of what he saw, but only for the gratification of his family at home. It was certainly characteristic that amidst all the fatigue of travelling these pencilled notes went unfailingly week by week across the Atlantic.

None of these were read at home with keener interest than the pages relating to Mother Baptist, when her brother, leaving Lord Coleridge and his other travelling companions in the Eastern States, made his way to California and the Queen of the West. Without venturing to ask permission we transcribe at this point a few passages from the diary just as it was hastily jotted down in pencil at the time. San Francisco was not reached by rail over the Rockies, as in Mother Baptist's second journey to it, but by steamer,

as in her first. Not now, however, from Panama in the south, but from the north, by Vancouver and the Pacific Railroad across Canada.

"As we got farther south, the outlines of the shore were bolder, the bluffs higher and occasionally very fine, reminding me greatly of Ireland, say the coast of Antrim, but nothing, I think, like so fine as the Antrim coast.

"As we were finishing dinner, our courteous Captain, rising from the table, said, 'Gentlemen, I hope you will come on deck in a few minutes, for we shall soon be passing through the Golden Gate.'

"Presently up we went. We were approaching the entrance to this the finest harbor I ever saw. On each side were light-houses and also strong fortifications for the defence of the port; and a little further to the south was a great rock known as Seal Rock on which literally thousands of seals hourly and daily disport themselves.

"On, on we go, and, now fairly through the entrance, we see the straggling lights of this the greatest City of the South. But the Golden Gate—where is it? Why so called? I look eagerly forward, but all I see in the dull light of the rapidly closing day is a murky, smoky atmosphere such as one sees in the busy towns of Lancashire. Why the Golden Gate? In my perplexity I turn back to the west which we are leaving, and I need no further explanation. The revelation is made to me. The sun has gone down but left the traces of his bright golden glory behind him, and there between the two headlands which form the pillars (themselves gilt by the brightness all around them) we see only one blaze of rich golden light from side to side. It is well called the Golden Gate. A turn in our course presently shuts out this brightness from our view, and we discern in the dull light a number of vessels anchored in what seems and is in fact an immense anchorage ground. We thread

our way cautiously amongst them, and, finally landed at Broadway Wharf, we are taken possession of by the employes of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, and in its hospitable portals we speedily find ourselves. I will by-and-by tell you what San Francisco is like.

*"Tuesday, September 18, 1883.*

"My impressions of yesterday evening of the beauty of this place were quite confirmed this morning. We arrived at the Palace Hotel and found it all ablaze and a band playing in the atrium or courtyard which was crowded.

"Our rooms had been engaged and were the best in the house—on the sixth story! They were really very fine, large, lofty, with bath-room and dressing-room to each—in fact, very complete suites of rooms. In the morning we found we had a distant view of the Bay and across to Goat Island over the intervening city.

"Frisco is certainly beautifully situated, and beautifully laid out. Sheltered from the West by the southern arm of the Bay, it rests upon a succession of hills—many of them very steep—which seem to run almost in regular parallel lines.

"Though much smaller in population than Chicago, it is a much more taking city. There is also great appearance of business activity. Altogether, after New York, it is the finest city I have seen here.

"The system of tramcars is the most perfect I have seen. Even the steepest hills are charged by steam-trams, worked on the endless-chain principle; and you can travel from one end of the city to the other for five cents. This is the only cheap thing, this tramcar travelling, which I have yet come across in the United States.

"I went early to St. Mary's Hospital

situated on the top of Rincon Hill. I was being shown into a parlor when Kate approached—looking on the whole very well and strong, and exactly as she looked when in Great Britain four years ago—not looking a day older.

"The Sisters of Mercy were not the first religious sisterhood in 'Frisco, but they have since their arrival, about the year 1854, made marked progress. Outside the convent and outside the Catholic community the noble work they have done is gratefully acknowledged.

"On Rincon Hill they have a large hospital, a work school and a home for aged women.

"They have altogether five branches in 'Frisco and in Sacramento, and have in charge several schools. They receive no aid from the State funds, and no compensation for the important teaching services which they render. Neither do any other of the Catholic schools. In this important particular Catholic schools are much better off in England.

"Kate inquired very anxiously about everybody at home and I gave her the

fullest particulars I could. She complains that, although they have been promised to her, she has not yet received the photos of Margaret, Lily, May and Bertie. This should be seen to. I am sure also she would like photos of little Willie and Alice.

"I also saw Mary Martin in her nun's dress. (She used to be a companion to my mother.) She is a bright, cheery little nun.

\* \* \*

"So far as I can gather there is no place in the United States in which on the whole the Catholic body, or in other words the Irish Catholic body, stands so well as in San Francisco in point of



AN EARLIER PHOTOGRAPH OF  
CHARLES RUSSELL, Q.C.





ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

religious organization, education, mercantile, social and political position.

"I spent all yesterday afternoon and the greater part of to day with Kate. At St. Mary's Hospital the children of their schools—bright, healthy, intelligent-looking children they were—went through certain calisthenic and musical exercises, very pleasant to see and to hear. As to the latter I was rather surprised when the pianist who accompanied the singers struck up the English National Anthem of Dr. John Ball. 'God Save the Queen' here in a Republican country! However, my surprise soon ceased for the accompanying song was an ode to America, entitled 'America,' and which as a national air ranks close after 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"I also went through the hospital wards. They are bright, cheery, and wonderfully neat and clean. They have wards for the poor, and also for those who can pay for higher class accommo-

dation. Their patients are frequently Protestants—indeed Kate says she knows the Protestant Bishop very well from the fact of his frequently coming to visit his co-religionists and subjects in the wards.

"Later we drove (that is, Kate, Sister Mary Aquin Martin, James Gartlan and myself) in the convent carriage and pair to the Penitents' Home and Reformatory at Potrero avenue on the outskirts of the city.

"The establishment at Potrero was most interesting, and it is worth noting that, as regards the inmates of the Reformatory school, these are committed to the care of the good Sisters by the State authorities who pay for each child or at least contribute to the support of each child.

"I think I have already mentioned poor old Miss Kate Russell, one of the three sisters formerly of Elm Hall, Dublin, who lived many years in Cincinnati. She is the last survivor. She is a

ladylike, handsome old person who is ending her days with Kate in cheerfulness and peace. She was delighted to see me and seemed to feel the leaving a good deal. She thought me very like Kate, but my face seemed to awaken old memories, some sweet and some bitter, no doubt, that probably long had slept. Poor dear, old soul, God has anyway given her a quiet evening for her life.

"One interesting spot, and a sad one in some sort, too, is the Sisters' graveyard at Potrero. Here on the bright hillside, under the shades of the maple tree and the cotton wood, rest nearly one-half of that devoted band whom Kate led, now nearly thirty years ago, from the old world to the new, carrying the Cross with them.

\* \* \*

"I left poor Kate very sad, poor soul, but greatly pleased at having had the old land brought closer to her by my presence. God bless her and all the Sisterhood, who promised to pray very steadily for me and for mine. By the way, as Kate was the Reverend Mother, I was promptly dubbed 'Uncle,' but without the 'Reverend.'"

Here our extracts, more copious than we intended, end. We may join to them a still more domestic report contained in a letter from R. M. to Mother Emmanuel, dated Nov. 15, 1883: "Clara says Charles looks exceedingly well and healthy after his trip, and says he feels quite lazy about taking up the heap of work that was waiting for him in London. He brought to each of us some little present from Reverend Mother of San Francisco. Mine was a very beautifully worked pair of scapulars."

## BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

### MYTH OR HISTORY.

*By Rev. A. J. Muas, S.J.*

**A**CCORDING to the almost unanimous verdict of the Biblical critics, it is only when we come to the time of Solomon and his successors that we find ourselves on firm historical ground, and even then we are told that the narrative in the Books of Kings has been subjected to a biased revision. The first beginnings of Israelite history must be placed in the time of the "Heroic Legend," embracing not only the period of the Judges, but also a part of the time of Samuel and David. Our knowledge of Israel in its earlier stages is summed up in the facts that about 1200 B. C. certain Hebrew tribes, which were soon joined by others, started from the Sinaitic peninsula, and after long wanderings in the desert under the leadership of their prophet Moses arrived at length in the region east of the Jordan; that under Josue they crossed

the Jordan and subdued or exterminated the Amorites and Canaanites; that the new-comers, semi-barbarous nomads as they were, submitted to the more advanced civilization of the Canaanites and appropriated the holy places of the Canaanite heroes, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, whom in the course of centuries they came to regard as so entirely their own that popular belief identified them with the ancestors of the Hebrews. Israel's sojourn in Egypt, the story of the patriarchs, the genealogical tables, the deluge, the fall of our first parents, the creation of the universe are one and all relegated to the realm of myth.

According to Cornill "this organic view of the Old Testament was at first received with distrust and aversion, even by experts, for it is no easy matter to make up one's mind to abandon beliefs

which have been accepted without question for two thousand years ; gradually, however, owing to the persuasive power of its inherent truth, it has succeeded in gaining headway ; and especially since the appearance, in 1878, of Wellhausen's brilliant and convincing exposition of his views, has entered upon a course of uninterrupted triumph."

To form a true estimate of the views of our Biblical critics, we shall first determine the meaning of the term myth, secondly we shall state the principal reasons of the critics for relegating the first books of the Pentateuch to the realm of myth, and finally we shall briefly examine into the cogency of the critical arguments.

A myth is a religious, scientific or historical truth as conceived by the oldest pagan nations and expressed in the garb of religious history. It must not, therefore, be identified with a mere legend ; for this latter is a story or a narrative handed down from past times which partakes of the marvelous or incredible. While the myth is limited to the stories of the pagan divinities, the legend is born in almost historical times, and endows human agents or nations with certain extraordinary achievements or privileges. There is a great difference between the myth of Zeus and his court on the one hand, and the legend surrounding Charlemagne and his court on the other. Again, the myth is not a mere allegory, or fable, or parable. It is true that Isaias's allegory of the vineyard, and Æsop's fables, and our Lord's parables are moral and religious truths expressed in the garb of stories taken from inanimate things, from animals and human life respectively ; but the myth dresses the truth it expresses in a story taken from the life of the pagan gods. Besides, the allegory, the fable, and the parable are the literary production of an individual writer or speaker, while the myth is the outgrowth of national life ; the former are from the first recognized as mere rhetorical conceits, while many of the myths have formed the

object of various pagan beliefs for centuries.

Some Christian writers, following the lead of the Fathers, have regarded the pagan myths as erroneous developments of primitive revelation, elements of which all nations inherited from their common ancestry. Other writers preferred to follow the views introduced by Greek and Roman philosophers who assumed that myths had originally an allegorical significance : they assumed a prehistoric priesthood, learned in the laws of nature and teaching them by means of stories, which stories developed into the pagan myths. After Lobeck, in 1829, had given the death-blow to this allegorical theory of the myths, the brothers Grimm endeavored to prove that myths were not the product of the thought of national leaders, but arose among the common people ; in developing this view Adelbert Kuhn and Max Müller contended that every myth was originally a simile in essence ; but when the meaning of the simile, in course of time, had been forgotten, it came to be looked upon as a fact. While others again granted that metaphorical descriptions of the sun, the dawn, the clouds, etc., in time grew into stories, they emphatically denied that the whole of pagan mythology could be explained by this theory. Gruppe, e. g., is of opinion that myths have been borrowed by one people from another rather than handed down from a common ancestor ; but even here they are said to be survivals from a primitive state of culture through which, according to these writers, all nations pass, and in which conceptions of great similarity arise among wide-removed peoples. The same problems presented themselves to all races : why does the wind blow ? why does the sun rise and set ? how do the clouds form, etc ? The answers to these and similar questions were given in stories rather than in scientific explanations, and these stories drifted so far away from their origin that the latter was lost to sight, leaving them stand in men's minds

as the history of a celestial hierarchy under whose dominion lay heaven and earth and all contained therein.

Thus far we have stated the prevalent opinion concerning the nature and the origin of myths in general; we must now briefly consider the character of the alleged biblical myths in particular. "It is a cardinal article of belief among modern critics of the Pentateuch," writes Professor Hommel of Munich, "that the Hebrews of pre-Mosaic times were uncivilized nomads, whose religion consisted in the worship of ancestral heroes and the adoration of stones, trees, springs and animals, in other words, of a mixture of Fetishism and Totemism. This view of the early beginnings of the Hebrew faith is one of the most vital factors in Wellhausen's system; it is at once the necessary conclusion to which his theories lead, and the actual basis and assumption on which they rest." We must therefore, according to the critics, be prepared to find a mythology among the Hebrews as well as among the other pagan nations of antiquity; moreover, the Hebrews are supposed to have been affected by the Canaanite culture, so that they must have also borrowed parts of the Canaanite mythology. Besides, the critics are among the first to admit that the Hebrews were influenced during certain periods of their history by the Egyptians and Babylonians; hence it is not at all surprising that the Hebrew account of creation, of the deluge, and of other primeval events have their parallels in foreign mythologies.

The parallelisms between the alleged biblical and foreign mythologies have been worked out so frequently, that we need not repeat any of these tables. We confine ourselves to a few general considerations concerning the mythical character of the more important events contained in the first chapters of Genesis. Professor Cheyne believes "it is a very unfortunate statement of Wellhausen that the only detail in this section" of the creation story "derived from mythology

is that of chaos . . . the basis of the story is mythical. Nor can we content ourselves with comparing the data of Gen. i. with any single mythology, such as the Babylonian. Circumstanced as the Israelites were, we must allow for the possibility of Phœnician, Egyptian, and Persian, as well as Babylonian influences, and we must not refuse to take a passing glance at cosmogonies of less civilized peoples." The same writer says of the biblical account of our first parents: "What then, is the Eden-story to be called? It is a problem which there is a growing disposition to solve by adopting in one form or another, what is called the mythical theory."—Passing on to the deluge as described in the Bible the same Rev. Oxford Professor writes: "It is more difficult to determine whether any real historical event lies at the foundation of the narrative, or whether we have to do with a mere myth. In itself it would, of course, not be inconceivable that in days of yore an unusually extensive flood from the Persian Gulf, combined with continuous rain, burst upon the Babylonian lowlands, and destroyed countless human lives . . . and that the Babylonian Deluge-story was a last deposit produced by this genuine occurrence. . . . To the present writer it seems most probable that the Deluge-story was originally a nature-myth, representing the phenomena of winter, which in Babylonia especially is a time of rain. The hero rescued in the ship must originally have been the sun-god." Finally, a word about the same author's view concerning the patriarchs: "Since Abraham may be a genuine personal name, it cannot be unreasonable to hold that there is a kernel of tradition in the narratives. Abraham may have been a hero in the Greek sense of the word, connected with Hebron; but his real existence is as doubtful as that of other heroes. His name coupled with that of the northern hero Jacob-Israel may signify the fusion of the southern tribes of the Hebrews with the northern; Abra-

ham's marriage with Sarah probably symbolizes the fusion of a southern Hebrew tribe with a non-Israelite clan south of Hebron; his relationship with Hagar signifies the close intercourse or political union existing between Egypt and Palestine."

But it may be asked, did the writers of the Sacred Books really believe in the foregoing myths when they received them into their works? Or is the retention of these myths in the books of the inspired writers simply due to educational considerations? Do they employ the myths of pagan Israel as a Christian preacher might use the myth of Prometheus in order to illustrate the vicarious suffering of Christ? According to the critics, all that the sacred writers really care for are the religious truths at the base of the mythical stories. Such are in case of the Creation-story the creatorship of Yahweh, the divine image in man, and the fundamental cosmic importance of the Sabbath. In the Eden-story too the mythic elements are said to be moralized far enough for practical needs, though not so far as to rob it of its primeval coloring. The critics doubt whether Philo's view would be accepted to day according to which Eve represents the sensuous part of man's nature, and Adam the reason; the serpent therefore attacks Eve, and it is sense that yields to pleasure, enslaving in turn the reason, and destroying its immortal virtue. The Deluge-story illustrates God's hatred of sin, His special providence for the just, and the beginnings of a covenant with man. Abraham is not so much a historical personage as an ideal type of character; he represents that unworldly goodness which is rooted in faith and fervently preached by the prophets. He goes through life listening to the true Law which is not shut up in formal precepts, but revealed from time to time to the conscience; and this leaning upon God's word is declared to be in Yahweh's sight a proof of genuine righteousness. Finally, the period between the patriarchs and King David is

legendary in its character rather than either strictly mythical or historical. Here belong Israel's sojourn in Egypt, its liberation by God's special intervention, its journeyings in the desert, and its conquest of the promised land.

Thus far we have endeavored to depict the character assigned by the critics to what is known as the traditional history of Israel before the period of its early kings. We now pass on to the second part of this paper in which we shall briefly indicate the reasons that induced the critics to embrace the foregoing views. These arguments partly bear on particular portions of the biblical writings only, partly affect the whole of the critical system. These latter may be reduced to the following two: First, the early books of the Bible present many supernatural incidents, or in the language of the critics, a Hebrew mythology; now there is no reason for treating the mythology of the Hebrews differently from the mythology of other pagan nations. Secondly, a national tradition handed down without written documents is not trustworthy after the third generation; now, the national history of the Hebrew people contained in the first books of the Bible was for centuries handed down without written documents, so that no critical historian can regard it as reliable.

Passing on to the critics' arguments for the mythical character of particular biblical incidents, we cannot in the space of this paper enumerate all of them; but the reader may rest assured that we shall not omit anything of great importance. The Creation-story must, according to the critics, be borrowed from the mythical Babylonian cosmogony, because it resembles the latter in several features that could not have originated from a Hebrew point of view. The waters of the abyss, e. g., at the very beginning of creation are nothing but the waters overflowing the Babylonian plain during the long winter months; the god of the vernal sun, Marduk, brings forth the

land anew, dividing the waters of the plain, sending them partly upwards as clouds, partly downward to the rivers and canals. As to the Eden-story, the critics infer its mythical character from the naiveté of the description, from the idealism of the narrative, and from the total disregard of the contents of these stories in the later narratives of the Yahwist. In the Flood-story the points of contact between the Hebrew and the Babylonian account are so striking that the view of the dependence of one of the two on the other, is directly suggested even to the most cautious of students. The mythical theory alone is said to account for the dreamy, grand, and solemn impression which the story of Abraham makes on us; besides, it is only from the time of Ezechiel that this patriarch was revered by the Jews as their greatest ancestor. Finally, the critics tell us that it is unheard of in history that a nation should have sprung from one family; the early account of the Hebrew origin must therefore be relegated to the realm of myth or legend.

Thus far we have endeavored to state the critical views concerning the traditional early history of Israel, and the arguments on which these views are based. Our next task consists in an examination of the conclusiveness of the foregoing arguments. To begin with the last, it must not be imagined that the Pentateuch emphasizes the descent of the Hebrew nation from the family of Abraham. Even in Genesis the principle is implied that by means of circumcision it was possible to receive into the Hebrew community all those that did not descend from Abraham. Gen. xvii. 12 enjoins "he that is born in the house, as well as the bought servant shall be circumcised, and whosoever is not of your stock." Now, in Gen. xiv. 14, we read: "he (Abraham) numbered of the servants born in his house three hundred and eighteen well appointed." Again, in Gen. xxxiv. we are informed that Jacob was willing to

aggregate the Sichemites to the chosen people by the rite of circumcision. Even in patriarchal times, therefore, it was not strictly true that all belonging to the Hebrew nation were descendants of Abraham. Between the end of Genesis and the beginning of Exodus there is a dark period of about four centuries concerning which the Bible tells us little or nothing; but if the divine ordinances given to the patriarchs were observed—and we have no good reason for maintaining that they were not kept—there must have been a great number added to the Hebrew people that were not carnal sons of Abraham. In Ex. xii. 38, it is stated expressly that when the Israelites left Egypt "a mixed multitude without number went up also with them;" a few verses further on (43-49) God lays down the principle according to which men may be admitted to the privileges of the chosen race: "This is the service of the Phase; no foreigner shall eat of it. But every bought servant shall be circumcised, and so shall eat. . . And if any stranger be willing to dwell among you, and to keep the Phase of the Lord, all his males shall first be circumcised and then shall he celebrate it according to the manner; and he shall be as he that is born in the land." Without urging here other Mosaic ordinances which show at least negatively that not all Israelites were descendants of Abraham, and without pointing to Caleb, the tribe of Manasses, and other prominent members or parts of Israel as having little or no patriarchal blood in their veins, we may draw the reader's attention to the fact that it was only in later times that the Jews gloried in their carnal descent from Abraham. Hence it is that in the later writings of the Old Testament Abraham is more clearly represented as the father of the chosen people; hence too the national pride of the Jews had to be repeatedly reprobated by the Apostle in his epistles to the Romans, the Galatians, and the Philipians. It is in the light of this inspired

evidence of the Old Testament and the New that believing Christians can judge the value of the critical theories which regard the history of Abraham as a myth or a legend; it is in the light of the foregoing facts too that we may learn that the true import of the thesis that Abraham began to be regarded as the common ancestor of the Hebrews only about the time of Ezechiel; and again, the Pentateuch itself is so far from representing the whole Hebrew nation as the offspring of one family that both its history and legislation deny this common carnal descent of all Jews from Abraham.

As to the "dreamy, grand and solemn" impression produced on the reader by the story of Abraham, and the need of explaining it by the mythical theory, the critics appear to overreach themselves. For in developing their argument they contend that Abraham resembles in the biblical account a modern Moslem. Suppose therefore that a modern writer were to sketch the life of such a Moslem, would not the critics have an equal right to regard the whole account as a myth or a legend on account of its "dreamy, grand, and solemn" impression? Besides, we must emphatically deny the objective value of a theory based on a merely subjective impression. The present writer must confess that at times the writings of the critics impress him as being written by visionaries and by wholly illogical theorists rather than by men of science, and still he would be very slow in deriving any general conclusion from his personal impression. We are afraid the inference based on the naiveté and the idealism of the Eden-story is of no more value than the conclusions inferred from the foregoing premises. Neither naiveté of style nor idealism of expression can be regarded as the criterion of myth or legend: and if this be true in the case of all other literary productions, why should it be different in the case of the Eden-story? Nor can the critics

appeal to the third argument which they advance for the mythical character of the history of Adam and Eve, namely its disregard in the later writings of the Yahwist. In itself, this is a mere argument "*e silentio*;" and does not therefore conclude, unless there be evidence that the Yahwist would have referred in his later writings to the Eden-story, if he had not been convinced of its mythical character. We need not add that the critics have not proved this and, in our opinion, cannot prove it. The reader is well aware that the whole Christian religion supposes the truth of the Eden-story, as much as man's elevation to the supernatural order and his fall. To relegate therefore the Eden-story to the realm of myth and fable is not as innocuous a proceeding as critics would have us believe. It is true that they grant the presence of certain moral truths which the inspired writer or perhaps "redactor" intended to express in the narrative; but at the same time we are told "it is only by applying critical methods to the story, and distinguishing the different elements of which it is composed, that we can do justice to the ideas which the later editor or editors may have sought to convey." And since "critical methods" as understood by the critics know nothing of the supernatural state or of revealed religion, we cannot expect that the critics find any idea of man's elevation or fall in the Eden-story.

The critics labor greatly in endeavoring to reduce the account of the deluge and of creation to the same Babylonian mythology. We cannot understand why they emphasize so greatly their contention that the Hebrews must have borrowed their views on these two events from the Babylonians. All the premises upon which this contention is based are reducible to the fact that certain traits in the creation and deluge account can not be accounted for, unless we assume that both stories originated in the land of the Babylonians. Now we know that the

Hebrews, too, originally lived in the land of the Babylonians; if then mutual dependence of one account on the other, must be admitted, we fail to see why the Hebrews should depend upon the Babylonians rather than the Babylonians on the Hebrews. But thus far we have granted for argument's sake that both accounts are mere myths; if we come to investigate the critical grounds for this assumption, we find that even the critics are not able to offer anything exceeding the value of a hypothesis. On the other hand, they themselves freely admit that the doctrine of creation is not merely referred to in the other books of the Old Testament (e. g., Gen. xlix. 25; Jud. v. 20; Job xv. 7 f.; Prov. viii. 22-31), but also that the creatorship of Yahweh belonged actually to the fundamental Jewish belief (Compare, e. g., Is. xl. xlviii). The Deluge-story is alluded to as an historical event by our Lord Himself; thus He speaks of the corruption of the world in the days of Noe, and of Noe's entrance into the ark in Matt. xxiv. 37-38; bk. xvii. 26-27. The apostles Peter (I. Pet. iii. 20; II. Pet. ii. 5) and Paul (Heb. xi. 7) are quite as clear in supposing the historical character of Noe. Our readers then know what to think of the mythical theory of the critics as far as the flood is concerned; we need not add the Old Testament references to the occurrence in order to convince them of its historical character.

Thus far we have reviewed the special arguments advanced by the biblical critics in favor of the mythical character of particular portions in the Pentateuch. We shall add a few words on the general reasons advanced by the critics for their theory that the first books of the Old Testament form really the mythology of the Hebrews. A national tradition, we are told, handed down without written documents becomes untrustworthy after the third generation. The statement is too broad to be true in its whole extent. There are certain facts so simple, and at the same time so impressive that tra-

dition is able to preserve them for many generations. A cruel war, e. g., or a deathly pestilence, or again a destructive storm will be remembered without difficulty for several generations, even in our age of steam and electricity. Tradition will no doubt go wrong on several minor incidents connected with the main event; but the principal facts will live whether they be printed or not. If this be true in our days of degenerate memory, it must have been true too in the days when human memory accomplished almost miraculous feats; we are told that the 1028 hymns of the Rig Veda, the poems of Homer, and the literature of Arabia were handed down by memory for centuries. Where then is the difficulty in admitting that the simple occurrences contained in the first books of the Old Testament should have been remembered faithfully by the patriarchal generations? It is true that according to the critics these books were written partly in the ninth century, partly in the seventh, and partly in the fifth century before Christ. But it is needless to repeat that both external and internal evidence point to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch. Accordingly, Moses was an eye-witness of the contents of the last four books; the book of Genesis from the twelfth chapter onward, treats of Abraham and the subsequent times, so that it is only concerning the first eleven chapters that the difficulty against tradition is in any way valid. For since at the time of Abraham both the Babylonians and the Egyptians were well acquainted with the art of writing, there is nothing to prevent us from assuming that the patriarchal history was handed down in written form. Now, in the first eleven chapters of Genesis we possess besides a few genealogies only the account of creation, of our first parents, and of the deluge, all of which events are sufficiently simple and important to remain in man's memory for a long, long time. Moreover, it must be kept in mind that the Bible is not a merely his-



torical book ; Christians believe and profess that it is an inspired record ; supposing therefore that the events contained in the first biblical books could not have been handed down to the author of the Pentateuch by merely natural means, the divine inspiration would have supplied what was needed in order to produce an inerrant account of events that may have occurred two or three millenniums before the time of the inspired writer.

Finally, the critics tell us that the first books of the Bible contain many supernatural or mythical events, and must therefore be treated as we treat the mythologies of other pagan nations. Not to speak of the false assumption of critics that everything supernatural or miraculous must be mythical—this confusion of ideas arises from the fact that they admit nothing miraculous—we shall confine ourselves to a few remarks on the statement that the first beginnings of Hebrew history ought to be treated like the first age of any other nation. We remind the reader once more that the last four books of the Pentateuch were written by an eye-witness for a generation, who had been to a great extent present at the occurrences described in the books ; hence there is little room for myth or legend in these records. As to the contents of Genesis, they differ from the first beginnings of other nations first in form, which is so simple and unassuming that no mythology can be compared to it ; secondly, they differ also in material, since other mythologies derive their original material from poets, while the contents of Genesis profess to be historical ; thirdly, they differ in the fact that in the case of other nations

the wonderful and miraculous events cease as soon as the historical period begins, while the later and really historical accounts of the Hebrew people are as replete with miraculous occurrences as are the books of the Pentateuch ; fourthly, in pagan myths the accounts often become more copious and more complex the higher we ascend in age, while among the Hebrews the accounts become more meagre and more simple the nearer we approach to the very act of creation.

We believe therefore that regarding even from a merely rational point of view the earliest accounts of the Hebrew people in particular and of the world in general as contained in the Bible, we must be very slow to put them on a level with the accounts of pagan nations. But if we keep in mind that for the Christian reader the Hebrew narrative is inspired by God, and is therefore the account of God as well as the narrative of the human writer, we consider it simply impossible to admit the existence of myths or legends in any book of the Bible. It is true that the sacred books contain allegories and parables ; but allegories and parables like metaphors are mere rhetorical devices, and are not believed to contain any truth, while legends and myths were not formerly and are not now regarded as mere rhetorical figures, but are apt to be believed even now. And can we believe that God in His own book should have made use of a manner of instruction that would have led the whole of Christianity into error concerning the earliest times of the world's existence, until the present day critics had mercy on men and enlightened them as to the true nature of the Pentateuchal records ?

# A SACRED HEART PROCESSION IN TSANG-KA-LEU, NEAR SHANGHAI, CHINA.

*By Rev. A. Pierre, S.J.*

FOR one who knows China and the Chinese, the solemn title I give my recital will appear pretentious. Isn't it quite impossible to get up a procession in a country that has no highways worthy of the name; and isn't it still more impossible or impracticable to

Sacred Heart of our Divine Master. I must admit that the simplest way to convince the reader would have been to take an instantaneous view of the procession as it was leaving the church, but as our amateur photographer was one of the Fathers, I preferred to invite him to ac-



THE ADMINISTRATOR AND HIS FAMILY IN TEMPORARY CHAPEL.

expose the Blessed Sacrament, outside the church, to the insults of the Pagans, and perhaps to want of respect on the part of the Chinese Christians, always so free from restraint and a little fond of noise? All that is very true, but a procession it was that took place at Tsang-ka-leu: a short one undoubtedly, less well organized certainly than those of the West, but still pious enough, and, I have reason to hope, consoling to the

company us in sacerdotal vestments, and to help out in the liturgical chanting. The views which I send were taken in the calm, a few moments after the procession. Such as they are, I hope they will be characteristic enough to be of interest in the New World.

The Christianity of Tsang-ka-leu has been dedicated for long years to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It counts a thousand souls, almost all the Christians

being grouped around the church, which is situated at a short hour's walk from Shanghai. It constitutes, what is rare in this country, a large village entirely Christian, whence are banished bad example, opium smokers, and also the superstitious practices that inundate poor China, so slow to believe in the true dogmas, and so ready to admit all the stories that Buddhist charlatans spread in such profusion, and with, alas! but too much success. At Tsang ka-leu then, there is not a pagoda, not a bonze, no paganism: there are some Christians not so good as others, but all believe in the true God, and all are glad to gather in their church every first Sunday of the moon: for the missionary never fails to say Mass for them on that day. In truth, only one Sunday Mass a month is little, is very little for a congregation of a thousand Christians, who would like to have Mass every Sunday. But it is always the cry: "*Operarii autem pauci; rogate Dominum messis!*" "But the laborers are few: pray to the Lord of the harvest!"

To conform myself to the custom and to the necessities of the Christians, who are poor for the most part and employed at Shanghai during the week, the male portion of the community at least, I transferred the celebration of the feast to the following Sunday, though it should have been on the feast itself or the preceding Sunday. But the Sunday chosen was just the first Sunday of the moon, the day consecrated to the monthly reunion: it could not have been better.

The weather on the eve promising to be fine, the Christians set themselves to work with a will to adorn, as best they could, the line of the procession. Alas! Do not expect of the poor people the ornaments, the armorial devices, or even the simple banners, such as we have in France, white sheets bedecked with flowers, hung up to cover the walls. No; all that is of a different world: here we have to do with the poor, the little, the humble. But in their poverty, it must be avowed, they know how to bend their

bamboos into really graceful arches, which would not be out of place in our processions of France. . . . Alas! Our processions may no longer display themselves in our cities, Catholic though they be at heart: and it is in pagan China in her agony, that our Lord must come to find the liberty of appearing in public! O! France, my sweet country, thou whom in the years of my childhood I have seen so beautiful on the days of the solemn processions of the Fête-Dieu, at a time when thy people, thy magistrates and thy army made a noble escort to the Eucharistic King: what a sad period thou art passing through now! How long wilt thou, blinded by the passions of a few, continue to outrage the Heart of Him who has loved thee so tenderly! Excuse these lines, dear reader, which escape from my pen: there are in the missionary's heart certain sorrows, which in his solitude and exile he can but ill contain.

As I remarked in the beginning, owing to the absence of suitable roads, it is impossible to get up processions of any length. Moreover, disorder would probably take the place of piety and order, if the course were prolonged. Our good Chinese are still but grown-up children, and in spite of their really solid faith, their native character might get the upper hand, and make the holiest of ceremonies degenerate into a tumultuous gathering, the more so that we are quite without police. It is the missionary himself, with some of his rather timid administrators, that must keep the crowd within bounds and direct the movements. The term of the procession was conveniently disposed, some hundred yards from the church, in a new house belonging to the best of my administrators. He was just finishing its construction, when I suggested to him to offer the first fruits to the Heart of Our Lord, and not to move into it, until it should have been sanctified by the Real Presence, and consecrated by as solemn a Benediction as possible. This



1. THE CARETAKERS OF OUR CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS. 2. A GROUP OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS.  
3. MISSIONARY FATHERS.

proposition was very piously and joyfully accepted by the good Christian; it was also the earnest desire of his virtuous spouse, and it was immediately decided that the principal hall should be ornamented for the repository. The photograph shows you this hall, with the numerous family of this good administrator; only one boy and one girl are missing, who are in the boarding schools of Zi-ka-wei. The whole family is good, and I can say that, since I have been in

church. The fair weather having hardened the paths which serve here for roads, the Fathers invited from Shanghai and the neighborhood could all come, and, without suffering too much from the heat. They arrived Saturday in the cool of the evening, or Sunday before eight o'clock. With the Rev. Fr. Superior of the mission, himself an old missionary of my district, at the head, we found ourselves in all fourteen Fathers to accompany the Blessed Sacrament and

sing its praises. You may easily recognize among us in the photograph two native Fathers, and on either side of Rev. Fr. Superior will be seen a priest in soutane. They are brothers, both of the Paris congregation of Foreign Missions; one a missionary in Corea, and the other Procurator of the congregation at Shanghai. The Father photographer alone is not in the group.

After the last Mass, about eight o'clock, just early enough not to be



AFTER THE PROCESSION.

China, no other has given me so much satisfaction. May this family remain wholly devoted to the Sacred Heart, and may the children and grandchildren all resemble the old couple.

But, you tell me to have a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, there must be something of a clergy; how could a solitary missionary think of getting up such a ceremony? Evidently it would be impossible, but this year we were privileged, as the photograph will show you a clergy quite numerous for a country

quite burnt up by the sun, the procession issued in good order into the avenue which had been constructed in front of the church. Firecrackers, of course, announce the Blessed Sacrament, and a Chinese band heads the line. A large number of pretty embroidered banners, brought from the neighboring churches, follow one another in the march, while the children carry smaller ones floating in the wind. I must mention, too, the beautiful cross that shone at the head of the procession; it was the gift of a French

navy officer. The Blessed Sacrament was surrounded by the clergy in sacred vestments; the remonstrance was borne by the Rev. Fr. Superior, and four Chinese in full ceremony dress bore the canopy. I found my place of duty behind the canopy, where I was called by Fr. Superior to keep back all alone the noisy crowd, which out of curiosity, if not by devotion, thought only of drawing as near as possible. We took our march to the repository in the new house, and, after a Benediction under a sun already very hot, we returned to the church, and there, after a consecration to the Sacred Heart, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was repeated.

With the group of Christians of Tsang-ka-leu, that of the "Virgins" (a kind of native Sisters), deserves special mention. They are the good women who keep the girls' schools of the parishes, receiving an insignificant remuneration; they take care of the church ornaments,

and sometimes embroider new ones; they keep the church, and also, to a certain extent, the presbytery in the absence of the missionary. For all these services they demand but the favor of living and dying in poor apartments near the church, where they lead together a sort of common life, very different, it is true, from the regular life of religious communities, but such nevertheless as will permit them to acquire much merit, and to spend their days in a relative peace, which is rare enough in Chinese families.

May God grant that our little mission stations may become little by little large centres, entirely Christian and wholly free from superstitious customs. Then will the missionary be able to reside in them more permanently, and to implant deeply the Catholic spirit, and foster true piety, by the aid of the touching ceremonies of our Holy Mother, the Church of Rome.

## BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

*By J. M. Cave.*

*(Continued.)*

**B**LANDINE needed no introduction to Mlle. Donzelli. Time had made little, if any change in that super-elegant lady. Mademoiselle soon took the reins of government here, as she had taken them in Paris. Here too, "she took all the cream," to quote Daria's words, and left nothing for the retainers of the place. Karloff became a little despotism; the autocrat, who ruled it, ruled without scruple or remorse. Madame Karloff-Vallinski suffered no appeal to reach her ears. She had abdicated, and the succession was legally in the hands of the person of her choice.

Perhaps the mistress of Karloff had ceded her rights only to put the work she planned into unscrupulous hands. Hitherto she had no definite plan in

view for Blandine's future. Nothing but vague intentions to satisfy a deep-seated sense of the slight put upon her by a high-spirited, pure-minded girl.

Mlle. Donzelli saw in Blandine the cause of some trifling vexations under the roof of the Princess Vallinski.

So the two women, agreeing in their bitter inclination to magnify slight offences, made out a clear case for themselves in planning for the young girl whatever future they chose. That they should have trouble in moulding her easily and quickly to their will, they never once imagined. It would be passing strange indeed, if the poor dependent should assert herself. So far she had shown entire obedience to every command or whim. In the matter of

dress, in the choice and time of occupations, or amusements, she was ready to follow the lead of Sophie, or the rules of her teachers.

But she must call a halt now. Her complacency is paving the way for resistance, though to resist means to make formidable enemies. There is talk of an Easter banquet, and talk of Sophie's being now well enough to perform the rigorous week of fasting and prayer necessary for receiving the Sacrament. She has not been well enough to do this since Blandine came to Karloff.

But there was a little current of Anglicanism in high favor among the nobility at that particular epoch. The talented *Apostle of the Ideal* was then a popular guest in great houses. (1) The preacher of the new Protestantism, Anglicanism if you like, favored many of Madame Karloff-Vallinski's friends with charming *causeries*, conversations. He was a real nobleman, titled, rich, very distingué. If he made few converts, he made many lapse from the strict discipline of the Russo-Greek observances. But he had his day, his brilliant day, and the world that knew him then knows him no longer. So there is a communion-robe laid out for Sophie and another for Blandine of Betharram. Sophie must soon begin her week of fasting. Blandine may fast or not as she chooses, but she "must make her devotions" at the same time. The hour has come for her to declare herself a Russian subject and to prove the declaration by a public, a sacred act, "the reception of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, according to the schismatic rite."

She willingly accompanied Sophie to church each day. It was very hard for Sophie to abstain, almost impossible to fast, but with help and encouragement and the example of her companion, she had now reached the last hour of trial. She was very well satisfied with herself, and consequently in good humor, helping her cousin to paint the Easter eggs and prepare the Easter gifts.

(1) Lord Radstock.

Mlle. Donzelli came upon the two girls as they were thus pleasantly employed. "You may go and rest now, in an hour prepare to dress for midnight Mass."

"May I finish these, Mademoiselle?" Blandine pointed to a few eggs, partially decorated, "I am not tired, and will be ready when called for."

"Do as you are told!" was the laconic reply; and Blandine withdrew in silence.

Her toilette completed, she took up a book, and was quietly reading when the noise of carriage wheels announced the departure of the family group. She had not been called. She felt a little rush of blood mounting to her cheeks, a sting of pain that she strove to pray down, or out of her heart.

"We are ready!"

Blandine looked up from the pages, over which she had been trying to hide her emotion. Luba and Liza were standing, one with her pelisse, the other with her walking boots. Words would have been useless. The walk to the church cooled her heated brow. It gave her time to think and to resolve. There was a great crowd already gathered before the doors, while the benches beneath its windows were piled high with Easter cheer waiting to be carried in and blessed for the Easter banquet.

They walked so close to her, one on either hand, that she could not make a step to right or left. All she could do was to proceed straight forward, between them. Thus they led her into the church, and stationed themselves with a group to the left of the entrance. This group grew more compact each instant. Soon it was hardly possible to bear the pressure. Quick as a flash she comprehended her position, and the object for which she had been led there. *She was one of the belated band of penitents*, the workers, the sick, the absentees from the villages, who could reach the confessor only at the very last moment. Already necks were stretched to herald his ap-

proach. There was a little movement, he was coming. At that instant a tall form pushed Liza to one side, pushed the barrier and stood for an instant as if seeking some one in the sanctuary. This was Blandine's opportunity, she slipped past the new comer, at whom she did not look, slipped outside the barrier under the shelter of the tall form. The priest might come now! *he had come*, but Blandine was already among the congregation in the body of the church.

It was the work of a few minutes to confess and be absolved. Luba and Liza were once more beside their charge. That the public declaration of faith she had been almost entrapped into making, would have been binding upon her before an ecclesiastical court, she fully understood. The Easter bells ring out at last, the chimes sound full of Easter joy. Glad faces are lifted, glad voices exchange the joyful salutations, *Christoss voskress*, Christ has arisen, and exchange, at the same time, the three kisses and the response, "He has indeed arisen." Luba and Liza exchanged greetings with their neighbors, then with their charge, whom they lead home between them.

Little by little the house settled down to the usual routine of life. There arose occasion for some slight mourning which the mistress resented. It necessitated relinquishing the unusual honors she had long promised herself, the meeting of the Hunt at Karloff. She had enjoyed a triumph in anticipation of this notable event. The whole place had been renovated at no little cost. There had been unpacking of old silver and china, a bringing forth of the richest damask table linen, preparations for entertaining certain distinguished guests from afar, the chiefs of the Hunt Club. The widow was not taking much thought of them. She left even that responsibility to her companion, and gave her attention to the mourning that had to be ordered. Only a half niece, but there were interests involved, and ties, other than blood relationship, that imposed

mourning upon the Karloff family. "Poor Vera! it is a happy release for her; and, as to Vassilly, he will be easily consoled," was the conclusion of madame's remarks to Mlle. Donzelli. "We shall have him here after the funeral: you will be delighted with him, Appolline. Everyone is delighted with him!"

"Everyone," was saying too much. Everyone was *not* delighted with Vassilly Danilow. Poor Vera Goerki had been a good wife, passionately, blindly devoted to the renegade bought with her father's influence and money. She had let him do as he liked with a great part of her immense wealth. He had lavished it, and, thanks to that, he held a certain rank in military circles. Thanks to his good looks and dashing manners he was welcomed and flattered in society. A son and daughter consoled Vera for his long absences, his frequent falls into fits of mad folly, gambling and drunkenness. She died, leaving an estate tied up for her children. The remainder, which amounted to a handsome fortune, she left, together with his freedom, to her husband. He had what he cared most for, his freedom and money. He had never forgotten his first love, how could he? She was like a star, high up, inaccessible, forever shining down from high heaven, to remind him of his want of faith. It was the memory of her that urged him to take desperate means to forget the past. He had truly loved. He would, he thought, have died rather than give up his first love. But the slow torture that followed his treason to the State, the cold, the hunger, the thirst, the chains that weighed upon his limbs in the dungeon of the grim fortress, robbed him of his courage. Then, Siberia in prospect on the one hand, and on the other freedom and love and wealth made him doubly a traitor. He could not have been truly brave. Else he would have borne the worst they could inflict upon him. He would have gone into exile or died on the way. He fell



morally, but he did not glory in his fall, or the freedom it purchased for him. Though all the wit of a brilliant woman was taxed to beguile him into forgetfulness, he could not forget. He felt his manhood wrecked. The good seed Sacha Vallinski had discovered in him, seed which a nature like hers could have cultivated into something beautiful, fruitful, and nobly enduring, had totally perished. Not a green leaf grew on the stem. Not one! He was as wax in the hands of the unscrupulous, and will be as wax in the hands of Mlle. Donzelli when he comes to pass the first months of his freedom at Karloff.

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Margaret Dacre is happy not to see what is passing at Karloff during these long spring days, during the summer heats, and the first dull months of autumn. She would have seen Blandine, patient and gentle, indeed, but no longer treated as a child of the house. This change was almost imperceptibly worked out. First, indifference; then, neglect. When Madame went away to Tambon to settle the affairs of her late relative, Sophie went on a visit to one of her cousins in Moscow. Fraulein Müller accompanied her. There was a suspension of lessons during their absence, and Blandine was free to study, to read, to work at her painting or embroidery, just as she liked. She profited by this freedom. To study was her natural inclination, and music was her dearest pleasure. For some weeks she gave several hours each day to her piano practice. She felt her loneliness keenly. Although Mlle. Gonse was in the house, she was there no longer as governess. She was only waiting for her money, to take her departure. Madame had gone away, leaving a debt of some thousand roubles to be paid her. She was free to depart, and promise was given that the sum would be promptly forwarded. She doubted this, and signified a willingness to wait. "She preferred to wait," she said. So she waited, in ill-humor,

mostly in seclusion. Nevertheless, she daily presented herself for a walk or drive with Blandine.

Quiet days and weeks monotonously passed. Mlle. Gonse was still waiting for her money. Blandine was still faithful to her studies, when, on descending to the music room one morning, she found the piano locked and the key removed. A day or two later she learned that it had been locked by order of Mlle. Donzelli, on the pretext that she might employ her time more profitably.

Then the drawing materials, the easel Blandine used, the picture she was at work upon, were removed and locked away. Last of all, her embroidery frame was carried to the general work room, and a message sent her that her work basket was to be kept there in future.

How it came about, she did not exactly know. But it did come about that she was to all appearance an ordinary worker in that hive of industry. Day after day she bent her young head over lace, or linen, or embroidery work, handed or *thrown to her carelessly*, and soon there was no question of piano or drawing, or daily drive.

From the Karloff-Donzelli correspondence of that time we read:

"—little S. (meaning Blandine), has found her level, as all things must, in this merry world. She is happy and evidently fulfilling her useful destiny with my swarm of ants. As you would not wish her to keep on with her music while Sonia has no time for hers, Liza carries the key of the instrument. So with the fine arts, etc., there is no use for them in the absence of Sonitchka. Gonse has taken flight at last. Finding the apartment closed between S. and herself, and her services no longer needed as chaperone for walks and drives (S. spends all her time with the swarm, and likes it), she went off in a fit of some kind. A great relief, you will say; at the same time, pray put something down to my credit in the matter. It has been a case of Gonse *versus* Don-

zelli, since your departure. The end will more than justify the means, will it not?"

"What a clever creature that is," cried Madame Karloff-Vallinski when satisfied by the epistle that her will was being handsomely done with regard to the unloved little orphan. "She will finish by finding a husband for her, and I shall have to only give my blessing and ready consent to the nuptials. Of one thing I may now be certain, she will never think of claiming any interest in the Vallinski property. She has found her level!"

The "level" that Blandine had found was not so low as these ladies fancied. Indeed it was high enough to be quite above and beyond their comprehension. It mounted to the very gates of heaven, to the footstool of the Throne of God. "*If you are good, you will be God's slave,*" says the young girl to herself, when her cup is so bitter that she can hardly put it to her lips. And now Blandine takes her recreation as do the others. Her cover is at their table, and her bed in the long dormitory with them.

"Choose your own place," the directress had said to her, when she first stood, hesitating and uncertain, by the long table around which were already ranged the 'ants,' as Mlle. Donzelli playfully called her workers. There were only two vacant places, a wide space purposely left open on either side of one of their number. That little unfortunate was a pariah amongst them, although the most skilful worker, and the first of the village girls in whom Blandine had taken an interest. A bright looking young girl she was, but her infirmity kept her apart from all. She was epileptic, and the inveterate superstition that outlawed such made poor little Zoe's life bitter indeed.

"I will sit here," said Blandine, placing her chair quite close to that of Zoe. "May I sit beside you?" she asked, looking kindly into the flushed

face of the poor girl, who hardly knew how to control her emotions.

"We can make room here, Miss, if you like," said a chorus of voices. Then there was a general move of chairs and several openings were made in great haste.

"Zoe has no objection to being crowded a little; and I am very comfortable here." Blandine seated herself, and dinner proceeded in unusual silence for sometime. One seated at the further end of the board, her eyes fixed alternately on Blandine and her neighbor, now made a sudden spring from her chair. But before she could carry out her intention Blandine had caught the sinking Zoe in her arms, and with some help succeeded in placing her on the floor. "It is my fault," said Blandine, "and it is for me to take care of her. Please go on with your dinner and leave her to me." The offer was readily accepted, and although neither Zoe nor Blandine partook of the meal that day, they each found that nothing so sweetens the bitterness of suffering as sympathy.

\* \* \*

And where is honest Nan Clough and what has she been doing all these years? Let us see. It is a month and more since the death of the princess.

"Well, all is settled, Daria. I must say good-bye, and God be with you," Nan is saying in rather doleful accents.

"Must it beso? Well, remember your promise to write, and always let me know where you are, and what you are doing, Ania Ivanovna."

"That will not be easy, Daria; for I must seek my brother, first of all; and I must work my way, to do that, perhaps, in far distant places. But I am strong, I love work, and I wish to put into practice the advice of the man now in heaven, the holy old man, who befriended Rand and me so often."

"What a wonderful thing that you should have seen that funeral? It sounds like a skaska" (romance or fairy tale).

"Yes, it was strange indeed ; but part of God's plan, may be, to draw me to a better way. Till now I have thought only of this world, of the house we lost, and the money we hoped to get. In fact, Daria, I was just craving and planning for comfort in this world. But now I see that even if I had them, they could do me no real good. O Daria, if you only heard the preacher's words above that coffin. I knew him, the old croquemort ; but when I heard the preacher go over all his deeds, and compare him with some 'poor man of God,' who loved his rags, I just felt the truth of every word, and the shams and hollowness of this world."

"And they carried him into that beautiful church ?"

"Yes, he had crawled to the gates. He wanted to die in sight of the place, it seems ; for he had lived in it when younger. Or perhaps he meant to go back to his poor room, no one knows. The porter found him in a dead faint underneath the wicket gate. He called the police to remove him. There was a great crowd around, and the litter could hardly be carried through. There was a carriage blocked by the throng, and when the person in the carriage saw what they were carrying he stopped them. 'A priest,' says the prelate, for it seems he was a dignitary of some kind, a bishop they said, 'and is he dead?' To make sure he went up and looked at the form on the litter. 'Follow me !' and to the porter, 'open the gates !' And at his word the porter threw them wide, and could not close them and the crowd surged in, and I heard a woman say, 'An old priest dropped dead.'"

Nan choked and coughed and Daria's tears fell like rain for sympathy. "And I pushed through them all, and saw the prelate or bishop, holding the old man's hand, and walking so, holding the good old hand, and bending over him. And although they thought him dead, he opened his eyes when they laid him inside the doors, and he looked up into

the bishop's face and smiled. And the bishop spoke to him, and blessed him, and the old man just closed his eyes, smiling still, while the bishop was telling him where he was. He died so, and I went to hear the words the bishop spoke at his funeral next day. They are like a command to me. I will try to do as he wanted me to do, and treasure up for the place he has gone to."

"Do," said Daria. "Do, Ania Ivanovna ; for he was one of God's own, and our little angel that went away from here was one of His. With her a blessing came and went. I am myself trying to do what I never could think of doing before the innocent one came to us. You will try to get to her, to send poor lonely Daria news of her ?"

"I will do what I can, Daria ; but first my mother's charge. Rand is to be sought for. Sister Superior Noella will help me about that. I will go back to the spot where we parted. If his enemy is still in prison, Rand is sure not to be far off."

And Nan is once more in the Pyrenees. Sister Noella has taken to heart all that concerns the lonely creature. She keeps her near her while seeking far and near for news of Rand.

While patiently waiting for lucrative employment Nan is not idle. She kneels inside the sanctuary, she reveres the Tabernacle. She adores the Guest within. She prays and believes, and loves to put into practice the things her old friend urged her to practise "for heaven's sake." She had made good progress long before a call came, for one to nurse an aged and half-crazed country-woman, known far and wide as the sorceress. Her farm lay some ten miles from Betharram, and in a lonely spot. Ten miles with railroad facilities counted for nothing, but fear of old mother Matheus kept aloof even the bravest peasants of the Canton. Nan undertook the work. She had no fear, and laughed at superstitious fancies. As she de-

scended from the train she saw a tall figure disappearing through the station yard, a figure that seemed familiar and yet strange. Could that stooping, halting, slovenly looking being, dragging heavily along, be the once lithe, supple, active and scrupulously neat Rand Clough? Yes, Rand and none other! He had not seen her. He was not flying from her. When he heard her voice he turned, and whether it was his tears or only her own that wet her mantle through, she never asked. She was too glad to clasp her hands about the once rebellious neck and feel the brotherly kiss, humble enough now, and given without words. How came he here? Simply enough! Driving away, mad and half-blind with rage, on the day of their separation, he and his horse had come to sudden grief. A sharp shock, a plunge, and down went the poor horse; the driver pitched headlong over him into the ditch. Rand knew no more for long enough. The sick woman Nan had come to care for was mother to the girl who nursed him through a long illness. Mother and daughter had been good to him. They kept and tended him in their cottage.

Nan found him a sadly broken-down creature, like nothing so much as a miserable drunken mooshick (1), a mooshick without ambition or self-respect. He had married the cottager's daughter. The cottager was not sorry to gain a young son-in-law. She was a widow with this only child, and a pair of strong hands was greatly needed about the place. And although Rand could not plough or labor much, he could do something. He did over much and kept himself ailing and broken down. He introduced Nan to her new sister, a pretty enough young woman, but lazy withal. The sick woman was so very sick that Nan was forced to defer all thoughts of questioning her brother about his marriage and his new family connections. Beside her patient she

(1) Russian peasant.

took her place and inaugurated the work of nursing and house-cleaning. Strong and not easily terrified, Nan subdued the attacks of violence, as well as the attacks of ill-temper and fever that made her work of nursing arduous enough. Still, there were moments of fury that only bonds could control. Nan suggested calling in a priest. Her brother protested that it was useless. Although mother and daughter once professed the true faith, they had both abandoned its practices and were shunned in consequence. Indeed, he himself was shunned and despised by those around them, not only in his character of foreigner, but because he had taken his bride from the hands of the justice of the peace without the blessing of the Church. This was not so shocking to Nan then as afterwards, when she learned the doctrines of religion. Still she resolved in her own mind to get Sister Noella to bring about a better state of things, if possible, for to be cut off as they were from their neighbors was terrible indeed. She began to understand how terrible, when, from the little window of the sick room, she perceived the passers-by cross the road to avoid the place, and sign themselves with the sign of the cross. Some even spat three times in that direction and hurried fearfully on, as if evil pursued. The name by which Mother Matteus was commonly called curdled the blood in the veins. It was "Evil Eye." If a cow went dry or a litter came to grief, if the hens ceased to lay or a sheep died, old Mother Evil Eye was the undoubted cause.

Sister Noella found time to come to see her once and inspect. When she had sifted matters and weighed them well, she assured Nan that she was in the very best field for God's work.

"But what good am I doing," asked Nan, "besides nursing and cooking, planting and weeding?"

"When the days of planting and weeding are over, you will turn to reading and indoor work. And in those days help

will come to brighten the autumn and cheer the winter. The help you lack, without knowing it, is of the spiritual kind, and God will send it, not only for you and yours, but for many others in a far worse state." The good nun then went on to give Nan the latest information concerning the dear little exile, whose interests were ever uppermost in their memory. Blandine was then well, Gregory was at Karloff. The cousins were being educated together in a great country house far from all evil influences and bad examples. So Nan resolved to be patient and remain where she was till called elsewhere by the voice of Divine Providence.

In the early autumn days a missionary came to the hamlet, and this time the Matteus farm was not excluded from the boundaries of his labors. The family was no longer shunned, once the priest of God had been seen crossing their threshold. He came first, solely for Nan, as it were; and Nan fairly melted into tears at the sight of the black-robed figure that reminded her of her venerated old friend. He was welcome, and found a willing pupil, and the best of help. Nan was a good reader, a capital teacher, loving to impart whatever she learned. Rand caught a word here and there, became interested, listened, took pleasure in listening and sitting by Nan's side. A spark of jealousy arose in Cyprine's breast. She would not let it be thus. She kept close by, not meaning to be influenced, for she was obstinate, and, having declared once that she would not go to church, would not have any religion, she was foolishly shamefaced as to retracting her words. But she was influenced, and soon she had to yield to the good that was driving evil from under that roof. Unconsciously they were all absorbing good thoughts, holy aspirations, reverent feelings; and were coming back to God. Only the sick woman, cynical and bitter, tyrannical and cruel, was still in fury at the first alusion to anything holy. But she was

physically weakening very fast, and, when so weak as to be utterly helpless, her fierce humor had to yield.

And at last the change Nan has so long waited, watched, and prayed for has come over the sick woman. She is yielding! She yields, and believing herself about to die she calls aloud for a priest. It took time to comply with her appeal. She had not accepted the offer of Nan to bring the missionary on the eve of his departure. She had hesitated, then positively refused, and let him leave the hamlet without absolving her. She is weeping over her obstinacy now. But God is so merciful! He does not abandon her, although she has kept him so long waiting at her door. After confession, instead of dying, she rallies and gains strength. One day, she bids Nan lock the door and come to her. Nan obeys. "I have been a great sinner," cries the happy woman, "but since I have been received once more into God's grace, I will undo the evil, and make reparation as far as I can. Here, good Anna, you, who brought a blessing to me and my house, take this key; to you I give the work of undoing the wrong. Open that chest!"

Nan took the great key, and, kneeling beside the huge chest at the foot of the sick woman's bed, she threw its lid wide open. Before half its contents were laid bare, she sprang up, crying out, "I know them, I know them every one! O my darling, my sweet young lady, and the noble gentleman, and the little child in her mother's arms!" Yes, there they were, the stolen documents, the pictures made for little Blandine by her father and mother, the picture of Nan herself, the papers and trinkets and garments, all that could have been carried away from the cottage of the dying woman.

"I was covetous and stole them," said Mother Matteus, "and when I had stolen them I was in mortal terror, and turned people from my door by devices that made them fear me, and take me for a witch.

"Matteus died suddenly, and even more suddenly died the fine young English gentleman. He had almost no warning. A bad throat for a couple of days, that he made light of to his sick wife, a night and day of choking and fever, no medical help near, and all was over with him. The typhus was already raging around us on every side. Before the sweet young widow's tears were well dried she was herself laid low. Confusion and terror, the coming and going of doctors and inspectors, the nuns within the house, the Superior herself taking the child away; the old priest you so often speak of helping her to the end! What saved me from putting an end to the life of my girl and myself, as I was often on the point of doing, I know not."

"God's mercy, Mother Matteus. Come! the priest has absolved you. The reparation must now begin!"

"Reparation! O good Anna, will any reparation I can ever make restore my child's good name? They call her the young witch, you know. Will the neighbors ever forget my folly? Will the land so cursed ever again yield blessings? Will the rightful owner of all these papers and objects ever forgive me?"

"Fear not! Since God has sent you one of His servants on an errand of mercy, all must yet be well. Where the priest enters, the people will not fear to follow. You shall no longer be shunned. As to the owner of these things, I will take them to her myself. She will forgive. I know her heart. It is like her mother's. Be a help to Cyprine and I will hasten to let good Sister Superior know that the long-lost documents are found. You will soon be strong and, once able to make open peace with God before His altar, all will be forgotten."

"How can I let you go, good Anna? It is you who brought this peace to our roof. How can we live without your help?"

"I will come back. Fear not. I will never abandon Rand till his children

are reared and taught the faith. But now I must make haste."

"You will not let them make public scandal of my evil deeds, good Anna?"

"Trust me," said Nan. "All will be forgotten and forgiven. Would that my good mother had lived to see this day!"

\* \* \*

"When will our sister come home, mamma?"

Margaret Dacre could not answer her boy's question. Her heart is full of anxiety for her darling. It is long since any news has come from Karloff, and she needs all her faith in the Providence of God, to sustain her own courage, and keep a cheerful countenance for her husband and children. The last letter received from Gregory told of great changes. He and his new master were about to set off for Moscow. The Karloff house was to be closed. Madame had already departed for Danilowka. Mlle. Sophie, with her governess, had left for the capital. Mlle. Donzelli alone remained, and she was preparing to leave with Blandine and Mlle. Gonse. This was all Gregory knew.

Nothing further could be hoped for from this channel, and Margaret's heart is heavy with forebodings. Something is menacing her darling, she feels certain. Her babies at her knee, she is talking to them of their absent sister, while trying to cheer her own heart by hopeful words that seem to have little foundation to-day.

"When will our sister come?" repeats little Antony, and Blandine of Dacre lisps the same question, looking up into her mother's face. Baby Francis, in the arms of his nurse, asks no questions yet, but nurse is pointing out to him all sorts of attractive objects, as she dandles him on her arm, lulling snatches of baby-songs between times for his greater entertainment. By and by Francis is carried to the window, where nurse shows him swaying trees, birds on the wing, deer under the spreading oaks,

blossoming vines, flowers and, "Look ! there comes a poor tired woman," cries nurse, "and old Robert has left his lodge to follow her. See ! he is trying to take something away from her, and she is resisting. See how she hurries away from him !"

Margaret descended quickly to the hall, where the strange visitor was now seated, and approached the dust-covered figure. She met the gaze of a pair of honest grey eyes, and her own smile of kindly greeting was answered by a glad look.

"I came from Betharram, from Sister Noella; my name is Anna Clough."

"You are, indeed, welcome, Anna. You come to those who know you well by name. Before you say a word in explanation of your coming you must eat and rest."

Margaret took Nan's hand and helped her to rise.

"Go with Mrs. Dean. This is one of our good friends, Mrs. Dean; take care of her till she is well rested, then let her come to me "

Nan looked at the box at her feet.

"Let it wait," said Margaret. "It shall be placed in safety for you."

"It is for you, Madame; it will explain itself. With your permission I will go to rest, only asking your ladyship," Nan's voice fell to a whisper, "to forgive those who deprived you so long of what you will find here " She placed the key of the box in Margaret's hand.

Antony opened the box, his own heart full of misgivings. Uppermost lay a letter directed to Margaret, in her maiden name, at the Franciscan convent. Her husband opened it and placed it in her hands. She glanced at the first lines, at the signature—"My dear cousin, Margaret,"—"Your loving cousin, Rick Dunroby."

"My dear cousin Rick," repeated Margaret. "Then it has nothing to do with Blandine after all. Read it, Antony." Antony made her place herself comfortably on a couch; after arranging

the cushions he drew a chair close beside her and unfolded the letter once more. "Read it to yourself, first, dear; my head throbs hard once more." Antony read and reread every word, every line. There was a new light in his eyes, new joy welling up in his heart. Margaret, who had been lying still, with closed eyes, glanced up after a time; she caught his glad look and sprang up. "Then it is of our child ! She is well. O tell me, quickly !"

"It is indeed of her, dearest, and let us hope and trust in God that she is well. But, well or otherwise, she is yours, all your own."

"What do you mean, Antony?"

"Blandine is the child of your cousin. You were her god-mother by proxy. She is left to your sole care by her father's will and her mother's consent. Our mother will be proud, indeed, to have discovered the likeness that is now accounted for."

There was the certificate of birth and baptism—Mary Alexandra Patricia Blandine Dunroby, which proved that the young mother had not called her baby by the name of St. Blandine without warrant.

"She will be sixteen in June. Oh, if we could only have her here to keep that feast, that month of joy !"

Antony looked into his wife's eyes. He read her wishes. "Would you consent?" he asked with a meaning smile.

"To what, Antony?"

"To let me carry out what you are thinking of at this moment?"

"You would take me with you?"

"And the babies."

Happy and busy were the ensuing days. "Papa is going for our sister ! Aunt Anna is going with papa, to bring home our sister !" Nan Clough's head is fairly giddy with joy to hear herself thus called by little Antony and his sweet sister. It was with right glad heart and good will that Nan responded to Margaret's suggestion, that some good

woman should accompany her husband, to take charge of her child. She promptly offered her services and was as promptly accepted for the post of chaperone. A week before Antony could be free from his parliamentary duties Nan started for Paris, to complete her own preparations there, to see Daria and tell her the rare good tidings.

\* \* \*

"Well, well!" cried Daria. "And to think that they have the right after all, those good loving people, to claim the little one! Oh, if they had only known it from the beginning!"

"Had they known it from the beginning," said Nan, "would grace have found a way to save my brother and myself? All is for the best. But, Daria, you look preoccupied."

Nan was cosily installed in Daria's private room, in a comfortable chair, beside a great table.

"Come now, Nan, there are things to speak of that I could not write, being too ignorant. How comes it that you are not asking about the heir or the division of the property? Are you not interested in it?"

"Indeed I am; and chiefly for your sake, Daria; I hope there will be no change here."

"That I would not heed so much if I could go to my people, though they despise me for not taking my freedom like the others. But in the division this house had to be sold. It was bought by a French gentleman, who was to come and live in it. But now I hear it has been sold again by him, and the present owner is a stranger to me. He writes that he will be here in six months from now, and asks me to keep all as it is till he comes."

"Why was the settlement so long delayed?"

"For the coming of age of one of the family, the brother of the heir. Till then there could be no division. Oh, how my Barina would have rejoiced to see that heir of hers! A fine, handsome

young officer he is, of the Preobrajensky Polk (regiment). You do not want to hear about him, Ania?"

"Oh, yes, Daria. Was he good to you?"

"So good," said Daria, "that when I showed him the paper my mistress wrote, the night you and she were talking together, the night before the blessing left the house, he declared that every item in it should be fulfilled."

"How noble he must be!" said Nan.

"Do you not wish to hear more?"

"Yes, Daria. Did he provide well for you?"

Daria was provoked. "How slow you are, Ania Ivanovna! Have you forgotten what was in that paper?"

"What was in it, Daria?"

"Have you lost your mind? Why, the reward and the redemption of your mother's house!"

"That was not written, Daria. Nothing of that, not one word of all that was written. It was only spoken of."

"It was both," cried Daria in an excited voice, "both, I tell you. She spoke of it, and she *did more*, she wrote it. When you went to bed she made me bring her pen and paper and sign what she wrote. And she put her own seal ring upon the blazing red wax. Still there was no lawful witness, for, my name being in it, I had no right to sign it. But the young lord, he just read it over, and, after thinking awhile, he looked at me glad like, and he says, 'I am glad, Daria, that I now know a way of doing something that would have pleased my aunt, that will please her, I hope, in the Better Land. On my word of honor all that is here set down shall be faithfully fulfilled as soon as I touch my part of the inheritance.'"

"If it be God's will, Daria, that will be a great blessing for all mine; to rear those two, little Jo and Nannette, to free and stock the farm. But I dare not set my heart upon it."

"Come here on your way back, Ania.



"Oh, if you could only bring that angel here again to gladden the heart of Daria, I could die in peace ! And, Ania, do not spare the cost. Take every rouble I have. Only bring her back !"

"If money can bring her back, the Dacres will not spare it. And they are rich enough to ransom half of France, I think."

"Are they so rich ? Then there is little hope that Daria will ever have the joy of seeing her here. You will wonder at me, Ania, and think me very stupid, but that child got into my heart somehow, and I am craving a sight of her still."

"She got into every one's heart, Daria, even into mine, that was so choked with care for this world."

\* \* \* \*

The days of persecution at Karloff came to an end. The great house was thrown open. One evening Blandine was conducted to her own room and to her pretty curtained bed. Sophie was expected. The mistress was preparing to return, and there was once more animation and life. The year of mourning had ended. The days of grand festivities and entertainments were about to be inaugurated at last.

The year of mourning has ended for the widower too, the year that had to elapse before Vassilly Danilow could touch his inheritance. He has it now, and is coming to Karloff with the mistress, who has so generously given him time, and aid, and wise counsel. Thanks to the mistress of Karloff, his children are in crown schools till their majority. There is a great surprise awaiting him at Karloff. He has never heard of the existence of a child of his lost love, and Blandine's

presence there is a secret from him still. Madame has probed his heart on the subject of his first love. She found, under the uniform of the dashing cavalier, under the rakish, wine-and-license air, a heart sensitive still to the slightest reference to his first love. She had seen Vassilly Danilow under many and various circumstances, seen him at his best, and at his worst ; but he could always be brought to a dead halt by the mere mention of the name of Sacha Vallinski. And Madame had made another discovery, one that had escaped even the jealous eye of his wife. This was a miniature of his dead love, hidden away in his bachelor-effects. She had caught him looking at it, and his expression at that moment gave her an idea that ripened speedily. "What," she asked herself, "would he not now give to find her alive and well and *free* ?" That could not be. Sacha is in her grave ! But there, in her power, is her living image, young, beautiful and pure hearted as was Sacha on the day they parted ; she to go and seek wealth and fame in the world's capital, he to turn treasonward.

"I will show him a ghost," was Madame's conclusion ; and she saw, in anticipation, his start of surprise. Madame's conditions were fixed in her own mind. She knew the value of what she had to offer. Barter of this kind was too common a thing to make her recoil an instant from her project. Many a bride, noble, high spirited, beautiful, had she seen won or lost at cards or on the race-course. It cost her no pang to fix the price she would demand for the child of her enemy. It would have cost her almost as little thought to barter off her own.

( *To be concluded.* )



## GRATITUDE FOR GOD'S BENEFITS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.*

GRATITUDE is the virtue by which we acknowledge gifts received from others and strive to make return for the same whenever it is in our power. Gratitude to our fellow men is part of the cardinal virtue of justice; gratitude to God, if not identical with the virtue of religion, is really one of its chief acts, and a work of prayer by which we keep our souls in submission to Him. "The chief thing in the worship of God," says St. Augustine, "is that we should not be ungrateful to Him, and hence in the only true sacrifice offered to God our Lord, we are reminded to give thanks" (1) The Preface of this Holy Sacrifice begins: "It is truly proper and just, right and salutary, that we give thanks always and in every place to Thee, Holy Lord, the Father Almighty, Eternal God."

"In all things give thanks," wrote St. Paul to the Thessalonians, "for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you all;" (2) and again, "giving thanks always, for all things, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to God and the Father." (3) Members of the Apostleship of Prayer will recall the text of this great Apostle on which their

organization is based: "I desire, therefore, first of all that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made by men." (4.)

And if we ask why so much stress is laid on this virtue of gratitude, we need only consider how important it was in the eyes of Christ who exclaimed when about to raise Lazarus from the dead: "Father, I give Thee thanks that Thou hast heard me;" (5) who distributed the miraculously multiplied loaves only after He had given thanks; who gave thanks again, as He took the chalice to bless it; and who complained, after the ten lepers had been made clean: "Were not ten made clean? and where are the nine? There is no one found to return to give glory to God but this stranger." (6) And if we seek a reason beyond the Master's example, is it not right that we should acknowledge as the author of our very being, and of everything that we have, God from whom we received them all?

If we could judge by the language and manners of men it would seem that nothing is more common than gratitude. People thank one another profusely, even when refusing a service; a worldly politeness invents a thousand gracious ways of

(1) De Spiritu et Litera c. 11. (2) I. Thess. 5, 18. (3) Ephesians 5, 20.

(4) I. Tim. 2, 1. (5) St. John 11, 41.

(6) St. Luke, 17, 17.

expressing gratitude ; men readily, nay, greedily accept gifts, and, thank God, these are often generously given: yet how few, after all, are noble *enough* to be grateful in the true sense even to their fellow men on whom they feel themselves dependent? Fewer still have the nobility to be truly grateful to God, and to say, as the Spanish phrase puts it, when someone thanks another: "No thanks to me: thank God." Now and then comes a solemn message from the head of a State bidding the people set apart a day for holding services of thanksgiving, but invariably the thanksgiving is proclaimed for benefits which are ascribed to the success of the State administration, or to the institutions and enterprise of the people, and the benefits for which men are asked to be grateful are the material good things of this world to the oversight of the spiritual good things for which God chiefly wants our appreciation and thanksgiving. The Pharisee and his race are not extinct, and men still presume to mock God by thanking Him—that they are not as other men. Too many of them take His gifts, and affect to ignore their source; others make an outward show of thanking Him for the very fear of being considered ungrateful. How few study the gifts of God, and stop to reflect "that every creature of God is good, and nothing to be rejected that is received with thanksgiving." (1) In the words of St. Paul men have become "ingrates" and lovers of themselves, and would make it the boast of the new century that they can do without God.

Gratitude would never permit us to deny the receipt of a favor, to ignore, or overlook, or forget it in any way; it makes us first acknowledge, then make much of the gift, and, above all, keep it in mind. It is this memory of favors received, or rather of our benefactors, which prompts us to praise them, and when opportune let others know of their

goodness to us. Love of our benefactors, and a true esteem of their favors, grow naturally out of gratitude, and inspire us not only to treat them with honor and reverence, but also to confer on them even far greater gifts than they have bestowed on us. Thus gratitude is not, as some have cynically described it, thankfulness for favors to come; for it is of such a hope that the Scripture says: "the hope of the unthankful shall melt away as the winter's ice, and shall run off as unprofitable water." Nor is gratitude the mere eagerness to return gift for gift, since this eagerness may spring from a desire to be rid of obligations. True gratitude accepts with simplicity, and, while it makes us appreciate the gift, it also makes us value more the friendship and goodness of the giver, and quite as glad to remain his debtor as to meet our obligation when occasion offers, though for one who has ever been truly grateful the obligation is interminable, and the truly grateful is glad it should be so.

Nothing can incite us more to the love and practice of this virtue than the baseness of ingratitude. "A blighting wind," St. Augustine calls it; more unkind than the chilling blasts of winter, Shakespeare makes Lear describe it; most hateful to gods and men, as Xenophon terms it; so baneful that it can destroy all the power of prayer, and force heaven to close its gates against us. It is prayer without gratitude that St. Bernard blames for failing to reach God. It is of ingratitude only that Christ complained when He manifested to Blessed Margaret Mary the love of His Heart for mankind, and bade her urge men to make reparation for the coldness and indignity shown Him in the Eucharist, which is primarily the Sacrament and sacrifice of thanksgiving.

To be grateful to God should be very natural and easy for us all. It needs but to consider His gifts, their beauty, variety and usefulness, all created by His hands, and given to us by Himself actually present to confer them on us, and what

(1) 1. Tim 4. 3.

is more, operating in them so as to effect through them what is best for our spiritual and temporal welfare. It is difficult enough for us to recall the gifts of God and estimate them at their true worth,—gifts of soul and body, all the treasures of divine grace lavished on us so abundantly, all our mental faculties, and our senses through which we derive the blessings of knowledge and the necessary motives to exercise the power of free will with which God has endowed us, chiefly that we may choose to acknowledge His goodness and show ourselves truly grateful for it. When we look about us and consider the multitude of creatures made for our benefit, and study how each contributes something which is indispensable for our existence, or at least highly conducive to our welfare, the heavens and the earth, the sea and the air, the stars of the firmament and the minerals of the soil, the brute, vegetable and inanimate creations, and the wonderful way in which they sustain our lives, and quicken our activities, and enable us to do things which God deigns to consider creditable in His creatures, honorable to Himself, and beneficial to our fellow men; when further we penetrate from the material to the spiritual world, and value, as best we may, the dignity and power of the human soul and the marvellous play of its faculties, and then rise from the natural plane in which God might have left us, soul and body, capable merely of what our powers could naturally enable us to know or accomplish, to the supernatural plane, in which we come under the light of His own countenance, and, with our minds enlightened, enabled to look above the range of our natural reason by which we know Him as the Cause of all things, and to behold Him as He has revealed Himself in a vision darkly, with our hearts lifted up to aspire one day to behold Him face to face and dwell with Him in glory as the sons of His household; when further we consider how He restored us to this high estate when it had been lost to us, and

renews our title to it again and again, when we ourselves have fallen from it, we should be impious not to cry out with Isaias: "I will give thanks to thee, O Lord, for thou wert angry with me: thy wrath is turned away, and thou hast comforted me. Behold God is my Saviour, I will deal confidently, and will not fear: because the Lord is my strength, and my praise, and He is become my salvation. You shall draw water with joy out of the Saviour's fountains: and you shall say in that day: Praise ye the Lord, and call upon His name: make His works known among the people: remember that His name is high. Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath done great things; shew this forth in all the earth. Rejoice with praise, O thou habitation of Sion, for great is He that is in the midst of thee, the Holy One of Israel." (1)

This is gratitude, the hymn of joy in the heart, mounting ever to the lips in words of praise and of blessing, abiding in the memory, illumining the intellect and quickening the will to do great things for the great God who is in the midst of us. Not a gift used and not a thing done, not a prayer uttered, but the grateful spirit utters thanks to God: "with thanksgiving, let your petitions be made known to God." Nor will it rest with the thought of its own gifts, needs and achievements, but is grateful because God has done great things, and because He is worthy of "Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and strength, forever and ever." (2) "We give Thee thanks, O God Almighty, who art, and who wert, and who art to come; because Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power, and Thou hast reigned." (3) And since men do not return God's favors, since they conceal them from others, and forget them, or disparage and sometimes reckon them evil instead of good, the grateful spirit is prompted to repair their ingratitude by accepting as special bless-

(1) Isaias 12.

(2) Apoc. 7, 12; (3) Ibid., 11, 17.

ings the afflictions which He sends for our trial, rejoicing that they are considered worthy to suffer for Christ, and crying out with David, "Thy rod and Thy staff, they have comforted me."

As members of the Apostleship of Prayer we begin the day with thanksgiving as well as with reparation and petition, we live by devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which is manifested principally by our gratitude in protest

against the ingratitude with which He is treated in the Sacrament of His love, we have special means of honoring Him, and of repairing the outrages heaped upon Him in the Sacrament and sacrifice of thanksgiving. We have, therefore, special motives for praying that men may come back to God by recognizing His goodness and submit to His law in gratitude for benefits He bountifully bestows on them.

## SAINT BRONACH'S BELL.

*By Sister M. Gertrude.*

"**R**OSALIE, open the window quickly, my darling. It won't hurt me. Nothing can hurt me now."

Rosalie knew that well. But the tears sprang to her eyes as she obeyed, and let the fresh evening breeze into the room where her mother lay dying of slow decline. Familiar as she was with the scene before her, its soft tranquil beauty had never seemed more truly the fair work of the Creator's hands than while she stood there looking out on the lovely valley beneath the Mourne Mountains, which had been Rosalie Royamount's home from her childhood.

It was one of those calm evenings, that come so often in Ireland when May is passing into June. The exquisite changeful light that glorifies the Irish skies was sending its rich tints of many hues over the mountains and through the glen, not glancing here and there as it would in the early morning, but spreading peacefully across the whole expanse, as though it wished to leave not a single spot of sweet Kilbroney untouched before it would fade away for the long hours of the coming night.

All was very still that evening. Not a leaf stirred among the trees. The birds had nestled down in silence. The day's toil was over, and as far as Rosalie could see there was no sign of life visi-

ble. She was turning back from the window, when her mother spoke again:

"Hush, darling," she said, "hush for a moment."

And, in the pause that followed, the clear silvery notes of a bell floated into the room:

"It never sounded like this, mother." whispered Rosalie.

"Never," answered Mrs. Royamount. "It is as joyful as if it were welcoming some one home. Saint Bronach's heart is specially glad this evening, I think. Perhaps some sinner is coming back to God. Are there lights in the chapel, Rosie?"

"Yes," said Rosalie. "But the confessions have not begun, if that is what you mean, mother. The May devotions come first. I am watching the hour for them."

"What hymn to-night?" asked Mrs. Royamount.

"I'll sing it for you." And Rosalie began:

"Ave Maria, thou Virgin and Mother,  
Fondly thy children are calling on thee;  
Thine are the graces unclaimed by another,  
Sinless and beautiful Star of the Sea."

And at the last word the strange, mystic sounding bell pealed out again, as if echoing the prayer.

"Something tells me my fancy is

true," said Mrs. Royamount. "May the Star guide the wand'ring soul home."

A long, soft tone of melody from the bell seemed to answer "Amen."

\* \* \* \* \*

By this time, many of our readers are asking impatiently: "Who was Saint Bronach, and what was the mystery of her 'bell'?" Upwards of fourteen hundred years have gone by since the people, living near the now far famed Rostrevor, began to give the name of "Saint," to a beautiful Irish girl whose days were spent in prayer and in kindly deeds to all who needed pity or help. It was a time when many noble maidens—noble by birth and noble by nature—filled the plains and hillsides of Ireland with the odor of sanctity. Great praise is often given to the Irish nuns, heartfelt praise, indeed, but they, looking through the mists of ages into the grand years when the torch of faith first burned and shone magnificently in fire, say, from their very hearts: "What are *we* compared to those who first knelt before Saint Patrick to receive the virgin's snowy veil?"

The white ranks were soon thronged with Ireland's sweetest daughters—beginning, as some say, with the twin sister princesses Ethna and Fedleina. Stories manifold, partly historical, partly legendary, are twined round the names of the first Irish nuns. Such holy memories! Such lovely legends! However, in this sketch we can only record too briefly the presence on earth of one who blest the vale of Kilbroney—its beloved patroness, Saint Bronach.

There must have been something specially winning in the saint, for a crowd of companions bent, like herself, on dedicating themselves to the service of the King of Virgins, gathered round her. The months glided away so happily that they brought round the sharp winter frosts and storms almost unperceived, and, though the air is comparatively mild in the shelter of the Mourne Mountains, the inhabitants of Rostrevor determined to build a suitable home for those who

had forsaken their own well-cared dwellings for the love of Christ.

Irish hands were skilled and skilful then in the erection of monasteries, so Saint Bronach and her religious sisters were speedily installed in one of the convents which were the pride and happiness of the Island of Saints. There they—

"I lived like angels upon earth,  
Freed from the penalties of birth,  
Nor let one feeling venture forth  
But charity."

Preeminent among them for her tender readiness to enter with a mother's love into the joys and sorrows of those who turned to the convent gates, when they wanted to find their truest friends, was the gentle star of the future Kilbroney—Saint Bronach. For many years her words were in the poetic language of the peasantry—"God's holy music in the valley." They often told her so, and Saint Bronach, smiling in her humility, answered: "I cannot hear that music, but I am glad *you* do."

Old age dealt lightly with her. She was bright and beautiful and comforting to the last. Just as she was sinking into her last sleep she was called back by hearing some sobbing voices outside her little cell.

"Will she never speak to us again? Shall we never hear her voice again? Is its music silenced for ever?" cried the mourners.

The pitying heart was moved. The Saint lifted up her eyes to heaven for a moment, and then, in a voice that God strengthened wondrously, she said aloud:

"Tell them, whenever the bell rings from our convent church, to remember it would be my joy to see them hurrying to find comfort from Him who bade the 'weary and the heavily-burdened' come to Him for rest. Tell them to prize the music of the bell that calls them to Him."

These were her last words. They were so dearly treasured that, going down from father to son, they were still repeated

when, in the evil days of persecution and spoliation, Saint Bronach's Convent was wrecked and left in ruins. One evening, soon after the destruction was complete, an old woman who was sitting at her cottage door, praying aloud to the Patroness of the valley to look down on her "name place," Kilbroney, thought she heard a whisper beside her: "Listen, listen."

She stopped her prayers. And, that instant, the faint soft tones of a bell sounded from the very spot where Saint Bronach's Church had been standing. Before the old woman could recover from her surprise, her two grandchildren, who were helping their mother to weed the cottage garden, called out:

"The bell, granny, the bell."

"The blessed Saint Bronach, herself, is ringin' it," cried the mother.

And from that hour, the news spread everywhere that Saint Bronach would never let the persecutors silence her bell. They searched for it in vain—not a trace of it could be found, though certain it was that, over and over, when some great sorrow, or some unexpected happiness had fallen to the lot of those who lived near, the unseen bell suddenly pealed—sometimes plaintively, sometimes as though able to enter into the brief gleams of sunshine which were vouchsafed to suffering Ireland, in her struggles for the faith which was trodden down by the powers of the world, and rose up living still. And now we come back to our story.

Travelling rapidly, as we must do, in story-telling on a limited scale, we open the door of "Glenview," while the August sun of the year 1821 is glistening on the thousand charms of Kilbroney, and we are met by a tiny child of five, who asks did we hear *the bell*. Yes, the bell has rung sadly and solemnly, and Rosalie Royamount is fatherless.

A strangely wise, loving little creature was Rosalie.

"She will comfort you, as no one else can, Marcia," had been Francis Roy-

amount's farewell, as he watched Rosalie clasping her mother's hand tightly in her own.

Marcia's cheeks glowed with pain, for not even the mother's love could be first in her heart when death was breaking the close tie of the "two in one."

"God has been so good to us. Tell Him we thank Him," continued Francis. "My life might so easily have been cut short without these hours together. And even if I could take you with me, we would not leave the little ones alone. I pray that you may be spared to them till Rosalie can be a mother to Fergus."

Rosalie, with a dim idea that she was meant to attend to Fergus, stole away. As she passed up the stairs she heard the doctor's voice:

"I came with all speed, nurse, but I know I can do nothing. Mr. Royamount's heart has been treacherous since he was a boy. He has looked death calmly in the face for years. Nor can it be a shock to Mrs. Royamount. She was in his confidence."

In the warmth of the setting sun, air was admitted freely into Glenview, and so there was not one in the house except baby Fergus, who did not shudder as the breeze that had sprung up bore what they called "the death knell" to Francis Royamount's bedside. For him, indeed, fears and hopes had ended. He welcomed Saint Bronach's bell for the last time with a happy smile.

"Marcia," he whispered. "Was there ever a kinder pledge of heavenly love?"

"It must be real," she said. "It cannot be a delusion."

"How could it?" he answered. "At least it has led our thoughts to heaven, and I feel that it is leading me there now."

The priest and doctor entered the room together, but the latter drew back hastily, saying:

"There is no time to be lost."

Father Archer raised his hand quickly. A ray of bright sunlight streamed in, but Francis Royamount's eyes were opened to the light above:

"Believe me," said the priest. "He was *judged with a smile*."

The life that had just closed had been an uneventful one—and equally uneventful were the first years of Marcia Royamount's widowhood. She was not rich. Far from it. However there was no strain on the household, nestling so quietly in its seclusion. Rosalie was nearly eighteen when the shadow—a scarcely noticed shadow—hovered about Glenview. She had been "true to trust"—her mother's comforter—her young brother's anxious friend.—Anxious often, and often sore at heart, though Fergus was not yet quite fifteen.

The boy was wilful and weak from his babyhood, though no one seemed to notice the weakness except Rosalie. He was capable of daring acts, but he would never willingly face the consequences. Like many another sister, Rosalie shielded him continually, partly for his own sake, partly for their mother's. What else could Rosalie do, she asked herself, seeing how fragile her mother grew; watching the quick, sensitive flush on the thin cheeks that showed such a sorrowful want of strength to meet any grief or care? So Fergus chose his companions, and was led off into ways that Rosalie guessed at with dread:

"Fergus, dear boy," she said at last, "you must remember that I am shrinking from saying this to you. Until now I could give you a little help for your amusements, but my last penny is gone. I can do no more."

The boy's cheeks burned hotly:

"You don't wish to do it, Rosalie," he answered.

"I hardly know," said Rosalie. "Time was when I was delighted to feel that I had my little store for you to spend in making yourself happy. But you're *not* happy. Fergus, I wish you would tell me why. You can't tell mother."

"No—not for the world," he cried. "By the bye," he added, "there is a boy who was in great need of a couple

of shillings the other day. I lent him what I had. He promised to pay me back to-night. I must go look after him."

"Not to-night," pleaded Rosalie. "There will be a storm. Look at the flaming sky."

Fergus raised the window. A gust of wind swept through the trees, and with it came a long, mournful peal of St. Bronach's bell.

"I hate this life," exclaimed Fergus. "I must get away into the world, Rosalie. It is the weariness and dullness of this place that is driving me to what I want to hide from you and mother."

"It is not hidden from me," said Rosalie, nerving herself to speak quietly. "You have gambled, Fergus."

"On a few miserable pence," he muttered. "I hadn't much at my disposal."

"No, indeed," she answered, gently, for it was her own scanty pocket money that had been his supply, "but it was all you had, Fergus. And you fretted over your losses. And then—" she hesitated.

"I joined the others in a drink. Yes I did," he said defiantly. "I must and I will—while I am cooped up here."

His sister's fair face paled to deadly whiteness, while Fergus, quivering with the struggle, hurried away from her into his mother's room.

Marcia Royamount idolized her son, and when he threw himself on his knees beside her, and asked: "Will you be proud of me, mother, when I grow to be a man?" she pressed him passionately in her arms, whispering: "Always, Fergus, my own beautiful boy. I am proud of you now."

He sprang up, smiling, looked at her with eyes that were shining with tears, and playfully calling: "To our next meeting, mother!" Fergus Royamount left his home without venturing to say "good-bye."

Next morning a letter from him hastened his mother's steps to "the gates of the grave."



"Rosalie can tell you all, dearest, dearest mother," wrote Fergus. "You may believe everything. Life seemed hard for me. It may be harder still. At all events, my choice is made, and the wide world will be my home for some years. Penniless and friendless as I am, I see only one course open to me. There are plenty of vessels outward bound that will not refuse the services of a tall, strong Irish boy. Mother, what shall I be like when we meet again? Think of me whenever you hear Saint Bronach's bell—I can't write more—Fergus."

Think of him? Marcia's thoughts, by night and day, seemed fixed in the one intense supplication to the only Friend who could follow her friendless child. For weeks and months she was the Irish "Monica" of the valley, for, as truly as it was written of the mother of St. Augustine, we might write of Marcia Royamount that: "tears daily marked the place in the church where she knelt to pray for her erring boy."

He had had no difficulty in carrying out his plan. A ship sailing to the West Indies had been disappointed of two of its cabin boys at the last minute. Fergus offered to do double work in his eagerness to be accepted, so his message to Glenview was half-buoyant, half-regretful, and brimful of love for his mother and Rosalie, whom, he owned, he had learned "*to prize too late*." How much heartsickness, how much intense yearning for the tenderness he had forsaken were breathed into the last words, no one but the wilful boy could know. He was suffering already, and keener suffering awaited him.

After some days a hasty line was written:

"On the high seas. No more till we reach our destination. Mother—Rosalie—pity me."

That letter dealt the stroke of death to the delicate frame of Marcia Royamount. She never rallied. Spring glided into summer, summer was crowned by autumn, winter wended its slow path into

the young returning light, and Marcia lingered on.

"Perhaps," she said to Rosalie, "God wishes to prove once more that the 'child of a mother's tears cannot be lost.' He may intend to bring Fergus home before I die."

Yet, when Saint Bronach's bell rang, on the evening when our story opens, neither mother nor daughter thought that their own wanderer might be the straying sheep who was returning to the fold. Fergus was too far away, too bound to his new masters, to shake off the chains he had put on.

We left Rosalie ready to answer the other bell, that announced the May devotions. They were longer than usual—for some impulse had evidently been given to the preacher to dwell on the Mercy of the Heart of Mary, its motherly longings to bless and crown the penitent. It was growing dark when she left the chapel, and the light was so dim by the time she reached Glenview that she started as she heard a footstep close behind her at the gate:

"Rosalie, don't be terrified," said a low voice. "You are a brave girl. I am greatly changed, but I think you will know Fergus."

He crept forward, and, in spite of the warning, Rosalie shuddered. The boy was worn and wasted almost beyond recognition. His large blue eyes shone, as their mother's did, in the last stages of consumption, and the hectic flush on her cheeks was not as bright as the fever spot on her son's altered face:

"I was useless to them," he whispered, "and they sent me home to die."

Before the sentence was finished Rosalie's arms were round him. And, too sure of her mother's joy to delay the meeting, Marcia Royamount's son was given back to her for a few short hours. Then, as the morning dawned, Fergus woke from his heavy slumber:

"Mother," he asked, "am I dying?"

"You are going to heaven, my darling," answered Marcia. "I give you

back, with my whole heart, to the God who gave you. He is coming, before you leave us, to be your guide to His presence above."

For, while the dying mother soothed and tended her dying child, the old priest who had baptized Fergus was coming to him with his last Communion:

"You need try not to speak, dear boy," he said. "Let it comfort your mother and Rosalie to know that I blest our Star of the Sea a thousand times for the confession you made last evening. My gratitude was overflowing in my sermon—and, listen to me, Fergus—" for the boy was sinking fast—"I want you to hear this, to give you confidence—the words that you put on my lips did their work, and brought older sinners than you to the feet of the Good Shepherd."

Half an hour later, Fergus Royamount's brief struggle was ended, in eternal peace.

No one, who saw Marcia Royamount by that deathbed, could foretell a week of life for her. But she, on the contrary, said:

"I begged God and the Mother who knows a mother's heart to enable me to spend a while on earth, in prayer for my child. I can fancy him appealing to me from purgatory to lift him up a little from his bed of expiation."

Whatever was the cause, Saint Bronach's bell was never long silent during the following autumn. Every rising of the autumn winds wakened that hidden voice which lay in some mysterious depths of the ruined Sanctuary.

A change had come gradually over Catholic Ireland. The prayers of its saints, the blood of its martyrs, had wrestled with the powers of darkness. The great triumph of faith was heralded on the day that saw the first gleam of spiritual brightness, when the *Te Deum* was chanted from end to end of the country, as it hailed its holiest victory, Catholic Emancipation.

"I wonder," said Rosalie to her mother, "why Saint Bronach does not ring her bell for the general rejoicing."

She was soon answered. The night set in, lowering and tempestuous. The winds rose and raged. Suddenly, clear and loud, above the storm, Saint Bronach's bell tolled as none had ever heard it toll.

"It sounds," said Rosalie, "as if it had been imprisoned until now, and that it had been set free at last."

When daylight shone again over a peaceful, smiling scene, a grand old tree, the pride of Kilbroney, was lying prostrate, with a deep cavity in its trunk, and beside it lay Saint Bronach's bell. How it had been sheltered in its hiding place for centuries, no one knew, but many a lover of the saints of old looked up to their thrones, saying:

"May the spirit of the past breathe God's music of faith, hope and love through the present days of promise."

"Rosalie," said Marcia Royamount, some weeks after, "when I leave you, am I to leave you alone?"

She had drawn her daughter close to her—so close that Rosalie's answer was in the soft murmur which had often soothed her mother's sorrow:

"My stay will be short, mother," she answered. And her secret was told—a secret that she had kept for years. The grave will soon close over the last of the Royamounts.

"Are we not blest, mother?" whispered Rosalie. "Not one left to travel along the path in loneliness."

And Marcia's thanksgiving was finished in the sight of Him who said: "Leave thy fatherless children to Me, and I will protect them."

The memory of the Glenview of those far off days has faded away. The name of Royamount is never heard in the valley. But the sweet, unforgotten story of Saint Bronach hallows Kilbroney still, and we, to whom our Irish saints are dear as our dearest friends, cherish the remembrance of Saint Bronach's Bell.



## EDITORIAL.

### "CATHOLIC INTERESTS"

No title could express better the interests which the Committee, designated by the Catholic Club of New York, has been defending so ably during the past month. Chosen originally to protect the rights of Catholic children in our public institutions and parochial schools, this Committee has actually been protecting the rights of every child and of every parent in this State, and Protestants, as well as Catholics, owe them a debt of gratitude. If the opposition which, owing chiefly to their persistent efforts, is daily growing against some of the iniquitous measures contemplated at Albany, should succeed in keeping these measures from becoming law, every mother and father and every "child of the State," to use the phraseology of these Socialistic bills, will have to thank the Committee on Catholic Interests.

### SOME ALBANY TACTICS.

Those who do not read the *New York Tribune*, *Times*, *Evening Post* or the *Brooklyn Eagle*, know little if anything about the attempts at educational legislation at this session of the New York Legislature. Even the careful reports and editorials of these newspapers fail to tell in detail the articles and sections of the various bills which have been presented by some of our law-makers. Still less is known of the sly and deceitful methods used to rush these bills through, unknown not only to the people at large, but also to those who are directly concerned in them and to whom a hearing is

due. No sooner has one bill met with some opposition than another, not very different, is offered in its stead. If some of the enterprising legislators cannot secure "unification" of education as they plan it, then others have ready bills for "codification," and when these fail to please, the unification schemes are brought up again, and framed in such a way as to make it possible for the men appointed under its provisions to codify our education laws almost as they please. Notice is given that the unification bill will not be brought up again this session, and then without due notice a hearing on the subject is announced so late that interested parties have barely time to cancel other engagements and reach Albany. For an exposure of these tactics, and for a specimen of Judge Daly's and Dr. McKelway's representations, it is worth while reading the *New York Tribune* for March 1 and 2, and the *Brooklyn Eagle* for March 2. Some of the motives instigating the parties interested in the unification scheme, which was presented, may be gleaned from an editorial in the *Educational Review* for January, 1900, and in an article on the subject in *Harper's Weekly* for January 10. The chagrin of some of these parties at even reasonable opposition to the bill is manifested by an editorial in the *Educational Review* for March.

### A SOCIALISTIC MEASURE.

This matter of educational legislation is so important, and it is so difficult for our priests and teachers and our citizens gen-

erally to obtain copies of the various educational bills drafted at this session of the New York Legislature, that we shall give here some of the most objectionable provisions of these bills. Those who have followed the attempts of the present French Ministry to monopolize education for the State, and of the Iowa Legislature to do the same, will realize the necessity of knowing and watching every clause in bills of this kind at a time when States the world over are seeking to usurp the functions of the family and of private corporations in the work of educating the young.

In the language of these bills our children are "the children of this state," and those who frame the bills consistently regard, and try to treat them as such.

Hitherto the State required children to attend school from the age of *eight to twelve*; these bills would have them begin at *seven* and attend until *fourteen*, and unless regularly employed after that, until *sixteen*, §231 (1) as if this were possible in every case; or as if most children could not learn enough before their *twelfth*, or, surely, before their *fourteenth* year.

Those who do not attend the common schools must receive equivalent instruction, the common school being the standard, and the Department of Education the arbiter, §231; as if intelligent parents are not much more competent to judge what studies their children are to pursue.

Each parent who cannot compel his children to so attend on instruction, "shall present to the school authorities proof by affidavit that he is unable to compel such attendance. A violation of this section is a misdemeanor, punishable for the first offence by a fine not exceeding five dollars, etc., and for each subsequent offence by a fine not exceeding

fifty dollars or by imprisonment not exceeding thirty days, or both such fine and imprisonment." §232.

Truant schools are provided for every child "between *seven* and *sixteen* years of age, found away from his home and unlawfully absent from school, §230, or for children who are insubordinate or disorderly during their attendance at school, §237. Truant officers are to be appointed by school commissioners.

A truant may be arrested by a truant officer without warrant. §241.

On second arrest the truant may be committed to a truant school, if the parent consent in writing, or should he not consent, by the magistrate who examines the matter. The parent may, however, have the child committed to a private school, orphan asylum, or similar institution, controlled by persons of the same religious faith. §243. The records kept by any school shall be subject to inspection by the school authorities of the city or district at any reasonable time. §248. The superintendent of education may require reports from school authorities in such form and containing such information as he may prescribe concerning the operation of this article." §251, §248, §510.

In a word, the educational department seeks to absorb all the functions of family, state and municipality, with regard to our children; to have its own police, or truant officers, its own system of charities and correction, and, incidentally, the patronage and control of the vast outlay of money required for these extensive functions.

Article 16, on the instruction of the blind and deaf-mutes, is introduced by a preamble endeavoring to show that such children fall under the control of the educational authorities, since the constitution requires the legislature to provide "a system of free common schools, wherein all the children of this state may be educated." Although the constitution does not require the legislature to maintain these children at the expense of the State in order to bring them un-

(1) These references are to Act No. 849, Int. 662, in Assembly February 2, 1900, introduced by Mr. Lewis, which differs but little from the one previously introduced in the Senate by Mr. White of Syracuse.

der the jurisdiction of the department of public instruction, the framers of these laws consider this maintenance "a necessary incident of their condition."

Pupils above school age are admissible to these schools. § 417, 437.

The expense of transporting a child to or from a school for the blind shall be paid by the state, § 437, and at the discretion of the superintendent, the expense of clothing also. § 438.

The truancy provisions of the article on compulsory education operate here :

The state superintendent has exclusive supervision and direction of the instruction of deaf-mutes whose parents cannot or do not give them adequate instruction at home or in a private institution, and shall provide for such instruction in a school or other institution for the instruction of deaf-mutes. § 444.

"Duties of school authorities.—It shall be the duty of the school authorities of a city or district, under the direction of the state superintendent, to attend to the enforcement of this article. They shall annually, in the month of June, and at such other times as they deem proper, notify in writing the parent, guardian or other person with whom a blind child or deaf-mute of school age resides in such city or district, of his right to free instruction in a school provided by the state for that purpose, and that if such parent, guardian or other person neglects or refuses for thirty days after such notice, to apply for the admission of such blind child or deaf-mute to a state or other school under this article, the school authorities will apply for an order for such admission, if the parent, guardian or other person with whom such blind child or deaf-mute resides is unable or unwilling to provide adequate instruction at home or in a private institution. The school authorities shall apply accordingly. § 445.

"Duty of truant officer and magistrate.—Within five days after the receipt of such determination, the school authorities shall serve on a truant officer of the city

or district a written notice to the effect that an application has been made by them as herein provided for for the admission of such blind child or deaf-mute to a school under this article, and naming the school to which he is required by the state superintendent to be sent. Upon the receipt of such notice the truant officer shall take such child before the nearest magistrate of the county, who shall inquire into the matter, and if satisfied by proof that he is not receiving adequate instruction for the blind or for deaf-mutes, as the case may be, and that he should receive such instruction as herein provided, he shall by order direct the truant officer to take such child or deaf-mute to the school designated in the determination of the state superintendent ; but no order shall be made by the magistrate, unless the parent, guardian or other person with whom the child resides appears on the hearing, or an affidavit has been filed that notice of such hearing was given to him in writing by the truant officer. The child shall be kept and instructed in such school, under the direction of the state superintendent, but not beyond the current school year without the written consent of his parent or guardian, or the person with whom he resides. At stated periods for vacation, children admitted to schools or institutions for the blind, deaf and dumb shall be permitted to visit their homes." § 447.

It is needless to multiply passages from a despotic measure of this sort. Article 20, on Cornell University, continuing it as a state college, is an instance of educational monopoly and discriminates against other colleges and universities, by withdrawing it entirely from the control and supervision of the Regents. § 585.

Even in Article 21, on the University, we find some provisions so unreasonable that but for assurances to the contrary one would think they had slipped in by mistake.

"Exclusion or suspension shall cut off

all rights and privileges as a University institution, but shall not relieve from University visitation, the operation of any law or University ordinance, or from other liability or responsibility; nor shall any institution have power to withdraw from the University or its visitation unless it was admitted with this express provision." §619.

"Change or suspension of charter. For violation of law or ordinance or for other sufficient cause, the Regents may change the name or number of trustees, or alter, suspend or revoke the charter or incorporation of any institution which they might charter, if subject to their visitation, but such action shall be taken only on written request signed by each trustee of the institution, or by the affirmative vote of a majority of all the Regents, after thirty days notice, mailed to each trustee, of an opportunity to be heard. If the charter or incorporation is revoked by the Regents, they shall make such disposition of property remaining after payment of debts and liabilities as they deem just and equitable and best promoting public interests, or as may be directed by the Supreme Court on application by the trustees or Regents, and on such application, the Court may appoint a receiver of the property of the corporation. During the suspension of the charter, property rights are not affected, but the trustees cannot carry on the institution, dispose of its property or exercise other corporate powers, except those necessary for the protection and preservation of its property." §631.

The educational fad finds its place in these bills; for five years the nature of alcoholic drinks and other narcotics, and their effects on the human system shall be taught, not less than three times a week for ten weeks or more. Even in primary schools these lessons must be given twice a week for ten weeks or more. Text-books on physiology, for grades below the high school, must give one-fifth of their space to this subject, and for the high school, at least twenty pages as part

of the book itself, so that text-books containing such pages in an appendix shall not be counted. §§344 to 349. A teacher who refuses to teach the above is deemed to have forfeited his right to teach. §277.

Quite as objectionable as any of the provisions of this bill are the absolute and well nigh unlimited powers it confers on the state superintendent of public instruction. Article 9 on compulsory education, and Article 16 on the instruction of the blind and deaf-mutes are instances of this. Article 10, on teachers' qualifications, certificates and contracts, gives him exclusive jurisdiction to determine the qualifications of teachers in the public schools. The extent of his powers is nowhere definitely stated, but in every serious matter he is the arbiter, and appeal from his decision is made so difficult as to be practically useless. The absolute character of his powers appears in Article 8. His decision is not subject to question or review in any court whatever, unless the appellate division of the Supreme Court of the department in which the controversy arose shall at its next term after the superintendent's decision is made, grant an appeal from his decision. §§493 to 495.

The latest draft of the bill proposed to lengthen his term of office from three to four years. §481.

#### EDUCATIONAL UNIFICATION.

So much for the bills to regulate, codify and improve existing laws. The proposals for unification, and their animus, we had occasion to speak of in the MESSENGER for February. Desirable as unification is in itself, the plan proposed for it in the Report of the Educational Unification Commission is altogether objectionable. Instead of unifying the two great departments of education now in existence, it aims at destroying, or supplanting entirely, the more important of the two, the University department, consisting of all institutions of advanced instruction in the State, under the juris-

diction of the Regents. The chief purpose of the scheme is to have a supreme head of education appointed, with a long term of office on big salary, with powers far more ample and not less absolute than those of the present superintendent of education. Difficult as it would be to find any man capable of assuming the vast charge of organizing and promoting all the educational interests of the State, it would be impossible under the provisions of this bill either for the authorities to appoint one independently of political considerations, or for anyone to accept the appointment without concessions which would greatly impair his efficiency in the discharge of his duties. It is not too much to ask that the vast and varied educational interests of a State should be entrusted to a body of thoroughly competent men, selected without political motives, and free from every bias in their efforts to promote the work of education in private as well as in common schools.

#### INVOKING STATE AID.

Why should men who boast that our age is one of individual enterprise and achievement be so quick to invoke Federal or State interference in every department of human life? Were such measures as we have just described, to be devised or seconded by public officials or politicians we could readily detect the motive; but why should private citizens, or distinguished corporations, even those who are most jealous of their personal or corporate rights, be so eager to submit every human interest howsoever sacred, to the jurisdiction of the State? The State, forsooth, must have jurisdiction over our private charities, and the institutions built and maintained without its aid. The State must legislate against marital infidelity. Even our leading colleges and universities cannot unite together to uphold the standard of the various professions, as they did lately in Chicago, without looking to Federal and State legislation, as Dr. Wheeler, the President

of the new association declared. And the State invariably heeds the invocation, nay, does not always wait for it. For the State, or rather for those who represent it as officials, this admission and extension of its powers, means political patronage, and for those who guide and control them, it means new opportunities of inculcating the principles by which they can perpetuate their influence. Unfortunately, States, or those who seek to control them in our day, aim at secularizing everything, and, from tolerating religion, they soon come invariably to ignore and oppress it.

#### NOT SO PERILOUS.

A zealous pastor proposes a plan for making known to citizens of every creed and of no creed the justice of teaching religion in our schools, so that our children may be taught the religion which their parents or guardians, or those who are paying for their education, wish them to know and follow. The *New York Sun* promptly pronounces this a perilous scheme. In its alarm for the safety of the public school fetich, the *Sun* quite abandons its usual logical habit. Its editor deems any division of pupils in the schools according to religious belief undesirable and impracticable. It would break down the school system. The war of creeds would enter in. A considerable part of the parents resent religious instruction of any kind whatsoever. The schools being supported by public taxation must of necessity be practically secular in their instruction. Even the suspicion of proselytism must be kept out of them. Catholics must bear the burden of supporting their schools just as they bear the burden of supporting their churches, having no more reason to expect the State to support the schools than the churches. If they want religious education they must provide it in schools distinct from the public schools, or as a supplement to the secular instruction which alone can be furnished by general taxation. The public schools are a prime

necessity of our civilization, the maintenance of our popular government, nothing which will interfere with them, as the introduction of religious instruction, can be allowed to enter into them. One of the most beneficent offices performed by our public school system is in assimilating our great multitude of immigrants, and whatever would interfere with this would be a great national calamity. So argues the *Sun*.

That a newspaper like the *Sun* can indulge in such reasoning as this only shows the necessity and the beneficence of Dr. McSweeney's plan to educate properly the general public, which, unfortunately, is constantly misinformed by such erroneous views. Division of pupils in our schools according to religious belief is both desirable and feasible; it is found to be so in Germany, in Canada, and in most of the British possessions. This division would not break down, but perfect a system which just at present needs less politics and more of the conscientious spirit which would animate the superintendents, teachers and others in charge of our schools were religion taught in them. There need be no war of creeds; our people have learned to attend different churches without fighting over their respective beliefs, and as parents and teachers they could teach their children to do the same. That one man or a few should withdraw his child from school because the Bible had been read in it, does not prove that parents generally would object to a system by which their children could learn their own religious faith. The schools being supported by public taxation must of necessity be what the public, *i. e.*, the parents, wants them to be, and the majority of parents would prefer to have their religion taught to their children in the schools which they support. Up to this the reading of the Bible has made our schools acceptable to most parents, and now that it is being excluded everywhere, they will soon resent the exclusively secular instruction given in them.

What suspicion of proselytism could there be about teaching Episcopalianism to the children of Episcopalians, or of Lutheranism to the children of Lutherans?

Neither Catholics nor any other religious body should have to support two school systems, the common school and the religious school, any more than one Church should have to support another; and, since parents are taxed for the education of their children, they have a right to the education they reasonably consider proper for them. It would be another matter if, to use the favorite phrase so common with advocates of our public school system, the State were providing education "free of expense," as our Ambassador at St. James expressed it to his English audience the other day; but our schools cost dearly, and the parents pay for them.

If we must provide religious education in schools distinct from the public schools, the State should allow us what we contribute in taxes, for the education fund. The fundamental error of the *Sun* is that it regards religious education merely as a supplementary education, whereas no education is worthy of the name, unless it be thoroughly permeated by religious motives and principles.

The public schools are a prime necessity of our civilization, the maintenance of our popular government, so also are our law courts, our great newspapers, and many other things; but without justice no civilization can stand, and it is unjust to take our money for a thing we cannot conscientiously use, to make us pay for the public schools, when we must support our own.

Religious instruction in the schools would assimilate our multitudes of immigrants more rapidly and effectively than a purely secular education, nor shall we long be a nation of immigrants. If it is a calamity to admit any system that would lessen fellow feeling among our citizens, what shall we say of the calamity impending over the nation which practically excludes God from the minds and hearts of its children?



Dr. McSweeney's proposal—it is not yet a scheme—is not perilous but timely, necessary and most beneficent.

#### THE ASSUMPTIONISTS AND THEIR WORK.

“Our spiritual life, our capital as religious, the very reason of our existence as Augustinians of the Assumption, is found in our motto, *Adveniat Regnum Tuum—Thy Kingdom Come*—the coming of God's reign over our own souls by the practice of Christian virtues and the evangelical counsels conformably to our vocation; the coming of God's reign in the world by the struggle against Satan and the conquest of souls purchased by our Lord, but now everywhere plunged in the darkness of error and sin. What more simple, what more common-place, if I may dare thus to speak, than this form of the love of God? And if to this main object of love you add the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, of the Most Holy Virgin, His Mother, and of the Church, His spouse, you will have expressed in briefest terms, the spirit of the Assumption.” Such, in the language of its venerated founder, the Very Rev. Emanuel d'Alzon, is the aim and object of the religious Congregation which has had the honor of being the first victim of the persecution set on foot by the present French Government. For forty-five years, from 1835 to his death in 1880, Père d'Alzon held the responsible position of Vicar-General of the diocese of Nîmes, and the experience he acquired in the exercise of this office fully qualified him to formulate those far-sighted plans which have been carried into execution so nobly, generously and successfully by his sons. The bare enumeration of the various good works, of which the Assumptionists have been the active leaders and in many cases the inaugurators, would convince the most skeptical of the extent and value of their influence. Their religious institute received the formal approbation of the Holy See, September 23, 1864, but as far back as 1843, the Assumption College at Nîmes

had been already opened. This was followed by the establishment of the *Revue d' l'Enseignement Chrétien* which rendered such great service in preparing the way for the starting of the Catholic University at Paris, the Society of St. Francis de Sales for the conversion of French Protestants, and some ten or twelve seminaries where needy students for the priesthood receive gratuitous support and education. A unique work is that among the fishermen off the coasts of Newfoundland and Ireland. Two ships, the St. Peter and St. Paul, fitted up with chapel, pharmacy, infirmary and library, minister to the spiritual and temporal needs of this much-neglected class. In the Orient, they have a hospice in Jerusalem, the first Christian church erected since 1453 in Constantinople, a seminary at Stamboul, churches, colleges, orphanages and schools in various parts of Asia Minor and Bulgaria. In all these works they are assisted by the Oblate Sisters of the Assumption.

Another offspring from this fruitful stock are the Little Sisters of the Assumption, whose mission it is to nurse gratuitously the sick poor in their homes. But it is impossible to follow their good work, as many-sided as charity in all its ramifications. The Apostleship of the Press however calls for special mention. The Assumptionists publish *La Croix* and *Le Pèlerin*, which have a weekly circulation of more than two million copies, the *Mois Pittoresque*, an illustrated monthly magazine, *Questions Actuelles*, *Cosmos*, a scientific review, *Les Echos de l' Orient*, devoted to the study of Oriental languages, and many other publications. Every week 500,000 copies of the *Lives of the Saints* are issued and 50,000 well-edited sketches of contemporary celebrities. To these we may add various small books, pamphlets and tracts for general distribution. Such, in outline, is the work of these arch-conspirators whose activity in advancing a kingdom not of this earth has merited the condemnation of a French Ministry. The eloquent

history of the Assumptionists given in the *Civiltà Cattolica* for February has quite won over the Catholic-Press to sympathy for the men whom they had begun to condemn, and even the London *Tablet*, which seems to have taken its views from the London *Times*, now considers it "a matter of regret that the cause of the Assumptionist Fathers should have been so completely identified in this country with the exaggerated utterances of *La Croix*, at a time of great political excitement, as to obscure our view of the great services rendered to religion in France by the manifold activities of the Order."

#### OTHER VICTIMS.

It has been announced that the Picpus Fathers have been singled out as the next victims by the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry. This persecution is all the more ungrateful and unjustifiable as these Fathers have been particularly noted for their intense devotion to their native land, so much so that in Chili, where they have three flourishing houses, they are popularly known as the French Fathers, and Admiral Terrieu has rendered this testimony to their work there "that they have done more to extend French influence than all our Ministers and Consuls in South America." Their ecclesiastical title, which also represents the special object of their institution, is "Congregation of the Sacred Hearts and the Perpetual Adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar." Besides the three houses in Chili and the seminaries at Rouen and Versailles now threatened with closing up, they have three houses in Belgium, two in Holland, two in England, two in Spain, one in Peru, and the entire missionary charge of Eastern Oceanica, now divided into three Vicariates Apostolic. Father Damien, the Apostle of the Lepers, was a member of this Congregation.

#### AN ECHO OF THE ASSUMPTIONIST TRIAL.

The freedom of speech allowed to the French newspapers and to every class and shade of Radical, Monarchist and

Socialist is to be denied to the bishops and clergy alone. Four of the Episcopacy who had the hardihood to express sympathy with the Assumptionists have been deprived of their stipends. This was but a first step. Still more drastic penalties are to follow. "There has seldom," says the London *Spectator*, "been such an array of anti-clerical measures offered to the Chambers, as that to which the present Cabinet stands committed." Bishops, who in their pastoral letters criticize unfavorably any action of the Government, are to be punished by imprisonment for a period varying from three months to two years. Priests who are guilty of a similar offence render themselves liable to imprisonment from fifteen days to six months. Conversation between friends and even private letters are to be considered public criticism. Little does the Prime Minister understand the character and temper of the French clergy if he thinks that they can be forced into silence by such penalties, when there is question of the rights of God or of His Church. The courageous Archbishop of Aix, Mgr. Gouthe-Soulard, has not hesitated to meet the issue squarely, and his defiance lays bare the falsity of the Government's contention that the clergy derive both their function and their stipend from the State. "It is M. Waldeck-Rousseau," he writes to the *Croix*, "who violates the laws of his country by robbing me of my stipend. This stipend is a debt recognized as such many times over by our deliberative assemblies and the Concordat. It is more than a debt; it is restitution." There seems only one convincing argument left to check the progress of the persecution. It is not drawn from reason or based on principle, or indicative of any change of heart. Its foundation is in the pockets of the French nation. The success of the forthcoming Paris Exposition must outweigh every other consideration, and hatred of the Church, intense as it is in governmental circles, may find expression only in the public

press and inoperative legislative enactments till the century has ended. The secular press in France contends that the Ministry may induce the Pope to ask the resignation of the Bishops thus censured by the government, but to judge from the pastoral charge of one who has been frequently chosen as the representative and spokesman of Leo XIII., Cardinal Langénieux, which we publish in this number, the Holy Father will support his Bishops and insist that the Republic should keep its agreement with the Holy See with some of the fidelity with which the Holy See has insisted on the Bishops' observing friendly relations with the Republic. *La Croix* has begun a subscription for the Bishops who have lost their stipends by sympathizing with its editors.

#### EDUCATIONAL MONOPOLY IN FRANCE.\*

PASTORAL BY CARDINAL LANGÉNIEUX.

In every age the Church has encountered contradiction. She does the work of God and all those who strive against God, all those to whom the Gospel and Christian morality are a burden, are enemies of the Church. "They have persecuted me and they will persecute you," says our Lord to His Apostles (John xv., 20). And again, "I send you as lambs among wolves" (Luke x., 3).

It often happens that authority and political power fall into the hands of the impious. Religion is then openly combated. At times the persecution is to blood; Christian people are compelled to choose between apostasy or death; such times, which put heroism as a duty upon the humblest, are assuredly critical, but they are always fruitful to the Church. At other times, working less openly, persecution assumes the guise of a wise legislation which little by little destroys established institutions without violence to persons; a secret warfare, the blows of which are all the surer and the consequences utterly ruinous.

\*Translation from the London *Tablet*.

#### GOVERNMENTS AND THE CHURCH.

During our own days, Dearly Beloved Brethren, in Germany, Italy and in France, legislation has been hostile to religion. But Protestant Germany soon became aware that the Fatherland was in reality the first victim of the attacks directed against the Catholic Church, and it has had the wisdom to end that anti-religious campaign which is known as the *Kulturkampf*. Italy is still obstinate, and she knows what her blind obstinacy is costing her.

In France this oppression by law is implacable. To outward seeming no great change is made; Catholics have at any rate retained something of the appearance of freedom; but the rupture between religion and the official life of the nation is complete. A whole network of laws has been woven round the Church and now paralyzes her action. We have on several occasions drawn attention to this subject and studied the forward march of this persecution in order to put you on your guard against dangerous illusions. Some time ago public opinion was deluded into the belief that the Church was systematically hostile to the Republican *régime*, and so one after another have been passed those oppressive measures, the real aim and bearing of which escaped notice. Now, however, people are no longer deluded. The categorical declarations of the Holy See, the attitude of the clergy and the plain evidence of facts have opened their eyes. It is now recognized that this pretended danger from Clericalism is nothing more than a vicious pretext in the hands of our enemies, whilst the sad events which, during the past year, have weighed so heavily upon our national pride, have clearly revealed that the real enemies of France are the very men who for twenty years have persistently attacked religion and the Church.

When, following Pius IX., Benedict XIV. and Clement XII., Leo XIII. in 1884 denounced Freemasonry as a social

peril to peoples and Governments, his warnings had but a faint echo. They were thought to be either ill-founded or dictated by self-interest. It was regarded as an act of religious defence and nothing more: the Church is alarmed, and reprehends a philosophy that contradicts her teaching or she condemns an adverse party: she is playing her part. But there is no need for civil society to interest itself in a debate which does not concern it.

But now, without any possibility of a mistake, this social danger, which the Pope pointed out fifteen years ago, is revealing itself little by little. You see how the consequences so fatal to the nation of this official atheism, of this anti-religious legislation from which it seems that the Church is to be the only one to suffer, are declaring themselves. We have already in our last Lenten Pastoral described them at length. During the past year, one cannot repeat it too often, facts have so confirmed our conclusions in a manner as deplorable as it is significant, that a band of patriots, worthy of all admiration, has risen up to raise the alarm, and public opinion put on the alert begins at last to be disturbed. For it is now no longer a matter of doubt to men of independent judgment that the logic of events tends to bring together two causes closely bound together in our history: the French Fatherland and Religion; it is no longer a matter of doubt that the latter cannot be undergoing trial without the former suffering loss, and that to stand up now in defence of our Catholic rights and our religious liberties is to do the work of patriotism and of the defence of society.

Yet, Dear Brethren, instead of yielding to the force of the evidence and putting a stop to the evil, the advanced parties in Parliament think only of aggravating it, as is evidenced by the two Bills which are now actually before the Chamber.

One would almost altogether suppress private Secondary schools, that is to say, our Catholic colleges; whilst the other

menaces the very existence of our religious congregations under the strange pretext that vows of poverty, chastity and obedience place a man's personality in a state of moral enfeeblement and so are at variance with our common law.

### I.

#### THE NEW EDUCATION BILL.

The Bill on the school term provides that our great National schools, such as the Polytechnique, the Naval School, the military schools of Saint-Cyr, Saumur, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Saint-Maixent, the higher Normal School and others, shall only be open to young men who have passed two or three years in the schools or lycées of the State, and consequently that they shall be closed to the pupils of private schools. Now, as there are to-day scarcely any other private colleges except ours, it means that the scholars in religious schools will be, for the sole reason that they are Catholics, stricken with a moral incapacity and excluded from official life and from positions in the administration of public affairs. This demand was formulated twelve years ago at a Masonic Congress in the East of France: "In future no one shall be eligible for a public situation paid by the State unless he has made the studies demanded for such a position in the schools of the University. Diplomas and certificates of study may only be given to those candidates who for three years previous to their examination shall have made their studies in a school belonging to the State, the departments, or the communes." This appeared at the time so outrageous that public opinion, indignant but reassured by the very violence of the proposition, did not take it seriously.

#### THE OUTCOME OF FREEMASONRY.

Its supporters, who were only the spokesmen of the sect, let fall these first indications of their aim. But since then the idea has travelled forward and the lodges have prepared the way in Parliament. "It is a Freemason's strict duty,

if he is a member of Parliament," said in 1889 the *Bulletin du Grand Orient*, (p. 489) "to demand the exclusion of the scholars of the religious orders or of ecclesiastical establishments from special military schools, from the ranks of the army and from situations in the civil administration." Every year this motion has been taken up and developed. In 1896 the general assembly of the Grand Orient unanimously declared that it was "obligatory for all functionaries to send their children to laicized schools, and that education under the religious congregations was absolutely prohibited" (Minutes p. 182). In 1898 the same resolution was again discussed and adopted. "Every person who is a member of or affiliated to any religious congregation is forbidden to teach in public or private schools." The assembly insisted not only that the State should have a monopoly, but that "it should laicize its programmes and turn education in the direction of free-thought" (Minutes, p. 300). This very year, in the sittings of the 22d and 24th of November, the echo of these resolutions was heard in the Chamber and the Senate. The convention of 1899 continued the campaign, and now this project, so ill-received in 1888 by all the free press, and, as people thought, overwhelmed by ridicule, is on the eve of being discussed from the tribune.

But will there be found a majority in the French Chambers to vote for a measure of such violence? We refuse to think so. Already, although opinion is divided, the Parliamentary Commission has rejected it. The state of opinion and the attitude of independent organs in the press make us hope that Parliament will accept that conclusion as its own. But since we are still under the menace of what may happen, it will be useful for us to consider it at close quarters, for it is a symptom of the disposition of an adversary who will not lay down his arms.

#### THE REASON OF IT.

Well, then, Dearly Beloved Brethren, has Christian education given ground for these suspicions, or furnished any pretext for such a denial of justice? Is it giving way, has it been found wanting? On the contrary, it is notorious that our free colleges are prosperous, that they increasingly possess the confidence of the people and justify that confidence by the brilliant successes they achieve, and it is no less certain that the scholars of private schools pass all their examinations before the Boards appointed by the State, that is to say before the professors of State teaching.

Or is it that the University demands to be delivered by this radical procedure from a rivalry which is troublesome to it? To attribute to it such an idea would be an insult. The University men best qualified to speak in the name of all have protested against any such imputation. They also have pronounced in favor of freedom, declaring that in education there is no better or surer force than a healthy competition. In 1864, Mgr. Dupanloup gave a similar answer, but in favor of the University, to the Imperial Government which was then disposed to show favor to private venture in education: "I should not like to see the schools entirely in the hands of the clergy and religious without rivals."

Or, again, if we are to seek out another reason, can it be that the establishment and maintenance of religious colleges, the salaries of the professors, the burses given to the scholars, are a source of too heavy expense to the State, and that there is an idea of economizing on this point in order to relieve the taxpayer? No, Dear Brethren, you are well aware that whilst the lycées are largely supported out of public funds, our religious institutions do not receive in any form the slightest help from Government. Our ecclesiastical colleges get no assistance from the Budget of Public

Instruction, any more than do our private Elementary schools. Our Christian schools have no resources but the sacrifices and offerings of the faithful. As to our Christian colleges, which are the work of private initiative, they exist and maintain themselves.

If, then, we regard this particular aspect of the question, the argument recoils on our adversaries. For, under present circumstances, Catholics support the whole weight of free education in all its grades, and there are in reality in France two Budgets of public education, only one of which is in the hands of the Government. But when by dint of discouragement private educational enterprise shall have been made impossible, the State will have to provide the whole cost at the expense of the taxpayer. Fresh schools and lycées will then have to be erected for the education of the 2,000,000 children and 85,000 young people who hitherto have cost it nothing. Now if we consider that in spite of the considerable saving which is thus due to Catholic action, the State has seen its Budget for Public Education rise in less than twenty years from 62,000,000 to 206,000,000 francs, without reckoning the proportional increase under the same head in the expenditure of the departments and the communes, it is easy to foresee that this Bill will have consequences which will directly and seriously affect the pockets of those who have to pay rates and taxes.

WAR ON RELIGION THE REAL MOTIVE.

The real motive of it all, Dear Brethren, however, is to make war on religion. There is a desire to laicize Secondary education as Elementary education has been laicized. In it there is still a centre of Catholic life to be destroyed, a liberty to be done away with, a beneficent institution to be abolished; and the lodges are working for the greater enthalment of the Church and for the loosening of the hold that the Christian faith has on the public mind, and on the morals of the nation. But this they dare

not declare aloud, just as they have carefully refrained from mentioning that this measure includes the army—the army which gives umbrage to a certain revolutionary party for the simple reason that it is a social force, and against which there is the same dead set as against Religion and the fatherland.

And so it is, Dear Brethren, that for want of a reason that can be acknowledged, recourse has been had to pretext. Freedom of education has been accused of being the source of division in the country, of creating a double current of opinion in the minds of the young, and that it would be to safeguard the moral unity of the nation if it were condemned.

This line of argument is more specious than solid, and the means proposed are in no way practicable. The abolition of freedom of education would not help in the least to the unification of opinion; neither would the abolition of the press suffice to effect it. And the press, we know, is a potent agent in the creation of political divisions.

Besides, the remedy is worse than the evil. It would split the country into two camps. It would set up, on the one hand, a privileged caste which alone would have the entrée of our great schools, and on the other a whole multitude of pariahs condemned to this dilemma: the renunciation of the careers they desire to follow or submission to a system of education which their consciences forbid.

We are aware, Dear Brethren, that one party in power recruits from its own ranks certain functionaries whose mission it is to be the direct representatives of its policy—the prefects, for example, who ought to be the men of the Government. This has always been done, and there is therefore no need to embroil the country to secure this independence.

A NATIONAL QUESTION.

But the careers which it is now a question of closing to the pupils of private

schools belong to the social rather than to the political order. They do not depend on a change of Ministry or on a vote in Parliament. National in the widest sense of the word, they ought in strict justice to be open to all Frenchmen whom examinations have shown to be competent, and who have given sufficient guarantees of honesty, whatever may be their religious or political opinions.

Again, Dear Brethren, if the University possessed that unity of teaching which would reconcile all parties, the argument might perhaps have some force. But no, the professors are not slaves. Their academical degrees are a guarantee of their knowledge, not of their opinions. They have their convictions, their private preferences on moral, religious and political questions, and this diversity of opinion is and must be reflected in their teaching. Many of them are Catholics, and so the obstacle springs up again in the very bosom of the University. Others again are Protestants, Jews, or Freethinkers. They have not and cannot have that agreement in first principles and fundamental notions which is secured, *a priori*, by identity of faith and Christian philosophy to the teachers in the schools of the religious orders. Amongst these, though opinions differ on the events of the day, there is no contradiction in doctrine. They would, therefore, be better fitted than any others to make the attempt, if by any means it were possible that the union which is dreamt of could be effected on a basis of teaching.

#### THE NATION CATHOLIC.

Two systems of education should not be allowed, it is said, because it is not expedient that there should be two Frances. Granted then for a moment that this is really the reason of our divisions, and that the disappearance of one or other of our systems must be effected, which ought to be sacrificed? The Minister of Foreign Affairs declared

on November 27, from the tribune of the Chamber, that "France is always the great Catholic power . . . ; and she refuses to lay down the rôle which her position as the first Catholic power confers upon her in the world ;" and in answer to the protests which these words aroused from the Left he replied : "I am stating a fact. I am compelled to recognize that France is by an immense majority Catholic." This being so, Dear Brethren, it seems only fair that in a country of universal suffrage, national unity should work in accordance with the mind of the nation, to the well-being of and not in opposition to the *immense Catholic majority*. It is not right, therefore, for a nation which officially claims the honor of being *the first Catholic power in the world* to proscribe Catholic education as contrary to the public will. It is furthermore inexplicable how a Government which makes such declarations can at the same time propose such a Bill.

Is it likely that these same French congregations of teachers, whose work is so appreciated abroad in our colonies, should be the object of grave suspicion in the capital? At home they are to be abolished. Abroad the Government maintains their schools and colleges. In the missionary countries in the East it allows them grants because it regards them as centres of French influence, and as supports of our protectorate that are not to be despised. On this point the most savage advocates of laicization amongst us, as soon as they have been able to understand the real state of the case by their travels or studies, are as outspoken as our admirals and consuls. Every year, too, when this special vote of the Budget is discussed, we hear the Minister of Foreign Affairs, no matter to what political party he may belong, making, in the name of patriotism, a gallant defence of the money apportioned to these works, and affirming that "far from being reduced the votes

under this head should be considerably enlarged."

Now the whole world is aware that our missionaries are the brethren of the priests and religious who teach in our denominational colleges in France. They belong to the same orders, they bear the same names and they wear the same habits. They have undergone the same training in the same novitiates, and they are ready to make the same sacrifices. Oftentimes, obedience calls them from the professor's chair to work on the missions in Africa, Madagascar or the Far East. And wherever they may be, they have but one language because they have but one aim, one ambition, one passion; to gain souls for God and make France loved in the world.

#### THEORY AND PRACTICE.

What mysterious influences then has this minority of sectaries to work with for the exercise of so powerful a sway over the public authorities for the enslavement of the whole country according to its humor and for passing into law—though facts speak so loud, and commonsense, the welfare of the community and higher interests of the country are of one accord in opposing it—this Bill of educational ostracism which is in flagrant contradiction, not only of natural equity and common law, but also of the "immortal principles of 1789" which, in opposition to the Church have been put forward as "the fundamental charter of modern liberty and the gospel of the new age?" Do we not read therein the following solemn declarations: "Men are born free, and with equal rights. All citizens are equally admissible to all public dignities, positions, and employments, without any other distinction than those afforded by their virtues and abilities. No one ought to be disturbed on account of his opinions, even his religious opinions."

Truly, the contrast here between theory and practice is too glaring for us to insist upon it. A profession is made

of respect for opinion, and yet consciences are oppressed. There is talk of liberty, and yet all initiative is checked; and an attempt is being made violently to abolish the best and most useful form of co-operative educational effort in order to force on at least half the nation that worst kind of subjection, moral and intellectual slavery. Our boasted equality of rights is illustrated by a claim for an unjust monopoly on behalf of the University which does not want it; and privileges are being manufactured for which there is no shadow of justification. It is proclaimed aloud that tolerance is "the first of all democratic virtues"—the Minister of Public Instruction said so only a short time ago—and now it is sought to rob Catholics of their most sacred rights of citizenship and family; the right to be Christians, as others are Jews, Atheists, or Freemasons, and the right to secure for their children a religious education in accordance with their own personal convictions.

What an ironical echo of the pompous declarations of liberty all round which have made the fortune of this political issue of the Revolution! What a failure of those promises of emancipation to which the high-sounding words of liberty, tolerance, and equality have given so much prestige in the eyes of the people! A century after the Declaration of the Rights of Man, after thirty years of the Republic, and in a country like France, it is seriously debated whether parents shall have the right to educate their children as they desire, and the very men who claim these great principles as their own are striving that the answer may be "No!"

Here, Dearly Beloved Brethren, we touch the most delicate point of the question. On this point the law assumes a special character of tyranny inasmuch as the legislator, whose aim is evidently directed against the Church, can only strike her by trampling under foot the rights of fathers.



## II.

## PATERNAL RIGHT IN EDUCATION.

When in 1886 the Brothers and Sisters were driven from the popular schools, parents were more struck with the iniquity of the law and its consequences to religion than with the loss and injury which it inflicted on themselves. They saw plainly enough that the religious who represented the Church in the school were persecuted, but they did not perceive that they themselves were injured; they did not recognize that these same religious were at the same time their representatives, their proxies over their children, and that thus the persecution waged against them struck up to the home.

It was not likely that families should again be the dupes of such a mistake.

Parents are the natural educators of their children. The child is man in the bud. He has body and soul, but he stands in need of help and protection for the maintenance of his physical life as well as for the development of his moral life. It is the duty of his parents to give him this twofold assistance. They are bound by the law of nature to train and instruct him just as they are bound to feed him. No human law can release them from this duty any more than any human law can, under ordinary circumstances, intervene in these intimate ministrations to force upon them either a special *régime* of hygiene, or a particular system of education. The reason of this is that the child is not in the home a mere individual by the side of his father and mother, but the living substantial image of their mutual love. In him his father and mother live again, and he is identified with them in the indivisible unity of the family. Now the family is the first element, the basis of society. The nation is not a multitude of individuals, but a group of families. Everything in the social order begins with the family. It is true that the family, in so far as it extends beyond the

home and has interests connected with those of the community, cannot avoid being, in a measure, under the control of the State; but the intervention of the State ought not to falsify or to change the nature of the constitution of domestic society. The reason of this is evident. Natural right precedes all political power, and every law which absorbs or contradicts this first principle, this high fundamental rule of the moral order, is unjust.

If then the duty of the teacher here mingles with the character of father, if it is a natural duty of fatherhood, no law or decree can legitimately abolish the right which a father has of choosing, in all freedom, the masters of his children—the men whom he means to put in his place for the performance of the delicate task which he cannot fulfil himself. Thus, the school is but an annex of the home, an extension of the family.

In his Encyclical *Affari Vos*, addressed in 1897 on the education question to the Bishops of Canada, Leo XIII. recalls these very principles: "It is the inherent right of a father's position to see in what institutions his children shall be educated, and what masters shall teach them moral precepts. When, therefore, Catholics demand, as it is their duty to demand and work, that the teaching given by schoolmasters shall be in harmony with the religion of their children, they are contending justly. . . . It is necessary to avoid at all costs, as most dangerous, those schools in which all beliefs are welcomed and treated as equal, as if, in what regards God and divine things, it makes no difference whether one believes rightly or wrongly, and takes up with truth or error. . . . And nothing could be more unjust than to compel them to choose an alternative, or to allow their children to grow up in ignorance or to throw them amid an environment which constitutes a manifest danger for the supreme interests of their souls."

The Church has more respect for pa-

rental authority. She will not even baptize a child against the will of its parents, though she has over it a more direct jurisdiction than the State, since the child belongs to God before it does to its father, and so human fatherhood is but a delegation of the divine paternity. Hence flow at the same time his subordination to the Church and his independence of the State.

#### RIGHTS AS CITIZEN.

Note too, Dear Brethren, that if the head of the family has such prerogatives as a father, he has rights no less positive as a citizen. As a member of a society the demands of which he fulfils, he has in strict justice a right to all the resources and means of education which that society has at its disposal.

As soon as his children have given proof of aptitude and ability like others, the father has the right to demand that the State, before opening to them the doors of our great national military schools, shall not ask whether they are Christians or no, nor how it has pleased their parents to educate them; just as he himself has the right to a share in all the advantages of other public institutions without acquainting the State with his faith or opinions. For what have these particulars, which belong to the innermost conscience, and the private domain of the family, to do with the matter? It is a question of common benefits which belong to the nation as a whole, which are created and maintained by the common sacrifices of all, and the destination of which is the service of all. Any exclusion or constraint is, in these matters, a denial of justice.

But who can deny that State education has furnished Catholics with serious reasons to arouse their fears and justify their resistance? This proposed school term, what is it but a direct attempt to set up a monopoly in favor of the State, armed with which the State would determine belief according to the wind that might prevail in Parliament

and regulate morality according to its whim?

It is no part of the power of political authority to compel belief in philosophical doctrine, and still less in religious doctrine. To pretend to such a power would be inconsistent in the present Government which stands officially on the platform of neutrality in education; it would, moreover, be done in bad faith, for in practice it holds its official neutrality cheaply. Such neutrality does not, and logically it cannot, exist.

The State has rejected the *Credo* of Catholic faith; and it dreams of educating the young men in our great national schools in the negation of all supernatural truth, and in rationalism, in the hope of quietly eliminating the Christian spirit from our public administration, and particularly from the army. This is not, of course, stated thus openly, or worked so violently. But, however specious the statement, it is only a fresh effort to enslave the Church and the country by depriving it along with religion of the essential principles of social order and public peace.

#### A SERIOUS SITUATION.

You now see, Dearly Beloved Brethren, why we have spoken. The question is one of politics only in appearance; it is essentially religious. It concerns the very life of the Church, and it is bound up in the closest way with our ministry to souls.

You see where we stand. Everything has been put to the touch. Nothing is any longer safe. Even minds least given to thought are disturbed and anxious; for, unless Providence quickly intervenes, one wonders what will be the definite outcome of such a state of things. Full of anxiety at our situation, the Sovereign Pontiff has tried every means to put an end to this religious crisis. He has multiplied his warnings, counsels and exhortations. "We are especially troubled with sadness as often as We think of the great number of Christian people who, captivated by a false license in thought

and judgment, and eagerly draining the poison of false doctrine, daily squander the great gift of divine faith. It is from this that comes the distaste for the Christian life and the wide-spread lapse of morality ; hence, too, that eager and insatiable appetite for the things which strike the senses, and all the thoughts and pre-occupations which, turned from God, are fixed on the things of earth alone. It can scarcely be estimated what ruin has already issued from this dark source and invaded the principles upon which States are founded. For the spirit of revolt so widely spread, the stormy outbursts of popular discontent, the perils that no one can foresee, and the crimes of tragic horror are discerned, by those who look into their causes, to be nothing else than a sort of lawless and unbridled endeavor to gain and enjoy the things of this world." (Bull promulgating the Jubilee *Properante ad exitum sæculo.*)

Under these circumstances, Dearly Beloved Brethren, the Christian life, at all times difficult, becomes peculiarly hard. We must watch and pray lest we become the victims of an evil with which we cannot but come in contact. When public opinion and morality depart so far from the teaching and morality of the Gospel, each one is bound to declare his faith and defend it, to safeguard the liberty of his conscience, to make certain renunciations, and to stretch his fidelity even to the point of sacrifice.

On the other hand, when religion is openly withstood, when the whole strength of impiety is brought to bear against the Church, it is necessary for Pastors to feel in common with Christian people. In these times of trial the Apostolate forces itself upon us, for to limit our solicitude by the boundaries of the home and to measure our devotion by the mere needs of our personal sanctification is to fulfil but a part of our duty. A truly Catholic soul ought to consider

itself struck every time that the Church is assailed. It ought to be ready to devote all its energy and resources to the service of the cause that is menaced, and to use all its influence in public life to prevent the ruin of those works and institutions which are the common patrimony of Christian society.

Lastly, Dear Brethren, as evil grows in boldness day by day, to the great scandal of this generation, let the faithful at least, stimulated by the struggle, redouble their zeal and fervor in the service of God ; let them multiply their works of charity and penance, refrain more generously from worldly festivities, that are so far from the spirit of Lent, and let them pray especially that God may bless our efforts and vouchsafe peace to our country so deeply disturbed by impiety.

#### A LESSON FOR PUBLISHERS.

Harper Brothers must not be surprised if the thousands of circulars they have been sending to Catholic priests and the bid they are making for Catholic subscribers, should bear but little immediate fruit. The firm, or its receivers, should be elated that Harper's Bazaar has now a Catholic manager, and that eminent Catholic dignitaries condescend to write articles for them. A half-century of disregard for Catholic sentiments, some of which is still actually showing itself in their *Harper's Monthly*, calls for something else than this sudden and extravagant change of policy. Let it be sustained for a while ; or rather, let the anti-Catholic animus disappear utterly from all the publications of this lately chastened firm, and then Catholics will subscribe to their periodicals just as they subscribe to any others, not because they look to such publications for expositions of Catholic doctrine or sentiment, but for their literary and artistic merits. And let publishers generally take the lesson.

## INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

*The Month* for February contains an interesting and instructive article on a bit of history that deserves notice. It is entitled "The Catholic Hero of Samoa," and presents the true state of Mataafa's case. Its writer, John G. Leigh, was a newspaper correspondent in the islands, had private and familiar interviews with the old King, sounded carefully the dispositions of the people, and fell in with exceptional opportunities to study the situation in all its details. Everybody now knows that the greed of German merchants for commercial monopoly was not the only factor in Samoa's late disturbances, so prolific of disgusting injustice and unnecessary bloodshed. Protestant missionary societies and their mercenary agents were largely responsible for the sad condition of affairs. By flagrant misrepresentation they induced their several governments to fly into the face of justice and commit themselves to expedients, that must be forever marked up to them in history a subject of shame, reproach and disgrace. The Samoans are a peace-loving people and wide-awake to their own best interests. They are unfortunate in the possession of a few rock-bound islands, rich enough and conveniently enough placed in the Pacific to arouse the cupidity of more civilized, smarter and more powerful nations. They have been repeatedly guaranteed the free exercise of their rights in the selection of a ruler, only to be as often interfered with and thwarted of their hopes. On as many as four occasions they have proved their allegiance to Mataafa and stubbornly refused to acknowledge any other native for king. But Mataafa, besides being the most influential and wisest chief in the island, is a fervent Catholic; and this last fault of his is unpardonable in the eyes of missionary adventurers. Head chief in his own district, Mataafa was called by his countrymen in 1881 to take a prominent part in the affairs of the general government. Laupepa disgusted his people by his weakness. The Germans stepped in and gave him Tamasese for assistant. Laupepa was soon removed to make room for Tamasese, now become the tool of the Germans and Protestant missionaries. Laupepa bequeathed Samoa to Mataafa, who was triumphantly crowned King by the people in 1888. Mataafa at once proved himself a man of decisive action. He fought and whipped Tamasese in spite of the assistance lent his rival by the Germans. In 1889, Laupepa was restored by the Treaty Powers, to soon after abdicate in favor of Mataafa. Germany insisted on Laupepa's resumption of authority, Mataafa's impetuous followers could not be restrained from revolt, rushed into war, and were defeated, and Mataafa himself was exiled till 1898, when he returned to be again proclaimed King. But the Powers, disregarding their solemn pledges to the people, foisted on them weak and incapable sons of Laupepa and Tamasese. Mataafa was ruled out as ineligible for the position. The people, however, were determined to have a voice in the selection of their ruler. Pending negotiations, Mataafa was for two months and a half recognized by all three Consuls as head of the Provisional Government. When this government was overthrown, he was compelled to withdraw with his people to the bush,

and contented himself with addressing a long letter of entreaty to the three Powers, Germany, England and the United States. The only replies vouchsafed to this petition have been the virtual extinction of Samoan independence and the partition of the islands. Germany has allowed it to be made known that, if the people of Upola and Savaii still desire Mataafa to be their King, she will offer no opposition. The Samoans have been prompt to avail themselves of this act of grace, and for the fourth time Mataafa has been elected to the highest position among his race. The writer thus describes the appearance of Mataafa: "A figure of commanding stature; erect as a shaft in spite of years and many sorrows; a powerful frame clad in linen of spotless purity, without badge or ornament save a rosary and holy symbol." The late lamented Mr. Stevenson, long resident in Samoa, writes of him: "In his immediate circle he is said to be more respected than beloved, and his influence is the child rather of authority than popularity." "Mataafa," Mr. Leigh says, "still treasures the watch presented to him by the United States Government in recognition of his services, when the great hurricane wrecked the German and American Squadrons; when, ignoring the fact that half of those who were battling with the waves were yet threatening Samoan lives and liberty, the natives devoted themselves with equal zeal and courage to the rescue of Germans and Americans." Mataafa's unselfish patriotism is evident in this extract from his address to the Powers: "For myself I ask and desire nothing. My years cannot be many, for I am now old. The grave will soon enclose me and I shall be no more. But the people who have loved me long and love me still will live for many years after I am gone."

Near the end of his article Mr. Leigh has these striking words: "Among Catholics, Mataafa should enjoy the highest

measure of esteem. Because of his faith he has suffered much; yet his steps have never faltered, nor has he sullied his reputation by unjust or vengeful thoughts. Moved by considerations often the reverse of creditable, sectarians have sought to excite a prejudice against him by describing him as a savage and a bigot. Unhappily for themselves, however, they have never ventured to bring forward a specific charge or even a fragment of evidence to justify their all too sweeping allegations."

The same number of *The Month* has an able article on Mr. Mivart's position. We quote: "It is with sincere reluctance that we take up our pen to comment on Dr. St. George Mivart's recent articles. In the past his services to the cause of Catholicism in this country have been distinguished. Proportionately his name has been held in honor amongst us, even by the Holy Father himself, who gave him his Doctor's degree, which at one time certainly he valued." The writer then goes on to examine all the points advanced by Mr. Mivart and shows conclusively that each of his more important statements is plainly antagonistic to Catholicity and ranks its defender among the Church's enemies, absolutely cutting him off from its Communion. This work finished, the writer adds a few words on what he calls the personal questions arising out of the situation. "We feel bound," he says, "to insist on this question of Dr. Mivart's own personal opinions, because, on reaching this stage of the article, we learn that Cardinal Vaughan has inhibited him from receiving the Sacraments until he is prepared to disavow all these novel doctrines of which he speaks. It is sad, indeed, that it should have come to that; but it is what Catholics generally have been expecting and what Dr. Mivart must have foreseen, and perhaps was challenging. The Catholic Church is not a communion which delights in its complexities. It is the union under

one head of those who unfeignedly believe and profess the faith of which that one head is the supreme and visible Teacher. And the Bishop is the appointed guardian of the sacraments in his diocese, to see that they are given only to those who can approach in the right dispositions, of which this sincere adherence to the teaching of the Church as determined by the Holy See is the most fundamental of all. Of course if people come to the sacraments without divulging their heterodox beliefs, the ecclesiastical authority can do nothing. But as soon as it is aware of the abuse, it must needs repress it to the extent of its power."

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It may be well for English readers of the London *Weekly Register* to know that their Washington correspondent, far from voicing the sentiments of Catholics in America, is an enemy in disguise, and is guilty of platitudes that merit and meet with the scorn and heavy condemnation of educators who have the interests of the Church at heart. Here are some of the painful statements spread on the issue of February 9: "The educational question has taken an interesting turn. Harvard has refused to accept the degrees of two Jesuit Colleges, Boston and Holy Cross. The president of Harvard says that he can give good reason for this. It would be foolish to pretend that Catholic opinion is altogether against him. The trend of Catholic students towards Yale, Harvard, Princeton and State Universities has been caused by the prevalence of the dormitory system in Catholic colleges, which, for young men over eighteen, is looked on as absurd, and by the determination of Catholic ecclesiastical educators to regard a college as a mere appendage to a religious community. It is presumed that the traditions of the Order will make a good teacher and that the sacrament of Holy Orders will do the rest.

"That this is a mere presumption, the

Catholics of the United States think they are beginning to discover.

"Harvard, Yale, Princeton, are no places for Catholic undergraduates. But so long as Catholic higher education is almost exclusively dominated by ecclesiastics, the thesis being that every boy must be looked on as a probable priest until he is graduated, all these colleges will, year by year, attract more Catholics and offset apparently their deistic teaching by allowing the students to join Catholic Clubs, to which the good ecclesiastic will run, in order to lecture when he is invited, and esteem himself highly honored in the opportunity."

This is altogether too strange to need comment, and, what makes it worse, the writer, to judge from the news and style of these letters, must be a woman. Can she have heard of the proceedings of the meeting of the association of colleges and preparatory schools in the Middle States and Maryland, in Trenton last November, at which one of the speakers frankly asked the college presidents and professors in attendance to devise some way of keeping prostitutes out of the students' dormitories of our secular colleges? There are Mivarts in Washington as well as in London.

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We are in receipt of an able address lately delivered by its president, Mr. Walter George Smith, to the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia. It is full of remarks pertinent to the sad condition of our times and advocates a remedy sure in the nature of things to effect a cure. It urges Catholics to spread abroad knowledge of the only Church able to oppose an efficient barrier to the sweeping progress of irreligion and unbelief. For three hundred years, it wisely remarks, English literature has been largely in the hands of our enemies and the Church has taken harm from the circumstance. She has been painted in a most grotesque fashion and pictured a most repulsive monster. History can hardly be written without

being colored in some strange way by the prejudices, the malice and the ignorance of the writer. And English historians from Gibbon to Froude have distorted facts, accepted forgeries and taxed their lurid imaginations to the utmost to put the Catholic Church in the ugliest possible light. Needless to say, their readers, without any means of detecting the fraud, have accepted their lies and misstatements for Gospel truths. Mr. Smith insists at great length on the advisability of forming auxiliary societies for the study of history in all the large cities, and dwells on the need of generous contributions for satisfactory prosecution of the grand work.

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In the Eucharistic Congress, held at Lourdes, Rev. Father Coubé, S.J., advanced numerous historical and theological arguments to prove that weekly communion should be the common practice, not of chosen souls, but of the mass of the faithful. This thesis, soon after the first publication of the lectures in which it is developed, was honored by the warmest and most explicit approbation of forty-five bishops. It has now received its highest recommendation and final sanction in the following letter addressed to the author by His Holiness, Leo XIII.

LEO XIII., POPE.

MOST BELOVED SON :

Greeting and Apostolic Blessing.

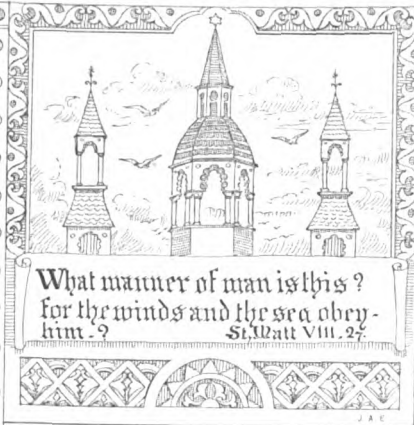
At the present time, and in the actual condition of things, every upright and pious mind sees with grief how the ardor of the faith and the ancient purity

of morals are disappearing in a large portion of mankind. If one inquires into the cause of the evil, he finds it to lie chiefly in the fact that the love and use of the Eucharistic banquet are languishing in most men, and in many have ceased altogether. It is this the apostle already deplored when he wrote to the Corinthians : " Therefore are there many infirm and weak among you, and many sleep."

There is nothing surprising in this. He alone is able to fulfil the duties of a Christian life who has put on Christ, and Christ is not put on except by the frequentation of the Eucharistic table. For by this does Christ dwell in us and we in Him. Hence the wisdom of those who, laboring in the cause of faith and morals, make it their duty to excite Catholics to approach, as frequently as possible, the Lord's table. The more that table is frequented, the more abundant the fruits of holiness derived from it. And since you, most beloved son, labor nobly for this end, and are about to re-edit the solemn discourses you pronounced on this subject, We highly encourage your design and your zeal, and We wish with all our heart, that a very large number of Catholics make it their practice to receive every week the sacrament of the altar. In the meanwhile, as a testimony of Our love and a pledge of the divine favor, We grant you most affectionately the Apostolic blessing.

Given at Rome, in St. Peter's, this tenth day of January, 1900, the twenty-second year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.



#### 16. CALMING THE TEMPEST.

And when He entered into the boat,  
His disciples followed Him;

And behold a great tempest arose in  
the sea, so<sup>d</sup> that the boat was covered  
with waves, but He was asleep.

And His disciples came to Him, and  
awaked Him, saying: Lord, save us, we  
perish.

And Jesus saith to them: Why are  
you fearful, O ye of little faith? Then  
rising up He commanded the winds, and  
the sea, and there came a great calm.

But the men wondered, saying: What  
manner of man is this, for the winds and  
the sea obey Him?

"And there were other ships with Him.  
And they launched forth. And when  
they were sailing, He slept. And there  
came down a storm of wind upon the  
lake, a great tempest arose on the sea, so  
that the boat was covered with waves,  
and the waves beat into the ship, so that  
the ship was filled, and they were in  
danger. And he was in the hinder part  
of the ship, sleeping upon a pillow." The  
words of the several Evangelists

(127)

describe what was not uncommon  
on the Lake of Galilee. The lake  
is deeply sunken in the land, and,  
on one side, at least, it has ranges  
of mountains broken by several  
valleys running down to the shore.  
The consequence of this is that its  
waters are liable to frequent and  
sudden gusts of violent winds,  
rushing down the valleys and caus-  
ing furious storms, of which there is often  
no warning. Boats are often caught  
unawares and lost in such tempests. It  
seems that the storm of which the Evan-  
gelists speak was of this kind, though it  
may have been raised by some special  
action of diabolical hatred to our Lord  
and His disciples, or permitted by Him  
for the sake of the miracle which He in-  
tended to work, and of the lesson which  
it was intended to convey. "And they  
came and awakened Him, and say to  
Him: Master, we perish, doth it not  
concern Thee that we perish? Lord  
save us, we perish! And Jesus said to  
them: Why are you fearful, O ye of little  
faith. And rising up He rebuked the  
wind and the rage of the water, and said  
to them: Peace, be still. And the wind  
ceased, and there was a great calm. And  
He said to them, Why are you fearful?  
Where is your faith? And they feared  
exceedingly, and they said to one an-  
other: Who is this, think you, what  
manner of man is this, that He com-  
mandeth both the winds and the sea,  
and they obey Him?"



## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The letters from Local Centres, which are given under the heading: "At Home and Abroad," contain several things which Directors will find useful. What is specially notable in these letters is that zeal in the management of the League is invariably blessed with solid and lasting fruits of piety among the Associates.

The totals of petitions and good works, as the calendar pages show, increase from month to month. Gradually the few Directors who failed to send in their lists on time, and those who considered this system of reporting prayers as mathematical, or likely to generate vanity among the members, have come to look at things differently, and to recognize that the Intention and Treasury lists are among the most effective means we have to foster the spirit of mutual prayer. In the *League Leaflets* and *League Director* for April, the importance of these lists is set forth at length.

Each month decreases the demand for the old form of the *League Leaflets*. For February we printed 24,000 sets of ten; for April we are printing but 21,000. The increase in the number of the new, or four-page *Leaflets* during that time is over 3,000. The April *Leaflets*, in the usual page for Promoters, besides explaining the uses and importance of the Intention and Treasury lists, give them some suggestions for Lent, invite them to recommend to the Associate a special intention which concerns the League in Schools, and promise information about pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial in our May periodicals.

We have reason to believe that the prayers offered during the month of February for the General Intention,

"Freedom of Education," have saved us from some dangerous educational legislation in this State, and foiled some, if not all, of the schemes of those who would monopolize education either for the State or for the educational trusts some of our American colleges are striving to form. The danger is not over yet, it never will be over. Hence the ceaseless need of prayer and vigilance. In the *League Director* for April will be found a plan for enlisting the interest of the teachers and pupils in our Catholic schools for the cause which concerns them most.

The First Friday Expositions of the Most Blessed Sacrament are growing more and more common. Fortunately, Directors do not need, at least in many parishes, to organize the adorers so as to be sure of having a sufficient number of them always present. Still, it is an excellent thing for the Promoters themselves, and for their Associates to have the adoration organized, and it is a very simple thing to plan or regulate. The Promoters choose their hours or half-hours and then invite worshippers for the time they have chosen. They need not limit their invitations to members of their own bands, but extend them to all who would find it convenient to come at the time selected.

No Director should fail to have the Devotion of the Holy Hour on Holy Thursday; and, in accordance with the General Intention of the month, the adorers before the Blessed Sacrament on that day should be instructed to make special acts of thanksgiving for the benefits which Directors will not find hard to enumerate.

## APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THOMPSON, WIS.—We had Mass in our church to-day, the first Candlemas day in over thirty years, and fifty-two received Holy Communion,—pretty good in a country parish with the thermometer fifteen below zero. There are a few old men trying to make the Nine Fridays. So I spoke to our pastor, and he kindly got another priest to take his place in the city parish he has, and came out to us himself. God bless him! The League is spreading its influence in this parish. Pray it may keep on, until it has every one of the parishioners under its sheltering folds.

ATCHISON, KANS. — St. Benedict's College. Our Right Rev. Bishop held meetings in the various deaneries of the diocese to discuss the question how the Interests of the League could be advanced in his bishopric, and ordered all Local Directors of the League to send their monthly reports to him, and he would forward them to the Head Centre. . . . The students under my care consecrated 10,000 hours to the Sacred Heart during the month of December (Nov. 15—Dec. 15) with the intention of sending them to the Holy Father.

ST. XAVIER, MONT.—I intended since quite a while to beg you to ask the prayers of the League for the conversion of the Crow Indians, and at the same time to publish some special graces which our Indian children have received from the Sacred Heart. These poor Crows are not yet converted, and it seems the devil has a strong hold of them. The missionary can do very little with the old people, except now and then with the dying ones who usually show better dispositions. The children of our schools are the only ones we can instruct with hope of more fruit. All of them have made the First Fridays, and almost all, while yet at school, continue to approach the Sacraments on that day. I have

seen the promises of our Lord in regard to the devotion of the First Fridays verified in our children several times. I remember especially two instances, which were rather striking. A girl of our school was taken home by her parents. The girl had been home already several days, and we did not know that she was grievously sick. But one day I felt a desire of going around to visit some Indians who were camped at some distance from the mission. There I found in a tepee our poor girl very sick; she had yet presence of mind enough to make her confession and receive the last Sacraments with devotion; and next day she died. She had made the Nine First Fridays and the promise of the Sacred Heart had to be verified.

Another time a boy of our school got suddenly sick and lost all consciousness, and was expected to die at any moment. He had just finished the Nine First Fridays and his companions were wondering at his dying without the last Sacraments. But I felt sure the Sacred Heart would grant the grace of the last Sacraments to this poor boy. In fact, the boy got better, recovered the use of reason and made his confession and received the Holy Viaticum with great devotion; and he died quietly. Here too the promise of the Sacred Heart was verified. I recommend to the prayers of the League the conversion of the Crow Indians. May I soon be able to publish to the greater glory of the Sacred Heart this miracle of grace!

NEPONSET, MASS.—For ten years, or since the League was started here, a monthly meeting of Promoters has been held, and I was never absent from one meeting during that time. Not only are the leaflets distributed to each member every month, but a treasury blank is given to each individual member every month. After years of persistence I have got a large percentage of my

nine hundred members to write down the good works they do during the month. These are summarized and read at the First Friday services. The results of this work, unwelcome at first, would surprise one, for instance: Hours of labor, 6000; Hours of silence, 4500; Beads, 7000; prayers, 10,000; and so proportionately of the other good words on the Treasury list. The intention papers are taken from the box and read at the monthly services almost as they are written. . . . We have also Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament every First Friday.

TAMPA, FLA.—Owing to the devotion of the Sacred Heart in Tampa, we have obtained several signal favors, and among them was the laying of the corner-stone of the magnificent new church in honor of the Sacred Heart. The ceremony was performed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Fla., with all the solemnity and detail of the ritual. Father Power, S.J., preached a most eloquent sermon on "The Glory of the Temple that was being Erected in Honor of the Sacred Heart," the first church in Florida to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The procession of the clergy and the great number of altar boys added much to the solemnity of the occasion, which all the people of Tampa looked upon as a "great event," the source of future blessings. The trowel and the knife used in the ceremony were of silver, and were afterwards presented to His Lordship.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—The Dominican Sisters of the diocese of Grand Rapids, now forming an independent Congregation, wish to state that hereafter the members of the Apostleship of Prayer shall have a share in the merits and good works of their community.

MARTINSBURG, W. VA.—We have on our register, including 158 new Associates received during the year, 502 names, of which 209 have taken the

second degree and 198 the third. We have thirty Promoters. During the year nine Associates have departed this life, to render an account of their stewardship. The Promoters' meetings, as well as the League meetings, have been well attended, and, judging from the reports that have been received, the Promoters have done their duty well. On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, last June, they received their Diplomas and Crosses. On the same feast our diocese with the whole world was dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and the dedication was preceded by a triduum. Since the feast a beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart has been placed in the church, to remind us of the consecration. The record of the spiritual work of the League shows an average of 500 intentions and ten special thanksgivings.

TORONTO, CAN., Feb. 3, 1900.

DEAR FATHER:

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, of St. Michael's parish, have requested me to send their name and the amount for a year's subscription to the MESSENGER. They have seen and admired the premium of this year, the Holy Father. I would like to think they still may be entitled to it. The MESSENGER increases in interest with each issue; our Canadian friends are always pleased to see a copy.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 30.

REV. FATHER:

It is with such pleasure, that I cannot describe, how successful and devotional was the reception of Promoters on Sunday, twenty-six in all receiving their diplomas. Everything was carried out in order and with satisfaction.

NEW YORK, Feb. 7, 1900.

REV. DEAR FATHER:

Allow me to be one of the first to tell you how pleased we are with the new form of sheet music for our League hymns. It will be such a help to those

who sing well and understand reading music, besides the many who follow the notes and get along very nicely, too, without knowing much more than that some notes run up and more dive down.

#### THE PARAY-LE-MONIAL PILGRIMAGE.

His Eminence, Cardinal Perraud, has addressed to Cardinal Gibbons a timely letter setting forth the reasons why the Catholics of this country should take part in the proposed pilgrimages to the City of the Sacred Heart. The Feast of the Sacred Heart, June 22, is suggested as an appropriate day, and Cardinal Perraud promises to preside in person at the exercises on that occasion. He points out that the work has the Pope's approval and blessing, and the fittingness that, at a time when all the world is coming to Paris to view the triumphs of material progress, Catholics the world over should make a showing of their spiritual strength and their steadfast devotion to the Sacred Heart. As the letter urges so well the subject of the General Intention for March we give here the translation of it which appeared in the *Baltimore Mirror* for March 3.

AUTUN, Jan. 8, 1900.

#### YOUR EMINENCE :

The universal exposition of 1900 will attract without doubt a great number of strangers to Paris. In different parts of the world bands of visitors will be organized, drawn towards the capital of France by the desire to see and to study the wonders of art and industry which will be collected on the banks of the Seine, and exhibited to the gaze of the whole world. Would it not be possible to have religion profit by this extraordinary movement ?

Amongst the travellers who at the present time intend crossing continents or seas to visit our country is there not a certain number who will be glad to profit by that opportunity to make a pilgrimage to some of our most highly venerated sanctuaries, as the Basilica of

Montmartre and Notre Dame des Victoires, at Paris; Notre Dame of Chartres; Notre Dame of Fourvière, at Lyons; the Grotto of Lourdes, in the Pyrenees; Notre Dame de la Garde, at Marseilles, etc. ?

Of these fervent Christians, whom Catholic nations will soon send to us as their representatives, I ask that they inscribe in their itinerary Paray-le-Monial and the Chapel of the Visitation, where took place two centuries ago the revelation of the Sacred Heart

In a pontifical brief, which His Holiness Leo XIII. addressed to me three years ago, Paray-le-Monial was called "the city dear to heaven," "*coelo gratissimum oppidum*." The following year the great Pope, sending words of encouragement and his blessing to those men of zeal and piety who were preparing in the same city for the holding of an international Eucharistic Congress, declared that "after Jerusalem no place in the world could be more suitable for such a purpose," for it is there, said the Sovereign Pontiff, "that Christ, who in the institution of the august Sacrament lavished upon men the riches of His love, opened up another source of these same riches in order to distribute them in greater profusion when He revealed the worship of His Divine Heart, and when from there, principally by the co-operation of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, He extended this worship to the universal Church." (Brief of March 27, 1897.)

Paray-le-Monial is then, in all truth, the place which, with Jerusalem and Rome, merits to be called "a holy land," which the highest motives drawn from the very principles of our faith recommend to the veneration of Catholics.

Moreover, Catholics know that on recent occasions the voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ has been heard throughout the whole Church strongly recommending devotion to the Sacred Heart. We may mention very particularly the act of consecration of the human race to this Divine Heart, prescribed by the

Pope in the month of June, 1899, and which was made very solemnly throughout the entire world. Would it not be a project that God would bless and that would be very profitable for the good of humanity if representatives of Catholic nations were to meet at Paray-le-Monial during the year 1900, and particularly during the month of June, in order to renew there, in the name of their respective countries, this act of consecration?

It does not seem to me necessary to set forth in detail the reasons which justify such a project. They have been given in a work recently published by the Rev. Father Coubé, S.J., which, if I mistake not, has been placed under the eyes of Your Eminence.

I may add that before giving my consent to this project, and recommending it to the kind attention of Bishops, I was careful to submit it to the Sovereign Pontiff, and to ask him if it would be pleasing to him that international pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial should take place, to help thus to increase the spiritual fruits which there is every reason to expect from the holy year, and from the celebration at Rome of the universal jubilee.

The Holy Father has deigned to inform me that he approves and blesses this pious thought.

It is then with confidence that I ask Your Eminence to make it known to your diocesans in the manner that you will judge proper. It would be useful that in each diocese, under the general direction of the Ordinary, an organization committee be formed, the president of which would correspond with the priest who is appointed by me at Paray-le-Monial, to arrange everything concerning the pilgrimages (days of arrival, length of stay, lodging, religious exercises, sermons, etc.). This priest is F. Louis Gillot, D. D., honorary canon of my cathedral, superior of the Missionary Chaplains of the Basilica of Paray-le-Monial (Saone and

Loire). He will give me an account of the requests made to him by the President of the Committees of foreign societies. If it were possible to prepare in advance a collective pilgrimage, composed of representatives of all the Catholic nations, to meet at Paray-le-Monial on the feast of the Sacred Heart, Friday, June 22, 1900, I would arrange, with the help of God, to preside in person at the exercises of that holy day, at the renewal of the act of consecration of the human race, made in the month of June, 1899.

In case that Your Eminence would conduct in person the pilgrims of your diocese, I beg you to inform me of it in advance, in order that a suitable abode be prepared for you. I would moreover be gratified if you would be so kind as to honor with a reply this communication, which I close in offering you the respectful expression of my sentiments of entire devotedness in our Saviour Jesus Christ.

†ADOLPH LOUIS ALBERT,  
CARDINAL PERRAUD,  
Bishop of Autun.

#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Matthias McDermott, St. Ignatius Loyola Centre, New York City; Mrs. Mary English, Cathedral Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; William Wallace, St. Mary's Centre, Norwalk, Conn.; R. Graham Frost, St. Francis Xavier Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; M. Reardon, Bay Mills, Mich.; Sister Helen Julia, Sister of Notre Dame, Salem, Mass.; Mary Mullan, Simon Fennell, St. Aloysius Centre, Washington, D. C.; Brother Alexius, Provincial of the Xaverian Brothers; Most Rev. John Hennessy, D.D., Archbishop of Dubuque, Iowa; Sister Mary of St. Ernestine, Good Shepherd Convent Centre, Kansas City, Mo.

*May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 308,007.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes. v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.*—CECILTON, MD.—"On November 13, my brother was taken seriously ill. For several years he had not been a practical Catholic. I endeavored to have him see a priest but he would not hear of it. As he grew worse I sent for our pastor. He could only tell me not to grow discouraged. The day before he died he allowed me to call a priest, and going to confession and receiving Extreme Unction quietly passed away. I attribute this great grace to the Sacred Heart."

———"Gratitude and sincere thanks are returned to the Sacred Heart for the restoration to health of a young woman, a member of the League, after an illness of many months. An operation was finally performed, the seriousness of which caused life to be despaired of, and she was pronounced beyond medical aid. She was anointed and death was considered only a matter of a few days. A friend (a Promoter of the League) implored the Sacred Heart to spare her life, promising to have a Mass offered in thanksgiving and also to have it published in the MESSENGER. Shortly afterwards she began to improve and now feels better than she has for years. During all her illness she wore a Sacred Heart Badge and a Promoter's Cross."

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—"A religious Promoter desires to return grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart, for a wonderful conversion obtained by wearing the Badge, and promising publication in the MESSENGER. My brother-in-law, had a severe stroke of paralysis in June, and there were no hopes of his recovery; his son and two daughters, young con-

verts to the Faith, proposed calling in a priest, but to their great sorrow, he became enraged and even used imprecations at mention of a priest. As soon as I learned of his serious illness, I wrote my sister a letter of sympathy enclosing a League Badge, and asking the sufferer to wear it for my sake. He took it in his hand, admired it, saying the design was very pretty and if it would not do him any good, it certainly would not do him any harm. He consented to wear it and from that time, he grew more patient, calm, and resigned. He became so attached to it that when changing his clothing he would say "Don't forget my ticket," and I am happy to say it proved his ticket to heaven. He lingered until the middle of December and was baptized, and received all the Sacraments. His death was most edifying. He was a member of the Masonic lodge for many years; also a member of three other secret societies. He made his wife promise to join the Church, having a few years previously opposed her. She is now receiving instructions for baptism."

ST. BONIFACE'S CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"A Promoter of this Centre was suffering from a most distressing malady. I begged the intercession of Blessed Gerard Majella with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the same time placing a Badge upon the part affected, and promising if cure were granted, to publish it in the MESSENGER. In less than a half hour he was perfectly cured and up to present date, has had no return, for which I return heartfelt thanks to the Dear Sacred Heart and would ask you to publish this in order to encourage others."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—“On January 19, I had a son very ill. He had been violently delirious, and that night grew so much worse, we lost all hope of his recovery. I promised our Lord that if He granted him the grace of being able to make a good confession I would return thanks through the MESSENGER. At daybreak I sent for the priest. As soon as he entered the room the boy recognized him, was able to make his confession and asked for the Blessed Sacrament; since then he has improved rapidly.”

BRITISH GUIANA.—“A Catholic engaged in the gold fields of British Guiana was returning to Georgetown, when in passing one of the river rapids his boat capsized. Though able to swim, he was so heavily loaded that he could not keep his head above water and had gone down the third time when he thought of his Badge, and putting his hand on it was filled with confidence that the Sacred Heart would save him. He managed to make his way under water to a rock that rose above the waves and held on to it till he was rescued. He had lost nearly all his gold; yet his first act on reaching town was to secure a Mass of Thanksgiving.”

*Spiritual Favors.*—Return to the sacraments of a person who had been away from them some forty-five years; conversion of two who had led a sinful life; the reunion of a family; escape from disgrace; reception of the sacraments after fifteen years' neglect; four reconciliations between friends or relatives at variance; four conversions; recovery of a priest's health and means to raise debt on a church; an uncle's return to the practice of his religion after sixty-five years of indifference; the grace for four persons to make a mission; deliverance from a spiritual affliction; peace of conscience; the conversion to the faith of three near relatives; the reform and return to the practice of her religion of a young woman addicted to drink; grace of finding out a vocation; reform of a brother given to drink.

*Temporal Favors.*—Arrest of consumption; needed increase of salary, through intercession of St. Anthony; the sale of some property, by which serious financial embarrassment was escaped; speedy cure of spasms; success in teacher's examination; receipt of money at two different times; employment for a husband in a place where his wife could satisfy her desire to attend daily Mass; partial recovery from threatened consumption; escape of an old person from serious effects of a severe burn; a profitable exchange of property; recovery of two mothers, down with dangerous fever; removal of difficulties at the beginning of an important undertaking; recovery of health; employment for ten persons; the disappearance of a gathering on the face; recovery after a critical operation; cure of appendicitis without recourse to an operation; success in two examinations; recovery from serious lung trouble through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary; a young man's being enabled to create a home for his widowed mother and sisters; preservation of a convent school from diphtheria, then raging in the town; convalescence of a child stricken with scarlet fever; the finding of a gift highly valued on account of its associations; means to pay off a debt on a house; protection of a convent during a violent wind-storm; restoration of a father's health; the renting of a house; the unexpected finding of a lost watch; means to meet interest on a mortgage; employment for a husband after an enforced idleness of nearly a year; cure of a sore knee through the use of St. Ignatius' water.

*Favors Ascribed to the Application of the Badge or Promoter's Cross.*—Cure of a child's severe cold; relief in two cases of rheumatism; escape from threatened attack of croup; ease from a severe pain in the side; cure of blood poisoning arising from unskilful treatment of an abscess on the hand; relief from toothache; recovery of a child from diphtheria.

## THE READER

*President Eliot and Jesuit Colleges.*  
By Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S.J.  
Paper. Pages 36. Review Publishing  
Co., Boston, Mass.

This pamphlet is a reprint from the *Sacred Heart Review* of January 13, 1900. As far as we know, it has been met by no answer from the President of Harvard or his friends. This single circumstance leads us to one of two conclusions, either the statements it fathers are unanswerable, or Mr. Eliot is so rooted in the esteem of his admirers that he can, when proved inaccurate, unfair and wrong, afford to wrap himself in undignified silence, with the means of setting himself right within easy reach. The pamphlet in question is entitled: "A Defence." It was called forth by an article from the pen of Mr. Eliot, printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* some time during the fall of last year. That article advocated the extension of Mr. Eliot's pet theory, electivism, to secondary or high schools, and its author unfortunately saw fit to go out of his way to attack the Jesuit system of education. This system, venerable for its age if for no other reason, he graciously vouchsafes the scant notice of a few lines; but in these few lines he manages to crowd together a thinly veiled insult, a blunder in arithmetic and a statement that plainly lays him open to the charge of unpardonable ignorance or precipitancy of speech. He yokes Jesuits with Moslems in a cursorily perfunctory way, of course. He subtracts 1599 from 1899 and gets 400. He asseverates that, apart from slight concessions to the sciences, the Jesuit system from inception to finish

remains unchanged. Whether Father Brosnahan's acquaintance with the rigidity of the Moslem system is more or less extensive than Mr. Eliot's, we shall never know. He prudently refrains from venturing an opinion, calls for references and without the slightest tinge of even righteous indignation disclaims all voluntary connection with the bad company in which he finds himself placed. It is comforting to think that trifles of this sort are only too often tricks of personal psychology. We cannot refrain from here expressing the fear that perhaps the Turks have a quarrel with Mr. Eliot for mentioning them in the same breath with Jesuits. About the arithmetic; well, figures talk for themselves. With regard to changes in the Jesuit curriculum of studies, it becomes evident from a comparison between earlier schedules and a concrete program of Georgetown University, where the college classes are in all respects the same as in other Jesuit colleges, that, within the period when concessions to other branches became the fashion, just forty-seven per cent. of the time formerly devoted to Latin and Greek has been diverted to other channels of learning. Surely, this is ominous of something more than a trifling change. Besides, it is an odd fact that, with all the provisions made in Jesuit schools for the different sciences, at Harvard one can take a degree without touching them. Father Brosnahan, distinguishing between subject-matter and method, right willingly concedes that the Jesuit method of teaching has undergone no change. No change is desirable. That method has stood the test of ages, and, till adver-



saries, stronger than any hitherto arisen, make evident its unfitness, it shall continue to stand. Mr. Eliot's electivism is at present in the field against it, and its champion's refutation of electivism is complete, masterly and unanswerable. In education unity must not be ruthlessly sacrificed to individuality. Alma Mater must not degenerate to the low level of something else, boys must be treated as beings specifically the same, even if accidentally different; boys must grow into well rounded specimens of manhood, not into lop-sided specialists condemned to a narrow and cramped view of things. Add to these reasons this other overwhelming fact that at least five distinguished presidents of distinguished colleges have publicly put themselves on record as vehemently opposed to Harvard's system of electivism. In the way of authority Mr. Eliot stands practically alone for his theory, and nothing short of the inspiration he so harps upon could ever induce sensible men to walk in his footsteps. At a joint meeting of the Graduate Clubs of Harvard and Radcliffe on February 20, Prof. Hugo Munsterburg of the Harvard department of psychology pronounced "adjusting instruction to natural tastes" a fallacy.

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*The Best Foot Forward and Other Stories.* By Francis J. Finn, S. J. Cloth. Pages 244. 85 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Father Finn has already achieved fame by his remarkable success as a story-teller for boys and this last volume from his prolific pen can keep countenance in company with his earlier productions. It contains three long and two short stories. The two short pieces can be dismissed without lengthy comment. We must be excused for reckoning them inferior to the others. They do just a little violence to probability and that always hurts. But the three longer pieces are excellent and in the author's happiest strain. He long since proved

himself an adept in the delineation of boy characters at college, and in the truly charming history of Jimmie Gleason he now evinces the same sympathy with nature and the same literary ease in handling the reformed newsboy. Father Finn's boys are no painted fancies. They are realities of flesh and blood, tingling with instinct for mischief and brimful of the sturdy qualities that make honest men. Teachers owe him a debt of gratitude for the sage advice and correct principles he insinuatingly introduces into his justly popular tales. And Catholic parents can rest satisfied that their boys and girls when absorbed in the thrilling histories of Father Finn's heroes are at the same time recreating their minds and storing their hearts with wisdom that is of God.

\* \* \*

*For the French Lilies.* By Isabel Nixon Whiteley. Cloth. Pages 241. \$1.25. B. Herder, St. Louis.

This is a pleasantly written story of war, intrigue and love. A brave young knight escapes the machinations of a monstrous uncle, rescues the fair lady of a future friend, fights incontinently and succeeds after a series of rough experiences in wedding the woman of his choice. The tone of the story is deeply religious throughout. The heroes and heroines are invested with an aureole of piety, the villains are painted all the blacker from want of faith and its attendant virtues. St. Angela de Merici, the foundress of the Ursulines, figures in an episode, and even the soldier-saint, Ignatius of Loyola, gets mention. The form of composition adopted is autobiography, so common nowadays, and so much affected by our modern novelists. The language too has a tinge of that quaintness which is withal healthy and provocative of hope for our literature.

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*Sacerdos Rite Institutus Piis Exercitationibus Menstruæ Recollectionis.* Auctore P. Adulpho Petit, S. J. Paper. 5

vols. Desclée, De Brouwer & Co., Bruges, Belgium.

These precious volumes are the growth of years. Their pious and zealous author began by publishing in each issue of the *Etudes Ecclésiastiques* a meditation and summary of heads for self-examination to be used by priests on their day of monthly recollection. This practice of meeting together once every month for a day of prayer, reading, and study of self is become quite universal in Belgium. Priests faithful to the practice are loud witnesses in its favor, and bear high testimony to its superior advantages. Where meeting in common is difficult or impracticable each priest sets apart a certain day of every month and by special exercises of piety looks before and behind and strengthens his soul for new progress in the way to God. To supply material for thought on these more solemn occasions, Father Petit, at the earnest solicitation of priests already benefited by his series in the *Etudes Ecclésiastiques*, published under separate cover a set of twenty-five different exercises, each exercise made up of two meditations and a schedule for self-examination. These constitute the first of his five volumes. Of the two meditations appointed for each day he aims at making one rather theoretical, the other more practical. The points for self-examination always turn on preparation for a happy death. The matter contained in this first volume is grouped round the Sacred Heart of Jesus and deals with God's surpassing love for men and, in particular, for priests. Such success attended this first venture that a new volume was soon forthcoming. Reiterated requests for a book suited to daily use at meditation induced the good Father to dilate at some length on each subject in this second volume. Others wanted matter for spiritual reading in connection with the day's topic for prayer. To meet these wishes the second set of twenty-five exercises assumed a new form. One of the two

meditations was, for purposes of spiritual reading, changed into what is called a consideration. The usual examen of conscience was retained. The considerations are eminently practical, calling close attention to faults deserving scrupulous care and virtues of supremest moment in the priest's daily life. In a very short space of time these two volumes sold to the extent of six thousand copies, and were in the hands of many priests throughout the world. Thus encouraged, Father Petit issued a third volume. It contains, like the others, twenty-five sets of exercises, each set composed of a meditation, a consideration, and points for self-scrutiny. Topics are so arranged that the meditation always turns on some incident in the life of our Lord, the priest's chiefest model; the consideration, on some virtue, suggested by the corresponding mystery, and the examen on a fault opposed to this virtue. The fourth and fifth volumes in the series are meant to complete and finish the work begun in their predecessors. The fourth follows step by step the various sufferings of the Lord Christ in His Passion and lives over with Him those forty days of triumph and joy after the Resurrection. The fifth introduces considerations omitted for want of space from the others. They are in the main a discussion of the principles governing the purgative way, with the four last things for rule and measure; a study of the mysteries in our Lady's holy life; and selections from the parables so beautifully employed by the Master in His discourses.

As a manual for meditation, the work is a masterpiece. As a book of spiritual reading, it is a veritable storehouse of piety and erudition. As a guide to priests in the arduous duties of their sublime vocation, it is another guardian angel, and should be kept always close to hand for consultation. It is essentially a book written for priests by a man who knows, and knows intimately, the needs of priests engaged in the severe and

dangerous task of saving souls. The Latin employed in its composition is charmingly simple and breathes in many a place the sweet and rare beauty of the old classics.

The matter and method throughout are what one would naturally expect from a student and master of the spiritual life thoroughly imbued with the principles of St. Ignatius. The Saint's Exercises are everywhere evident. In fact, an unusually valuable index at the end of the fifth volume enables such as feel inclined to do so, to make in a month the whole round of meditations prescribed in the Book of the Exercises. St. Francis Xavier has left on record the fruit he derived from following this line of thought in his daily meditations.

From a typographical point of view, absolutely nothing is left to be desired. The print is large and clear, the tint of paper used is agreeable, and the red margins are a positive source of rest and pleasure to the eye.

\* \* \*

*Ash Wednesday*, From the French of François Coppée. By Dorothy Lamon. Paper. Pages, 14. 15 cents. Judd and Detweiler, Washington, D. C. This is a devout layman's view of the touchingly

simple and solemn ceremonial enacted in the blessing and sprinkling of ashes at Lent's beginning. The translator has caught the spirit of the French original and transferred to easy English the thoughts so beautifully put by this master of his own language. The pamphlet is of no great length, and is well worth the reading. It lays more stress on the lesson of humility taught by the familiar ceremony than on its allusion to death. The words employed on the occasion are, of course, primarily significative of the last sad act; but death after all is suggestive and provocative of humility, and Mr. Coppée fastens on this circumstance to drive home in his own artistic way a lesson helpful to faith and the crying need of our proud times.

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A subscriber has requested to know if any of our readers can furnish "A copy of the first Address Book or Directory of the German-speaking Catholic clergy in the United States, edited by Rev. Father E. A. Reiter, S. J., A. D. 1869; a copy new or old will be welcome; and a copy of the February number of the American Ecclesiastical Review for 1900."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### FROM CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.

- "The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis." From the French of Very Rev. Father Peter Baptist, O.F.M. Cloth. Pages, 252. 25 6d.
- "Led by a Dream." By Katherine Tynan. Cloth. Pages, 190. 1s.
- "Saint Dominic." By Rev. A. B. Tickell, O. P. Paper. Pages, 56. 4d.
- "The Layman in the Pre-Reformation Parish." By Dom. Aidan Gasquet, O.S.B. 1d.
- "The Layman in the Church." By Rev. William Barry, D.D. 1d.
- "Luther and Tetzel." By Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S. J. Paper. Pages, 31. 1d.
- "Words on Wings." By A. E. Sewell. Paper. Pages, 123. 3d. Cloth, 6d.
- "Prayers on the Anima Christi." Paper. Pages, 16. 1d.

##### FROM ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS. Boston, Mass.

- "Life of Father Haskins." By a Friend of the House of the Angel Guardian. Cloth. Pages, 153. \$1.00.
- "Grandma's Stories and Anecdotes of Ye Olden Times." By S. M. X. Cloth. Pages, 139. 50 cents.

##### FROM CHRISTIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, New York.

- "Lectures to Mixed Congregations." By Rev. F. G. Lentz. Cloth. Pages, 176. 60 cents.

##### FROM PILOT PUBLISHING COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

- "New Footsteps in Well Trodden Ways." By Katherine E. Conway. Cloth. Pages, 253. \$1.25.

##### FROM MARLIER, CALLANAN & CO., Boston, Mass.

- "Episodes of Catholic History." Cloth. Pages, 265. \$1.00.
- "Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated?" By Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O.P. Cloth. Pages, 202. 75 cents.

##### FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York.

- "The Perfect Religious." By Mons. D'Orleans de la Motte. Cloth. Pages, 242. \$1.00.

##### FROM DUCKWORTH & CO., London.

- "Saint Francis of Sales. By A. DeMargerle. Cloth. Pages, 206.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, February 1 to 28, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Buffalo . . . . .	Albion, N. Y. . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	Feb. 2
" . . . . .	Olean, N. Y. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . "	Feb. 21
Dubuque . . . . .	Masonville, Ia. . . . .	" . . . . . "	Feb. 27
*Green Bay . . . . .	Reedsville, Wis. . . . .	Assumption . . . . . "	Feb. 16
*La Crosse . . . . .	Big River, Wis. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . School	Feb. 12
" . . . . .	La Crosse, Wis. . . . .	St. John's . . . . . Church	Feb. 8
" . . . . .	Richland Centre, Wis. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . "	Feb. 24
Newark . . . . .	Newark, N. J. . . . .	St. Michael's . . . . . "	Feb. 16
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Stanislaus' . . . . . "	Feb. 16
New York . . . . .	Marlboro, N. Y. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . "	Feb. 24
Oregon City . . . . .	Tillamook, Ore. . . . .	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	Feb. 24
Providence . . . . .	Arctic, R. I. . . . .	Jesus-Marie . . . . . Convent	Feb. 12

Aggregations, 12; churches, 10; convent, 1; school, 1. \*German-speaking Centres.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of February, 1900, from the 1st to the 28th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Baltimore . . . . .	Leonardtown, Md. . . . .	St. Aloysius' . . . . . Church	23
Brooklyn . . . . .	Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .	Our Lady of Victory . . . . . "	1
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Mary's Star of the Sea . . . . . "	6
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Peter's . . . . . "	64
Buffalo . . . . .	Java Centre, " . . . . .	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	4
" . . . . .	Olean, " . . . . .	Mercy . . . . . Convent	1
Burlington . . . . .	West Rutland, Vt. . . . .	St. Bridget's . . . . . Church	6
Chicago . . . . .	Chicago, Ill. . . . .	St. Clara's . . . . . "	2
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Elizabeth's . . . . . "	1
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Sacred Heart . . . . . Convent	1
Cincinnati . . . . .	Elgin, " . . . . .	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	50
Columbus . . . . .	Dayton, Ohio . . . . .	St. Emmanuel's . . . . . "	12
" . . . . .	Ironton, " . . . . .	St. Lawrence's . . . . . "	24
" . . . . .	Toronto, " . . . . .	St. Francis' . . . . . School	10
Dallas . . . . .	Corsicana, Tex. . . . .	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	1
" . . . . .	Dallas, " . . . . .	Sacred Heart . . . . . Cathedral	3
Denver . . . . .	Denver, Colo. . . . .	" . . . . . Church	10
Detroit . . . . .	Detroit, Mich. . . . .	" . . . . . Convent	3
Helena . . . . .	Anaconda, Mont. . . . .	St. Peter's . . . . . Church	1
Indianapolis . . . . .	Prescott, Ind. . . . .	St. Vincent's . . . . . "	1
Louisville . . . . .	Earlington, Ky. . . . .	Immaculate Conception . . . . . "	1
Milwaukee . . . . .	Milwaukee, Wis. . . . .	The Gesu . . . . . "	50
Nashville . . . . .	Memphis, Tenn. . . . .	St. Peter's . . . . . "	12
" . . . . .	Nashville, " . . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . Cathedral	2
Nesqueally . . . . .	Walla Walla, Wash. . . . .	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	1
Newark . . . . .	Jersey City, N. J. . . . .	" . . . . . "	19
New Orleans . . . . .	New Orleans, La. . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	4
New York . . . . .	New York, N. Y. . . . .	St. Ignatius Loyola . . . . . "	11
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Sacred Heart of Jesus . . . . . "	5
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	Immaculate Conception . . . . . "	40
Ogdensburg . . . . .	Port Jervis, " . . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . Cathedral	22
Omaha . . . . .	Ogdenburg, " . . . . .	Sacred Heart . . . . . Academy	6
Philadelphia . . . . .	Omaha, Neb. . . . .	St. Boniface's . . . . . Church	4
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Columba's . . . . . "	4
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Edward's . . . . . "	2
San Francisco . . . . .	St. Clair, " . . . . .	St. Boniface's . . . . . School	6
" . . . . .	Antioch, Cal. . . . .	Holy Rosary . . . . . Church	2
" . . . . .	Santa Rosa, Cal. . . . .	St. Rose's . . . . . "	6
Santa Fe . . . . .	Las Cruces, N. Mex. . . . .	Visitation . . . . . Academy	3
Sioux Falls . . . . .	Flandreau, So. Dak. . . . .	St. Simon and Jude . . . . . Church	3
Trenton . . . . .	Lakewood, N. J. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . "	3
" . . . . .	Millville, " . . . . .	St. Mary Magdalen's . . . . . "	4

Total Number of Receptions, 42.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 435.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, APRIL, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Gratitude for God's Benefits.**

1	S.	<b>Passion Sunday.</b> —St. Valerius, C. (VI. Century).	Hatred of sin.	308,007 for thanksgivings.
2	M.	St. Francis of Paula, C.F. (Minims, 1508).	Fasting.	85,135 for those in affliction.
3	T.	St. Richard of Chichester, Bp. C. (1253).	Love of the poor.	117,775 for the sick, infirm.
4	W.	St. Isidore, Bp. C.D. (636).	Zeal.	135,395 for dead associates.
5	Th.	St. Vincent Ferrer, C. (O.P., 1419).—H.H.—Pr.	Thought of Judgment	49,236 for Local Centres.
6	F.	<b>First Friday.</b> —Seven Dolors B.V.M.—1st D., A.C.	Condolence with Mary	55,274 for Directors.
7	S.	B. Herman Joseph, C. (1230).—B. J. B. de La Salle, C.F.	Training the young.	118,266 for Promoters.
8	S.	<b>Palm Sunday.</b> —St. Perpetuus, Bp. C. (494).	Honor to relics.	5,796 for the departed.
9	M.	St. Waltrude, V. (VI. Century).—St. Mary Cleopas (I. Century).	Modesty.	254,114 for perseverance.
10	T.	St. Mechtildis, V. (1300).	Love of Sacred Heart.	333,059 for the young.
11	W.	St. Leo the Great, P.C.D. (461).—A.S.	Courage.	121,645 for 1st Communions.
12	Th.	Maundy Thursday.—St. Sabas, M. (372).—H.H.	Happiness in suffering	231,715 for parents.
13	F.	<b>Good Friday.</b> —St. Hermenegild, K.M. (856).	Penance.	373,828 for families.
14	S.	Holy Saturday.—B. Lidwine, V. (1433).	Patience.	80,502 for reconciliations.
15	S.	<b>Easter Sunday.</b> —St. Peter Gonzales, (O.P. 1246).—C.R.	Spiritual joy.	149,553 for work, means.
16	M.	Easter Monday.—St. Benedict Labre, C. (1781).	Poverty of spirit.	149,463 for the Clergy.
17	T.	Easter Tuesday.—St. Anicetus, P.M. (168).	Vigilance.	13,466 for religious.
18	W.	St. Eleutherius, Bp. M. (135).—B. Mary of the Incarnation, W. (1618).	Right intention.	83,575 for seminarians, novices.
19	Th.	St. Leo IX, P.C. (1054).—St. Expeditus, M. (IX. Century).—H.H.	Promptitude.	115,305 for vocations.
20	F.	St. Agnes of Montepulciano, V. (O.S.D. 1317).	Prayer for others.	67,141 for parishes.
21	S.	St. Simeon and Companions M.M. (344).	Mutual encouragement	93,322 for schools.
22	S.	<b>1st after Easter.</b> —Low Sunday.—SS. Soter and Caius, PP.M.M. (170-295).	Kindness.	56,134 for superiors.
23	M.	St. George, M. (IV. Century).	Combating evil.	61,567 for missions, retreats.
24	T.	St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, M. (1622).	Spread of the Faith.	53,355 for societies, works.
25	W.	St. Mark, Evangelist (68).—Great Litanies.	Study of the Gospel.	262,043 for conversions.
26	Th.	SS. Cletus and Marcellinus, PP., M.M. (69-304).—Our Lady of Good Counsel.—H.H.	Confidence in Mary.	998,810 for sinners.
27	F.	St. Turibius, Bp. C. (1660).—B. Peter Canisius, C. (S.J., 1597).—St. Zita, V. (1272).	Diligent labor.	188,957 for intemperate.
28	S.	St. Paul of the Cross, C.F. (Passionists, 1775).	Love of Christ crucified	226,285 for spiritual favors.
29	S.	<b>2d after Easter.</b> —St. Peter, M. (O.P., 1252).	Firm faith.	692,383 for temporal favors.
30	M.	St. Catharine of Sienna, V. (O.S.D., 1380).—Pr.	Prayer for schismatics	193,389 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship, (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C.R.—Communion of Reparation, H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I., B. I.—Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

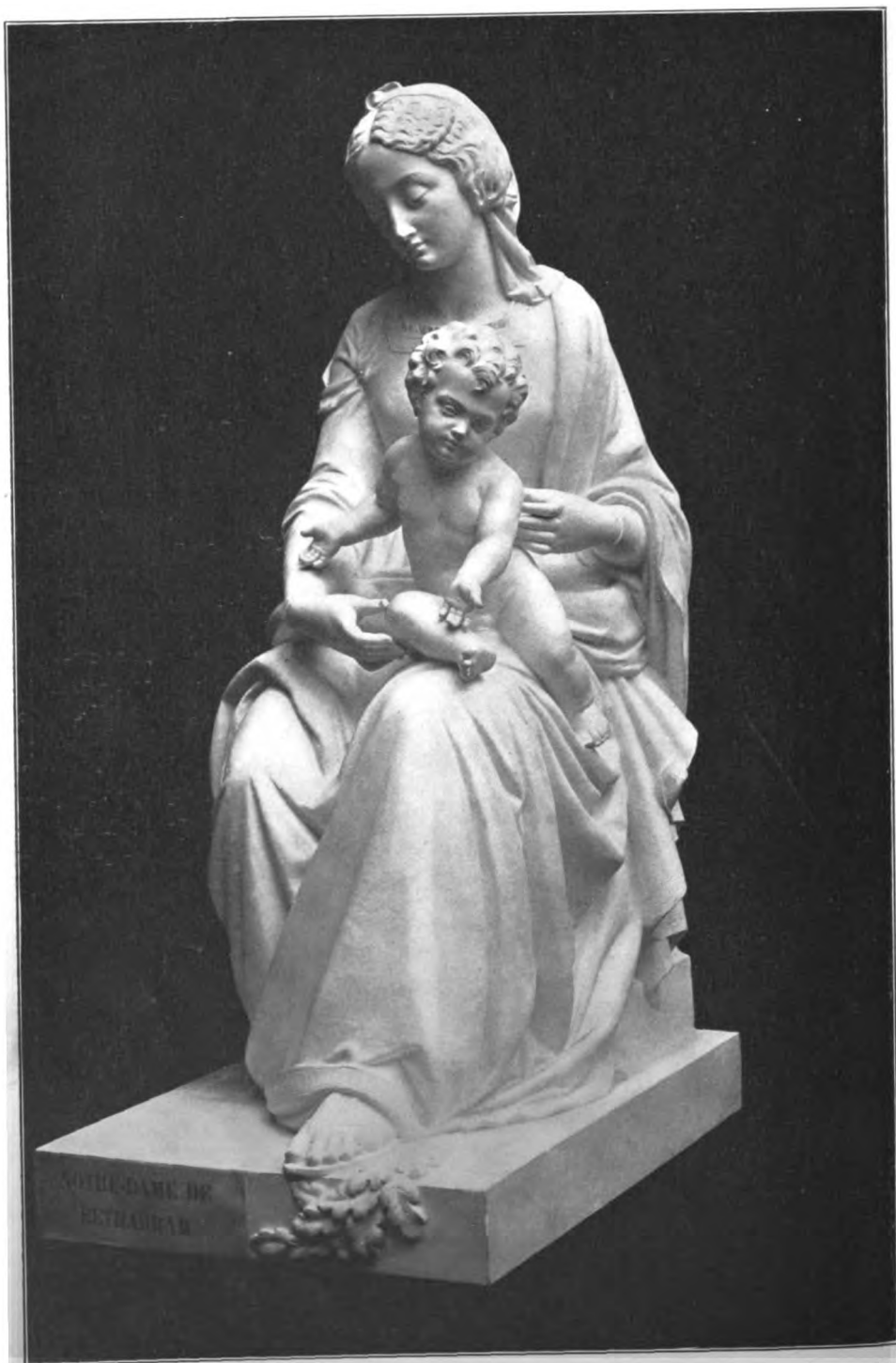
Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	4,755,503	11. Masses heard . . . . .	424,684
2. Beads . . . . .	1,791,997	12. Mortifications . . . . .	247,032
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	107,295	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	405,691
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	140,804	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	184,405
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	854,368	15. Prayers . . . . .	4,409,663
6. Exams of Conscience . . . . .	595,390	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,739,487
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	2,616,429	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	104,691
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	467,970	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	308,899
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	438,591	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	1,000,313
10. Masses read . . . . .	23,155	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	1,325,012
		Total, 21,440,319.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar Messenger*, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.





OUR LADY OF BETHARRAM.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

MAY, 1900.

No. 5.

### VANCOUVER ISLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

1874-1900.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. A. J. BRABANT.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.*

#### THE FIELD OF LABOR.

ON the west coast of Vancouver Island, between the entrance of the Strait of San Juan de Fuca and Cape Cook, there live eighteen different tribes of Indians, forming, as it were, only one nation, as they all speak the same language. Their manners, mode of living, in one word, all their habits are so much alike, that to know one tribe is to know them all. This coast, at the time of our taking possession of it, was exclusively inhabited by Indians.

Four trading posts had, however, been established and were each in charge of one white man. But besides these four men there were absolutely no white settlers to be found on this extensive coast of nearly two hundred miles.

I need hardly say that communication was very rare, for beyond a couple of small schooners, that made an occasional call on the coast for the purpose of supplying the stores with goods and provisions, and at the same time making a trading call at different tribes, no vessels frequented this part of the world. I

have been as much as six months without seeing the face of a white man, and consequently speaking a civilized language.

When the news of the death of Pius IX. reached me, Leo XIII. was already two months on the Papal throne. As a matter of fact, it was close on five months since I had received a newspaper, a letter, or a word of news of the civilized world.

All the Indians of this mission live on the sea coast, and intercourse between the different tribes is impossible, except by means of canoes. No two tribes can visit each other, except on foot or horseback, as their several residences are separated by inlets and arms of the ocean. As a rule the number of chances for visiting are limited, especially during the fall and winter season, for no canoe could live in the incessant, heavy weather and indescribable gales which rage on this open coast. When travelling I have been many a time compelled to camp and wait for days before being able to continue my journey, owing to the dangerous seas and heavy surf which



would spring up without even an hour's notice.

The coast is rugged and rocky, presenting in its entire extent the appearance of desolation and barrenness. The hills and mountains run down to the beach; the valleys are lakes, and a few patches of low land, to be encountered here and there, are covered with worthless timber. No clear land is to be seen anywhere, and no hopes can be entertained that the west coast of Vancouver Island will ever be available for agricultural settlements.

The climate is not very different from that of Victoria. The seasons of rain and fine weather are about equally divided; the frost is not heavy, and snow seldom falls to any depth, and then lies on the ground only for a few days. With all this, the fall and winter months are dreary beyond expression. The Indians seem not to notice the general depression of the seasons, but for one born and raised elsewhere, accustomed to the society of his fellow white men, there are no words to convey how monotonous it is, and how lonesome one would feel were it not for the thought of the sacredness of the object for which he is here.

Nothing in the world could tempt me to come and spend my life here were it not that the inhabitants of these inhospitable shores have a claim on the charity and zeal of a Catholic priest.

The question has often been asked: Was there ever a Catholic priest or were there Catholic missions established on the west coast before the existence of the present establishments?

My answer, which is in the affirmative, was not sought or found in books or records, but I got it from the Indians themselves. My first informant was an elderly man, not a chief, but one of those men of importance to be found in every tribe, whose chief pride seems to consist in watching all the important events of the day and in assisting the chiefs with their counsel and judgment.

I found my informant (Tragsota) on an early summer morning sitting outside of his house in close conversation with his wife. As I passed by he hailed me and our conversation commenced:

"Was there ever a priest in Nootka?"

"Oh yes," he said, "at the time of the Spaniards there were two priests, big stout men, and they both were bald-headed. My grand-uncle, who told me this, used to come around to Friendly Cove, and the white men would keep Sunday. There was the Sunday-house"—pointing to a spot about the centre of the present village—"and they would go on their knees and cross themselves, and at the turn of the winter solstice they had a great Sunday and they had two babies—is not that what you now call Christmas? Oh yes, there were priests here, and all the men and women would have to bathe on Saturday and be ready for Sunday, and they learned songs—hymns—I know them yet."

And the old man began to sing, but the only words I could catch were: *Mi-Dios*.

It is evident from the above narrative that at the time of the occupation of Nootka by the Spaniards, towards the end of last century, the missionaries of South America belonging to the Franciscan order, hence described by the Indian as being bald, evidently on account of the tonsure, and as stout, big men because they appeared such in their heavy Franciscan cloaks, were stationed at Nootka for the accommodation of the Europeans and also to a certain extent for the conversion of the natives.

The old man had much more to say about the presence of the Spaniards in Nootka. One of the men was in charge of the cattle, which he would bring home every day; which, of course, argues the presence of those useful domestic animals on this coast before there were any in other parts of the island. He also showed us the spot where the blacksmiths and carpenters had their shops, and gave many other details, which proves that events of importance

are not so soon forgotten by Indians, in general, as white men unacquainted with them would imagine.

I have not noticed any traces of religious practices inaugurated by Catholic Spaniards. However, it has struck me as probable that the great devotion of the Spaniards to the Blessed Virgin Mary and especially that of Catholic sailors, may have been the source of an invocation frequently uttered by Indians during bad weather or in danger at sea. Many a time I have heard them sing out in quick succession: "Chou-chist Nakowm," "Chou-chist Nakowm," "Queen, let the sea be quiet" (bis). And many a time I have heard them speak of a "queen" unknown to them, but living in or beyond the seas.

I have also been inclined to believe that the practice of keeping Christmas and having the Christmas holidays may account for the Indians' yet having recourse at that special time to their devotion-

al practices. It used to be of the greatest importance to watch and observe the solstice of the sun about Christmas time. The old men of the tribe would rise early on those days and in bunches would retire to different spots. Each one had his mark or signs—there he would sit, all attention, and soon as the sun rose out of the sea he would take his bearings and according to the fact that the sun rose at or beyond such a certain mark he would conclude that the sun was at its solstice, not yet at it, or perhaps beyond it.

The event caused an amount of gen-

eral interest, it was the talk at meals and the great topic of conversation with the Indians of every tribe. According to the old men the want of attention, or the neglect of watching this all-important event, would be followed by all kinds of misfortunes, not excluding famine. The arrival of this period was the signal for the preaching of the old people to their young men to go out and practise their superstitious devotions.

Beyond these indifferent signs of religious practices which may have had their origin at the time of the settlement

by the Spaniards at Nootka, I have never been able to detect anything but that the Indians at the time of our arrival here were addicted almost beyond redemption to every description of pagan practices.

#### MISSIONS

#### ESTABLISHED.

VISIT TO THE  
WEST COAST IN-  
DIANS IN 1874  
BY RIGHT REV.  
CHARLES J. SEG-  
HERS, D.D., AC-  
COMPANIED BY  
REV. A. J. BRA-  
BANT.



REV. A. J. BRABANT.

We left Victoria on Whit-Sunday at 8 o'clock in the morning on the schooner *Surprise*, twenty-eight tons, belonging to Capt. W. Spring & Co.

Capt. Peter Francis was in command. John Peterson, a Swede, was mate, and the rest of the crew was a Kyquot Indian called Nomucos, acting as cook, sailor and boatswain, and Chegchiepe, a Mowuchat savage, assistant sailor. Mr. John McDowell was a passenger, and was on his way to fix the machinery of the light-house just then established on Cape Beale, Barclay Sound.

We left Victoria harbor with a strong southeasterly wind, and were at Race Rocks before 10 o'clock A. M. Here the wind failed and our schooner began to drift about, and working with the oars was required to keep her off the Rocks. However, we got safely at anchor about 2 o'clock in Beeche Bay, where we went on shore and visited the Indians, from whom we received a good reception. After an address, made by His Lordship, I baptized two of their infant children.

April 13.—Next morning we weighed anchor. Sailed out a short distance, but the wind failing us again, we managed to return to our anchorage to make a new start about 8 A. M. Once more the breeze dropped, and by this time we began to drift with the tide till we got half way between Race Rocks and Port Angeles. Our captain was now so badly intoxicated that upon His Lordship's, with a view to trying the old man, asking him the direction of Cape Flattery, he pointed to us the opening between San Juan Island and Trial Island. 2 P. M., southerly wind; lost sight of Victoria at 3.30 P. M.

April 14.—Rain; no wind; 7.30 A. M., southwest by south. Enter San Juan harbor at 3.30 P. M. and cast anchor outside of the reef at 3.30.

The schooner *Favorite*, Captain McRay, and the schooner *Alert*, Captain J. Christianson, were here at anchor, and were making preparations to go out sealing next morning with a crew of Nitinat and Pachena Indians.

April 15.—We went on shore about 7 A. M. The Indians were sitting outside. They were startled to see us in our cassocks, to them an unusual kind of garment. The Bishop asked to see their chief and was soon shown into the presence of a fine looking man—Kirstog—who, as we noticed at once, was then leading the life of a bigamist. His Lordship asked the chief's consent to assemble the natives of that locality and he at once consented. Here I was suddenly compelled to make room for a blind

horse, which was led into the house by a young Indian and was then, as we noticed, stabled in the chief's house.

The Indians withal behaved very well and, upon allowing us to baptize their children, requested as a favor that we continue to look after them. The number of baptisms was forty-three.

The captains of the sealing vessels were most impatient to take the Indians out, but they were told that if the priests wanted the Indians to stay on shore three days they should have the privilege; which news was to them a caution to keep their temper. However, we left the Indians at 2 P. M.; we went on board of the *Surprise*; they in their turn went on board of their respective vessels.

The wind was blowing from the west and blew up into San Juan harbor. The vessels weighed their anchors about the same time, had up sails and were ready for a start in unusually quick time. And now the race began. Our skipper was about sober and did his best to win, but the *Favorite* got ahead of him and before long the *Alert* went first and kept ahead of her friends. The race was fairly conducted and was a very pleasant episode of our western trip.

April 16.—No wind. Caught a breeze at 12 o'clock. Entered Dodger Cove at 1 P. M. The chief was living alone on Mission Island (Diana). Two canoes full of Indians came over from Keehan, but were told to go back till next morning, which they did with considerable reluctance. The Indians looked well, a fine, healthy set. They wore blankets, no pants; had their hair nicely done up and tied with grass in a bunch over the forehead. Most of them had their faces painted, and the crowd that came on the schooner presented a very picturesque sight.

April 17.—Said Mass in the house of Mr. Andrew Lany, the storekeeper, at 5 A. M. The chief was already there addressing his Indians from the other side of the stream, exhorting them to rise,

wash and clean themselves and children, announcing to them our wish to see them and telling them that great things were in store for them.

The Indians arrived from Keehan and other camping places and assembled at 8 o'clock in the house of an Indian called "Jenkins," the chief having no house large enough at this place to contain all his people. The savages paid great attention to the Bishop's instruction given in Chinook and interpreted into the Indian language by "Harry" and his brother "Jenkins."

kose, Village Island, Barclay Sound, where we passed a very comfortable night in smooth water.

April 18.—Up and away at 5 A. M. Rain, heavy sea. We arrived at 9 A. M. at Ucluliat, where the Indians were expecting us. The chief came at once for us in his canoe and upon nearing the camp one of the Indians fired off his gun to announce to the Indians that we were on board; whereupon all the tribe turned out at once and assembled in the new, unfinished house of young "With Routl," the chief of the Ucluliats.



CAPTAIN, OFFICERS AND SAILORS OF H. M. S. BOXER.—Nootka Indians.

In this and in every tribe on the coast instruction was begun by stating who we were, what was our object; then followed a history of the creation, the fall of man, the deluge, the multiplication of languages, the redemption of mankind; after which, if agreeable to the natives, baptism was administered to their little children. And, if time was left, a few hymns and songs were taught. But in all cases the teaching of the Sign of the Cross and the making of that sign by the Indians was the great thing and caused real excitement. We had in this camp eighty baptisms of young children.

We left at 6 o'clock in the evening and went to our anchor at Clarkkoui-

Our arrival caused a deal of excitement. Our interpreter had a thundering voice, but we were told he did not translate His Lordship's words with much correctness. Perhaps he thought that shouting would have the necessary effect. I baptized seventy-five children in the afternoon.

April 19.—Sunday morning: Mass at 5.30 in the storekeeper's house and then at 8 A. M. off to the ranch. The Clayoquot Indians came over to join the Ucluliats and their nine children received baptism. Here the first effort was made to translate the Sign of the Cross into the Indian language.

April 20.—At sunrise we were already

at sea and beating against a strong westerly wind, but we did not reach Clayoquot till April 21, at 9 A. M. Sitakenin and half a dozen of his Indians came out to meet us at sea. We went on board of his canoe and he took us to the chief's house, where two new Indian mats were laid on the floor, forming a path to the end of the lodge, where boxes and trunks covered with fine mats were prepared to be used by us as seats and footstools. His Lordship addressed the Indians on the usual topics, then I baptized ninety-three children, after which we went to our schooner which was at anchor off Captain Stubbs' Island, Warren's store (Chut-chut-tuts).

April 22.—We went early in the morning to the camp (Echo-chist), Village Island, where we had met the Indians the day before. Strange to say, the Indians seemed quite indifferent and His Lordship concluded to leave them, not, however, before giving them a good scolding. Then we went to the schooner about noon and preparations were at once made to continue our voyage. After sailing a short distance we got on the sand bank off "Opéssat," but as the tide was rising, we got off about 1.30 P. M. Then with a light breeze we took the direction of "Ahousat," but about 3 P. M. we saw a canoe in the distance. The Clayoquot chief and six young men! They wanted us to return. The Bishop at first refused, but their request was so earnest and their promises of taking us to Ahousat the next day so favorable, that His Lordship at last concluded to return. The Indians who came to fetch us had only just then arrived in the schooner from Ucluliat, where they had seen us for a few minutes two days previously. They had tried to meet us at their own home, but were doubly disappointed to find us gone and to hear that their friends had not shown more zeal and had failed to learn the canticles and songs now repeated by every tribe which we had visited.

At 6 P. M. we were at work again at

"Echo chist," and were happy that at 10.30 P. M. the Indians at last allowed us to lie down and take some rest. This was my first night in an Indian camp; and in the morning my memory was clear on all the events of that night. I had heard the crying of Indian children, and the coaxing and singing of their mothers to get them to sleep again. An old couple had a row in the middle of the night; over a dozen big dogs, supposed to sleep, were constantly awake, growled, barked, fought, yelled, ran in and out of the dwelling, got in trouble with the cats, and would not stop their uproar, except after twenty times "Sieka," uttered by a sleepless savage, followed by a piece of fire-wood, again accompanied by a new yelling and barking. Over half a dozen roosters were sleeping on the loft cross-piece of the house, and, with their usual pride, as if they were making daylight come and the sun rise, would stop their crowing chorus only to recommence again a few minutes later. All this time the Bishop thought I was fast asleep alongside of him under one blanket, but I knew that he was not, for he was continually turning about. Now and then he would give a quick but well determined scratch on his lower limbs, and in the morning he told me that all the cause of his troubles had been the Indians' friends the "fleas."

April 23.—At 5.30 our Indian crew was ready; six stalwart young men, headed by the chiefs of the tribe. It was a beautiful morning, the sun rising in all his glory. The Indians struck up our songs and paddled with courage and happiness over the calm waters of Clayoquot Sound.

At 1 o'clock we arrived at the foot of the Catface mountains. Here was the Ahousat tribe, in expectation of our coming, increased by the arrival of all the Keltsemats, ready and prepared to receive us. Four Indians stood on the beach, and were a deputation sent by the Indians, who were already in the chief's house, to show us into the lodge. Mats

formed a pathway from the water to the camp, and, inside, mats and sails were hanging about along the walls, whilst the floor was covered with more mats; and a regular throne was formed, with boxes and trunks, nicely covered over; and to this place we were shown by the members of the



INDIANS SLAUGHTERING A WILD OX ON SEASHORE.

deputation. A dead silence reigned in the house, but we could well notice that we were in the presence of real savages. We were astonished that no dogs, such a nuisance about Indian camps, were to be noticed, but we were next informed that already the day previous, and early in the morning, canoe loads of the canine species had been taken across the sound and safely landed on the islands opposite, lest they should be a cause of displeasure to us.

After the usual instructions, I administered baptism to one hundred and thirty-five little children.

The afternoon was spent in teaching songs and the Sign of the Cross. Such was the zeal of these Indians that, when we went on board of the schooner to take our meals, they would stay in the house, and hardly leave us time to finish, but wanted us to recommence our work at once.

In the evening we were requested to listen to what they had to say to us. The speeches began by those of the two head chiefs, followed by other chiefs, chiefly women; and one fellow got up, took his blanket, his only covering, from his shoulders, and after showing it to us, he threw it with an emphatic gesture far away from him, saying that "he threw away his bad heart." Nothing could stop the speech-

making till His Lordship stepped forward on the very spot where every speaker had come to address us, and thus blocked the way, saying that he knew by what he had heard the tom-tom of the whole tribe. We left the Ahousats April 24, at 4.30 A. M. A good easterly wind was blowing, and the captain concluded to run for Kyuquot and call at the other tribes on our way back. So we did, and arrived at the Kyuquot camp shortly after 3 P. M.

Here not an Indian could be seen on the bay, nor, in fact, outside of the camp. It was pronounced an unusual thing, as the captain stated that these Indians used to meet him out at sea and literally crowd the deck of his schooner on any other occasion. Nomucos, our Kyuquot cook, was also at a loss to explain, and his shouting and calling for the Indians had no effect. However, at last a small canoe was launched at "Akties," two Indians got into her and paddled quickly towards the spot where we were at anchor. Every little while they would stop and listen to the shouting of our Indians. "We are afraid," was the first sentence we could hear them utter. Our savages reassured them and when at last they got on board they explained the whole mystery. They had heard of our arrival, but the story

got mixed up. On board the schooner was a living man who would cut the children on the chest, and another who would rub something over the wound and it would be healed. Then the first man would begin killing the Indians, and upon the Indians' trying to kill him, he would turn into a stone or become a stone-man. This and other tales were told as an explanation of the conduct of the Kyuquots on this occasion. The Kyuquots are the largest tribe on the coast; in all about eight hundred Indians.

April 26.—Baptized one hundred and seventy-seven children. I commenced at 9 o'clock in the morning and it was 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I got through.

April 27.—Frightful storm at sea—could not go on shore all day.

April 28.—Began to teach the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" which the Bishop had translated, with the assistance of Capt. P. Francis, of the *Surprise*, and an Indian interpreter.

At 1 P. M. we were taken from the *Surprise* in an Indian canoe, as we had made arrangements to go with some Kyuquot Indians and visit the Chicklisat tribe.

The chief, a cripple, seemed to have great authority, but, being himself unable to go with us, sent his son with fifteen young men to take us to our destination. No sooner had we stepped into our canoe than two more canoes were put afloat, manned, the first by fifteen young men, the subjects of the Queen, and the other by twelve savages belonging to the other head chiefs. And thus we left Kyuquot in the young chief's canoe, on either side of which a canoe of the other chiefs was paddled to the air of one of the hymns they had recently learned.

The sea was very rough, but after three hours of hard working by the Indians we at last saw the smoke of the Chicklisat camp at Eiko-os. As we approached, our Indians drew together and once more intoned some of our

Catholic hymns. The Chicklisats came rushing out of their houses, and seemed stupefied, but did not come down to the beach till they were called upon to do so. It took them a long time to assemble in the chief's house, and when addressed by His Lordship, although seemingly attentive, it was quite evident that everything was not "all right." The evening and darkness soon put a stop to our work, then we began to look for room to sleep. It was simply horrible! The filth, dirt and uncleanness of these Indians both in the house and outside cannot be imagined. However, we submitted to circumstances, such as they were, and lay down alongside of each other, impatiently awaiting the return of daylight. It arrived at last, and I was amused when asked by His Lordship to express my opinion of the beauty of the words and music of a song which he had composed during the night. It struck me that, unable to sleep, he must have tried to while away the long hours of a sleepless night in a musical way. The Kyuquots, forty-three in number, who had constituted our escort, having noticed that there was something wrong in the reception extended to us by the Chicklisats, had made it a point of duty to sleep in the same house where we were sleeping, and in the morning we found them all lying around and about us.

April 29.—Early in the morning we assembled the Indians and began anew to instruct them. We baptized forty-six children, and when this was done, our Kyuquot interpreter refused to interpret, and gave for his reason that the Chicklisats were mocking and insulting him. We would have left at once, but the sea was bad and the rain fell in torrents. Being compelled to stay, we began the recitation of our Office and then went outside in the bush under the shelter of a large tree. Here, after some time, an Indian found us enjoying the fresh air and summoned us to go back to the camp. We pretended not to understand,

but at last His Lordship concluded to follow the savage and so we re-entered the chief's lodge. It was quite a sight. To the western side of the camp sat the chief in a very prominent place, and on each side sat an elderly man holding in his hand a long rod, which seemed to us to be a mark of authority. Everything was still, the men on our side, the women and children on the other. A seat was shown and given to us on the right side of the chief, where we were requested to continue our instructions. But none of the young men could interpret and not one of our Kyuquots was about, nor, in fact, could be gotten. This seemed very strange, but the following explanation was afterward given: For years the Chicklisats and the Kyuquots had been at war or giving annoyance to each other. The Chicklisats on this occasion did not relish the presence of the Kyuquots. One of them had invited them to go and eat in his house to get them out of the way; then he had quickly locked up the house, and when the Kyuquots wanted to go and join us they found the entrance of the lodge locked up fast. Great was their indignation when at last they came back in our presence. Angry words, speeches and gesticulations were the order of the hour.

April 30.—They left the Chicklisats next day, as happy as we ourselves to return to their own tribe. We arrived in Kyuquot in due time and May 1, next morning, we had the happiness of offering up the holy sacrifice of the Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, putting our new mission under her special protection.

His Lordship having noticed the good dispositions of the Kyuquots, had, before going to Chicklisat, asked the captain of the *Surprise* to make a large mission cross, which we found ready upon our arrival. The cross was twenty-four feet long, with the cross-piece in proportion. It was the work of not only the captain,



AN OLD MEDICINE WOMAN.

but Peterson, the mate, a Swedish Lutheran, had also, as well as a number of Indians, given their assistance.

Before proceeding to plant it, we were called to the house of the chief, where we found all the men of the tribe assembled. After asking our permission, they began to sing some of their savage songs with great solemnity; then they showed us a mask, the handiwork of northern Indians, most ingeniously made, as also a piece of glass (*heina*), to which they seemed to attach unusual importance; as well as a number of beads (*Neiwhoi*), held in great esteem by all the Indians on this coast, and sold by one tribe to another at the most exorbitant prices. After a speech from His Lordship, condemning all Indian superstitions in general, several important men got up and promised to go by our instructions.

After this we proceeded to the blessing of the cross. It was placed on three canoes; about fifty young men took



charge, and an immense number of Indians followed us in canoes to the foot of a small island opposite the shore, then unoccupied and seemingly abandoned. And there it now stands in sight of the tribe, blessed by His Lordship according to the ritual. It was beautiful to see the Indians struggle to carry the heavy burden, preceded by His Lordship, in surplice and stole, with his assistant also in surplice; and then, when it was raised, fifty muskets were fired off, as if to announce a great triumph to the savages on the Kyuquot Islands.

We finished our work in Kyuquot and, with great hopes and expectations concerning the future conversion of this large tribe, we left on May 2, taking the direction of Quatsino Sound. However, the wind was contrary, and His Lordship came to the conclusion, after consulting the captain, to abandon his trip to Quatsino Sound; and thus we sailed before the wind, and arrived that evening at an anchorage in Esperanza Inlet, before the camp of the Newchaliot Indians.

May 3.—Early this morning we were taken in a canoe, by the chief of the Newchaliots and a crew of young men, to the outside camp, where the Indians were at this time living.

The reception given to us by the Newchaliots was something never to be forgotten. The news of our arrival had here preceded us. The chief had made a new house. A wharf about two hundred feet in length, but only about four feet in breadth, had been constructed; and, although the Indians deserved credit for making such extraordinary preparations, we had to measure our steps and movements, lest the whole structure should break down. Inside of the chief's house the ground was covered with white sand, and our path and the room which we were to occupy was laid with new mats; the walls were hung with sails of canoes and pieces of calico. Twenty-nine sea otter skins, valued by Captain Francis, of the *Surprise*, at close to two thousand dollars, were hang-

ing in a line opposite to where we were sitting, and excited our admiration.

The Ehettesat Indians had come across and joined the Newchaliots. We baptized the children of the two tribes, sixty-eight in all. In the afternoon a disturbance between the two tribes took place; our interpreter was of little account, and our success was not in keeping with the great preparations they had made to receive us. However, before we left, harmony had been restored; the Ehettesats went home, and we returned to the *Surprise*, where we remained until May 4, when, at 1.15, a slight breeze sprung up, and we slowly sailed up Esperanza Inlet; by dark we were near the Nootka Straits, and we fastened the schooner with a rope to a tree alongside immense bluffs of perpendicular rocks, where we passed the night. Another night was passed before we got to the Nootka side, part of the day having been spent by the captain and his passengers in fishing for rock cod.

May 6.—After pulling up the oars and dragging the schooner alongside of the rocks for a considerable time, we at last got through the narrows; this morning we had a strong land breeze which took us to Bligh Island, then beat against the breeze from Machelat Inlet, and later the westerly wind came to our assistance and we arrived at the Machelat village (ow-is) at half-past twelve P. M.

Here, also, great preparations had been made, and an Ahousat Indian, Muggins by name, was there with Machelat young men to take us on shore from the schooner. This Indian had profited by our instructions to his own tribe, and upon the request of the Machelats had taught them the Sign of the Cross and some of our hymns. The Machelat Indians brought their children and had them baptized; their number was eighteen.

May 7 was spent with the Indians, the captain in the intervals of his trading filling his schooner literally up with deer and elk skins.



1. A YOUNG WIDOW AND HER CHILD.—2. YOUNG MOTHER, HUGGING HER CHILD.—3. AN INDIAN INFANT HELD BY HIS SISTER.—4. MOTHER AND TWO CHILDREN.—5. A GOOD-NATURED MACHELAT MOTHER WITH HER FIRST-BORN.

May 8.—We started this morning at 4 o'clock with a northerly breeze and cast anchor at 10.30 A. M. in Friendly Cove.

Here we met a large tribe of Indians, very noisy and disorderly compared with other tribes. We succeeded in doing very little beyond baptizing the children—fifty-six—a very small number, considering that the tribe did not number less than five hundred Indians. We understood the cause of the dispositions of the Indians to be the talk against the priests by Fort Rupert women who were living here, and by a few Indians who had been slaves or had resided at the other side of the island. However, we stayed another day and left May 10, when, after sailing before a westerly wind, we arrived in Hesquicit shortly before noon. Here we learned that the Indians expecting our coming were afraid to go out fishing for several weeks past. They had cleaned and laid mats in the chief's house—they were very neatly dressed, the women all in white calico, the men having made pants and coats of blankets. We baptized their children—fifty-six—under seven years, and gave them the usual instructions.

May 11.—We rose at an early hour and recommenced our instructions, but by this time the captain was anxious to return to town as soon as possible, and at 11 o'clock his sails were up as a sign that we were wanted on board. The Indians seemed very sorry and disappointed, but we left, promising to visit them again in the near future.

May 12.—When off Clayoquot Sound nine Kyuquot canoes, seventy-three men and one woman, overtook us. Our visit over the coast had taken away all fear. Only two or three of the crowd had ever been to Victoria, and none in an Indian canoe, as doing so would have exposed them to the danger of being killed or of being made slaves by hostile tribes.

May 13.—We arrived in Dodger Cove. There was no wind and this

gave us a chance to go and visit the Ochuklesat Indians. The chief was alongside of the schooner and took us to his camp, where he assembled the Indians whose children we baptized, twenty-three in number. That evening he took us back to Dodger Cove, where we arrived at 11 P. M., every one being in bed. We had no supper, as everybody seemed or pretended to sleep, and we turned in with the happy thought that our work was over.

May 14.—We said Mass at the store-keeper's house at 5 A. M., then went on board and left the cove sometime before noon. This was the feast of the Ascension.

May 15.—We ran before a fine westerly wind and arrived in Victoria at 8 P. M.

SECOND VISIT TO THE WEST COAST INDIANS IN 1874 BY THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP SEGHERS, D. D., AND REV. A. J. BRABANT.

The day of our departure was the first of September. Two days before, Captain Francis had been married in St. Andrew's Cathedral by Rev. Father Brabant to Cæcilia, a half breed girl, the niece of Mrs. Lequier. The effects of the feast were visible on the skipper's countenance and in his manners. As a first mishap, the man who was to act as mate did not turn up at the hour agreed upon by the captain; however, after a run on shore by one of the boys, we saw him at last, and upon crawling on board he mentioned that the cause of the delay was that his concubine, a Hydah woman, had run away. This our mate was a Greek, and also rejoiced in the name of Frank. Thus, with two Franks and two Indians from the coast, and as we discovered afterwards, with plenty of whiskey on board, we started on our second visit to our West Coast Indians.

The first few hours were spent pleasantly, but when we got to the Straits our skipper began to make frequent calls down in the cabin. At last we discovered

that he was getting very drunk. This rather alarmed us, as Frank, our Greek mate, had never been on the coast and our Indian sailors could not be relied upon. His Lordship advised me to try and find out where the captain kept his liquor and throw it overboard.

Meanwhile Frank, the Greek, came down and told us that he had taken charge of and hidden all the liquor on board. It was now great fun to watch the skipper. He went downstairs on his old errand; he pretended to whistle so as to be unnoticed; then he made a dash for the staircase, then made a dash for the door. He did not say anything there! What was he up to? Meanwhile he silenced the clerical passengers and of it: then he began a little drink. It was later on something now and then to All this time the growing at us and his favorite beverage expected for a moment which was given to his own property, very far from him by the mate. Although the measure the effect of keeping greater excess, still he

that he was getting very drunk. This rather alarmed us, as Frank, our Greek mate, had never been on the coast and our Indian sailors could not be relied upon. His Lordship advised me to try and find out where the captain kept his liquor and throw it overboard.

Meanwhile Frank, the Greek, came down and told us that he had taken charge of and hidden all the liquor on board. It was now great fun to watch the skipper. He went downstairs on his old errand; he pretended to whistle so as to

be unnoticed; then he looked up the staircase, then made for the locker, but nothing there! Where could the liquor be? He did not say a word about it. Meanwhile he silently cursed at his clerical passengers and told the mate of it; then he begged him for a little drink. It was refused at first; later on something was given him now and then to sober him up. All this time the old man was growling at us and blaming us for taking his favorite beverage, and never suspected for a moment that the liquor which was given to sober him up was his own property, very properly taken away from him by the mate.

Although the measure adopted had the effect of keeping the old man from greater excess, still he was far from be-

ing sober when we entered Pachena Bay. The wind was blowing fresh from the west when we entered the harbor. Our schooner was supposed to go up the river to discharge at the store kept by Neils Moos. We were going full speed when she suddenly struck on the sand bank; the channel had shifted, or rather our captain was out of his reckonings through whiskey! Every wave took her up higher and higher. A few more dashes and she was gone. But Neils Moos coming on board saved her from ruin. We took charge without heeding our drunken skipper, and an hour later she was at anchor before Capt. Spring & Co.'s store.

Nothing of much consequence occurred, but when we left for Barclay Sound we met at the mouth of San



1. INDIAN WARRIOR SINGING SONG OF VICTORY AFTER KILLING A MAN.—2. IN THE ACT OF KILLING IN A BUSH—A CONVERTED INDIAN POSED FOR THESE PHASES OF HIS FORMER LIFE.

Juan harbor a canoe from Victoria with a supply of whiskey. By and by we saw H. M. S. *Boxer* come out of Neah Bay and steam for the Pachena Camp. Dr. Powell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, was on board, and this was his first trip along the coast. When he landed at the ranch he found every man, save the chief, beastly drunk.

We got in Barclay Sound on the 7th of September; the Ohiat Indians had moved up the Sound; and after discharging freight at the store in Dodger Cove we continued our journey to Ucluliat.

Here the schooner *Surprise* was to stop and we were to continue on our trip in our Indian canoe. Consequently Capt. Francis gave us as pilots two Kyuquot Indians, who had been engaged as deck-hands on the *Surprise*, and also a good sealing canoe, besides lots of provisions.

We bade him and his young wife goodbye and a happy honey moon on the 8th of September, at 7 o'clock. And now we were on the open ocean in a small sealing canoe with two Kyuquot and one Egatsal Indian. The sea was heavy and no wind. An occasional wave broke over our bows and did considerable damage to our stock of provisions, especially to our biscuits and our sack of flour.

Without further mishap we arrived at "Opéssat," Clayoquot Sound, at about 2 o'clock P. M., where we found the Indians very much excited over the news that a man-of-war was anchored to the leeward of Vargas Island with the Superintendent of Indian Affairs on board. We continued our voyage, and about 4 o'clock P. M. we saw H. M. S. *Boxer* at anchor at the above-named place. All this time we had not a breath of wind, but our Indians kept on paddling and we went at last on shore on Flores Island, just opposite one of the Ahousat villages called Esik-ta-kis.

It was not a good camping place, and the hour being rather late and the night dark, we felt compelled to stretch our

weary limbs without even taking a warm drink of tea. We were enjoying our sleep as best we could when all of a sudden, some time after midnight, an Ahousat Indian came to wake us up. He was sent by the tribe; they were all up and expected us to go over. But His Lordship prevailed upon him to let us enjoy our camping out rather than go two miles across the sound in the middle of the night and avail ourselves of the Indians' hospitality. When at last the Indian concluded to leave us, he went away saying that we were very lazy!

Shortly after our Ahousat visitor had left us we were again aroused from our slumber by the noise of some Hesquiat Indians who were on their way to Ahousat. They wanted to know who we were, where we came from and where we were going, and finished by saying that the sea was very rough on the outside coast. When next morning we awoke, we made a large fire and at daylight we could see that we had camped in a very poor place, and as it began to rain, which prevented us from leaving, we had occasion to spend some very dreary hours on that spot. However, at noon the weather cleared up and then we proceeded on our voyage till we arrived, about 5 P. M., at Refuge Cove.

Here quite a number of the Hesquiat Indians were living, and as the man-of-war was now anchored in the Cove and had been followed by a large number of Ahousats and some Clayoquots, the place presented quite a lively appearance. A number of junior officers and bluejackets were on shore, and when we had just pitched our tent we received the visit of Mr. Tim Scanlan, an Irishman who acted as steward on board of the vessel. He told us, in a rich Irish brogue, wherein we were wrong, viz.: travelling at such a time of the year and in such a canoe, and he added that the captain of the vessel had repeatedly spoken of us and was determined to pick us up wherever he would meet us. At the request of His Lordship, Mr. Scanlan promised

not to make the captain aware of our presence, but Tim came back soon after with a supply of provisions in the shape of some loaves of fresh bread, a leg of mutton, a quarter of elk, two bottles of wine and one bottle of brandy. Upon his suggestion, we opened a bottle of wine and drank to the health of His Lordship, the Bishop, who in his turn proposed the health of Tim Scanlan. This scene was without outside witnesses, and took place on the evening of the 9th of September, 1874, in Refuge Cove.

Next morning we were having our breakfast when the man-of-war steamed out of Refuge Cove and we resumed our journey as soon as that transaction was over. No wind, a heavy sea and the sun burning over our heads, made the crossing of Hesquiat harbor anything but pleasant. Besides, our Indians had indigestion and were all three very seasick. One of them, between the intervals of vomiting, would carelessly sing old Indian songs, which would afford us, if not recreation, at least a topic to speak about. At noon we took dinner in front of the Hesquiat outside camp (oume-is). Then we went on shore again on the Escalante Rocks, whence we paddled to Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound. There, to our horror, we again found the *Boxer* at anchor; and while we were boiling our cup of tea and the Indians were putting up our tent we received once more the visit of our friend of yesterday, Mr. Tim Scanlan, who brought us another bottle of brandy; at the same time he announced that the captain had ordered his boat to be lowered and that with the Superintendent of Indian affairs he would come on shore and invite us to go on board of his vessel. And indeed before we had taken our tea, we were introduced to Captain Collins, of the Royal Navy, and by him prevailed upon to abandon our way of travelling in an Indian canoe and avail ourselves of the accommodation of an English man-of-war to continue our journey. The captain, as we under-

stood, was a staunch member of the Anglican church and every day held divine service on board. He kept a bank for the men and had established a temperance society for them. He made our stay on board most enjoyable, and, as it happened to be on a Friday, he kindly and delicately had matters arranged in such a way that the abstinence enjoined by the Church on that day was easily observed. The weather was thick and foggy, but we managed to pass the Nootka narrows long before noon. We went as far as Catala Island, anchored there for a time, but as it was not allowed by the rules of the navy to go out in the foggy, uncertain weather it then was, the captain concluded to run for Queen's Cove and there spend the night at anchor in smooth water. A beautiful hammock was fixed up as a bed for His Lordship the Bishop, and a bed was prepared for me on a sofa. Our Indians were made comfortable below with the marines. We left next morning at 5 A. M.; got as far as Catala Island, but owing to the state of the weather and sea we once more returned to Queen's Cove. At noon we made a fresh start and running as we did before a fresh easterly breeze, we arrived early in the afternoon to anchor in Man-of-War harbor, Kyuquot Sound.

We left H. M. S. *Boxer* next morning at 5 o'clock. Our canoe, which had been taken on board at Friendly Cove, was lowered and the liberality of Tim Scanlan, under orders of the captain, had so much increased our stock of provisions that by the time we got in her we were so deeply loaded that it was impossible or dangerous to look behind us to cast a last look at the fine war vessel, on which we had spent two most enjoyable days.

And now we were on shore in Kyuquot Sound! We took up our headquarters in Capt. Spring's old and unoccupied store. We went to Chicluat next day, where we did very little besides baptizing one child. We soon dis-

covered that we had chosen a bad time of the year to find the Kyuquots together. They were camped at a dozen different places, but His Lordship concluded that he would go and see the chief. He was at the end of Bokshis inlet, and there we met him next day with a few more Indians. We baptized a few newly-born children. His Lordship prepared a young girl who was at the point of death, but nothing else could be accomplished. His Lordship had bought from the chief for a few biscuits a wooden bucket representing an animal, the tail being the handle, the body the body of the bucket, and the head and mouth the passages through which the water or liquid was poured. It was a curious piece of work very artistically done, and together with some masks got also at this place, was given as a souvenir of our trip to Captain Collins of H. M. S. *Boxer*, who felt so proud of the gift that he afterwards exhibited it in one of the principal hotels in Victoria.

September 17.—The chief sent his son and six other young men next day to where we expressed the wish to go, namely, the Newchalot village. We had a quick but rough passage; at one time the sea struck our canoe and nearly filled her up with water.

At Newchalot we did very little or no good, the dispositions of the Indians being very indifferent, and it cost us quite an amount of trouble to get a crew to take us to the next tribe. Finally three old men volunteered, and that night we were amongst the Nootkas camped at Cah-Shis. We found these Indians in full glee—a dead whale had drifted on their land and the houses were full of blubber, which the women were boiling and reducing to oil. I do not think that anything that we could have said under the circumstances would have had much effect, as the whale was uppermost in their minds.

We stayed only one night, then with a small crew we went down the sound,

went on shore at Etawinni, baptized a few children, but could not get to Machelat that day. We therefore slept at a place called O-is and went next morning to Ow-is, where the Machelat chief was camped and expected us at any moment.

As we went on shore at O-is the evening before, a Machelat canoe had seen us and reported our approach to their friends. Then the tribe at once prepared to receive us. Messengers had been sent that very night to all the fishing stations, and by the time we arrived we learned that the tribe was collecting on the other side of the sound.

September 21.—At 11 o'clock as a strong westerly wind was blowing up Machelat Inlet, ten canoes filled with Indians put up sail on the other side and steered for Ow-is. It was a sight never to be forgotten, the enthusiasm of these Indians and the taste displayed in their arrangements for our reception. They were all nicely dressed, the women in white calico robes and the men with pants and coats. We assembled them at once and stayed with them three days, during which time they learned the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, the Creed, Ten Commandments and Seven Sacraments in their own language. Most of the Indians were living under tents made with their canoe sails, at all times a poor shelter, but especially at this season of the year. But upon expressing our feelings of sorrow for them, as it was raining most of the time, they pleasantly replied that the rain did not cause them any inconvenience, and that we should not leave them before they knew everything we had a mind to teach them. Such fervor and zeal we had not met in any other tribe, and therefore, in order to encourage and reward them, His Lordship concluded to plant at their principal camping place another mission cross. This was done with great success, and in the same order as we had observed on the occasion of our first trip at Kyuquot.

(To be continued).

## BLANDINE OF BETHARRAM.

By J. M. Cave.

(Concluded.)

BLANDINE was indeed glad to return to her clean bed, to pure air, to outdoor exercise; glad to resume her studies, her music and drawing. But her eagerness for these pleasant occupations was subdued, when, as the days succeeded each other, she saw no sign of Gregory and heard no mention of Mr. Barde. Were they absent still from Karloff? With intense longing she listened for a word that might bring her the hope of hearing from those she loved. Were they suffering on her account? Did they know that she had been in bondage; or are they, like herself, in ignorance of all that has been taking place? Blandine cannot answer any of these questions. She has developed physically and mentally in the course of the past year. Always thoughtful and serious beyond her years, she now wears the air of a young religious, never outside the convent walls. Her brow is as white as marble, and as pure; her eyes are full of deep thought, with a clearness in their depths such as is seen in the eyes of very young children.

Sophie has developed too, but into something of a hoyden. Under masters, she has learned a great deal of the ways of society and etiquette, polite manners and literature. She does not put the new knowledge into use daily. She hoards it away for society, and is wilful and rompish, and inclined to make bold speeches *sotto voce*, to attract attention to her newly acquired cleverness. She begins to rule, to give orders, where she was wont to tease, and worry, and torment. She sometimes defies, and stamps her feet, even in the presence of her "aunt," who has begun to take notice of her, to call her "*mon enfant*,"

and who tries to reason with her instead of punishing, as formerly. The fact is Tatiana has betrayed to her the secret that was to be kept so scrupulously from the emperor. She knows she is a daughter of Karloff, a Vallinski, in some degree, and it makes her audacious and self-confident. It had been hateful to her always to feel that she was only the niece of an ex-tutor, or simply Sophie Carlowna Barde; but now she can afford to patronize the disinherited Vallinski, the girl with low tastes, in spite of her beauty, and cleverness, and learning. Sophie knows another secret too. She knows the cavalier, who is to come, will give the means to travel, to winter in France, or the capital, to do a thousand things they cannot now do, and which she madly longs for. The passion for gayety, and amusement, and society, has got into Sophie's blood, and no one tries to stem the inclination. On the contrary it makes her more attractive to her mother and Mlle. Donzelli. These have only one regret, the fact that Vassilly Danilow had not shown any inclination to woo her for his second wife.

He comes at last, the dashing officer of the Imperial Guards, who is to pay down a fortune for the *beaux yeux* of Cousin Sacha. He comes, and a very handsome cavalier he is. His guardsman's uniform never set off a finer figure. He is not old either. Bland, fair-skinned, Vassilly looked little more than half his age. And Madame kept her word. She showed him the ghost.

Draped all in white, with a veil of shimmering gauze around her head, a vision of beauty indeed, sweetly and innocently unconscious of their purpose, the young girl stood, thinking what they



had told her and no more, that this was only the preparation for a little comedy they would play months hence, when they would all be in Petersburg entertaining, as the great Vallinski once entertained, the court, the camp and the hierarchy.

How could Blandine know that outside the long window stood one who had once so worshipped a face like hers, that the sight of her now overcomes him, drives him wild. Instead of entering, he turns away; takes his horse from the grooms, and bids them send his servant after him to the town.

Next day he comes not. Madame and Donzelli seek him, lure him back, laugh at him for his weakness. But again it is the case of Una and the lion. The blasé man of the world hardly looks at the modest face, hardly touches the tips of the extended hand, when Blandine is presented to him; though he could find it in his heart to crush it, with the rage he feels within him, to clasp the child to his heart, to weep over her, to kneel before her, to supplicate her to obtain pardon for him.

The banquet they prepared expressly for his name's-day, the feast of his Patron Saint, was partaken of without him. His empty chair, with a great bouquet before it, was there. And they talked only of him, drank his health, lauded him to the skies, made of him a being so eminently high and good, a prince so handsome and charming, that they hoped Blandine's heart would be caught in the snare of their flattering phrases. But no! she heard them and rejoiced at their having such a friend. Though for her ears alone had been sung this song of praise, the brilliant life painted in such glowing colors never touched her.

When flattery and caresses, soft garments and perfumes, and days and nights of merry-making stirred no pulse of ambition in the young girl's heart, she was taken apart and told that her hand had been asked in marriage by the

noble gentleman whose praises she had heard pronounced, the very beau ideal of manhood. Blandine had her own beau ideal of a noble gentleman; but she contented herself with answering simply that she was too young to think of such a thing, that she had not the least wish to think of marrying.

"But you are poor; you are too delicate to work as you have worked during the past year." And this was a hint as to her fate, should she refuse the offer. Still she shook her head. "Better that," was still her answer.

When every effort to change her resolve had failed, it remained only to carry out their will in their own fashion. Vassilly was ready to give her up at times. At others he was ready to double the sum agreed upon, or even to carry her off by force. There were good reasons for preferring the safer course, of honorable, open marriage; and Mlle. finally declared she had foreseen the whole affair, and he was to go back to Petersburg, as he was indeed forced to do, his furlough having expired. "There shall be no more coaxing," she assured him, "and no more effort to persuade a wilful child to say 'yes' to what is best for her. Come and take her, when I give you the word that all is ready. I promise you a willing bride; but, willing or unwilling, she shall be yours."

"She will never yield, Appoline! I see her mother's spirit in her eyes." Mlle. Donzelli smiled such a confident smile that Madame Karloff-Vallinski felt rebuked at her own doubts. She was beginning to lose faith in the omnipotence of her companion. At present she sees little profit from the immense outlay. She certainly derives no personal gratification from witnessing the weakness of Colonel Vassilly on the one hand, and the firmness of Blandine on the other. She does not at all relish the story of battles. She likes well enough to hear of the victory, and share the spoils; but Mlle. Donzelli's promised victory tarries.

"All I can say is, that I wash my hands of the whole business, Appoline, from this hour."

"Just what I was about myself to propose. I am called to Moscow. I must see Sakharine. You will allow me to choose two maids to accompany me?"

"Four, if you like."

"Two will suffice. And you will not look for notes, by the way, no reports, no wired information of any kind?"

"If I must not?"

"It will be better so. 'Where ignorance is bliss' follows the security of innocence. You can swear, with clear and quiet conscience, that you know nothing whatever of my whereabouts. 'After Sakharine's verdict, only, will she know herself,' you may add with equal confidence. Hint at Saki. I am disposed to think its mud baths will be the mighty doctor's prescription, and I do hope to see the Crimea some day."

The last guest has departed. The Colonel went away three days ago.

Blandine is falling into a doze, when she feels a light touch, soft as a caress, upon her cheek, and a low voice asks, close to her ear, "Are you awake, Sacha?"

"Yes, Sonia, I am awake." Not only broad awake, but in fear now. No good news could come to her at that hour or from that source, she instinctively feels. She tries to rise, but Sophie pushes her gently back upon the pillow.

"Sacha, *why* do you not wish to marry Vassilly Danilow?" An oft-repeated question; the answer still the same. "Because I do not love him; and I do not wish to marry."

"Sacha, are you *sure* you do not love him? Will you swear, as before God, that you do not love him? Tell me this, as truly as you hope for a good death!" There was a tone in the speaker's voice Blandine had never heard before.

"I need not, and I even do not know how to swear, dear Sonia; but you may believe my word, for truly as I do hope to join my dear parents one day in

heaven, I do not love this gentleman, and would far rather die than consent to what they wish."

There was no mistake in the caressing touch now. Sophie was bending over her. "I have made your life very hard, Sacha; you must hate Karloff and your Cousin Sonia."

"I love you, Sonia. You must never think otherwise."

"Bad as I am, I did not come to disturb your rest for my own sake alone; though I did wish to hear from your own lips the very truth about this, Sacha. I came also to warn you. In a few hours you will be aroused to go on a journey."

"O, Sonia! Sonia! What are they going to do with me?" Blandine's heart throbbed painfully. Dismal indeed seemed the gray dawn now breaking.

"It is that hateful, that despicable Donzelli."

"I thought you were fond of her, Sonia?"

"And so I was, and trusted her, and gave her all my confidence, letting her see even my most secret thoughts. In spite of this, she is bent on forcing you to marry the man—" Sophie stopped short — then continued. "But why should I be ashamed to tell you, Sacha, when I trusted one like her? Listen, then. Vassilly has gone to his regiment. He will be on active service for a month. Donzelli will take you away; and, when the month is ended, he will (she has given him the promise, at least) find you ready and willing to give yourself to him. If not summoned suddenly to join his regiment, she would have carried out her will sooner."

"What shall I do, Sonia? Oh, if I could escape!"

"It would be impossible to escape from here. The peasants would betray you, or the wolves devour you. You must go with her. But from some halting place, some city on the way, it will be possible. If you could escape in Moscow, or Petersburg, you would be protected."

"How, Sonia ; by whom ?"

"Indeed, I do not quite know. The police, perhaps. Do you not know anyone in Petersburg or Moscow ?"

"I know only the Blanks ; but they have forgotten me by this time. Besides, they were in Berlin when I knew them."

"The Blanks !" cried Sophie. "Do you mean the Privy-Councillor ? Why, everyone knows General Blank, and Blank House on the Court Quay, near the Winter Palace ! Oh, Sacha, if you could only escape in Petersburg ; even if they have forgotten you, they would protect you. Do try it !"

"I did not know any one loved me at Karloff," said Blandine sadly. Sophie kissed her. She was ashamed to protest in words, but the kiss was meant for a declaration of love, and accepted as such.

"If you escape, will you remember your bad, *bad* cousin ?"

"I will never forget you, dear Sonia ; and if I escape I will owe it, in the first place, to you. You give me courage to try by telling me I have a whole month of security. In that time I will either escape, or——"

"Or what, dear ?"

"God will, perhaps, take me to Himself !"

There was a footstep at the door. A hasty kiss exchanged, Sophie disappeared through the opposite door.

Blandine made the sign of the cross upon herself, kissed her crucifix, her medal, and in answer to the tap at the door spoke calmly the permission to enter. The door opened and Luba appeared. "I came to wake you, Miss," says Luba, "but I see you are already awake. You are to meet Mlle. Donzelli in an hour, at the breakfast table." Luba began to lay out Blandine's travelling outfit, and to collect what she thought would be needful for the journey. Blandine commended herself once more to the protection of her heavenly Mother and without a murmur proceeded to dress.

\* \* \*

Antony Dacre set out for the Russian capital with little or no fear for the success of his undertaking. He was armed with all the legal power possible. He had the acquaintance and friendship of the Ambassador.

A short halt at the Church of St. Catharine, which is one of St. Petersburg's attractions, then on to the Embassy, where he presents his credentials, and receives a British welcome. While his papers are being overhauled he has a few minutes leisure to glance at the gilded spire just across the Neva. It shines like pure gold above the Fortress-church and prison of SS. Peter and Paul.

It did not take the Embassy people long to obtain the address of Mme. Karloff-Vallinski. No one can be long lost in any Russian city, thanks to the Passport, and the "*Bureau des Adresses*." "Let us attend to this business," says the Ambassador. But Antony thinks it better to avoid publicity, and to do the work himself, although he finds the Karloff-Vallinskis are passing the winter at their estate of Karloff, in the Government of Samara. To follow them to Samara was tedious work, and yet a work not to be done by deputy. Antony is heartily sick of the roads before he is half way across European Russia. Beyond Moscow and Nijni, by less important towns, it seemed like crawling, after the English lightning express. But there is Karloff Domain at last. The white walls of the great mansion are visible through openings in the forest.

A blonde equestrienne passes, spurring sharply her beautiful English mare. How well she rides ! She enters Karloff gates and Antony sees her moving across the great hall as he mounts the steps. He guesses she must be the cousin Sophie, of whom there is so frequent mention in Gregory's letters. He would like to see and speak with her ; but Russian hospitality was unfaithful to itself that day. No one welcomed, no one

sped the parting guest. After a long delay Antony is received by a stately dame. She is very stout, bloated, but of imposing presence and manners. She receives her visitor without a spark of kindly interest ; answers his questions as if he had dropped in from the next room to propose them, instead of travelling three thousand miles for a vital purpose. "Blandine has gone travelling with Mlle. Donzelli," is all the information she can give him. Mademoiselle was to consult a Moscow specialist. Would he send her to the Crimea, to Finland, or to Austrian or French mineral waters, she could not hazard so much as a guess. And her granddaughter needed a thorough change. She had been left, through no one's fault, through overindulgent kindness, to fraternize too much with the peasants ; she could be happy only amongst them. It seemed to be her nature. It was evident her stepdaughter had made a sad mesalliance, when left to herself in France ; otherwise how could they account for such low tastes. "A very sad mesalliance," repeated Madame. "Mlle. Donzelli will try to correct the poor child."

Antony listened patiently and gravely to these explanations. When Madame was silent, waiting to see the effect of her words, he spoke :

"Mademoiselle Vallinski married a first cousin of Lady Margaret Dacre's, a Dunroby of Dunroby. I have here the documentary proofs, and under the strength of their evidence I came to claim the young lady. She must have changed greatly since she was taken from us, to have developed low tastes or desires. There was absolutely nothing in her at that time to indicate the possession, inherited or acquired, of anything ignoble."

Madame changed color in spite of her marvelous self-command. "It may have been ill-judged sympathy, a kind heart—too impulsive—wilful."

"It was her kindness of heart, her sweet and gentle disposition, that first

attracted Lady Dacre's attention towards her. Are you quite sure, madame, that you can give me no indication of the present whereabouts of our adopted daughter?"

"It would be useless to try. Mlle. Donzelli took her from here on the express condition that she should be free to change her destination at will. And by mutual agreement all correspondence is suspended indefinitely. If I learn anything, which is more than doubtful, I promise to notify you as speedily as possible."

With this poor assurance Antony had no alternative but to turn his back on Karloff.

It is three weeks since Blandine left her, and poor Sophie has grown sadly dispirited. Her only comfort is in frequent visits to her beloved old Tatiana, in whom she now fully confides.

Tatiana was a person of great importance in the family. She had been given her freedom by the great Vallinski, to whose memory she was blindly devoted. She had a grudge against Blandine for her mother's sake, because that mother had not obeyed her father's wishes, and married to please him. But the grudge has softened, faded before the patient endurance, the uncomplaining obedience of the child set to labor with serfs, inured to the hardest manner of life. She began to watch her and to watch over her at the same time. Tatiana's frequent visits to the *ouvroir* kept the task mistress under restraint. The silent and observant Tatiana was well known to have all the family secrets locked up in her breast, and even the proud mistress treated her, publicly and privately, with great deference. She had taken Sophie into her heart from her first coming.

The effect of Tatiana's confidence was to cause Sophie to trample upon the foolish affection that had begun to trouble her mind. She compared the wrongdoing, the openly evil deeds she herself witnessed, with the inno-

cent, upright life of one whose every impulse was noble, whose every act was honest and kind. She feels it a personal wrong now, to be deprived of Blandine's company.

Müller and Liza are both dissatisfied. The governess, because her pupil has no disposition to study; the maid, because she is jealous of Tatiana. Madame lends but an indifferent ear to the loud whispers, till Antony Dacre has come and gone. That visit has upset her judgment, overthrown her patience. She sees that all her plans are in jeopardy, and the nameless one, the poor oppressed dependent, is being sought for as the child of a race greater and nobler than the greatest of the Vallinskis. No way to warn Donzelli, no way to find her. They have overreached themselves. And now what is this about Tatiana, and the rebellious girl in whose eyes she has seen something of late that savored of defiance, of disdain? She listens to-day, and turns upon Tatiana, driving her from her presence. Tatiana knows what she has to expect, and fear seizes her. For thirty years she has been her lady's right hand, the depository of all her secrets. To-day she is to be made an example of. Though Sophie has not betrayed her in so many words, her scornful looks, her disobedience, her familiar visits to her nurse have awakened jealousy, suspicion; and from suspicion to conviction was but a step. Madame has all the proofs she wants. "Fifty lashes!" is the sentence.

Tatiana, flying before those who came to lead her to the whipping-post, reaches Sophie's room, and throws herself in an agony of fear at her feet. The door is locked upon her, and Sophie stands, as pale as death, looking down upon the trembling form convulsed by terror. They are beating at the door. Sophie goes, and, opening it, boldly says. "Give me ten minutes. I will reason with her." They give it, for her word and a five rouble coin. "Come," says Sophie, "now for haste!" Almost

dragging the frightened woman into her dressing-room, she locks the door. "Off with that shawl! Now the blouse, now the skirt!" It is Sophie herself who does the work, for Tatiana is trembling too violently to aid or to resist. Her teeth chatter so that she cannot even protest, or ask the meaning of what is being done. When she sees her young mistress don the skirt, long loose blouse, sees her wind the grey shawl around her head, she tries to tear them off with shaking, nerveless fingers. "Fear not, speak not, stay here till I come!" The door is locked upon her, the key hidden under Sophie's pillow. The time is up. They are once more beating at the door. It is thrown open, and ready hands seize and drag forward the stooping form, down the hall, out through the wide open doors, across the lawn, to where all the servants are gathered to witness the degradation and punishment of one of whom they have been envious without cause. The doomed woman makes no resistance. Of her own free will she clasps her arms around the shameful pillar and bends her shoulders still more. The grey shawl she still keeps close around her head and face. The blouse is thrown over her head, only a thin white garment is now between her flesh and the cruel knout. Soon it is thinner, and no longer white. The shoulders bend more and more, the slight form shrinks, and sinks lower and lower. Now it is on its knees, and now it lies prone, and without movement. The head is still hidden in the shawl that is saturated with blood. It did not take long. The crowd disperses. After a time, as the beaten creature does not rise, one brings water and dashes it over her. She moves. They tell her she must perform the usual act of "homage." She tries to rise after a while, and, bent and shuffling, her bare feet leaving blood traces along the way, she lets them lead her to the footstool of her mistress, that she may kiss her feet and thank her for the correction.

Madame is deep in a game of cards. She does not look up, when something sinks without sigh or moan at her feet. She gives it a push with her foot, in token that she is satisfied with the reparation, and goes on with her play. The slave rises, throws back the grey, blood-stained covering, and a rain of golden hair, blood-clotted and tangled, falls on the shoulders, no longer bent, but upright and graceful. In spite of the disfigured face, covered with blood from more than one cut, Sophie looks beautiful and noble. The other players still hold their cards, but their eyes are riveted upon the sight before them. There is a dead stillness. The women who led in the victim have shrunk into the background. "A king or an ace?" The silence that follows causes Madame to glance at her partner, she follows the direction of his eyes.

"I took it on myself to save my only friend." Sophie's voice was low but firm. Madame's eyes were blazing.

"And where is she, your only friend?" The voice that asked the question was low, too; but in its concentrated accents there was something ominous. Madame had arisen. The hand that held the cards was resting heavily on the table, yet the cards trembled in her grasp. She made a sign to the trembling women, who came slowly and fearfully toward her, while repeating, in the same deep tones, the question, "Where is she, your only friend?"

"Safe under my care. To reach her you must first kill me."

Madame took no notice. To Liza and Prascorie she gives the command: "Both, both; you understand? Both, outside the gates; then lock them and let loose the dogs!"

Antony Dacre, waiting for a relay of horses twenty versts from Karloff, sees a cart drive up, and from the straw in the bottom of the cart he sees a woman trying to lift a burden. The driver, stolid and indifferent, offers no aid. He goes to her assistance, and beholds the

blond hair, the fair face of the girl he had seen a few hours before, in the pride of her youth, riding through the gates of Karloff, followed by a groom in the Karloff livery. The face of the graceful girl he had seen walking with proud step and haughty mien across the great hall is strangely disfigured.

"The wolves?" he whispers to the weeping servant.

"A human wolf!" answered Tatiana, "a she wolf!"

Antony Dacre lingers at the miserable isba, to see her aroused from her trance of pain, to offer her what aid she will accept. He learns her intention to seek her father, who, she now feels sure, will take her to his heart. To Antony she gives precious information, that urges him back to Petersburg as fast as railroad speed and post-horses can bear him. He has not come one hour too soon. He finds John of Bethlehem waiting for him.

The great Moscow specialist has seen Mlle. Donzelli and advised the mud baths of Saki without delay. Soon she and her two maids are on their way, not, however, towards the pleasant South. In the cold grey dawn of early morning, after travelling the live-long night, they are set down at a great station. They must have covered many versts in those twelve or fourteen hours of rapid steaming. Ah, how cold it is! How bleak the wind that whirls the sleet and snow in billows around them, as they make their way from the train to a carriage. They are glad to enter it, and escape being swept off their feet by the furious northern blast. A long ride through wide streets, that follow canals and gardens all in wintry robes. They stop before a very high grey stone edifice. The Swiss reads the card Luba hands him. "Receive my friend and her two maids. Signed M. M. Y." He was prepared to receive them and showed Luba the way. Luba conducted her companions up many flights of stairs into a suite of splendid

rooms. The mistress and one "maid" were soon served with breakfast. Luba waited upon them. The meal over, Luba disappears. The mistress withdraws, after reading over the morning papers brought to her by the Swiss. She does not concern herself about her second "maid," who sits quiet and thoughtful, even when left *alone* in the lofty room. She is not long alone; Luba returns, gathers up the luggage, sorts it carefully, selects certain portions and says, "Follow me!" in a cold, harsh tone.

Blandine, for Blandine is the second maid, has no choice but to obey. She follows her guide up a flight of stairs, broad and steep, that lead to a spiral staircase. This too they mount, and Blandine stands in an immense chamber, the full extent of the suite of apartments beneath. It is cheerless, not warm.

There is a window at its utmost extremity, a single bed, a low couch, a chair or two and a table. "Go to bed, and sleep, miss," says Luba, "you will not be disturbed."

Although Sophie had assured her that she would have nothing to fear from the presence of the Colonel for a month at least, she keeps ever on the alert for sudden surprises. She never wholly disrobes, never gives herself to willing sleep till the gift of confidence and hope comes to her, as if from heaven, in answer to her fervent prayers. Now she yields, and is comforted by sleep; she eats and her bodily frame resumes its vigor, her mind its elasticity. More than a third of the month passes before Mlle. Donzelli pays her a visit. She expects to find her tired of her prison. She looks keenly at the young girl as she bids her take a seat near her. They face each other. Blandine, clear-eyed, her head high, looks straight into the eyes that do not meet her gaze frankly.

"Are you still opposed to your own good, to your own happiness?" she asks.

"What good, and what happiness, Mademoiselle?"

"The good of a wealthy, a brilliant marriage. The happiness of being adored, as you will be, by your husband."

"Mademoiselle, what have I ever done to you, that you should be my enemy, and force upon me a thing so hateful? You know I cannot give myself away, as you would wish; neither can I love this gentleman."

"That is not necessary. He will teach you. He will find a way to make you happy in spite of yourself. You may therefore learn the truth now, and be well assured that you will never leave this room till he comes to take you from it as his wife. He loves you well enough to give you time, nay he *insists* upon giving you time, although, were he of my way of thinking, he would take you without needless delay. But he is chivalrous, and desires to touch your heart, if you have one, by giving you time. He *forces* me to give it, although I should be now on my way to the Crimea. This house was placed at my disposal for a month. One month, therefore, is the limit of his or my utmost endurance. Remember you are in my power, and I am not one to yield."

Blandine arose and stood before the speaker. Claspings her hands, she raised her eyes to heaven with a look of appealing love. "You say I am in your power, Mademoiselle; but if I am, I am also in God's power, and in His care. Never, no never, will I consent to what you ask; it would be too sinful. Do your worst, I am not friendless or forsaken!"

Mlle. Donzelli laughed. "Baby heroics! You have powerful friends, I doubt not. Some of the Saints you are so fond of will show them in a vision where you are and lead them here to set you free. I fancy them passing through my apartments. At the foot of this staircase there is a double-barred door. That door opens into my private rooms. There will be a sentinel there during my absence, be well assured. I give you one more chance. A child's word is

easily changed from 'no' to 'yes'; I must leave you now; which shall it be, my dear?" The tone was playful, mocking. Blandine turned away and let her depart without another word. She was glad she knew the worst. Sophie's words were confirmed. She determined to be confident in God's mercy; not to yield to fear, which was unworthy of a child of Mary. She had time to pray, to prepare her soul, to be ready for the worst; the worst would be death. She felt she could not live if their threats were carried to their issue. Her death would mean sorrow for her dear second mother, but once she would learn she was free, in heaven with her parents, she was sure to see in the pain God's will.

Only one week remains. Suddenly the food supply ceases. The visits cease altogether, and a cup of water and a crust are placed by an unseen hand at the door. Blandine takes the bread eagerly. Poor hungry child! She feels sure that she is going to die, and that death will soon unbar the doors of her prison. She is so weak she can hardly cross the room now; but she rises, and tries to hide her weakness when Luba comes, on the last day of the month, and bids her follow her. She is almost past taking notice of what they do or say, when told to make her toilet.

"Make her toilet?" Yes, why not? It will be a preparation for her grave. She is glad to make such a toilet; she is eager to begin. "Yes, Luba," she says obediently, "I will." And she makes her toilet, aided by the woman, who looks at her with something like pity in her hard black eyes. The pure water revives her, the pungent odor of the perfumes excites her, gives her strength to go through with the labor. She is clothed in bridal robes, from satin corset to satin slippers. But the strength was fictitious, and before the last touches are given Blandine has sunk down unconscious.

"Quick, Luba, the smelling salts from

my table!" Luba flies down the stairs. Mademoiselle walks up and down impatiently for a minute. She goes to the staircase, glances down, calls—no answer, and no sign of Luba returning. She comes back, sees the still unconscious form, and in desperate impatience hastens down after the dilatory maid. Blandine is alone, the door stands wide open. When she uncloses her eyes from the long swoon, and realizes what has been passing, sees her satin gown and the bridal veil lying by her side, she strives to rise, to cast herself into the arms of her Blessed Mother, to be delivered from this hour. She clasps her crucifix, which they would fain have taken from her and replaced by a necklace of gems, but her gentle supplication unarmed the cruel hand that would have undone the clasp of Margaret's chain, and she has the precious token still. She kisses it with pallid, trembling lips; kisses the souvenir medal and thinks one rapid thought as she holds it to her lips, "God bless the giver, who is doing God's work under difficulties." She sees the open door. Oh, if she only had strength to fly! But she knows well that the enemy is not far off, that the jailer below is barring the road with her own person. How long they leave her to herself! She hears them now. Voices—a man's voice! "O God! O Sacred Heart of Jesus! O Mary, my mother!" She gasps out these anguished appeals. The step is on the stairs. "Thy will be done, O God!"

"This way! Follow me!"

That voice could have recalled her from the grave. A swift step; another, a lighter step. But Blandine hears them not. One little cry of joy when she sees the face of her deliverer, and she knows no more. Strong arms bear her from her prison, loving eyes look upon her, tender hearts are gathered around her. Before she knows where she is, her beloved second mother is reading the despatch: "Found. All well. Coming soon." Oh, the joyful day at Dacre!

"Man proposes, God disposes."



How often we quote this solemn truth, and how seldom do we trust *fully* in its promise. God has provided for Blandine of Betharram a very different destiny from that proposed by man. He *did* send His angel, to guide the steps of those who were to save and set her free. Mlle. Donzelli *did see them* pass through her double barred doors. She bows her proud head with shame and confusion when John of Bethlehem, bearing his unconscious burden, passes out, followed by Antony Dacre and Nan Clough. She bows it lower still, when she recognizes Nan. She is not slow to guess that Daria will have knowledge of her defeat. She is not left long to brood over Daria's triumph. There are questions she must answer to the authority now in charge of her apartments. It would be un-Christian to triumph over her. It is pleasanter to look at Blandine herself, where she lies, white and still, but smiling and happy. How often, in her long days and nights of solitary musing, has she not fancied herself here, protected by good Madame Blank. It is the motherly face of that noble lady that bends over her now to tell her she must give no thanks at all to John of Bethlehem for hastening from his work to rescue her, because it was all self interest on his part from the first. And Blandine blushes, and looks so lovely that Nan, who is nurse, governess, companion, everything, hides her face to weep for joy.

John of Bethlehem must hasten back to his people ; but he asks a question of Antony Dacre before setting out. Uncle Antony, speaking for godmother Margaret and himself, whispers something in Blandine's ear that makes her blush again and hide her face. Uncle Antony has to repeat the question, and in the end take silence, a blush and a smile, for answer.

"A whole year !" cries John of Bethlehem.

"*Only one little year,*" exclaims godmother. But long or short it was a happy year, that one year at Dacre, a

memorable year. Does any one need to be told how Blandine passed her days at Dacre with her godmother and dear Uncle Antony ; with those wonderful little ones, Antony the Second and Blandine of Dacre, and Baby Francis ?

Some one else is waiting for that day. Sister Noella, the tireless, the laborious, the wholly unselfish, who, as her contribution to the sum of prayers offered for Blandine's safety, generously relinquished of her own accord the happiness of founding the English house of her order. O golden deed ! What pleasant reading does the record of such "golden deeds" make ! What pleasant work to compile them, too !

Nan Clough has to hurry away from Dacre to her great regret. Rand needs her. Cyprine needs her. Jo and Nannette need her most of all. Mother Matteus has been suddenly called from them ; suddenly, but not without preparation. Penitent, and resigned, and *absolved*, she closed her eyes, commending "good Nan" to Cyprine to the last.

Nan stops at Paris to give Daria all the news. One little secret Blandine has bound her over to keep faithfully.

Daria is not very well satisfied with Nan this time. There is a little tinge of jealousy at the bottom of her discontent. Nan has had such privileges ! *She has seen Daria's "little angel,"* as Daria most frequently calls Blandine. Besides, she expected to draw largely on Nan's sympathy in a certain matter, and, in return for her appeal, received—only advice. The owner is coming to take possession of the house at the end of the year, and asks *her*, "*Daria*," to remain with his wife ! "A thing I will never consent to," cries Daria. "I shall serve only that little angel ; and, if I cannot serve her, I will find a way to live near her, even if I have to be in that island, that English land. You say she is happy, Ania ?" Nan had said it fifty times at least already. "Stay with the new family, Daria ; you may like them, and you shall see your little angel

some day. Have I not told you they were all coming to France, and to Betharram, and she loves you? She will want to stop and see you, I know."

Daria was highly indignant. "I thought you knew me better, Anna Ivanovna, than to think I would be satisfied with just a visit. I want to be *with her*, and I will never again serve any one unless it be a *real Vallinski*."

"Patience, Daria! Do nothing in a hurry!"

"Patience!" mutters Daria. "Patience! Patience has been my meat and drink since she went from here! I'm like to die of patience!"

But Daria did not die of that gentle virtue. On the contrary, she thrived on it. Setting to work to prepare the house for its new owner, the time passed so rapidly that she could hardly give a thought to her own work—the work of preparing for her departure for the new life she was to lead in some strange land. No! no! she would *not* serve the new master and mistress.

All is ready. The day is come that sees Daria lay down her sceptre. She has donned the plum-colored gown, ready to depart, as soon as the new mistress makes her appearance, and as soon as she can deliver the keys into her hands. She has the keys, a heavy load they are, in the pockets of the great black silk apron, that protects her new gown.

The bell has rung. Some one walks smiling down the hall towards her.

"Anna Ivanovna! how strange that you should come to-day, when I cannot so much as ask you to take off your bonnet. I am myself ready to depart. But do sit down and rest at least a few minutes. What if you wait till they come? Then we might go together to the quiet lodging house, where I expect to stay for a few days."

"I will wait willingly, Daria." Nan tried to keep a grave face. "How soon will they be here?"

"At any minute. There they are now!"

There was great commotion in the hall; but the door was closed at last. Daria saw nothing of those who had entered. Standing modestly, with downcast eyes, well in the background of the group of servants new and old, she waited to give up her keys. Some one is coming towards her. It is the new mistress. Daria makes a low courtesy without raising her eyes.

"And has Daria no word of welcome for her old friend?"

Daria's answer was a loud cry of love. On her knees, clasping Blandine's feet, kissing them in spite of restraining hands, now looking up into the face of her new mistress, again prostrating herself at her feet—it was a sight that made the lookers-on weep and smile at the same time. "O, my angel! O, the blessing come back to us! O, my barina! my barina!" cries the faithful creature.

"And the keys, Daria? I hear you wish to give them up. Shall I take them?"

Daria, a little puzzled, drew them forth. Still on her knees she placed them in the outspread hands, and a little pang of jealousy smote her. Nan had told on her, and perhaps would take the keys herself now.

"Are there no more, Daria?"

Daria had no more; but Gregory and the chief maid had plenty. Blandine took them all.

"Hold your apron, Daria." Daria held her apron wide, and Blandine dropped in the whole mass of keys. Then stooping she kissed her tenderly. "Take them, Daria, you are my *kloutchnitza* (1) now; you will not refuse the charge, will you? May I take off my bonnet, Daria, and can you venture to give me a cup of tea?"

Nan was laughing with good will at Daria's discomfiture, her shamefaced confusion and happiness, all uniting to make her nearly hysterical with

(1) Keeper of the keys.

joy. Daria shook her fingers at her. "O, you cunning creature ! Could ever any one suppose you could act such a roguish part !" They laughed together with heartfelt content for the happiness they both had such a large share in.

Sister Noella is preparing for another pilgrimage ; preparing to receive once more a group of English pilgrims. And each pilgrim has some special reason for thanks, not even excepting the babies. As for Margaret and Antony, we know what they have to be thankful for. Sister Christmas and Father Francis would be thankful under any circumstances. The latter is particularly thankful now for having reached Dacre in time to bless the nuptials of the happy couple, who have most cause for gratitude. They think, John and Blandine of Bethlehem, that the longest life will be all too short, though they fill the years with acts of thanksgiving, for the surpassing mercies vouchsafed them both.

And Nan Clough and Daria, comparing notes as to what they have received from heaven, find plenty to talk about in that chapel of Betharram as well as on its Calvary.

Blandine herself is among the Blandines, the old friends and the new. She has brought a stranger to introduce to them ; one she is going to leave amongst them. "My friend Zoe," she says, "Zoe Mark." And Zoe is glad to be here. She would not return to Karloff for a mint of money, although there is a new mistress over the workers at the *ouvroir*, and the mistress who takes Blandine of Betharram for her model. Sophie is herself mistress now, not only of the *ouvroir*, but of Karloff Domain, thanks to the generosity of her cousin Sacha. Mr. Barde found out (if he did not always know), that Karloff Domain had once been in the market, that it had been purchased by the wife of the great Vallinski for her baby daughter, Blandine's mother. The great Vallinski's interest in Madame Karloff and their subsequent union caused this to be forgot-

ten. But Mr. Barde, if he knew it earlier, was no longer willing to cover up the fraud.

Sacha Vallinski had never been legally disinherited, so her daughter would be quite rich enough without this one estate. Blandine was glad her husband saw no objection to her giving it over to poor Sophie, her cousin.

No, even without Karloff, Blandine would not be poor. Apart from the portion settled on her on her wedding day by her beloved godmother, there was among Margaret's papers the letter so long unread, which gave to the daughter of her cousin Rick Dunroby the right to claim her father's estate. The husband of Mrs. Moore had speculated with his friend's money, had enriched himself by it ; and, before he could make good principal or interest, death claimed him. That much was Blandine's rightful portion of Mrs. Moore's great wealth.

But Blandine, and John of Bethlehem, and Margaret, and Antony, think little of wealth that can be lost.

Anon we shall see them, asking at the very Fountain Head, at Paray-le-Monial, for those best and most perfect gifts, the love of the Sacred Heart itself, the protection of Mary the Immaculate Mother, the help of St. Joseph, the dear foster father. Sister Christmas kneels there, too, and she is asking that all mothers may choose for their children what the wise mother of Blandine of Betharram and Bethlehem, chose for her child : the fatherhood of God and the motherhood of Mary. Oh, how many more souls would be gained for Jesus, if they would only choose thus wisely ! There is plenty of work for Blandines to-day. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus increase the *Blandine spirit* in every heart. May His sweet Mother, either by her title of Our Lady of Betharram, or by whatever title her children invoke her, obtain for them the grace to become *her faithful servants*, in which case they may call themselves Blandines too. Whether it be of Betharram, or Paray-le-Monial,

or Lourdes, so they are *hers*, they are most assuredly faithful servants also of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. That this high and holy destiny may be the lot of every one, is the prayer of

THE AUTHOR OF BLANDINE OF BETHARAM.

Lourdes, Feast of St. Juliana Falconieri.  
June 19, 1899. *Deo Gratias!*

## THE CARMELITE SISTERS AND THEIR SCHOOLS IN MANGALORE.

A SERIES of articles has already appeared in the MESSENGER on a particular set of Apostolic works in the diocese of Mangalore,—viz. the conversion and the still more laborious task, the education, of the converted pagan. The interest, thus awakened in this little corner of the globe, encourages us to continue the narrative. We confine our remarks to that part of the female population which comes under the beneficent influence of the schools established by the Catholic Mission. The Mission or diocese of Mangalore comprises the two districts of North Malabar and South Canara. These two districts, though wonderfully alike in other respects, are vastly different with regard to their people, language and customs.

The population of Malabar consists chiefly of the ancient Dravidians, whom the Aryans drove to the south of the peninsula of India. They are a dark-complexioned people, mild and docile. Their language is Malayalim. In South Canara, the same race of Dravidians speak the Canarese language. In this notice we shall have little to say about the girls of this race. Until now they have availed themselves but slightly of the educational opportunities at their command. In Malabar, the bulk of the school-going girls are descendants of Europeans, and they go by the name of Eurasians. By far the greater number are Portuguese, the rest are of English descent, or at least bear English surnames. It goes without saying, that all

the former are Catholics, while the latter are generally Protestants. In dress, language, manners and customs, all imitate the English standard as closely as possible. All traces of the Portuguese, except the surnames, are being rapidly obliterated. The language, from want of due cultivation, has been much corrupted, and English is taking its place in almost all homes. As a rule, the people are not in easy circumstances. They are neither landed proprietors nor high officials. Besides, their attempts at European finery are a heavy drain on their already scanty resources.

The corresponding school-going class in Mangalore, South Canara District, are of an altogether different race. Descendants of the Aryans, they stand out in striking contrast with the more ancient inhabitants, the Canarese-speaking Dravidians. They are of a comparatively fair complexion, with regular features. Previous to their descent into the district they now inhabit, they lived in the district of Konkan, which lies some way northwards. Hence, this branch of the great Aryan family are called Konkany Brahmins and their language Konkanee. It is a corruption of Sanscrit, and a mere dialect. This circumstance ought to be a serious obstacle to their civilization, and how it is overcome will be shortly seen. Though in appearance and cultivation they are on a par with their Eurasian sisters, being pure natives, their manners and customs are peculiar and very much like those of Eastern nations. We are now dealing with the Christian

portion of this interesting race. Their Christianity is of the sixteenth century and they owe it under God to the Apostle of the Indies, the great St. Francis Xavier. Tradition has it that he not only gained them to God, but translated all the prayers and doctrines into their language, setting them to easy tunes, quickly caught and retained. Moreover it is maintained that the picturesque dress of the women especially was conceived in his mind. It aims only at cleanliness and modesty, leaving no room at all for vanity. The woman never leaves her house without being closely veiled from the top of her head to the feet, so that you see absolutely nothing of her.

As a girl she went in frocks of the simplest cut. Her head, when out of doors, was veiled in a thick ample handkerchief, *red* being the color of choice. When old enough to manage the native dress of a young girl, she donned the small *sadee* and jacket, a garment so original in its shape and make-up, that you can see it belongs to times when the hardware of England had not yet made its way into the districts of the western coast of India. It hardly requires the use of a pair of scissors, yet this primitive garment is even now, in this civilized age, strictly adhered to. Exceptions occur when our young ladies have chances to put in an appearance in cities like Madras and Bombay. One of the drollest things about their dress is the complete metamorphoses they undergo within a week. See a girl at home on a non-school day, you will find her in her pure native attire; then, next day at school, she appears midway between European and native; finally, on Sunday every trace of the native has disappeared.

The average age when school life commences is between six and seven years. Still a good many begin at the age of four. As a rule the little girl appears in school a perfect blank. Not only has she to begin her A, B, C, but the very

first ideas of Catholic truth have to be instilled. If her mother be specially careful, she will have taught her little daughter to make the sign of the Cross and to say the Our Father. Here ends maternal care with regard to education. Very fortunate it is for these little ones that good Christian schools await them to make them real practical Christians. One of the Fathers, a parish priest, has remarked that, wherever he went, he found the young folks well tended and cared for as far as bodily wants are concerned. There is no such thing as a nursery. The mother's chief occupation is the culinary department. The children, when once regularly fed and washed, are left to look after themselves. Well-to-do families employ a girl or woman to look after the children. The fate of the children, their first impressions of good and evil, necessarily depend upon these very ignorant and coarse servants. These servants, though Christian, and generally very affectionate towards the young charges, have little or no feeling of innate modesty or delicacy. Their mode of ruling is mainly by means of foolish fear. A child is hushed with the threat that some wild beast is near, or some poor beggar is at the door ready to swallow him. Not only is the child's courage sapped in early infancy, but a spirit of lying and deceit is engendered, taking so strong root that ten years of school life are hardly enough to eradicate it. It is pitiful to see with what amazing facility young children forge lies and uphold them without either shame or fear. It is a consolation to notice that the older girls look upon a lie as quite a disgrace.

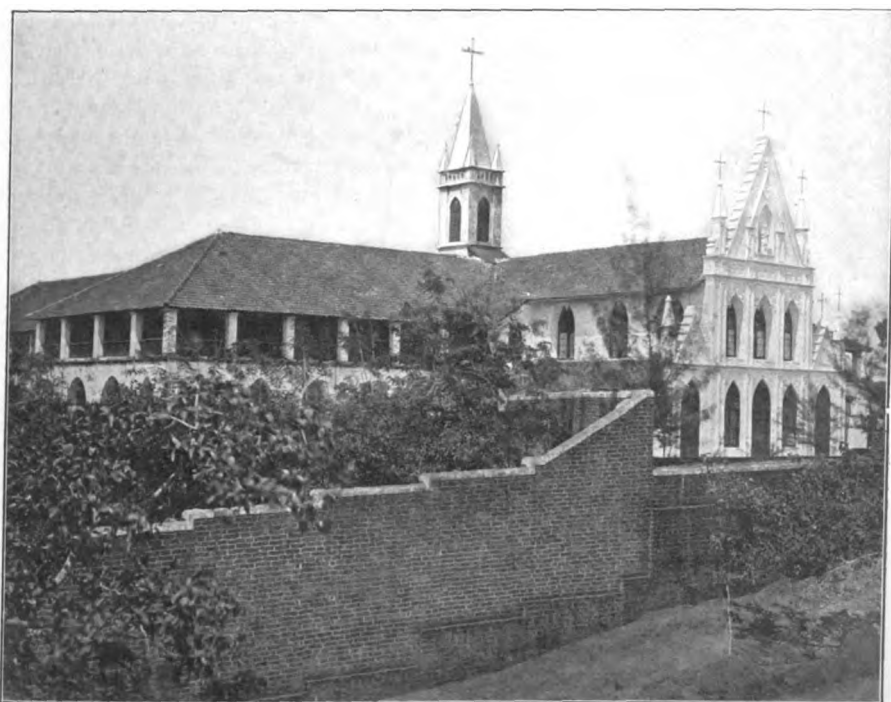
Young children are indispensable attendants at all visits and conversations of the most private nature. It is supposed they are too young to understand. They must be present at funerals, while a wedding would be quite a blank without a large gathering of them. Here a wedding celebration takes the place of balls, parties of pleasure and everything in that line. It is not uncommon to have years

of good work destroyed by attendance at one wedding.

The bright studious girl returns looking languid and tired of school work, longing for other scenes and pleasures. I remember once how a little five-year-old when she had witnessed a very beautiful *Corpus Christi* celebration, and was asked how she liked it, answered : "It is nothing like a *Cazar* (wedding feast), when so many ladies in red sadees gather together in the *pendal*." These

ring their school tasks to all the pageantry and excitement of a wedding feast.

The average girl stays in school some seven years. During this time she acquires a fair knowledge of English, an accomplishment most desired and appreciated, as it greatly enhances her future position in the world. It is usually the mother that introduces her little one into school. The parting is quite a simple affair. The little girl spies a familiar face and quietly takes her seat in close prox-



CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART AND CONVENT OF THE CARMELITE CLOISTERED NUNS, MANGALORE.

wedding festivities invariably last two days and are preceded and followed by dinner parties. It goes without saying, that they are serious interruptions to school work, especially when it is known that a very great number of the Konkany-speaking Christian community are in some way or other interrelated. At present, however, school influence has so far won, that girls naturally so fond of holidays and pleasures, overcome themselves and resist their relatives, prefer-

imity to it. The mother without ceremony goes home. It would seem that the mother is ashamed to let her affection for her child appear. Before the eyes of people she deals with it in an off-hand way. Whatever be the strength of her maternal affection, there certainly is not that power of love which a Christian and well-cultured mother ought to exercise over her children. As far as the little one knows, its bad behavior pains nobody, and it generally grows thoroughly self-

willed, mother and servants having to yield to all its whims. Some mothers are proud to declare that their children have never been crossed in their wishes. Once in the hands of their teachers these youngsters are remarkable for their docility.

The infants are taught under the kindergarten system. Their work and play, or rather play-work, is so arranged that they enjoy all desirable variety. No child after tasting the pleasures of school-life is tempted to play truant. One of the most wonderful features of their school training is their education in English with a foreign language for vehicle. This regards especially the Mangalore children. Their mother tongue is Konkany. They come to school not knowing a word of English. The teacher gives all orders and directions in English. The new comers at first act like machines. Within a few weeks they understand the usual orders and soon after begin to lisp in English. After one year in school they are not allowed to use within the school premises anything but English. The teaching of English is the primary requisite, as it is made the medium of instruction and education.

Not so among the boys. These are taught the vernacular of the district, Canarese, and they receive all instruction through it till they emerge from the primary grade. We have reason to congratulate ourselves on the system adopted for the girls. Every one knows that the European tongue is more educative. Besides, their being set early to it gives them an advantage over their brothers in the same stage of education, at least with regard to fluency, purity and correctness of accent. It has been observed by all the inspectors of our schools, that the Konkany-speaking native Christians have more of an aptitude for correct English accent than the other girls. This circumstance, along with their facial appearance, makes visitors incredulous about their native origin. In oral examinations, our pupils have to pay the penalty of this superior-

ity. The concessions usually allowed to natives are withheld from them.

The school is divided into three departments, viz : the primary, lower secondary and upper secondary. Promotion into a higher department is determined by public government examinations. Of such as stand the primary examination test, some thirty per cent. persevere until the lower secondary, and hardly five per cent. till the upper secondary final test, which is the matriculate examination of the University of Madras.

Our girls seem to enjoy school life. Whether it is a love of knowledge or pleasant company that forms the attraction, can be hardly be determined. They are to be ready in school at 9 o'clock and are dismissed at 4.30, with an interval of one hour and three quarters between morning and afternoon classes. Twelve o'clock is dinner hour. Most of them have their dinner brought to them, they live so far away from school. The interval is meant for play and meals, but only the happy youngsters can so use it. They throw themselves heartily into it, grudging the few minutes required for their meals. The older girls have to make the most of recreation hour to get their afternoon tasks ready. It must be noted that the curriculum of studies is rather formidable. It is one and the same for both boys and girls ; but the latter have to bear the burden on weaker frames, with more frequent interruptions during the day. They must do their share of domestic work at home, and must at school devote several hours a week to plain and fancy needle work. In the upper secondary department the young candidate for matriculation has to set aside every other occupation. Both parents and children are stolidly indifferent to success in any public government examination. If it suits their purpose to withdraw their daughters but one month before an examination, nothing can deter them from the step. Putting together numerous circumstances falling under our own observation, we can assert that

the girls continue in school not only in spite of coldness on the part of parents, but even in the face of opposition. Attendance in all the schools of the mission is very good, and punctuality is made a point of strict importance. This regular attendance is admirable, considering the heaviness of rain-storms during the southwest monsoons. Other schools make holidays of very wet days. Among us such holidays are unknown.

Another thing worthy of notice is the

high schools, the two others lower secondary. At Calicut, adjoining the convent and English school, there is a native lower secondary school wherein Malayalam is taught as the principal language, and only secondary attention given to English. It is a steadily progressing school, and, though opened with only some orphan girls from the convent asylum, the highest officials of the place now send their daughters to it.

The St. Ann's school at Mangalore



GROUP OF KONKANY NATIVE CHRISTIAN GIRLS AND WOMEN OF MANGALORE, SHOWING COSTUMES WORN AT HOME AND OUT DOORS.

fact that our girls work heartily and perseveringly without the incentive of rewards. Prize distributions come at very long intervals, and even if they came not at all, they would not be missed. It must redound to the honor of religion that the Catholic girls' schools on the western coast are among the best in the Madras presidency. At present there are four large English schools in the four principal stations of the mission, Calicut, Cannanore, Tellicherry, and Mangalore. The Mangalore and Calicut schools are

is the parent and support of all the other schools in the mission. It was opened in the year 1859, when the mission was in the hands of the Carmelite Fathers. The French Sisters of the Congregation of St. Joseph of the Apparition were first in charge of the convent and school at Mangalore. At that time female education was quite a novelty, but people showed their appreciation of the gift by readily sending their daughters to school, those in out-stations placing them as boarders in



charge of the Sisters. The fruits of that early education are still evident in the very worthy mothers it has produced. Their education was simple and solid. It is to be regretted that so much is expected nowadays of girls. They are overburdened, and, what is worse, unfitted for the commonest duties of domestic life. The convent occupied by the Sisters had been used as the Bishop's Seminary. It is said that primarily it was a fort, and the deep trenches, which even now surround it on two sides, attest the truth of the statement. The premises are extensive, secluded and healthy. But the convent, intended originally for about ten Sisters, is much too small for the present number, thirty-three. The Sisters of St. Joseph had to leave the Mission in 1870, when they were succeeded by the Tertiary Carmelites, of whose origin and work we mean to say something later.

The Sisters of St. Joseph had opened a convent and school at Calicut in the year 1861, and, three years previous to their departure, had transferred their convent from Mangalore to Cannanore. The Mangalore Convent School had become nearly extinct. In December, 1870, on the arrival of the Tertiary Carmelites, the former pupils with great joy gathered once more in the deserted school rooms, and from that time the history of the school is one of steady progress. Beginning with some forty pupils, it now counts more than 250 pupils on its rolls. In the year 1874, an increase of attendance necessitated the building of a large school to accommodate 150 girls. Half the cost was met with government building grants, the rest fell wholly on Mission funds. Towards the end of the year 1878, the Mission passed from the Carmelites to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. Their well-known keen-sightedness for anything contributing to the greater glory of God, soon opened out a new field of labor till then never dreamed of by the Sisters. Hindoo Brahmins are very numerous and in-

fluent in Mangalore. What is more interesting, they are of the same race, caste and tongue as our Christians. While the male portion of the community availed themselves with avidity of the education provided for them in profusion, there was nothing but apathy among them with regard to female education. A small school had been opened for Hindoo Brahmin girls by the Protestant Basel Mission. But that Mission labored under several disadvantages. First of all, the teachers supplied by them were taken from among low caste orphan girls. This one fact was repugnant enough to Brahmin pride. Besides, these teachers were wholly ignorant of the caste girls' mother tongue, Konkany. If they attracted any girls to their school, they owed it largely to profuse prize-giving and free teaching. The European ladies of the Mission, with a zeal worthy of a higher purpose, visited the Hindoo houses with assiduity. No wonder that a new school for Hindoo Brahmin girls, opened by the Catholic Mission, was anything but agreeable to them. Had not the Inspector of Schools (a Protestant, of course) taken the matter to heart, and represented to the Director of Public Instruction, that the opening of the school by the Catholic Mission would contribute much toward female education, the school could never have been built.

No sooner was permission granted, than a site was purchased in the heart of the Hindoo quarters. The British government, true to its policy of neutrality in matters of religion, sanctioned and passed a building grant, one-half of the total estimated cost, and supplemented it later on by a furniture and library grant. All the teachers (six) are aided by government salary grant. The school was inaugurated in the Queen's Jubilee year, 1887, by the Director of Public Instruction under the name: 'The Victoria Caste Girls' School. A prominent place was given to the first newcomers that day. They formed a picture not to be



ST. ANN'S CONVENT, MANGALORE.—SISTERS' REFECTORY AND DORMITORY.

forgotten. The little ones ran in and squatted on the benches. Finding it uncomfortably warm, they pulled off the little jackets they wore and for sure protection sat on them. Their mild, pretty faces contrasted strangely with their wild movements and looks. The poor little things were bewildered at all the novel sights, and most of all at the Sisters' religious habits. Of their own accord they called their teachers *Saibtni*, which means ladies. At present, after the lapse of twelve years, things look very different. The school, up to June, 1894, was so well attended that the Inspectress of girls' schools, looking on them with pleasurable pride, declared to her assistant: "This is my best attended Hindoo school." There were then seventy-five Hindoos on the rolls. It was agreed with the Educational Department, that the proportion of Christians to Hindoos should be as one to three. Otherwise the school would not be popular with the Hindoos.

We adopted a policy widely different

from that of our Protestant neighbors. From the beginning, school-fee was enforced, and emulation by prize was sparingly used. Neither did we invite children to come to our school, never once visiting them in their homes. In spite of this, children preferred our school, and our Protestant neighbors, after failing to reclaim the pupils that deserted them in numbers every year, laid their complaint before the Inspectress. But when the Inspectress examined the little emigrants and saw for herself that the choice of our school was free and voluntary, she could not help noticing that the superior teaching was the attraction. All six teachers are Tertiary Carmelites, attached to the community at St. Ann's. Besides the grace of Christianity and special vocation, our Sisters have several advantages over the others. First of all, they are of the same race and tongue as the pupils for whom the school has been opened. Then, they are all certificated teachers, and English has become their adopted mother tongue. This school,

from its foundation, has enjoyed the good grace of government inspectors and inspectresses. God in his infinite goodness has provided us with this support because He thought it necessary. Thus the Sisters are free to spend all their energies in removing obstacles that come from Hindoo customs and prejudices. The first and foremost comes from their inconstancy joined with extreme parsimony. A girl will to-day with much ado seek and obtain admission into your school, and, if during the week some petty schoolmaster tempt her with prospects of school-fee reduced by one anna or so, she will settle down in the other school until another pretext coaxes her into a third.

Thus it has come to pass that during the twelve years of our school's existence we have had a great number of admissions and removals. The rulings of the present government educational code protect recognized schools from such nuisances; but unrecognized schools have full liberty to ply the trade of attracting pupils by any means. Then, a Hindoo girl is invariably married when under the age of eleven or at most twelve years. That age is the extreme limit; the wealthier are married much earlier. It often happens that a kind parent is bent on giving some education to her child, but the mother-in-law is often jealous of the power an educated wife might exercise over her son. Hence the girl-wife is condemned to stay at home and work under the direction of her mother-in-law. The most fortunate are those whose boy-husbands are motherless. Thus it recently happened that two girls of the most distinguished families managed to stay in school up to their sixteenth year. When on their way to school they were insulted and shamed by those who could not bear to see such an innovation. One poor girl was nicknamed bicycle and the other tricycle! They were uncommonly brave to have held on their way thus hooted at in the public streets. The only way out

of these difficulties is to make the most of the time before marriage. Thus we have little girls of seven and eight years in the fourth grade.

Then comes an array of feasts and days of ceremony. These events, formerly their much longed-for pleasures, love of school has made tedious. Even little ones manage to escape the vigilance of the mother and take their seats in school. It is amusing to see the father or mother coming after them, threatening and coaxing them by turns to return and partake of the grand dinner prepared. These good Hindoo children have always proved themselves affectionate and respectful, returning periodically to see their teachers years after leaving school. The few years' education has fitted them to associate with English ladies, some of whom take a pride in their companionship. It is impossible to say what will come of this very careful training they receive, since it lasts only a short period of their early lives. Some of the more earnest among them manage to listen to the catechism taught to the Catholic girls daily before the opening of the morning school. If once reported, they have to give up the catechism and sometimes the school as well. Only a few weeks after the opening of the school, a high Hindoo official told one of the fathers how his little daughter was found kneeling in a corner of the house and signing herself with the sign of the Cross. Her mother was distressed and offered her some money if she would desist, but she would not.

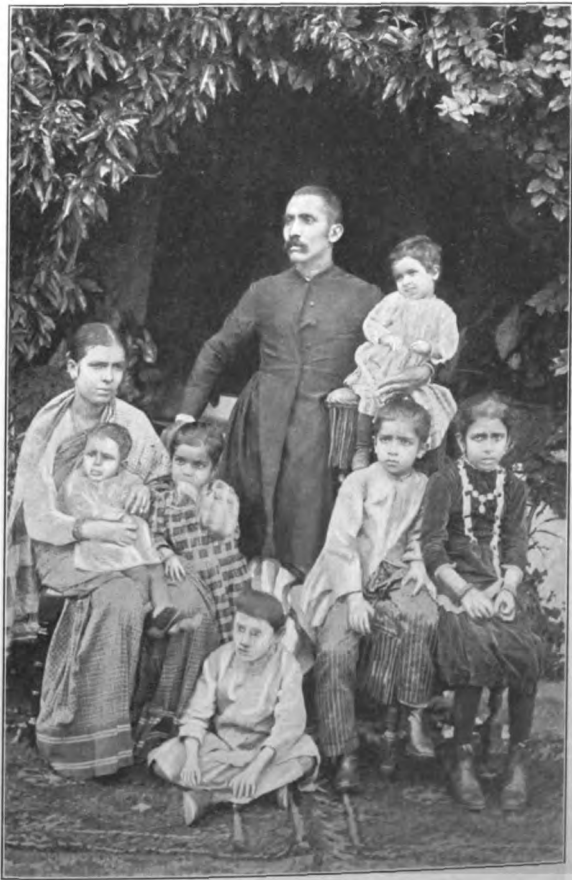
At the close of the scholastic year in 1893, we held our first and only public distribution of prizes. Hindoo girls were selected by preference to take part in a drama and a few recitations. The audience was agreeably surprised and much pleased. The ladies sought out the young performers and congratulated them warmly. The immediate result of this public display of their progress and attainments was disastrous to the school. Early in the following year

the chief among the Hindoos commenced building their first girls' school in the district, their professed object being to keep their girls in "the orthodox faith," while suitably educating them. On June 4, 1894, the school was opened under the name of *The Canara Girls' School*. Urged by their parents and threatened by their "*gurus*," Hindoo priests, all our Hindoo girls except ten flocked to the newly opened school. In less than a month, however, they turned wistfully towards the school they had so hastily left. All those who sought readmission were received. Those that expected and asked for an invitation were disappointed. Many preferred to stay at home rather than attend a school in all respects inferior to the one they had the misfortune to leave. From the girls that returned we discovered that the attraction to the Canara girls' school was the teaching of Mahratti, the language of the Puranas or sacred books of the Hindoos. Our Sisters at once set themselves to the task of learning the language. Now Mahratti is the third language taught in the school. Mahratti is written in Sanscrit characters and is derived from that language.

It is impossible to state now what will be the final result of this our work among these interesting people. The fruit we are already allowed to see and enjoy is quite consoling, though we may not now speak of it. The girls that have passed through our hands stand undoubtedly above the level of their fellows in all that is beautiful and good. The graceful modesty of their dress and behavior, their polite de-

meanor, are all that the superficial observer notices.

To return to St. Ann's school, which we called the mother of all our other schools in the Mission. It deserves the honorable title, for it supplies religious teachers to all the chief schools in the Mission, viz., St. Joseph's European and native schools at Calicut; the school of the Sacred Heart at Tellicherry; St. Teresa's at Cannanore, and St. Mary's and Victoria at Mangalore. All these schools are recognized by the Director of Public Instruction, which means that they fulfill all the conditions required by government, regarding the site, building, sanitary arrangements, furniture, apparatus, qualifications of teaching staff, and curriculum of studies.



A KONKANY CATHOLIC FAMILY.

As far back as the year 1882, the then Inspector of Schools was so well pleased with the system of training teachers adopted in St. Ann's school, that, wishing it to be extended for the benefit of other schools, the Director proposed that a normal department be opened, promising at the same time liberal aid in the shape of monthly salary and scholarship grants. It was not until the year 1888, that the community at St. Ann's were in a position to take the preliminary steps. At the opening of the second term of the year, three senior nuns were selected from three different convents and sent to be technically trained in the Presidency Training School for Mistresses. The usual term strictly enforced is always one year, but, in consideration of their practical knowledge, the period of training was reduced to six months. The Sisters of the Presentation in Madras kindly received these three Sisters, and treated them with such tender hospitality as to nearly make them forget the bitterness of exile from home. Their school life was quite a second and much stricter novitiate. Though the school element was thoroughly Protestant, the Sisters never had a single occasion to endure even a slight on account of their being religious. The lady superintendent, while exacting from them a most rigorous fulfilment of the most trifling duties of a normal student, was ever kind and considerate. All the young ladies, their fellow students, were ever respectful and affectionate and lent all their experience to help them on and make them feel at ease. At the end of the year came the practical and written teachers' tests. God rewarded their sacrifices and labors by giving them all a pass in the first class, while one headed the list of passed teachers in the Presidency. This is by no means a solitary case in the records of St. Ann's school. We must rejoice at such results as highly conducive to the glory of God. People judge of a school only by its results at the public examinations. The least

praise that can be bestowed upon the convent schools in this Mission, is that they are unsurpassed in point of buildings, sites, qualifications of teachers, and good results.

As already said, our girls readily correspond to all our wishes. As long as they continue in school they fully satisfy us. They become accustomed to habits of punctuality, industry, obedience and piety. There are girls never known for years to be late or absent from school or religious exercises. The amount of hardships they can endure is wonderful. The greater number walk long distances, and, when obliged to return home for their noonday meal, the walk in the burning sun is well nigh unendurable. A kind of piety seems to be inborn. They would like to enrol themselves in all the sodalities and have a fondness for long prayers. To meet all their spiritual ambitions there are two associations in the school. Little girls, from the time of their First Communion till the age of thirteen or fourteen, may aim at admission into the Sodality of the Holy Angels. Their distinctive badge is a medal of an angel suspended from a rose-colored ribbon. When judged fit, they are admitted into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, a privilege bestowed upon a few tried ones. Every one knows that the blue ribbon means much, and our girls make its possession the object of their desires and prayers. This Sodality was established in May, 1873, and affiliated to the *Prima Primaria* in Rome. Like other works tending to the glory of God and the reformation of manners, this Sodality met with bitter opposition in the beginning. Its rules and regulations were stigmatized in the papers, and the girls who wore the ribbon and medal were publicly laughed at and spoken against. As might be expected, many parents were adverse to their daughters' joining the Sodality. Some of them believed that the "Children of Mary" made a vow of chastity, and this was their reason for opposition. Now, not only has the

old prejudice died away, but parents themselves are much concerned to have their children adorned with the blue ribbon, a certain token of their good behavior.

The congregation is well organized, and under the protection of their Mother and Patroness, Mary Immaculate, and under the vigilant eye of the Dignitaries, the rules are strictly observed and pro-

supplied with all that is necessary—candlesticks, candles, flowers and very beautifully worked antependiums. Mass is said at this altar twice a year, on January 21, the Feast of St. Agnes, their Secondary Patroness, and on May 31. December being the month of examinations and inspection, the girls are forced to keep their Titular Feast of the Immaculate Conception quietly, but the Novena



ST. ANN'S SCHOOL BUILDING.

duce the effect for which they were framed. The weekly reunions are well attended. A beautiful altar richly decorated is always an attraction. But the fact that the altar is their own and that the decorations are left to their own ingenuity makes it doubly attractive. Our Lady is honored here under that lovely form wherein she appeared at Lourdes. With a small subscription, paid monthly or yearly by each member, the altar is

preceding the feast, and General Communion are never omitted. During the month of May the Children of Mary have fullest opportunity to show their devotedness to their heavenly Mother. Nearly the whole month forms part of the midsummer vacation, when the Sisters go out to some villa. During the year they perform every exercise under the direction of the Sisters, but during the month of May they are left entirely to their

own resources. They assemble together in the evenings at 5 o'clock, most of them walking a distance of two miles at a season when the rays of the sun are the hardest to bear. Their gardens, if they have any, are stripped of flowers and verdure for Mary's altar. Some arrange the altar, others form a choir to practise litanies and hymns. It is a most fortunate coincidence that the holidays are, so to say, blessed with the month of May. Not one attending the devotions is likely to go very wrong. It is like a mother's hold on her poor children during the most dangerous part of the year.

Both the Children of Mary and of the Holy Angels have a retreat of three days given them in the early part of the year. The most deserving girls are allowed to stay in the school day and night. They go through the exercises seriously and earnestly, the Children of Mary requiring no supervision. On the general Communion day at the end of the retreat, the Congregation supplies them with a breakfast, followed by the annual election of officers: president, counsellors and minor dignitaries. The fruit of the annual retreat is kept up by monthly days of recollection, usually the first Friday of every month. The day is spent in meditation, prayer, spiritual reading, review of the past month, and is concluded by the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The girls in all our schools persevere in the duties and practices of the Children of Mary after they leave school. When about to settle they devoutly prepare themselves for the great change by a three days' retreat, concluding with general confession and Holy Communion. Then follows the Child of Mary's farewell consecration to our Blessed Lady, wherein she implores the special protection of her heavenly Mother in this complete change of life-environment. She is to be no more the happy young girl, free from care and surrounded by teachers so devoted and companions so affectionate. No wonder that sobs choke

her utterance. This touching farewell is concluded with a Memorare by all for the welfare of their departing sister in Mary. No sooner has she become a young wife than the Sodality of Catholic Mothers, instituted under the patronage of St. Monica, receives her into its bosom.

The Apostleship of Prayer in all its three degrees was formally established in the schools by its zealous promoters, the Fathers of the local ecclesiastical seminary, in the year 1888. As its aim and practices are becoming better known there is a holy eagerness for enrolment. Nearly every child admitted to her first Communion seeks admission into the First Degree. The best use is made of this good inclination. Such or such a fault is noticed in the little candidate, and she is all fervor to correct it, to be afterwards permitted to join the ranks of the Apostles of the Sacred Heart. The most edifying and zealous among the older girls are chosen as Promoters, one for every fifteen members. Almost every one joins the Second and Third Degrees soon after admission into the First. The younger ones begin the Communion of Reparation in monthly circles. The Treasury for the intentions of the Sacred Heart is unremittingly prosperous. At the head of one of the school-rooms is a nice statue of the Sacred Heart placed within a very attractive niche. The intention-box is at the foot of the statue. These intentions tell much of the children's spirit. At least two-thirds of the favors asked are of the spiritual order; spirit of recollection, peace of soul, desire for Holy Communion, love of suffering and contempt.

The first Friday general meetings and the meetings of Promoters are regularly held. The number of children enrolled from the beginning is 492. We have now 240 active members, and all practise the second and third degrees, divided into weekly or monthly circles. Thirty-nine Promoters have received the cross, of whom sixteen are at present active Promoters. The three schools at Malabar,

viz., Calicut, Tellicherry and Cannanore, gave a total of 457 members enrolled, of whom 231 are now active members, 215 practise the second degree, and 143 the third degree, with eighteen active Promoters.

We conclude this simple sketch about the school-going girls of Malabar and Canara, with a short history of the religious Sisterhood in charge of them.

The existence of the Congregation of the Third Order of the Carmelite Sisters of the East Indies, is due to the zeal of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Marie-Ephrem, last Carmelite Bishop of this Mission, who died April 10, in 1873. As stated elsewhere in this article, the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Apparition were at work in this Mission and stationed at two houses only, one at Mangalore and the other at Calicut. That Congregation, not being in a position to supply even the Mangalore Mission with the necessary number of Sisters, and the Southern Vicariates of Verapoly and Quilon being quite destitute of convents and schools, it occurred to the then Rev. Father Marie-Ephrem to found a regular Third Order for the Missions, that they might have nuns of the same family of Mount Carmel, who should devote themselves to various works of mercy in union with the Fathers. About this time there was in the convent of Calicut a certain English nun of St. Joseph. She was Superioress there. This nun, Sister Veronica, had a desire to become a Carmelite. God made use of her to enable the zealous missionary Rev. F. Marie-Ephrem to work out his idea. It so happened that Rev. Father M. Ephrem and Mother Veronica met in Rome in the May of 1866. He there had her vocation examined by one of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who was the confessor of the Sisters of St. Joseph. When that question had been decided, Mother Veronica was



KONKANY CATHOLIC COSTUME.

allowed to enter the Carmel of Pau (France). Fourteen months after that time, by order of the Very Rev. Father Dominic, then General of the Order, Sister Veronica, made her profession in the Regular Third Order of Carmel. The Father General thought it best to begin the work in Savoy. Thither Mother Veronica went friendless and almost penniless, encouraged by letters from the Father General and Father Marie-Ephrem. There was no prospect of opening a house there, and she was allowed to return. When almost on the point of abandoning everything and re-entering the Carmel of Pau, the good religious of that convent spoke to her of a little house in Bayonne, which the Carmelites of that place had formerly inhabited. This was destined to be the cradle of the new Carmelite Third Order. After the necessary repairs, possession was taken of the house on July 16, 1868, feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel. Mother Veronica in her diary has



this statement: "A young girl from Nîmes, who became later on the first professed nun of the Apostolic Carmel, joined me at Bayonne, and we took possession of the new monastery on the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel. Certainly nothing could be less attractive; the few rooms which had formerly been occupied by tenants were somewhat clean, but the lower part of the house, paved with stone, was overrun by all the animals one finds on a farm. The old chapel of our Sisters had become a cowshed; pigs, rabbits and hares were in undisturbed possession of the rooms, which looked like dungeons, so low and dirty were they."

On July 24, 1868, Rev. Father Marie-Ephrem was nominated Bishop, and now more than ever was he in a position to be a father to the infant Congregation. He was consecrated Bishop in Trevandrum in November, 1868. The following year, in the month of August, His Lordship left for Rome. Great was the joy of the little community (they were then thirteen in number) at Bayonne to welcome their founder when in October, 1869, he visited them and received the vows of the first novice. Soon after that His Lordship started for the Council of the Vatican in Rome.

Three other novices had made their profession, and the time had come for the departure of the first three religious for the Mangalore Mission. They were all placed under the care of Rev. Mother Elias, Prioress of the little colony of Cloistered Carmelites who were to sail from Marseilles via Madras and thence to Mangalore by railroad. The voyage was sad and disastrous. The Mother Prioress and two of her daughters died on the way. Just three months after their departure the rest reached Mangalore, the end of their journey. A few months later, two more from Bayonne started for Mangalore, but they were not destined to work in India, returning soon to Bayonne. Another of their number died at Cannanore. So that

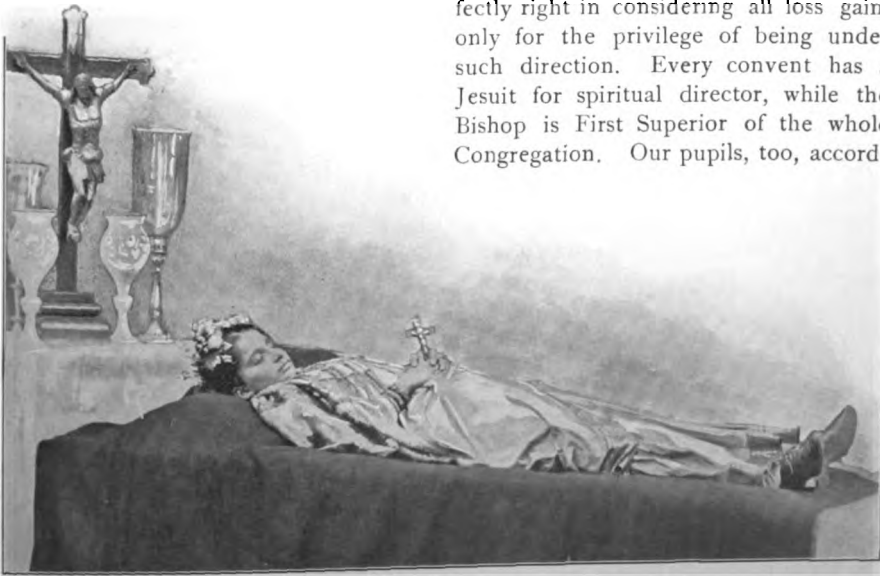
of the five religious sent out to India only two remained, one in the Mission of Verapoly and the other in that of Mangalore. As early as April, 1873, only two years and two months after the establishment of the little community at Mangalore, God took to Himself Mgr. Marie-Ephrem, their founder and father and single earthly stay. It was a moment of terrible trial, for events were happening which finally resulted in the dissolution of the mother-house at Bayonne. God Himself at this time nurtured the tender plant so bruised and abandoned in its first stage of existence. Otherwise it must have utterly perished. By this act of special Providence He proved that it was His own work and not the work of man. The little root from the withered tree of Bayonne, just transplanted to a strange and hard soil, sent forth such shoots that now it stands a goodly tree. St. Ann's school, and especially the boarding house attached to the convent, have fitly been called the Seminary for vocations. The girls on the western coast, unlike their sisters of the opposite coast, have a natural liking for piety, and it is probably this inclination that makes them look forward to the religious life with yearning. Even years before the establishment of the Carmelite Tertiaries in India, there were postulants here impatiently awaiting their arrival to be admitted among them. In the beginning little more could be expected from candidates for admission than a real vocation, but later on, Superiors were in a position to accept only such as joined the advantages of a thorough education with a true vocation. In St. Ann's school, at least, perseverance up to the end of the school-course, is almost unfailingly an indication of one's intention to become a religious. Hence the "flower" of our schools are to be found among the ranks of religious, either with the Carmelite cloistered nuns, in their beautiful convent of the Sacred Heart, Mangalore, or with the Tertiaries. Of late another way has been opened for

those less favored by circumstances, or without a vocation to regular religious life. These are admitted into the Society of Ursulines. It is needless to state that by far the greater number seek admission among the Sisters who trained them. Of the seventy-five Sisters, living and dead, who since the beginning have been admitted into our Congregation, all, with the exception of the religious sent from Bayonne, have been educated in our schools. St. Ann's school has supplied fifty-one; Calicut, eleven; Cannanore, nine; and Tellicherry, three. The total number of the Sisters now stationed in our different convents is sixty-seven. Of these, thirty-three are in St. Ann's, Mangalore; fourteen in St. Joseph's, Calicut; eleven in St. Teresa's, Cannanore; and nine in the convent of the Sacred Heart, Tellicherry.

For some years all Malabar was considered barren of religious vocations, but the final result has proved that they wanted only a little more care and cultivation. Under the able and fostering care of zealous spiritual Directors, Malabar has become fruitful. St. Ann's convent is the mother-house for

the Mission. All postulants, after having qualified themselves by passing the necessary general education tests, are admitted into the novitiate at Mangalore. Whenever possible, Superiors require candidates to secured a trained teachers' certificate before admission into the novitiate. That a school may be recognized by the government and thereby become eligible for government aid and for honors in the several public examinations, the chief condition is that it qualify according to government requirements. That all the seven schools under the Tertiary Carmelites in this Mission have been recognized, is loud enough praise for the qualifications of the teaching staff in all these schools.

> The Congregation of Tertiary Carmelites founded by the Carmelite Bishop Mgr. Marie-Ephrem, owes its vitality and growth to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, into whose charge the Mission passed on the last day of the year 1878. They have the management of all our schools, and, whenever specially needed, they give us all the support of their experience and ability. But as spiritual directors for Sisterhood and pupils, they are our greatest boon. We are perfectly right in considering all loss gain, only for the privilege of being under such direction. Every convent has a Jesuit for spiritual director, while the Bishop is First Superior of the whole Congregation. Our pupils, too, accord-



A DEAD KONKANY WOMAN.

ing to the degree of their spiritual discernment, seek the Fathers as confessors and spiritual directors. The numerous religious vocations under their fostering care are beautifully formed and strongly tried. In one word, the prospects of the Congregation are at present very encouraging, from a spiritual as well as from a material point of view. It is quite a singular fact that all the Sisters of the Congregation are re-



INTERIOR OF ST. THERESA'S CHAPEL, CANNANORE.

cruited from among the pupils of their own schools. No disadvantage has arisen from such a system. Candidates for admission are thoroughly known, even from childhood, and there exist perfect understanding and sympathy between the Sisters and their pupils. It is wonderful how the taking of the postulant's black dress and brown scapular at once invests the wearer with awe and respect. But yesterday she was one of the girls, and to-day they yield her the reverence due to a religious.

It must be owned, that all who have the welfare of the Congregation at heart would like to have European Sisters as superiors at least. This aim is never lost sight of. The dissolution of their only house in France makes the case nearly hopeless. Mother Marie des Anges, Superior General of the Congregation in the Mangalore Mission, made a visit of health to France in the summer of 1892. With all her solicitude to find fit subjects for her convents, she met with no success. It is now an affair to be left with much prayer in God's hands.

All the convent schools, by the special

exertions and kind encouragement of the Fathers, have been made self-supporting. The four convents, too, with the approbation of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, have been purchased by the Tertiary Carmelites, and are solidly and independently established in the Mission.

A beautiful little chapel has been completed for the Calicut Convent. It was sorely needed, since the poor Sisters there have been for years quite

incommodiously lodged for want of room. The best room, hitherto serving them for chapel, is now used as a dormitory.

At Cannanore, too, a nice little chapel has been completed. Its chief recommendation is its accessibility from all parts of the house. This is the only house expressly built for a convent; all the others are private houses partly fitted up as convents. The mother-house at Mangalore is the poorest building. It is said that it was originally a fort. The deep trenches about it still bear witness to the fact. The place is a secluded one and the religious can feel quite at home. Years ago the building was used as a seminary; then, it served as an orphanage. Part of it gave way and fell down during the heavy monsoons, and then for caution's sake the weaker parts had to be demolished. As it now stands, it well bears the title applied to it by a visitor, "An agglomeration of huts." Up to now, a school room served for a long time as chapel. But now a new chapel, spacious and well built, is completed. Were it only for the accom-

modation of our own pupils, a chapel of convenient size were a thing indispensably necessary. On Sundays, they come to us in great numbers from our different schools. Some are preparing for their first confession, others for their First Communion. So we have five different classes every Sunday, either for doctrine or pious meetings. The one thing most needed is a suitable and large convent. All this, not only for the sake of ensuring regularity and good order, but to prevent real vocations from being lost or unduly delayed.

## FLOWER OF THE BROOM.

*By Claude M. Givardeau.*

*(Continued.)*

### III.

IT was a warm day, though early in the spring.

Dino stood by a window, watching the little figure in the garden filling her apron with flowers.

From the sun-bonnet pushed back from her brown head, Maida sent him an occasional glance of speculation as to his early appearance. His attitude betokened infinite leisure, but his expression was not serene.

De Carnac was at his desk looking over some accounts. "Why do you keep the field, then, if you think it is a useless expense?" Dino was saying.

"What can I do with it?" retorted the old gentleman. "If you cannot get rid of the 'volunteer,' and cannot make it bring in more than a hundred a year, if that, who under heaven would buy it?"

Dino hesitated.

Maida came in from the garden and emptied her lapful of roses upon a table.

He took a seat by her and began to trim the thorns from the stems.

"I will take it off your hands," he said presently. But De Carnac was toting up figures half aloud. "I will give you a reasonable price for it. If I cannot make it pay as a ricefield, and of that I have no expectation, I will drain

it and put a mill on it. Besides, it adjoins the Place and should be a part of it."

The old gentleman paused in his addition:

"That is very magnanimous of you, Dino," he said, a little satirically; for he appreciated Dino's business capabilities. "But I will never take less than three thousand for it. You can have it at that whenever you like."

Montevarchi lifted a rose to his lips, perhaps to inhale its perfume, perhaps to conceal his expression.

"I said I would give a reasonable price for it, but—really—three thousand is three times its value—as it now stands."

"Then do not buy it," retorted De Carnac, indifferently. "I am not concerned about it. Get Welsh to look after it, if its condition so disturbs your conscience." Dino's dark eyes flashed a swift interrogation at the speaker. He waited a moment, then:

"I am only averse to planting it again, because I know you will never be satisfied with the yield. You cannot expect to be, unless you are willing to sink a good round sum in it for the next two years. The land is worn out, and, so far, you have spent nothing."

"Let it lie fallow, then," said De

Carnac, very impatiently ; "or let us advertise it for sale."

"What field is that, Cousin Gabriel?" asked Maida.

"The small one by the ferry. I thought, at one time, I would build on

"Yes : and a brilliant opportunity to die of marsh-fever," interrupted Dino.

"I will take you to the ferry some afternoon and you can smell the rice.

It is nice and musky now. Are you going to stay here all summer?" he asked



"MASS GARE OUGHTAH KNOW, 'AN MEBBE I DONE DAID 'FO' I KIN SEE HIM."

the knoll there. How would you like a pagoda there, Maida?" De Carnac.

"It would be charming," she said, leaning back to admire the effect of a deep red rose in a copper vase. "One has a lovely view of the village and the bay from that place."

"Here? You mean at Escondida?" "Yes."

"Why not? It is perfectly healthy under these pines."

"Well," said Dino, shrugging his shoulders, "keep Maida away from the

rice fields and the village after sundown, or you will have a case of fever on your hands. Do you hear?" he inquired of Maida, brushing her cheek with a huge golden Maréchal Niel.

"Certainly, I hear," she replied, putting up a hand.

"*Bene!* So when Helen Frazier begs you to spend the night in Williamsport remember to say, 'No, thank you,' and come home like a good child."

She glanced at him with a delicate scorn in lips and nostrils that moved him to inward amusement. He dearly loved the teasing task of producing one emotion after another upon her transparent countenance. Her soul always sat in her eyes. There was no one to teach her the cruel necessity of repression of feeling, the virtue of disguise. "One would imagine I had never lived all my life in a yellow fever country," she said, indignantly. "Do you suppose your rice fever can frighten me?"

"You are a foolish child," replied Montevarchi. "Listen: marsh fever takes you by the throat, strips you to the bone, and leaves scarce enough of you for decent burial. How does that description strike you?"

"As something hideous," she replied, with composure; "but those are not the things that frighten me. Besides, I have heard you exaggerate before. You have an Italian fancy for superlatives."

He laughed outright and went to the piano, watching her sensitive, changing face above the roses as he sang:

"Thine eyes so blue and tender,  
Sweetly they smile on me."

A smile did appear at the corners of her mouth. She arranged the flowers to her satisfaction, pinned one on De Carnac's coat, gave him a squeeze about the neck that sadly disarranged his column of figures, and was for slipping away.

"Do not go," cried Dino, suspending his accompaniment, "I have the roadcart and the roans. You can have the dragon laprobe, the green and blue

*gifu-chochin* and the red and yellow *hi-gasa*, if you like."

"No," she said decidedly, to his surprise, "Cousin Gabriel and I are going to the village for the mail and to do some shopping." And she went out. But in a little while he went around the veranda and tapped softly at her window.

She looked out incautiously, embowered in violet Bougainvillea, and he laughed joyously as he caught her by the wrist.

"Ah, do come; just as you are, in *Kimono* and *Kansgahi*. If you could but see yourself in that purple light——"

He would have drawn her to him, but she pushed him away, crimsoning.

"Why do you persist in treating me as if I were a child? I wish I were six feet tall. I will not go driving with you."

Bright tears hung on her lashes.

He looked at her resentful, averted figure, observed the curve of her throat revealed by the loose Japanese dress, the delicacy of the arm from which the wide sleeve had fallen, displaying the childish dimple in the round elbow, the unconscious coquetry of the jewelled pins in the gathered-up hair that was like fine brown silk.

His mischievous expression changed suddenly, his dark face grew darker, his eyes lighted up, he opened his lips to speak—then walked quickly away, and did not return to Escondida for several days.

One evening, several weeks after this, Maida came out of the village post-office with letters for the old gentleman, who was waiting for her in the buggy. Instead of taking a seat again beside him, she begged to stay with the Fraziers for the night.

"After Dino's description of rice-fever?" inquired De Carnac, holding his letters nearsightedly against his nose.

"I will be careful. Just look at the people who are obliged to spend the whole summer here, year after year.

They are never ill unless they are imprudent."

"But Dino is coming to spend the evening. Have you forgotten the duets you promised to try with him?"

"They can wait until another evening. I promised Helen, also, to spend a few days with her before they go away for the summer, and here is a little note to say they go day after to-morrow."

"Very well," replied De Carnac, smiling at her earnest face; "I see plainly you are anxious to be rid of Dino and myself. Then, good-bye. Shall I send for you to-morrow?"

"No; *come* for me, if you please," she replied.

He drove away, but Maida did not go at once to the Fraziers. She went instead to the ferry and crossed to the ricefield of which Montevarchi had been speaking. She went up the rising ground commanding a view of the village and sat down on the grass, looking seaward.

She could smell the rice plainly; a dim bluish haze hung over the fields.

The square tower of Prince William rose solidly black against the pale gold sky. Not far from it a humbler belfry, hitherto unnoted by her, lifted a cross upon its apex, and from its air-hung chime came sweetly the sound of bells across the sea. It was the hour of the Angelus, but she knew it not. She scarcely knew why she had come to the knoll, except that she had always liked the view from its molehill elevation.

But this evening she was conscious of a dull small heartache and a decided longing to be alone and indulge her melancholy for awhile.

The fact that she was doing something Dino would disapprove of, gave her a sense of contrary pleasure, as if she might be hurting him in some way. She did not think of him distinctly, but he was in the background of her thoughts, and she knew it.

She sat on the grass for some time, watching the changing tints of sea and sky. As she rose and turned her face

landward, she caught sight of a miserable cabin on the edge of the wood not far from the ferry.

She wondered casually if it was occupied as she passed it.

A distressful sound of some one in pain arrested her. She listened irresolutely at the half-open door, afraid at first to go in.

The voice was a woman's, ejaculating at intervals with the thick utterance of fever:

"Lawd sabe us!" or "Lawd hab mussy on um!" negro fashion, under stress of suffering.

Maida hesitated no longer, but entered.

Upon a rough pallet in one corner of the miserable room lay a young woman, one brown hand beating the floor, the other plucking at the bandage about her head.

She opened her bloodshot eyes as Maida's quick footstep fell upon the rude floor.

She was so light in color, her handsome face showed the red flush of fever in cheek and lip.

"Law, Miss Maida, honey! whar you come f'um? Oh, Lawdy!—muh haid ache me fitten' to bus' wide open. Doc-tah Frazier done lef' dat medsum fuh tek, but I kain' crawl fuh um, honey."

Maida took the vial from the chimney-place, and read the directions.

"He done gib me a dost two hour an' mo' ago; an' Sis' Marthy Freeman she done promuss ta come set up wid me. But haint seed um dis far. Oh—h!" rolling over with the pain at her temples.

"Then it is time for another dose," said Maida, giving it to her in a much battered pewter spoon. The woman lay back, moaning. Maida felt her hand and head with a light, cool palm, then looked about for some water. Filling a tin pan with a gourd from a bucket, she sponged off the woman's hot head and arms and bosom with her handkerchief, and poured a few cold drops into the parched mouth.

"Dat's good!" exclaimed the woman, drowsily; then, rousing: "Nemmine boddah wid me, miss, honey. Lemme die."

Maida observed her more closely.

"Are you not Zoro's wife, Lota?"

"Yes, ma'am; da' me."

"Where is Zoro? Why isn't he here looking after you?"

"Law, miss honey, he gone long 'go. T'ink he wukkin' on de railroad. He done tuk up wid he fus' wife again, dey done tell me."

"And left you like this!" exclaimed Maida. "He ought to be ashamed of himself. I shall speak to Mr. Montevarchi about it."

Lota turned her face to the wall, and threw an arm over it.

"There isn't a thing in the cabin for you to eat," continued Maida. "Have you had anything to-day?"

"Milk dis mawnin'," murmured Lota. "Sis' Marthy promuss to bring some dis ebenin', but I reck'n she done gawn to meetin'."

"I will go to the ferry for some," said Maida. "I will be back directly. What a shame!"

She went off, with indignation and pity swelling her bosom, and returned with a whiskey bottle of milk and half a candle.

The cabin was bare of everything except a decrepit stool, and the paillasse of pine trash and old quilts the sick girl lay upon. The night was bright and warm, so Maida sat in the doorway the greater part of the time, unable to endure the confined air of the cabin, and afraid to open both door and window upon her adopted patient.

She waited in vain for the advent of Sis' Marthy Freeman, and alternately dosed and fed Lota whenever she was awake.

When she slept, the weary nurse walked up and down the path before the cabin, watching the westward roll of the great constellations of the Southern skies, or trembling with fear at the

maniacal laughter of the screech-owl in the adjacent swamp.

A wan figure met the physician's eyes as he came into the cabin early the next morning on his way home from a distant plantation.

"God in heaven!" he ejaculated, startled out of his usual veneer of manner. "What in — what are you doing here, Maida?"

"Looking after Lota. She is so sick," she answered, lifting with an effort her heavy blue eyes to him.

The doctor swore softly under his breath.

"She is not used to being coddled if she is sick," he said, shortly; "and what do you suppose De Carnac will say? — You will go home with me immediately. Of all places to spend the night in — this wretched swamp-hole —"

"No," said Maida, obstinately, "I cannot leave her here alone. She is a woman and she is ill. Who will give her medicine and food? She had nothing to eat or drink all day yesterday."

"I will send someone to her," said Frazier, impatiently; "I will get the ferryman's wife. Go! get into the buggy, and tell that lazy nigger to cut across the fields."

But she shook her head.

"The ferryman's wife cannot come. I asked her last night, not wanting to run any risk. But she could not leave the children. You must get a white woman, or a colored one who has some sense, or I will stay."

"Very well," said Frazier, bluntly, thoroughly provoked, and consigning Lota in particular, and women in general, to the devil.

He put on his glasses and looked at the sick woman. He knew that she was going to die, but he said nothing to her.

While he was getting at his drugs, he said:

"What is this I hear about Montevarchi's buying this place?"



"I do not know," replied Maida, "is he going to buy it?"

"So I hear," said Frazier. "I suppose De Carnac is tired of losing money on it. But what does Dino want with it, eh?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Maida; "would you not sell it if it was yours?"

Lota stopped groaning again and lay still, looking from one to the other with eyes glittering under their bandage.

"Very likely I would," retorted the Doctor, "if I could not do any more with it than Montevarchi has done. Do you know how much,—or how little—he will give for it?"

"No, I do not," replied Maida, wondering at his inquisitiveness, not understanding the village habit of gossip.

"I should think De Carnac would get more for it at public outcry," pursued the physician. "You can tell him so for me. Montevarchi won't give him anything. Nice enough fellow, I dare say," with an irony that escaped his auditor, "but the tightest hand at a bargain I ever met with. Some of his damned foreign training, I reckon. Humph. . . . I beg pardon. . . . But why he should buy it at all is a mystery to me, unless for the sentimental reason that it adjoins *The Place*. And sentiment isn't in Montevarchi's line. 'Tisn't even fit for a mill site."

"Would you buy it?" queried Maida, thinking to do De Carnac a service. Lota's eyes also interrogated the doctor's face.

"Lord, no!" he responded, quickly. "I have more rice land now than is good for me."

As he made ready to leave he said, "If you will come home with me, Maida, I will give you my word of honor, as a doctor and an atheist, to send a proper nurse here to look after Lota. She will be paid," he added, grimly.

"Then I will come," she replied.

He went out to the buggy while she bent over Lota.

"I hope you will soon get well," she said. "Send me word if you want anything. I will tell Mr. Montevarchi how ill you are, and how badly Zoro has treated you. When you get well, come and see me."

But Lota put out a burning hand to detain her.

"Miss Maida—honey——"

"Yes; what is it?"

"I lak tuh tell you suffin. Yes; dat I would."

"Then you must hurry, because the Doctor is waiting for me."

He was, indeed, sitting in his buggy, looking at the cabin with an indescribable expression.

Lota sat up on the straw.

"I know why Mass Dino want tuh buy this fiel'."

"Why?" asked Maida, taken entirely by surprise.

She whispered at Maida's ear.

"But yuh won' say I done tole yuh, miss honey—eh?"

"No . . . but stop! . . . If it is anything you should not tell, or I should not listen to, I will not hear."

"Yuh mus'," said Lota, holding her tight by the sleeve. "Mass Gabe oughtah know, an' mebbe I done daid 'fo' I kin see him. Dey is p'osp'ate een de groun' on the side naix de Place. 'Mass Dino fin' um. I swar to Gawd he did."

"What of that?" asked Maida in perplexity.

Lota laughed aloud.

"Lawd, honey, dey fin' p'osp'ate on Kensington, too, las' yeah, and now Tom Zeiglah, de oberseah, w'at buy um for nuttin, wuth two, three billion dollah. Riches' man in all dis part ob de yerf. De groun' yuh stannin' on made ob gole, Miss Maida."

"Oh . . . I understand now," exclaimed Maida, feeling very sick and giddy.

Lota still held her by the sleeve, staring at her with brilliant eyes.

"Let me go," she managed to say,

"and promise me you will not tell anyone else."

"Not me, Miss Maida," said the dying woman, lying down again, woman-like already repenting of what she had done.

Maida walked off unsteadily, the physician sprang out of the buggy to help her in, so divided between anger and apprehension that he drove home without speaking to her.

About the time that Maida went to the ferry to get milk for the sick woman, Montevarchi met De Carnac on the road. The old gentleman handed him several letters. He drew his horse to a walk beside the buggy as he looked them over.

"Where is Maida?" he inquired.

"She will stay in the village to-night with the Fraziers," replied his uncle. "They are going to the upcountry to-morrow or next day."

"I think she is running a great risk," said Montevarchi coldly.

"I do not think so," replied De Carnac, "the doctor will take care of her."

Montevarchi tore open one of his letters irritably and read it with an ever deepening frown.

"Melanie is coming home," he said presently, with an ugly sneer on his brilliant dark face.

"What!" exclaimed De Carnac, absolutely taken by surprise, looking up from a paper.

"Melanie is coming home," Dino repeated clearly, "here is her letter. She will be here to-morrow. She rejoices that the Past is Buried—you will observe the capitals—and paints the future with her usual taste in color, rose with a lining of gold. Have you been writing her of my prosperity? God knows I haven't."

"I did write her," said De Carnac quietly, "but only in reply to her own letter. I am glad she is coming back. A week ago I think I heard you say you would be also."

He read the letter that Dino put into his hand, and returned it.

"She seems to be in excellent spirits."

"Does she not?" cried Montevarchi, putting the letter into a pocket and digging a spur into the spirited roan. The animal reared, plunged violently and disappeared at a furious gallop.

The next evening De Carnac went to the village for his god-daughter.

"I am not going to scold you," he said anxiously as she came into the Fraziers' parlor to meet him, where he sat waiting, distressed by the doctor's recital of her adventure, "but how could you do so imprudent a thing, my dear child? I would not have you exposed to the dangers of rice-fever for all the negroes in the world."

She pressed her lips to his kind hand.

"Dearest, she was so ill. You would not have had me leave even a coolie woman alone. You can understand and appreciate my feelings. You have not lived in Williamsport all your life. But I am so tired and sleepy. I shall be glad to get back home."

As they drove out of town, Dino flashed past them, driving the roans. A superb looking woman with great dark eyes and a mass of glittering red hair, bowed, smiled and waved a hand to them from the seat beside him.

"Oh, how beautiful! Like Natier's Pompadour. Who is she, Cousin Gabriel?"

But a cold presentiment of what was coming trod on the heels of admiration.

"His wife," replied De Carnac, unconscious of her pallor. "They have been separated for several years. She never liked the country. But I am glad she has decided to come home."

"Why?" inquired Maida, with a sick and jealous pang. "Are you so fond of her?"

"Not at all," said De Carnac, candidly; "although she is beautiful and can be charming, I do not like her. But it is better for them both to be reconciled. They cannot get a divorce here—

and, to tell the truth, 'she has never desired one.'

Maida asked no more questions, and with the excuse of intense sleepiness went at once to her room. She tossed about feverishly during the night, got up early in the morning and sat by the window in its bower of regal purple, staring wanly into the garden, where the mocking-birds alternately joined in battle or burst into rapturous song.

Again and again she followed the same distracting circle of thought.

Why had not Dino told his uncle of the phosphate?

Why did he pretend that the field was worthless?

Was he not De Carnac's nearest of kin and therefore his heir?

Her ideas of inheritance were hazy.

Would not the field be his eventually?

She dropped her hot head on her feverish hands, sick at heart, wondering what to do.

To tell De Carnac of Dino's baseness was utterly impossible.

To let Dino buy the field was equally so.

Olympe coming in, concerned over her restlessness, found her bowed down upon the window-sill, too ill to crawl back to bed.

Her fever was so violent they sent at once for Frazier. When he had gone, Olympe went into the sitting-room, where Dino was stretched upon the lounge, apparently dozing.

"Mr. Montevarchi," she said, for she had always been a free woman, "Miss Maida wishes to have speech with you."

He sprang up at once and followed her to the room. She stood without as he entered, and waited in her usual attitude of dignified self-possession.

The bright spots on Maida's face burned deeper as Montevarchi came in. She drew the bedcovering more closely about her and pointed to a chair facing her at the foot of the couch.

Dino sat down, on guard at once, for her eloquent face betrayed her. Yet

never had he thought her beautiful before. Her contending emotions, the high fever and her childlike confusion painted her pale complexion with vermillion; her blue eyes were brilliant; in her loose hair was tangled a bit of Bougainvillea. Olympe had dropped upon her pillow.

"If I could but paint you," said Dino softly, "but I could no more do that than I could write a poem——"

She did not hear him. She could think of no preface to what she wished to say, so asked at once:

"Have you bought the field from Cousin Gabriel?"

Dino was startled. The question was unexpected.

"Field? What field?"

"His own—the one by the ferry; the only one he has."

"Why do you ask?" he said quietly, at once suspicious.

Maida fixed her fever-vivid eyes on his composed face, and said, blankly:

"Did you know there was phosphate on the place?"

Several thoughts flashed with lightning rapidity through his mind before she had finished speaking. "The Place?" he said, affecting to misunderstand her.

"Not yours—on Cousin Gabriel's field." She sat up, in her excitement.

"I did not," he said, coolly. "Is there? If there is, how do you know?"

"That I cannot tell," she answered, falling back on her pillow; "but there is—unless——"

"Unless you have been misinformed," he said, rising. "But I will inquire at once. I suppose, of course, you have told Uncle Gabriel?"

"No," she murmured, her color deepening. "I thought—I preferred—to have you tell him."

A smile of satisfaction flitted across Montevarchi's face. He looked keenly at her.

"I will speak to him at once about it. I wish you would tell me who told you."

She shook her head.

"I cannot—I know it must be true—and I promised."

The tears began to slip down her cheek.

Montevarchi stood meditating for a moment. The situation, as he imagined it, began to dawn on him. He said, softly :

"Thank you for telling me ; but, my dear child, the next time you propose to play the part of a Nightingale for negroes let us know, and we will forestall you."

He could have bitten out his tongue for the speech when she met his look gravely, and said, with quivering lips :

"But Lota is not a negro ; she is almost as white as I am. I am so sorry for her. She says she hopes she will die. And Zoro has treated her so badly. She is ill, and was all alone. Why should I not have helped her ? I do not understand. Why does every one speak to me so—even Cousin Gabriel ?"

She wrung her hands.

This was more than Montevarchi had bargained for, or could stand. He quitted the room hastily, and left the house at once.

Frazier's prescription threw the sick girl into a heavy sleep, which lasted until late in the evening. Upon awaking, De Carnac went in to see her, and finding her still feverish and very much excited, he repeated the quieting draught, which contained, according to the ancient and immutable custom of the rice country, a goodly amount of opium.

As he bent to say good night, she murmured drowsily a question of the field.

"I gave Dino the title-deed to it yesterday," he said, thinking she would be pleased to know, "I was glad to get it off my hands. I know that three thousand is a good price for it."

He was too nearsighted to observe the change in her face.

She sat up, everything in the room dancing before her eyes.

"Three thousand!" she exclaimed, "did he give you three thousand dollars for it ?"

"That is not much, sweetheart, except as a price for that bit of ground. Lie down and try to sleep, my darling, and when you are up again we will make merry with our fortune."

But as he left the room she sprang out of bed, and Olympe coming in found her walking crazily about, her eyes blazing, her brain on fire with the powerful drug she had never taken before. She was so desperately ill by morning that De Carnac not only sent post haste for Frazier, but telegraphed to Carolus for another physician. Melanie came over from The Place with offer of assistance, declined peremptorily by De Carnac who had once cleverly characterized her in the words of the Wise Man, cynically though not unjustly : "a foolish woman and clamorous, full of allurements and knowing nothing at all."

So she smiled at him, put up a jewelled hand to her glittering hair, and rode off through the pines, rather relieved than otherwise, Dino riding moodily beside her.

Maida became possessed of the destroying idea that De Carnac had been ruined, betrayed through fault of hers into his careless bargain. Dearly as she loved him the sight of his anxious face distracted her. He could not enter the room, so painful to her was his presence.

He padded unceasingly up and down the veranda, trembling with grief and apprehension at the sound of her confused babbling ; at times taking refuge in the garden, out of reach of her muttered cries, or her sharp appeals to him.

She never spoke of the field, but reiterated the emotions of her long journey, her sufferings in the past ; her terror of her father's cold-hearted kinspeople ; her burning desire to leave the past—its perplexities and its pains—behind her.

## BALLAD.

By M. M. Parks.

IT was a gentle, noble knight  
Rode blithely through the castle gate.  
On a goodly steed, caparisoned  
With trappings rich, he sat in state.  
In sooth, he was a gentle knight—  
His face was young and sweet and fair;  
His armor gleamed like beaten gold,  
And golden was his shining hair.  
Eastward he turned his glowing face,  
His face so fair and sweet and young,  
And as the sunrise touched his brow,  
He slowly sang with silver tongue:  
*The task is mine. . . is mine . . . is mine. . .  
To journey far. . . to journey far. . .  
To fight the wrong, to right the wrong. . .  
Where'er the weak and helpless are.*  
Lo, as he chanted, from the wood  
A furious dragon roaring came;  
Of flashing fire its lurid eyes;  
Its breath a blighting, withering flame.  
Right boldly then he spurred his steed,  
The stately castle seemed to rock;  
He flung himself upon the foe,  
The valley trembled with the shock.  
I trow it was a fearsome beast,  
The bones of many a gallant knight  
Gleamed whitely from the trodden ground.  
Ah me! It was a weary fight.  
Sore spent the knight arose at length,  
Victorious, but no longer young;  
Upon his blighted, withered limbs  
His battered armor loosely hung.  
He turned him to the evening star,  
Set high above the sunset glow,  
And sadly gazed, then with a sigh,  
He bowed his head and murmured low:  
*Too late. . . too late. . . ah, woe. . . woe. . . woe.  
My task is ended ere begun.  
I have but smitten mine own foe . . .  
I can no more. . . My strength is done.*  
An angel touched the drooping head—  
Like trumpet tones his accents fell  
“Know ye that he who conquers Self,  
Battles for all mankind as well.”

## CATHOLICS AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

*By Rev. J. F. O'Donovan, S.J.*

A FEW years ago, the present writer was requested by some recent converts to draw up a list of Catholic books, able to convey to them a clear understanding of the dogmas of their holy faith, and to also inform them whether the works recommended could be found in the public library of the city where they resided.

It had never before entered into his mind to examine the catalogues of that library, as there was no special need of doing so either for himself or for those who were under his charge. The request, however, was cheerfully complied with. A cursory glance at the index showed the title "Roman Catholic Church." Here, surely, was the first place to look for the required books. The reader will be astonished when told that the first book on the list is the work of the French Rationalist, Edmond About; the second, that of the apostate-priest Achilli, of Cardinal Newman fame; the third is the work of a Catholic author. A close inspection of the double-columned pages in this entire list suggested very unkind thoughts; for it seemed almost evident that there was a malicious intention in the medley of names set down under the above heading. Achilli, Chiniquy, the Apostate-Barnabite Gavazzi, Hyacinthe, Janus, Lea, Littledale, Llorente, and a number of others of that stamp, were certainly not trustworthy expounders of Catholicity, to say the least. As well might one ask the English spy, Major Andre, or the traitor, Benedict Arnold, to write an unbiased and accurate history of the American Revolution, as request these men to speak the truth in questions of Catholic doctrine.

The temptation was strong to bring the matter to the notice of the public,

but better counsels prevailed, and the writer has since lived to realize fully that there was as little malice in that collocation of names as there is in the act of a child who tries to beat the ground when it falls. The blundering, if we may so term it, was due to the system of arranging books according to topics. Hence whenever the words Roman, Romish, Papal, etc., occurred in the title page of a book, the compiler of the catalogue put such works under the general title "Roman Catholic Church."

The adoption of this system resulted in placing the noted English Catholic writers, Mary H. Allies, Doctor Lingard, Canon Flanagan, Dom Gasquet and others under the heading, "Anglican Church," simply because they treat of subjects relating to the Church in England. If, therefore, the Catholic objected to a seeming attempt to pervert the members of his faith, the zealous Anglican could make a like protest. In neither case, however, would there have been any foundation for their supposed grievances. There was absolutely no evil design in the make-up of the catalogue. The librarian in charge can present to the public as fine a collection of first-class Catholic works, in every department of literature, as can be found in the largest public libraries of the country. He is too broad minded to be the dupe of petty prejudices and too enlightened to play the bigot. His management of the library is characterized by an honest desire to deal impartially with every denomination. This was also true of his scholarly father, the first librarian of the institution.

We allude to the Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore, a library which may with profit be closely imitated by similar institutions throughout the country, in the matter of Catholic books.

Whilst we have nothing but words of praise for the distinguished gentleman in charge of the Baltimore library, we cannot close our eyes to a very obvious danger to both Catholic and non-Catholic readers alike, arising from the juxtaposition of authors so differently constituted, both mentally and morally, as Roman Cardinals and apostate-priests. This is a danger common to all public libraries and results from the system referred to. The evil, for an evil it certainly is, is unavoidable by librarians themselves. Hence we shall suggest a remedy in the course of this article.

It goes without saying that there are, nowadays, many conscientious non-Catholics who desire to know what Catholics really hold with regard to the various tenets of their faith. They wish to have their knowledge from reliable sources. When therefore they betake themselves to a public library to ask for books which treat of the Catholic Church, and are presented with the list arranged under that title, or some other similar title, they may not have the faintest idea that their choice may fall on the work of a notorious apostate. They select a particular book; the work is carried home, and lo ! it is the envenomed shaft of a mind dead to the light of truth and callous to the promptings of divine grace. The effect on the reader need not be described.

A Catholic calls at the same library. His heart throbs with love of his holy faith, and he wishes to study its doctrines more profoundly to be able "to give a reason of the hope that is in him." He too is ignorant of the dangers which beset his search. He asks for a book by he knows not whom. It is immediately brought to him. It may contain no glaring and open attacks on what he now treasures so highly. That would defeat the purpose of the writer. The poison is diluted, but it is not the less deadly. He repeats his visits to the library, asking now for one book, then for another, as his fancy suggests. Out-

wardly, there is no change in his manner of acting, but inwardly the groundwork of faith is being gradually eaten away, until finally the day dawns upon him when he finds himself a changed man. God's ministers are not such as he had formerly considered them; the Bible is not what he had been taught to believe; Catholicism is but a development in the ever-changing evolution of religions; all creeds are but the products of human ingenuity; he is no longer a Catholic.

X This may seem exaggerated and overdrawn but if we are to believe the continual warnings of the highest authorities, both lay and clerical, we must accept it as truth. The curse of this age is the evil of bad books. This, in substance, is the dictum of Pope Gregory XVI. of Pius IX. and of the illustrious Pontiff now happily reigning.

We said that the danger was common to all libraries. We now proceed to make good our statement by some statistics, taken from the catalogues of the following libraries:

No. 1. Denver Public Library—Finding Lists 1888-1893. Dogmatic and Miscellaneous Works: over 200 authors, Catholic, 9. Dangerous to Catholics: J. W. Draper, the bigot; Justin Fulton; Professor Huxley and others. Ecclesiastical History: about 45 authors, Catholic, 6. Dangerous: H. C. Lea, Cartwright, R. W. Thompson (answered by Father Weninger, S. J.), Merle D'Aubigne, etc.

No. 2. Indianapolis Public Library, 1885.—Roman Catholic Church: authors, 16; among them are Gavazzi, Hyacinthe, Renan, the famous Kirwan, Chillingworth, etc.

No. 3. St. Louis Mercantile Library, 1874-1876.—Doctrinal Theology: authors, 92; Catholic, 14. Dangerous: almost the same as those already given. Philosophy pp. 191-199, Catholic authors in English, 1.

There are some excellent works in this library.

No. 4. Cincinnati Public Library,

1882-'84.—There is a splendid collection of Catholic works in this library, but, as usual, the cockle is mixed with the wheat. Under the heading, "Controversy with Protestantism," which is a subtitle under "The Catholic Church," there are as many works by bitter anti-Catholic writers as by Catholics themselves. The same is especially noticeable in the lists on "Councils," and "Monastic Orders."

No. 5. Milwaukee Public Library, 1885.—Each denomination has a separate list of books. Under "Roman Catholic Church," are the works of the Apostate Schulte, Kirwan and Gladstone's Vatican Decrees. Ethics: 54 authors, Catholic, 2, written in French; Psychology: 22 authors, Catholic, 0. Entire philosophical works baneful.

No. 6. Carnegie Free Library, Allegheny, Pa., 1895.—Pt. I, p. 232, "Lives of Christ": Didon and Fouard, side by side with Renan, Strauss and Seeley, author of "Ecce Homo." P. 230, "Doctrinal Theology": authors 43, Catholic, 0. P. 270, "Religious History": authors 25, Catholic, 3. Dangerous: Lea, D'Aubigne, Trench, etc.

No. 7. Carnegie Free Library, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1895.—The catalogue is alphabetically arranged. P. 290, "Roman Catholic": authors 4, Catholic 0. P. 67, "Catholic History": authors 6, Catholic 0. P. 173, "Inquisition": authors, 1. H. C. Lea!!

No. 8. Scranton Public Library, 1893.—"Theology": authors 72, Catholic 2. In the list of authors appear Minot J. Savage, Hartpole Lecky, Andrew D. White, Tolstoi, J. W. Draper, etc. Under the heading "Philosophy," the only Catholic work mentioned is Mrs. Dahlgren's "South Mountain Magic"! It is classified under the title "Mind and Body."

No. 9. Newark Free Public Library, 1889.—About 10,000 volumes were then in the library. Pp. 3-5 "Religion": authors 89, Catholic 1. The works

of Swedenborg, French, Kingsley, Lea, Draper, Lecky, Milman, Tolstoi, etc., are given in this list. The Reformation has a special section, with 7 authors. Among the books received from 1890-93, we find the following, "Church History": authors 48, Catholic 5. Monastic Orders: authors 9, Catholic 1. Doctrinal: authors 43, Catholic 1.

No. 10. Salem, Mass., Public Library, July 1889.—"Doctrinal Works": authors 49, Catholic 0. Ecclesiastical History: authors, 33, Catholic 0. Dangerous: Llorente, Lea, D'Aubigne, etc. The works purchased between the years 1889-'94 show a decided improvement in favor of Catholics. Their works appear frequently under the above headings.

This series of reference will give a fair idea of the condition of things in all our public libraries with regard to topics in which Catholics take a special interest. The examples are given from different parts of the country. The writer had no special end in view in selecting these particular libraries. Others would have suited his purpose just as well, but their catalogues are not at his disposal.

It would be very wrong to conclude from the mere outlines given above that Catholic books are generally ignored by the directors of our public libraries. This is true in no case that has come under our notice. There are, besides, other divisions of books more usual in the alcoves of our libraries than those alluded to. Novels afford one instance. The reason is this. The works of a goodly number of our standard Catholic novelists are reviewed in the pages of the best magazines, non-Catholic as well as Catholic. And as librarians usually accept the judgments of certain writers in a number of these magazines, they purchase whatever works are highly praised, without any regard to the religious convictions of the authors.

This method of deciding on what to buy for readers, while it may be taken



as a possible and, indeed, a very plausible explanation for the presence of a certain class of books in our libraries, may also be accepted as a reason why others are wanting. Another and, perhaps, the true explanation of the want of a larger number of Catholic works in these institutions is the apathy of Catholics toward the writers of their own faith. We were almost tempted to call it their ignorance of even the existence of such prominent individuals. That, perhaps, might be saying too much, for have we not Literary Societies, Reading Circles, up-to-date magazines, large business houses continually advertising, and other such devices to spread far and wide a knowledge of the literary treasures we possess? A regard for truth compels many of us to make the avowal that, despite all these excellent methods of making known our distinguished writers, the vast majority of the reading public, the public who visit our libraries, know almost nothing about them. Certain it is that their works are read only by the few. Aubrey DeVere has been pronounced the greatest poet of the century by such men as Richard Henry Dana and Dr. Maurice Egan; Mrs. Meynell has been looked upon in the same light as an essayist by Coventry Patmore. The *London Times*, together with the best critical reviews, does not hesitate to give whole columns to appreciative examinations of the novels of the Sisters Mulholland, Katherine Tynan, M. E. Francis (Mrs. Blundell), and Theodore Gift (Dorothy Boulger). The historical works of Fathers Gasquet, Bridgett, John Morris, Gerard, and others on both sides of the Atlantic, are read with interest by educated non-Catholics, and their decisions respected. Our own American writers, and their number is by no means small, have attained a like standing, each in his or her own particular department: Miss Repplier as an essayist; Colonel Johnston, Christian Reid, Dr. Egan, Father Finn, and many others as novelists; the painstaking and

scholarly John Gilmary Shea as the historian of the Church in America; Brother Azarias as a literary critic; and, not to multiply names, John Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. Egan, and Miss Guiney in verse. It would be interesting to know how many of the works by these writers have been read by the majority of their co-religionists.

Some Catholics, it is true, have been so accustomed to associate the idea of Catholic literature with a certain class of namby-pamby, semi-religious novels, and works of that stamp, which did good service about half a century ago, that they forget that Catholics are pushing to the fore-front in the literary world of our own time. If our Catholic colleges and convents called the attention of their higher classes to the giant strides made by the writers of our own faith, under circumstances sure to daunt and discourage less noble souls, the high mission of these same writers, their apostolate we may term it, would be more fruitful of good everywhere. Catholic philosophers frequently use the axiom, *Ignoti nulla cupido*, "we do not hanker after what is unknown to us." Let Catholics apply this to the case of their own authors. The results will be very beneficial. Until some such action is taken we cannot justly accuse the librarians of our public libraries of a desire to exclude Catholic books from their lists.

Many of our brethren are poor, and therefore unable to supply their children with suitable reading material. It was precisely to meet the needs of such people that libraries were instituted. Now there is but one sure and secure way of getting a plentiful supply of sound, entertaining and instructive reading for all of them. A number of Catholics should direct them to ask for the works of specially-named authors; the request ought to be repeated at different times by divers persons who know what is needed; the librarian should be approached by some prominent persons, and the matter brought to his notice.

Such a method will never prove unsuccessful. The books will for a certainty be purchased.

Moralists advise the frequent use of a certain axiom in judging the actions of others: *nemo malus nisi probetur*. "No one is bad unless you prove him such." We are bound to apply this conscientiously in our dealings with librarians, and hold fast to it until such time as they evidently prove themselves recreant to the duties they owe to every class of their fellow-citizens, without distinction of race or creed. When we have facts which show a tendency to favor a particular creed, at the expense of others, we can and ought to act in the matter; especially if the library is supported from the public funds. For then Catholic and Protestant alike have equal rights before the law. The writer is of the opinion that it will be a rare case, indeed, where any librarian will show such bias as to make Catholics feel that he is not in sympathy with any movement undertaken by them to make his library more popular with a certain class of readers. Such an official is entirely out of place. He is defeating, as far as in him lies, the very end and aim of public libraries. And if he is a member of the American Library Association, he is such only to attend its meetings without carrying out its motto: "The best reading for the largest number, at the least cost."

The object of this Association is thus stated: "It seeks in every practicable way to develop and strengthen the public library as an essential part of the American educational system. It therefore strives by both individual effort and local organization to stimulate public interest in establishing and improving libraries, and thereby bringing the best reading within the reach of all." The last sentence is worthy of special attention, and Catholics should lend their aid in putting into effect the wishes of the 800 well-educated men who have formulated this very reasonable plan.

That they are perfectly sincere was proved some few years ago when a friend of the writer's called the attention of the present Commissioner of Education, Mr. Harris, to an article written in this magazine for April, 1897, on Public Libraries. That article made it evident that Catholics were unfairly dealt with in a work compiled by seventy-five librarians and specialists, and entitled "Five thousand volumes for a Public Library." Mr. Harris' reply was brief and to the point. In substance, it was as follows: An appendix to that work is now called for, and I wish you to provide a list of the best Catholic works.

A much larger list than that supplied at the Commissioner's request was compiled from the catalogues of the Baltimore library. It may, therefore, be profitably sent by Catholics to every librarian in the country, with a note addressed thus: 'Go thou and do likewise.' The example given by one non-Catholic librarian in a city where Catholics form about one-third of the entire population will, doubtless, be a strong incentive to others to imitate his impartial conduct.

There were over 5,000 volumes in the catalogue. Of this number, about 1,500 are in the branch libraries. They are duplicates of the works in the main library. The books have been classified according to subjects; not, however, according to the divisions usually given in the catalogues of the public libraries. It was thought best to make a more detailed list of the titles under a general heading, than to give one title which would embrace too wide a range of subject matter. Instead of giving, for instance, the ordinary title "Church History," with its subdivisions into "Ancient," "Mediæval" and "Modern" Church History, the following arrangement was adopted: "General Histories of the Church;" "Ancient Writers," "Modern Writers;" "History of the Church in Particular Countries:" "America," "England," "Ireland,"

etc., etc. Two appendices have been added with a view of giving a series of references to direct the reader in his study of mooted questions of the day, whether in theology or philosophy. Such, for example, are, the existence of a personal God, the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will, marriage and divorce, the social question in philosophy; and the divinity of Christ, revelation, the Church, etc., in theology. Various hints of a helpful nature are scattered here and there throughout the catalogue, to make it a valuable aid in pursuing any particular study of special interest to the reader. The one end continually in view was to make it a kind of hand book which could be used by others, throughout the entire length and breadth of this country, when they wish to issue a similar catalogue for the Catholics of their own city or town.

This brings us to the point where we must propose what we deem the only solution of this vexed question of public libraries. It is perfectly evident to the reader that something must be done. The jumble of names given under the above headings makes this clear. No further proof is necessary. The one remedy, therefore, for the evil, and the only remedy, is to issue a catalogue for the use of Catholics in each city where there is a public library. The chaff must be winnowed from the wheat, the truth must be separated from falsehood. Catholic books must not be surrounded by the villainous productions of lying apostates. We cannot, with any show of reason, request librarians to issue a separate catalogue for Catholics. This would necessarily lead to trouble, for all the sects would then have a perfect right to demand a series of similar lists. The outlay of money necessary for so many catalogues would be enormous, and as every new accession of works would demand a new list, the expenditures for such articles would render it impossible for the librarian to purchase books in large quantities. The evident

absurdity of such a request is, therefore, too glaring to be even considered. We must make our own catalogues, and the work must be a labor of love, not a money-making concern. To reach all classes of readers, they must be sold at cost price. The compiler can trust to a higher and a safer source for his reward. It will be given abundantly.

It seems almost superfluous to advert to the fact that the scheme proposed calls for combined action on the part of Catholics. They must first see to it that they have a fair representation of their writers among the authors whose names appear in the catalogue. This will be effected only by concerted movement among a good number of readers who are willing to use the books as soon as they are purchased. No librarian will trouble himself very much about the projects of a few individuals who may, perchance, be mere enthusiasts bent on promoting a fad of their own devising; but he will listen to and act upon a plan submitted by a representative body of Catholics who are in earnest in their demands.

But why all this ado about Catholic books, say some of our non-Catholic friends? Are Catholics, then, trying to secure a stronger foothold in the management of our public libraries, with, perhaps, this sinister end in view, the gradual exclusion of all distinctively Protestant authors? Perhaps this paper is written to propagate a grand proselytizing scheme? The ideas appear almost too ludicrous to be mentioned openly. Still we have no doubt that they will suggest themselves to the minds of some unwilling to understand our position in this entire discussion. To the minds of such persons we would recall the words of Cardinal Newman: "English literature will ever have been Protestant;" understanding the word "literature" as he so clearly defined it in his "Idea of a University." We submit likewise the words of the entire American Hierarchy in their joint Pastoral Letter, issued

after the Third Plenary Council. The Bishops allude to the works of Catholics, as well as of non-Catholics, which are "pure, instructive and elevating," and exhort their subjects to read them. We have, then, no evil designs; we merely claim a just right.

We have, however, conscientious scruples about accepting as guides in the study of very important subjects certain authors, even though they be recommended by very high authority, even by a learned Association. A very fundamental question with Catholics is the importance of a correct system of philosophy. For, as Cardinal Manning has very well observed, "a false philosophy undermines faith, and one philosophical error, like a rotten beam, will loosen the whole superstructure of theology." We shall, therefore, take this question as an example to show how we differ with others as to what is and what is not beneficial to readers.

One of the shrewdest and most sagacious minds of this century, Alexis de Tocqueville, a man whose opinions all educated Americans respect, gave utterance to these words: "Indeed though I care little for the study (of metaphysics), I have always been struck by the influence which it exerted over the things which seem least connected with it, and even over society in general. I do not think that *any statesman* ought to be indifferent as to whether the prevailing opinions be materialistic or not." The statesman Pope of to-day, Leo XIII., has, certainly, not been indifferent in the matter; for he assures us, in his Encyclical *Æterni Patris*, that all the evils which actually surround us or of which we fear the coming, are directly traceable to the baneful systems now in vogue. We are not concerned here with giving proofs to substantiate the Holy Father's statements, although an abundance of such facts could be adduced. We are merely taking issue with the recommendations given by certain individuals to works which are most pernicious.

Let it be thoroughly understood that we are not judging the *intentions* of those who advise the perusal of such books. Facts, not persons, are to be considered.

In the article already alluded to, which appeared in this magazine, reference was made, among other things, to a list of philosophical works of a very dangerous type, recommended by the American Library Association. The gentlemen concerned have since made some reparation by inserting a few Catholic books on this subject in the appendix of their first work. There yet remain, however, similar lists which have an even wider circle of readers, among a certain class of people. An example in point is the volume issued by a former President of Yale, Dr. Noah Porter, entitled "Books and Reading." Before giving a list of philosophical works which he recommends as "pre-eminently worthy to be read," the Doctor makes this introductory remark: "We do not consult the wants of the learned class, but provide for the occasions of the general reader when we suggest a course of reading in philosophy." We select a few only of the names given by him: Mill, Bain, Spencer, Berkeley, Fichte, Hume, Hamilton, Mansell.

The best possible way to show the intellectual tendencies of these would-be leaders of thought is to quote the words of America's greatest non-Catholic philosopher, Dr. McCosh, sometime President of Princeton. With his judgment in this matter Catholics are in perfect accord. The extracts are from the fourth lecture of his work, "Christianity and Positivism."

"A materialism, refined, æsthetical, but sensualistic, has been the reigning philosophy (if philosophy it can be called) in France. . . . It is the issue to which Mill's association theory, and Bain's identification of all our thoughts and feelings with the body, and Mr. Herbert Spencer's development of all things out of an unknowable nothing . . . are severally and conjointly

conducting the young thinkers of Great Britain."

Again: "There have been attempts made by ingenious metaphysicians, as by Bishop Berkeley and by Fichte, so to refine matter as to leave little but the name: it is represented either as an idea created by the Divine mind to be viewed by the created mind, or as a projection of the human mind itself."

Lastly, Dr. McCosh attributes the authorship of the Doctrine of Nescience—which asserts that man knows nothing and can know nothing of the nature of things—to his countryman, David Hume. A doctrine closely allied to this, the doctrine of the "Relativity of Knowledge," was, he informs us, "held by men such as Sir William Hamilton, of Edinburgh, and Dr. Mansell of Oxford."

Catholics can well afford to be accused of narrow-minded intolerance when they refuse to accept such men as guides in the study of philosophy.

Enough has already been said to prove the necessity of some united action on the part of Catholics. We are asking no

special favors, we are making no unjust demands when we seek to have the authors of our creed recognized everywhere. They who think otherwise will not be affected by any attempt to explain away their seeming difficulties. The Metropolitan Truth Society of Brooklyn, has proposed to its members, as an object worthy of their most fervent zeal, the insertion of Catholics books in public libraries. The present paper has attempted to show the reason why this should be done with earnestness and persistence. It also endeavors to show how Catholics ought to act when they have a sufficient amount of works wherewith to begin a special catalogue for themselves. The present writer's experience in dealing with librarians has been most agreeable. Those with whom he came in contact have been men zealous to attract all creeds to their institutions. They know their work and are eager to fulfil it. Catholics have nobody to blame but themselves if, knowing what can be done, they, by their listlessness and inactivity, let precious opportunities go daily unheeded.

## "TWILIGHT IN ST. PETER'S—ROME."

*By Gabriel Francis Powers.*

PALE after lights the rosy oriels kindle,  
 Shadows creep forth, and mist-clouds dimly grey;  
 Faint through the aisles the parting footsteps dwindle  
 And, near above, a sad bell seems to pray.  
 Oh, wondrous hour! . . . Oh dome so passing fair  
 Thou canst not be the work of human hand!  
 Melt, melt away in the dissolving air,  
 Thou dream-built temple of a spirit-land.

Or if indeed, by prodigy untold,  
 Thou be no vision but th' immortal page  
 Where art hath writ, in characters of gold,  
 The highest purpose of each gifted age:  
 Then not a shrine in all the world's vast plan  
 Noble as thee—save one: the heart of man.



## RESPECT FOR RELIGIOUS CONGREGATIONS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.*

CATHOLICS do not, as a general thing, need reasons of motives for respecting men and women who have given themselves so exclusively to the service of God and to the good of religion as to deserve to be distinguished by the name of Religious. The authorities of the Church as well as the faithful have always held such persons and their institutes in special veneration, and this veneration is paid alike to all religious, to those who follow the monastic life, to the members of the Regular Orders, and to all who embrace the religious state in the many congregations which have been formed in the Church during the past two centuries.

The respect of Catholics for religious congregations does not necessarily imply a greater perfection or other superiority in the members of such congregations than in other people : indeed this respect is based not on their merits by comparison with others, but on the holiness of their calling, the self-sacrifice with which they have embraced it, the lofty aim they have in view, the excellence of the means which their institute and community life afford them for reaching their end, and the measure of individual perfection to which the members must attain if at all in earnest in their vocation. They are set apart to give by

their lives the highest expression of the gospel rule ; they unite together not only for their personal interests, but for the welfare of their fellow-men, to which they all contribute in some special way, by prayer, example, preaching, teaching, by every spiritual and temporal work of mercy. In the strength of this union, sanctioned as it is by the Church, and perpetuated from century to century, they are enabled to accomplish a hundred-fold as much as they could have done individually, unaided by the co-operation of their companions and by the traditions of their founders and religious families. To maintain their union unimpaired, they subordinate to it every other human tie and they pledge themselves to God through the rules of His Church and their superiors, to observe the counsels of perfection, which Christ gave in His gospel, by vowing poverty, chastity and obedience, in some cases from year to year, in others for their entire life. The disinterestedness and readiness with which by the vows of poverty and chastity they can meet every demand on their time and energy, are reinforced by the efficacy which their zeal receives from their vow of obedience. From their achievements worldlings, as well as the faithful, well know their power, but while the latter

respect, the former fear it, and seek by every means at their disposal to destroy it.

The world has a rich vocabulary of disrespectful terms for, and a long indictment of crimes against, those who enter the religious life. They are malcontents, refugees, if not outcasts, from society, drones and sluggards, rapacious and excessively rich, a burden and a menace to society; they live at others' expense, do nothing for the State, even depriving it of their possible offspring, they enslave men's minds and wills and were ever obscurantists and retrograde. We need not mention here the nameless charges made against them by persons who are usually found guilty of those things themselves. Catholics care not to hear such things, and those who have invented the charges know the crimes but too well. Nor are disrespectful terms, shameful charges, the only weapons used against them. Their rights are utterly disregarded, their existence ignored or actually declared illegal, their members driven into exile, their homes confiscated and their revenues taxed until they cannot support life and the good works in which they are engaged. In Italy they are liable to expulsion or dissolution at any moment, in Germany some of them are not admitted at all, in France they are being taxed out of existence, in England they are still under disabilities, and even in our own country, in which they enjoy equality with other associations, we have heard of late the outcry against the religious in some of our new possessions, men in high station in some of the Protestant sects, not content with clamoring for their property in the Philippines, but bent on ruining their character so as to find a plausible pretext for stripping them of what they justly own.

At this very moment socialistic influences are brought to bear upon the French Ministry to have a law passed declaring the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience to be illegal, and the existence of

the societies whose members make these vows, by that very fact, null and void. An iniquitous sentence has been passed on the Fathers of the Assumption, the Archbishops and Bishops who sympathized with them have been deprived of their stipend, and a bill has been introduced into the Chamber to ostracize even the young people who attend religious schools, unless they spend the last three years of their school life in government colleges. This no doubt is the reason why we are asked now especially to pray for more respect for religious congregations. For even though these evil designs should come to naught, they are certain to create false impressions and to excite prejudices against religious and the good works they are attempting to perform. We have the testimony of Leo XIII. to this fact in his letter *Testem Benevolentiæ*. Speaking of a contempt for the evangelical virtues, he says :

"From this species of contempt of the evangelical virtues, which are wrongly called passive, it naturally follows that the mind is imbued little by little with a feeling of disdain for the religious life. And that this is common to the advocates of these new opinions we gather from certain expressions of theirs about the vows which religious orders pronounce. For, say they, such vows are altogether out of keeping with the spirit of our age, inasmuch as they narrow the limits of human liberty; are better adapted to weak minds than to strong ones; avail little for Christian perfection and the good of human society, and rather obstruct and interfere with it. But how false these assertions are is evident from the usage and doctrine of the Church, which has always given the highest approval to religious life. And surely not undeservedly. For those who, not content with the common duties of the precepts, enter of their own accord upon the evangelical counsels, in obedience to a divine vocation, present themselves to Christ as His prompt and

valiant soldiers. Are we to consider this a mark of weak minds? In the more perfect manner of life is it unprofitable or hurtful? Those who bind themselves by the vows of religion are so far from throwing away their liberty, that they enjoy a nobler and fuller one, that namely by which Christ has set us free.

“What they add to this, namely, that religious life helps the Church not at all or very little, apart from being injurious to religious orders, will be admitted by no one who has read the history of the Church. Did not your own United States receive from the members of religious orders the beginning of its faith and civilization? For one of them recently, and it redounds to your credit, you have decreed that a statue should be publicly erected. And at this very time, with what alacrity and success are these religious orders doing their work wherever we find them! How many of them hasten to impart to new lands the life of the Gospel and to extend the boundaries of civilization with the greatest earnestness of soul and amid the greatest dangers! From them no less than from the rest of the clergy the Christian people obtain preachers of the Word of God, directors of conscience, instructors of youth, and the entire Church examples of holy lives. Nor is there any distinction of praise between those who lead an active life and those who, attracted by seclusion, give themselves up to prayer and the mortification of the body. How gloriously they have merited from human society and do still merit, they should be aware who are not ignorant of how the continual prayer of a just man, especially when joined to affliction of the body, avails to propitiate and conciliate the majesty of God.”

One might dilate on the services which the religious bodies of the Catholic Church have rendered to mankind by their prayer and active charity, their example, their learning and their enterprise in every sphere of human activity,

spiritual and temporal, abroad and at home, in the cloister, in the university, in the press-room, and even in the field and industrial factory when necessary to win souls to God. But the purpose of this explanation is not so much to conciliate respect for them for what they do as for what they are, or, better, for the institute and rule and mode of life which makes them what they are and capable of doing so much good for the world at large. This is an important point. There is altogether too much attention paid to what men and women do nowadays, and to what they bring to the notice of the world, and too little attention paid to the spirit and motive inspiring all this, and to the conditions which in the nature of things are indispensable for doing any religious work with solidity and permanency. This is why so many good people cannot appreciate the benefit of a cloister, or the efficacy of religious vows, and the safeguards of rules and community life; and perhaps it may explain why they do not even care to take the views of men and women who have experienced the advantage of all these. Hence it is that some Catholics look upon the religious life as something not quite up to the times, in need of a transformation which would adapt it to the present age; while some who deprecate such extreme measures as the French Government is actually taking against religious congregations, rejoice secretly in the vain hope that this persecution may bring about the changes which the religious themselves have stoutly resisted, not considering that the changes advocated would destroy the very essence of religious state. We say in the vain hope, for it is conceived without proper reflection on the nature of our religion and its institutions, without due study of the motive which has ever inspired men to embrace the religious life, without regard for the origin of the various religious institutes which have grown up in the Church. Balmes has several chapters in his “European Civilization” which might



be read with profit in this matter. Speaking of the attempts which have been made to destroy religious bodies, he says in Chapter 38:

X "As long as the religion of that God made man, who had not where to repose His head, and who sat down by a well on the wayside to rest, like a humble traveller, shall last; of that God-man, whose appearance was announced to the nations by a mysterious voice coming from the desert—by the voice of a man clothed in a goat-skin, whose reins were bound with a leathern girdle, and who lived on nothing but locusts and wild honey; as long as this divine religion shall last, nothing will be more holy or worthy of our respect than those institutions, the true and original object of which is to realize that heaven intended to teach man by such eloquent and sublime lessons. Times, vicissitudes, and revolutions, succeed each other; the institution will change its form, will undergo alterations, will be affected more or less by the weakness of men, by the corrosive action of time, and the destructive power of events; but it will live—it will never perish. If one society reject it, it will seek an asylum in another; driven from towns, it will take refuge in forests; if there pursued, it will flee to the horrors of the desert. There will always be, in some privileged hearts, an echo for the voice of that sublime religion, which, holding in her hand a standard of sorrow and love—the sacred standard of the sufferings and death of the Son of God—the Cross, will proclaim to man: "Watch and pray, that you enter not into temptation; if you assemble to pray, the Lord will be in the midst of you; all flesh is but grass; life is a dream; above your heads is an ocean of light and happiness; under your feet an abyss; your life on earth is a pilgrimage, an exile." Then she marks his forehead with the mysterious ashes, telling him: "Thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return."

And, refuting the notion that the

religious institutes are the creation of the papacy, he writes in Chapter 44:

"Unknown men suddenly arise among the people; nothing which has taken place affords reason to suspect them of having any previous understanding with Rome; their entire lives attest that they have acted by virtue of inspiration, communicated to themselves, an inspiration which does not allow them any repose, until they have executed what was prescribed to them. There are not, there cannot be, any private designs of Rome; ambition has no share. From this, all sensible men should draw one of these two consequences: either the appearance of these new institutions was the work of God, who was desirous of saving His Church by sustaining her against new attacks, and protecting the authority of the Roman Pontiff; or, Catholicity herself contained within her breast a saving instinct which led her to create these institutions, which were required to enable her to come triumphant out of the fearful crisis in which she was engaged. To Catholics, these two propositions are identical; in both we see only the fulfilment of the promise, 'On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against her.' Philosophers who do not regard things by the light of faith, in order to explain this phenomenon, may make use of what terms they please; but they will be compelled to acknowledge that wonderful wisdom and the highest degree of foresight appear at the bottom of these facts. If they persist in not acknowledging the finger of God, and in seeing in the course of events only the fruit of well-concerted plans, or the result of organization combined with art, they at least cannot refuse a sort of homage to these plans and that organization."

In praying for a respect for religious congregations we are therefore praying for respect for Christ who founded them to keep amongst men His spirit and the more abundant life He came to give them.

## OUR HONEYMOON.

A NOVEL WEDDING.

*By D. Gresham.*

SHE was standing in an angle of the long piazza of one of the famous hotels among the North Carolina mountains, her eyes fixed in a far-off gaze. The French Broad river lay placidly below, the mistletoe bending almost across its waters. Pisgah towered beyond, blue and mighty, the Piat crouching below, while the lesser peaks rose in billows around the great, cloud-capped pinnacle.

I was buried in the morning paper, but lifting my eyes, I was caught by the panorama, and my reading was finished in a moment. Sauntering down the piazza, I came behind her in silence, and watched every emotion on her bright, animated face. She turned with a sigh and caught me. "Ah! Jack, Jack, is it not exquisite? There is no place like it, and no mountains like those. I want to get into their very hearts, to fly from all this," waving her hand wearily towards the hotel parlors, the life and laughter, the frivolity and clatter. "Do let us go and live among the mountains, and you can shoot, and fish, and all that," and with a bewitching smile, "I can be so merry, and busy and all this." "Go where, and live on what? You forget you cannot subsist on the mountains, be they ever so beautiful. You would soon tire of cabin life, and corn bread." She scorned all such material platitudes, romance had taken possession of her and I knew argument was of no avail for the time being at least. Slipping her hand through my arm, she said solemnly, "come, let us go for a walk, and talk it over." I turned with her down the long flight of steps towards the town, knowing I was to be talked over, before we were long on the road.

"You see, Jack, this is our honeymoon, and I want to remember it

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all my life, when the trials and disappointments of after years come upon us." She glanced up with a pathetic look in her merry, grey eyes, and I knew my wife was laughing at me! Never a word did I say, but strode briskly down the steep drive from the hotel, and came on the quiet street where the Rectory caught my lady's eye with Father Paul and a seminarian pacing the piazza. She hurried onwards, her most winning smile for his Reverence, who gave us his pleasant "Good morning. Don't you want to see a wedding? I have delayed my Mass, and the bridal party are an hour late." All excitement we were through the small gate, and deep in matters matrimonial. "Who are they, Father Paul? You told us last week you never had any weddings here." "This is my first Catholic marriage since I became a priest, six years ago. All the others were 'mixed,' Catholics are so rare in these mountains. Could you not play a march as they go up the church, and sing something during the Mass? The bride is here with her mother, and a dying sister, and the groom came in last night from the west, and does not know a man in town."

Here the seminarian broke in—"Father Paul declares I must be best man if the groom arrives without a supporter." The young ecclesiastic's laughter was checked by a suspicious little cough, that told its own tale. He too had to fly the schools for the mountains, and court fresh air and sunshine to drive off the dreaded malady of phthisis. There is a droll twinkle in the young churchman's eyes as if he saw many things in the mountains, that would be served up for the delectation of the seminarian on his return. "Here they come,"

cried Father Paul, "run up and begin something." The impromptu organist tripped down the short walk to the little church, leaving me to my own devices. I was not a Catholic, nor indeed anything. I was brought up with the idea that one religion is as good as another, and when I grew old enough to judge for myself concluded comfortably, that a man could get on very well without any. Lucy Lord crossed my path one winter in Cairo, later during Holy Week at Rome; I watched her interestedly in Paris, and asked her to marry me in New York. We had it out then and there, my unbelief, her child-like faith; my love of earth, and the pleasures thereof, her joy and comfort in the things of heaven, and we squared our accounts without further ado. I was willing to be taught, and if after six months I could honestly and conscientiously say, I believed in God and wished to be baptized, she would consent to leave the rest to time, granting I promised never to interfere with her religious duties. Three weeks ago Lucy took me for better or worse, and as the old parish priest blessed her on our way to the station, she said to him earnestly, "I will answer for him, we will be one yet." "God grant it, child, be a good wife to him, and you can do with him what you will." That was the last allusion to our religious difference; we had agreed to disagree. It was the outcome of this compact, that I was now left standing on Father Paul's lawn. I could follow into the church, or not, just as the humor seized me. To desert her in this sudden emergency, would be baseness itself, there was no other course open, but to mount the gallery, and take my stand beside the organist. The little church was bright with lights, and flowers artistically grouped on the altar, very simple, but with an elegance and devotion worthy of a more stately ceremony. It was like Father Paul's utter unworldliness to put his best and sweetest for the poor and the stranger. A few people kneeling below were the

sole witnesses, probably the usual congregation, or less, owing to the changed hour of the daily Mass. It brought back the other wedding of three weeks ago, the fashionable throng, the state and stateliness, and all the mannerisms and show, and I looked at Lucy to see if she, too, saw the contrast. Her eyes were fixed on the altar, her face earnest and pensive, and her thoughts evidently lost in something above my ken or imagination. While I looked, her hands came down on the keys and she struck up, not the stereotyped wedding march, but some light, airy, catching quickstep. Instantly the little church took life and joyousness, and up the aisle came a young man and a maid, tall and delicate looking, while behind—actually a fact!—the seminarian, with downcast eyes, slow step, Roman collar and all the etceteras, bearing on his arm a timid, pretty little girl of sixteen or so. I could not forbear a smile, and quizzically looked at Lucy for sympathy, but she was determined not to encourage any levity, for she scorned to take any notice of my contorted countenance.

Onward went the unique procession, the seminarian playing his rôle as become a student under obedience; they reached the altar, where Father Paul, solemn and dignified, stood waiting to receive them. And here it suddenly struck me that I could have given the bride away with great propriety, but no one ever thought of asking me. The wedding party looked absolutely forlorn without me, especially as after the nuptials were over and the bride and groom had returned to their seats, the poor little bridesmaid was shamefully abandoned. The seminarian, with a fatherly air, waved the timid little creature to a place beside her sister, and then fled to the sacristy! The next moment he appeared preceding Father Paul to serve the Mass, and his downcast eyes, scrupulous smile and general air of content showed no trace of remorse for his disgraceful ungallantry. Kneeling at the foot of the altar he

seemed the embodiment of a man "set apart." My lady's voice was in harmony with all the rest; simple English hymns, such as I had never heard her sing, thrilled through the little church. She was much affected; the dying sister, the anxious, absent mother of the bride, no friend beside her in this memorable, solemn time but the child below, so touchingly protecting, so timidly adoring, so sadly representing the far-off father and family of the girl, who stood before the altar a stranger among those great silent mountains. Father Paul lingered over the blessings and prayers which he pronounced on them through the Mass, and in his exhortation at the end on the mutual duties of husband and wife, he seemed to speak as priest and father. He took the place peculiarly as both in this wedding. When all was over the music struck up, and the groom, feeling the worst was over, led the bride down the aisle with a manly step, the little bridesmaid all forlorn following drearily behind. If only I had been asked to do duty, how gallantly I would have attended her, but no one ever thought of me, though I used to be in such request at weddings; evidently Lucy and Father Paul had a poor opinion of my abilities. The carriage with the solitary wedding party disappeared down the street, the light and sunshine of the spring day giving a happy air to the otherwise lonely scene.

The people went slowly homewards, discussing the unexpected ceremony and looking with interest at the strange organist coming down the steps. Father Paul came out of the door all smiles, but before he had time to express his feelings I attacked him as to his utter neglect of the poor little maid of honor, and I, who was so competent to take her in charge, was utterly ignored; besides, I could have given such dignity to that ceremony. His Reverence looked becomingly contrite, and turned on Lucy to demand why she had not suggested so admirable an arrangement. They

were not sympathetic, those two. Father Paul declared his hand was absolutely out of practice and his ignorance of marriage etiquette deplorable. Since he had informed me of the rare occasions in which his services had been required at weddings, I should have been the one to come to the rescue, and with deep satisfaction he carried the war into the enemy's country. "Go and have your breakfast, Father Paul, we will come and see you later," chimes in Lucy. "It is almost ten, and this disappointed individual seems to forget your long fast in his own injuries. I have some questions to consult you about this evening, when I have brought this obstinate man around to my point of view, and I hope you will second me in everything."

"A sudden freak, Father Paul. She marched me out to talk *it* over, which as you know means *me*. I did think just now when you dwelt so emphatically—and very properly—on the fact that the wife should be subject to her husband, my wife would have learned a lesson, but I see even your admonitions are in vain." His Reverence looks questioningly at this bride who is beginning so soon to think lightly of St. Paul, but she is ready for a whole college of Cardinals. "Father Paul, it is a shame to keep you waiting so long, come," leading me away. "Poor man," Father Paul laughs, "be brave, I will support you. Depend on my authority if she does not obey in all things reasonable," and Lucy smiles mischievously as he runs up the rectory steps. Leaving the street we turned into a by-road and so into the woods. The trees are still bare, but the pines are everywhere, and through vistas the mountains rise in the distance. There is a feeling in the air of awakening life; we loiter on the well-worn paths, up and down hill and by a tiny brook, the arbutus and wild violets at our feet. The soft cooing notes of spring are in our ears, and I asked Lucy what more solitude or beauty she could possibly need. My remarks were lost, or ignored, by her

exclamations of pleasure as she bent over a bed of violets at the foot of a huge oak. When her treasures had been gathered and arranged to her satisfaction, she began: "Jack, you must think that the country is the best place for us. See," pointing at the panorama of mountains, woods and valley, and then down at the violets. "Yes," I responded amiably, "you have found all you desire and I am perfectly content to look on and see you happy."

"But I am not. This is not the country, just a peep to show how much superior the reality must be. This only makes me sigh all the more to get far, far off, even beyond that near ridge. Those farm houses you see in the dim distance, backed by those peaks, make me actually hunger for the life and air, and surroundings. Jack," with great indignation, "I have always hated towns."

"Indeed," with a sniff, "not New York last winter, when you revelled in every town amusement, not Paris as I saw you——."

"Oh! but Paris is not like any other place, and besides now I am a sensible married woman, and I want to settle down, and you forget this is my honeymoon, and I ought to get what I want. One would think you would feel flattered, that I sigh for solitude and you." Here the beguiler smiles seraphically and there is no use in wasting my energies discussing the subject, the spring's languor is in the air, and I will give myself up to the charms of the day.

"Well," I drawl, "we will see what Father Paul will say, he is a sensible man, and knows the mountains pretty well, their attractions, and otherwise."

"Yes, that is the best, let us enjoy the delight of the moment," but in my secret soul, I know I am beaten. Father Paul will be won, unless he really believes the matter impracticable, and I resign myself to the inevitable. Down in the valley some lads are hoeing in the fields, the laughter of happy negroes falls on the ear, a little brook runs by a cabin door, where the women are washing, the smoke

of the fires rising above the trees. It looks like a picture from my point of view, lying languidly among the violets, but I do not know what the workers below think of the artistic side; no doubt to them it is rather prosaic. While debating on social problems in general, Lucy has wandered hither and thither in search of arbutus, her voice comes to me not far off in the woods, and I see she is talking to an old man, who seems to interest her, for they have been deep in conversation for some time. He is telling something, and she is absorbed. They are coming towards me slowly, she deep in conversation; he deprecatory and shy. They pause now and then up the hill, though the old man walks with a vigorous step, but the interest never languishes.

At last they are beside me and I am informed that the old fellow has lived twenty miles back in the mountains, that he is on his way thither, after an absence of twelve years. His wife is buried there, and of all his children but one survives and he is in the Klondike. I understand in a minute Lucy's interest, this new acquaintance can tell her about the desired solitude no doubt, but I am mistaken. The old man is Irish, and a Catholic of course, and they have much to say, especially when he tells her he is returning from Georgia, whither he had gone after his wife's death to better his fortunes. He was a bit of a poet, this old wanderer, for his eye kindles as he speaks of the views of the river from his home, back there, stretching out his arm, where his wife slept on the mountain side, the farm he had owned, "the branch," and the old days before sorrow and restlessness had driven him to the lowlands, where malaria had robbed him of his children. He had come into the woods this morning in search of laurel, for rustic work, which was bought up eagerly by the visitors. Promising to bring some of his specimens to us on the morrow he left us.

*(To be continued.)*



## EDITORIAL.

### INCREASED ANGLICAN RESPONSIBILITIES.

#### ABROAD—AT HOME.

Members of the Protestant Episcopal Church may well marvel at the celerity with which the agents of its "Joint Commission on Increased Responsibilities" have made some of their voyages of inquiry about these responsibilities in the East, particularly in the Philippines, or, to be more accurate, in Manila. In their report, printed in the *Churchman* for March 31, to the Joint Commission, Bishop Potter and the Rev. Percy S. Grant state that they left Hong Kong on December 13, 1899, arrived in Manila, a distance of 636 miles, December 16, were enabled to spend a week there, and then sailed 1386 miles, a distance more than twice as great as that from Hong Kong to Manila, reaching Singapore and writing their report there on December 21. The readers of this report may marvel still more that in so short a period, and without interviewing the parties against whom their report is framed, they could have discovered what residents in Manila, Americans as well as Spanish, with every opportunity of knowing the customs there, and what even such of our own Commissioners as Messrs. Schurman and Worcester, who were not at all prejudiced in favor of Catholics, did not discover during the many months they had been investigating the very matters about which Bishop Potter and the Rev. Mr. Grant now speak with so much assurance after the week they say they were enabled to

spend in Manila, "seeing and conversing with Filipinos, the officers and men of the United States army and navy, especially our own chaplains, representatives of the press, business men, and foreigners who have been for some years residents in the Philippines,"—in short, every one, it appears, but the men they seemed bent on accusing, the Archbishop of Manila, the religious orders, the friars, the parish priests, and others who might possibly have saved the reverend gentlemen from making charges which they cannot sustain, and perhaps have convinced them that their Joint Commission could conscientiously relinquish its responsibilities in the Philippines in order to attend more earnestly to its responsibilities at home, e.g., to mending, if possible, the evil of concubinage which, owing to its attitude to marriage and divorce, and particularly to the dilatory tactics of Bishop Potter in its General Convention, October, 1898, is actually threatening the Anglican body in this country with dissolution. The Bishop, it may be recalled, argued that any change now in church law would cast a slur on those divorced persons who have been remarried (?) with the sanction of the church.

#### RESPONSIBILITY FOR PREJUDICES.

The Anglican Church in this country has sore need of a commission on increased responsibilities, if its members mean to assume responsibility for the statements of the framers of this report, and for the action which it implies as

necessary to correct the evils discovered during a flying trip to Manila. The religious orders and priests generally in the Philippines are accused of charging so much for the various certificates required for matrimony that the people who are too poor to pay for these certificates have recourse by thousands to concubinage; and the friars are accused of being so rigorous in exacting church dues of all sorts that they have dispossessed the Filipinos of their homes and seized their lands. "*These wrongs and the righting of them lie at the foundation of the whole Philippine problem.*" Our readers may remember that even during his rapid journey Bishop Potter found time to cable his impressions to the New York *Herald*. The cablegram was dated Saturday, it was published in the *Herald* for Sunday, December 17, and in an editorial in that issue Bishop Potter is said to have made this statement to the *Herald* the day before, Saturday, December 16, the very day on which, according to his own report, he arrived in Manila. In that statement he declared that in Manila "the opportunities for commercial and industrial development are qualified by the dangers to social order, to the integrity of the family and to the maintenance of the essential equities (*sic*) which grow out of ignorance and superstition, and the unscrupulous exactions of that wide-reaching and all encompassing monastic system which has preyed upon the people." . . . This people have been wronged and oppressed by those who in their wrongdoing have shielded themselves behind the highest sanctions. Their lands, which have been taken from them by force and fraud, should be restored to them." What need was there of going to Manila at all, or of stating in his report that he spent a week there, from December 16 to 21, even though most of this time was taken to sail to Singapore, if all this could be declared with so much assurance the very day, nay, if we allow for difference of time, almost the very hour of his arrival at Manila? It is

no wonder he could begin his statement by saying: "It does not require a very protracted stay in the Philippines to enable a traveller to discover that they present to day grave and interesting problems, both of profit and of peril. The most superficial observation, etc." Nor is it to be wondered at that, in the words of his report, "The religious situation in the Philippines is such as was to be expected in a colony of Spain."

#### PERPLEXING THE GOVERNMENT.

Now there is little use in attempting to overcome the prejudices of the men who drew up this report. Since their return to New York, Rev. Mr. Grant has repeated his views publicly. "If the friars are put in their cures again it means the continuation of the war, and the alienation of the natives from the Catholic Church," which latter result both he and his Episcopal companion seem to wish most devoutly. The thing is to take the land away from the friars. Strange how these churchmen will speak of friars, religious orders and the monastic system as all the same! The "sleek and wealthy monks," "the wolves," according to the Protestant Episcopal organ, the *Churchman*, in its issue for March 10, "have already gathered, partly by force, partly by fraud, partly from superstitious fears, enormous wealth, and still greater claims on which the courts will have to pass in due season. Just titles to property we must uphold, but it is a manifest iniquity to foist on our fellow Christians (!) priests whom they hate; and it is also impolitic. It will be a menace to peace and order, to life and property. The matter is a perplexing one, and new to our governmental diplomacy. It must be handled wisely; but it must be handled fearlessly, and it must be handled soon." The same weekly complains in its issue for March 24, that the government at Washington has not been decisive in dealing with the friars. Now why should the Episcopalians be so impatient? Why should they seek to perplex the

Administration at this critical time? One could have overlooked Bishop Potter's irritable insinuation, that the President's time was taken up in securing his reelection, as he intimated in his address before the Nineteenth Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in St. Paul, Minn., October 10, 1899, on the eve of his departure for Hawaii, where by the way he found nothing objectionable in the manner in which lands had been acquired by certain missionaries and their sons. At that time he was necessarily irritated by the Briggs controversy and by the resignation of Dr. de Costa from the Episcopalian ministry. But why should he continue to make difficulties for the President, by reminding him that, "It will be a colossal blunder if any delicacy as to the policy which may affect or offend a particular vote, important to any political party, be allowed to obscure the facts or to paralyze our action?" Or why should he strive to implicate the first U. S. Philippine Commission in his peculiar views by claiming that in the summary of their report the members recognized "the relation of these great wrongs to the situation which, when the armies of the United States came to the Philippines they found there?" The final report itself was not ready for Congress before February 2. Bishop Potter had merely a preliminary of the report of November 2, 1899. Now this report does not commit our Commissioners to the view he ascribes to them, whereas in their report proper, they say, on page 130, "The Commission does not pronounce upon the truth of these allegations," viz., upon the allegations of Aguinaldo, the same in substance as Bishop Potter's. And again, page 31; "These and all other questions of ecclesiastical polity should be left to the Church authorities." What with the Methodists denouncing the chief executive for tasting spirituous liquors, and, what seems more serious, the Director of the Catholic Indian Bureau in Washington, the Rt. Rev. Mgr.

G. A. Stephan, charging the present U. S. Administration with unfriendliness to Catholic interests<sup>(1)</sup> and the Episcopalians egging the President on to imitate Henry VIII. in the seizure of ecclesiastical properties, one cannot safely predict what is to happen in the political world before next November, and Bishop Potter is likely to paralyze the action of the Administration, by adding to its apprehension of an adverse vote for its treatment of Porto Rico, the apprehension of an adverse vote for any injustice done the friars, religious orders, parish priests or religion generally in the Philippines.

#### JUSTICE—TRUTH.

"We must do justly in the Philippines, or God will have no use for us," saith the oracle in this astounding report. Precisely, and truth is the first element of justice. Let Bishop Potter, the Rev. Percy S. Grant and all those who have uttered false statements about the friars in the Philippines do justly by them, so that God may have some use for them there. Let them begin by hearing the other side, or since they have not heard either side properly, let them at least imitate the silence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Blenk in Porto Rico, of Mgr. Sbaretti in Havana, of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Mgr. Chapelle, Apostolic Delegate for Porto Rico, Cuba, and the Philippines. They might find time in their observance of silence to read the available literature about our new possessions, the best of which is highly favorable to Catholic interests in all of them. They might ponder well the conclusions of the report of the Philippine Commission to the President, "The Friars in the Philippines," by the Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O. P., our own MESSENGER articles and editorials since September, 1898, the answer of the Rev. J. P. McQuaid, a volunteer army chaplain, given to Bishop Potter in the newspapers of March 31, or better still, the following letter of Rev. José M. Alguè, which we publish

(1) See the *Pittsburg Observer*, March 29.



in full because none of the New York newspapers, except the *New York Sun*, had the courtesy to print without garbling it and suppressing some of its chief passages.

#### AN ANSWER TO BISHOP POTTER.

The communication of Bishop Potter and the Rev. Percy S. Grant of New York, to the Joint Commission on the Increased Responsibilities of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was given out for publication, charges the religious orders and friars of the Philippines with robbing the people there, and the statements on which he bases his charge are so erroneous, that, in justice to the Bishop and his companion, and to the Episcopalian body which he in some measure represents, as well as to the American people at large, I think it important to make the following true statement about the taxes or fees for priestly ministration in the Philippines, which Bishop Potter has been misled to represent as so excessive.

In the first place it will be well to note that Bishop Potter spent a very short while in Manila, and it is a matter of fact that the most serious Philippine people scarcely paid attention to his visit. Besides, the conditions of the war did not give him the best chance for obtaining exhaustive information about places outside of Manila; this may explain and partly excuse the incorrectness of his assertions, a few of which I will quote and examine in the order they stand in his report.

"Her religious orders, except, perhaps, the Jesuits, have robbed the people, wrung from them their lands, and taxed the administration of sacraments and ordinances of religion with a scale of exactions and impositions at once scandalous and outrageous." It would be worth while inquiring from Bishop Potter what is the exact meaning of this "perhaps," because it is well known in the Philippine Islands that the Jesuits had neither parishes nor property

in the Northern islands, and in the Southern islands where the Jesuit missions are, the people clearly state that neither money nor property has been taken from them by the missionaries, as is authentically proved by an important document I possess, signed on the 27th of last December, by General Bates, U. S. A., who took the southern ports of Mindanao.

In regard to other institutions, the charge is such a grave and serious one, that it ought to be proved by facts, and so I would request Bishop Potter to quote facts in sufficient number to prove his broad assertion by induction. He pretends to prove his charge by the following statements:

"No marriage, *e. g.*, can be celebrated by a priest of the Roman obedience, without (a) a Certificate from both parties of Baptism; (b) of Confirmation; (c) of a Confession to a priest immediately preceding the marriage; as well as a Certificate of Marriage, all of which must be severally and separately paid for, and for which the charge is in each case from \$5 to \$8." Now (a) is an ecclesiastical rule in force among Catholics everywhere; (b) as a rule is not required in the Philippine Islands; (c) the Confession required before matrimony need not be made immediately before it. If a certificate be required, in this case, it is only to assure the parish priest that the parties contracting marriage have prepared for the sacrament worthily. As for the Certificate of Marriage, that is nothing but the marriage license.

Now, the bishop's main point is to prove that the religious orders have robbed the people. But if the people pay the necessary charges for these certificates willingly, how can he call it robbery? It is not clear from the Bishop's words whether the charge in each case be from \$5 to \$8 for all the certificates together, or for each certificate for each party, which would make quite a difference, from \$40 to \$64, nor

is it clear whether the \$5 to \$8 are estimated in Mexican money (the usual standard in Manila), or our own. But it is not worth while disputing this point, because the fact is that the fees for marriages in the diocese of Manila and everywhere else in the Philippine Islands are by no means as high as Bishop Potter asserts. The fees for marriages among Indians, or of Indian with native, amount to \$1.75; among mestizos, \$3.25; among white people, about \$4.00. For poor people there is no tax at all, as I can show by innumerable instances. (1)

"Charges are fixed by the Archbishop, who, it is understood, divides the proceeds with the clergy who collect them." It is, indeed, very badly and maliciously "understood," because the true taxes are divided, not among the Archbishop and the clergy, but among the laymen servants of the church, who help in the administration of sacraments, for instance, the sacristan, the altar boys, the man in charge of the bells, etc.; and the remainder, if anything is left, belongs to the church treasury. I said "if anything is left," because I had to act as parish priest myself, in the Ermita parish church of Manila, during the blockade, because there was no other priest there, and it is a fact that at that time and up to the present the true taxes are insisted upon in so few cases that the laymen in charge of the church do not receive enough money to live upon and must be fed by the parish priest.

"Thousands of the people are living practically in a state of concubinage." Unfortunately, there are there, as everywhere, a few instances of this, but by no means thousands. Whoever desires to have exact information about this matter, may find it in the statistics of marriages and the legitimate and illegitimate births in Manila, where the evil is greater, and he will see that even there the

figures do not agree by any means with the assertion of Bishop Potter.

"An ecclesiastical discipline, which permits such wrongs, not unnaturally permits others of even larger proportions." If the premises are wrong, I think nobody can honestly deduce a conclusion from them, and that this is the case of Bishop Potter everyone may easily understand from the above remarks.

"It is no wonder that, at last, an outraged people revolted, and that having appealed in vain to their own civil government, for their protection or redress, they should have risen against their oppressors." The causes of the rebellion of the natives against Spain are complicated, just as the causes of their rebellion against the American people are very complicated; and Bishop Potter has no right to state that the cause of the outbreak of the natives against Spain was the taxation imposed by the religious orders or friars in the administration of the sacraments. The reason is plain and evident. Many of the parishes are administered by the natives who are secular priests; for instance, the cathedral of Manila, Marikina, San Roque of Cavite, Quiajio in Manila, Albay, the most important town in southeastern Luzon, all the parishes on the western coast of the Island of Leyte, and many others which it would take too long to mention. Now, in all these parishes, the same ecclesiastical law as to taxes was enforced by these secular priests, and it is a matter of history that nobody objected to it. Therefore nobody can honestly state that the cause of the rebellion of the natives against Spain was the requiring the true taxes in the administration of sacraments.

"Mr. Pierce might properly have confined himself to his duties as a regimental chaplain; but from the beginning he has been the pastor and servant of all sorts and conditions of men, organizing a congregation for the citizens of the

(1) See also Report of the Philippine Commission to the President, page 137.

United States . . . another for the Filipinos."

Certainly, Mr. Pierce might properly have confined himself to his duties, and I have heard very prominent American officers complain that the American government did not need to have a man in Manila organizing religious congregations of a special sect—as the American law extends equal protection to all religions—particularly if the organization interfere, as it does, with the duties of a regimental chaplain. It was considered creditable and honorable to the Catholic chaplains of the army to see them always devoting themselves to their regiments. About the work of Mr. Pierce, I can only say that many natives mistook him for a Catholic chaplain, as he used to carry a crucifix in his uniform, and I was told that in his chapel he used candles, incense and so forth, and also that he asked for a fee in case of marriage. Now, ordinary people can scarcely distinguish refined differences of worship and religious doctrines. I will only quote one instance in which I had to intervene. A young Catholic man applied to Chaplain Pierce and was married by him. The man realizing that he (Mr. Pierce) was not a Catholic priest, and that he as a Catholic had done wrong, became sorry for it, tried to excuse himself on the pretext of the tax, and applied to his own parish priest. I was told that this instance has been repeated many other times. It is also true, unfortunately, that some knew he was not a Catholic chaplain, and nevertheless followed him; but such men are well described by Mr. William F. Shunk, Engineer, U. S. A., in his report, "Intercontinental Railway Commission," Vol. II. p. 28. Speaking about the Indians of Columbia he says: "Religion in these countries is the Roman Catholic, apostolic, exactly adapted to the genius of the race. It is a deplorable fact that the few who reject it do not exchange it for other forms of belief, but appear to drop right down into

the gloomy pit of materialism." The few Filipinos who follow the Protestant chaplains in the Philippine Islands are of this very sort.

JOSÉ M. ALGUÈ.

*Georgetown University, March 31, 1900.*

#### CARLISLE SECTARIANISM.

We take the following statements from the *Providence Visitor* of March 24, 1900:

Upon the authority of the pastor of the Catholic church, Carlisle, Penn., Rev. Father Ganss, we make known to our readers:

1. That the Catholic Indian pupils of Carlisle are obliged to eat meat on Fridays or go hungry.
2. That they are not permitted to go to Mass on Holydays of Obligation, and doubtless they must work on such days.
3. That they are compelled to attend Protestant services on Sunday afternoon, and also on Sunday morning, unless they go to Mass in the parish church.
4. That the afternoon services are conducted by Protestant preachers.
5. That many of the Catholic Indian children lose their religion at the Carlisle school.
6. That of the 150 Catholic pupils few receive the Sacraments.
7. That there is not and never was a Catholic teacher at Carlisle school.
8. That the *Red Men*, Carlisle's paper, insults the Catholics.
9. That Captain Pratt would not allow Catholic Sisters to give Catechism instructions to the Catholic pupils in the school. In addition we charge:
10. That never was a Catholic pupil of Carlisle farmed out to a Catholic family.

#### THE REAL WORK OF THE "MONKS."

With a strange oversight of logic the *New York Tribune* of March 31 treats seriously the article of the soi-disant Roman Catholic E. Saint-Genix in the *Contemporary Review* for March on "Monastic Orders up to Date."

To learn what the monastic orders are

doing, not merely for the Church, but for civilization and humanity ; to be satisfied that they still serve a useful and noble purpose, and are still an uplifting force in the Church, one need not go to France, nor seek information from a writer like M. Saint-Genix, whose evidence about their serious defects is for the most part hearsay, and whose positive proofs of their decline are altogether puerile, or too highly colored and sensational. Nor yet need one go to the Philippines to acquire such testimony as "the careful and competent" Bishop Potter, according to the *Tribune*, publishes after staying in Manila as long after December 16 as the journey of five days to Singapore (where he was on December 21) would permit, spent according to his own report, in taking information from all but those who could best instruct him about the "ruthless robbers," the friars.

We have in our country forty-four different religious congregations of men, numbering 2,976 priests, fully 2,500 others occupied in teaching, and at least 3,000 lay brothers given to managing the temporal affairs of their communities. Then there are 118 congregations of nuns, numbering fully 50,000 religious women.

Under their care are 178 colleges, 662 academies, 3,811 schools, with 854,523 children; 251 orphan asylums, with 85,453 orphans; and 827 charitable institutions. The rule, the work and the services these men and women render to their religion and humanity are known and applauded by every impartial observer.

But if we go to France or to M. Saint-Genix, we should neither attribute to him more credit than he deserves, nor derive from his statements conclusions which they do not warrant. We have no hesitation in impeaching the credit of a writer who makes the grave charges which M. Saint-Genix makes, in the first part of his article (pp. 137-142), against congregations which number 180,000

persons, without taking the trouble to give his proofs and authorities, or with the mere hearsay phrases, "it is said," "if there is truth in the report," "if it be true," or, as he does for his most serious charge, "it is highly probable, this conviction grows."

What surprises one most is that the *Tribune* takes for granted that the periodical which M. Saint-Genix quotes is issued by some religious congregation, though he does not say so, and that it is termed an "official record," though it is simply, according to M. Saint-Genix, a review for public reading. The *Tribune* falls into the clever sophist's trap, and never stops to ask, what congregation, if any, is responsible for this periodical? What is the membership of the congregation? How many (or how few) subscribers does it influence? The *Tribune* editor does not remark that M. Saint-Genix takes most of his quotations second hand from M. Buisson of the *Siècle*, which is known for its hostility to everything Catholic. The *Tribune* must, or should, have in its files *L'Univers* for January 18, or *L'Osservatore Romano* for January 23 and 24. From these the editor could have answered his own questions about the Monastic Orders in France, and learned what they are doing for humanity even when hampered and persecuted by the State. It may astonish the readers of M. Saint-Genix's article or of the *Tribune* editorial to read that through the religious congregations, "French Catholics have, during the year 1899, furnished primary education to upwards of 2,000,000 children. They have given secondary education to 91,000. They have procured higher and professional instruction for more than 10,000 French youths. All this without a single cent of expense to the State. Furthermore, the State has received the taxes which are imposed on all the school buildings needed for imparting these different grades of instruction. Reckoning the money which the State, the Departments and the Muni-

palities expend for public instruction, the above support given by Catholics in behalf of their schools represents a saving of 130,000,000 francs yearly to the government.

"As to their charities, during the same year 1899, the religious congregations in France have lodged and fed in their asylums, refuges, hospitals, homes, and other institutions, about 250,000 poor, among whom were 60,000 orphans and 110,000 old people. Of these latter, the little Sisters of the Poor alone take care of 28,000. It is calculated that these wonderful Sisters from the time of their foundation to the present time, have passed fully 130,000,000 days on which they had to beg from door to door the wherewith to feed, keep warm and clothe this immense multitude of miserable old people. According to the most moderate calculation based on the expenses of the laicized hospitals, if the religious congregations were to disappear from France, the State would have to expend more than 110,000,000 francs a year to meet the expenses now assumed by the religious.

"To all this we should add that in 1898, the French Catholics have spent more than 6,000,000 francs in foreign schools and missions, and that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul alone, through its Conferences throughout the world, has distributed among the poor upwards of 13,000,000 francs last year."

In his address to the Paris Congress, in 1898, Père Le Dore declared that the religious communities of France benefited 2,500,000 persons that year. The 7,000 Sisters of the Good Shepherd in France alone have 47,385 children or young women under their care.

#### THE HIERARCHICAL CHURCH.

The Holy Father in a letter to the Piedmontese Bishops, printed in *L'Univers* for March 21, lays great stress on the truth that while respect for authority lies at the foundation of all civil and religious society, it takes in the

Church the special practical form of obedience to the hierarchy. This obedience is the test, the touchstone of the spirit of Catholicity entering into every good work. "Let Catholics apply themselves with zeal to the advancement of social reform, to the amelioration of the condition of the poor, to the uplifting of the working classes; let them find in books and newspapers a pulpit from which to preach the truths availing to both to this world and the next." But "it is absolutely necessary in undertaking these and similar works, that they leave whole and entire the respect due to ecclesiastical authority. To resist the will of their bishops, to wish rather to read them a lesson than to listen with docility to their teaching, is something altogether foreign to the rights of the laity. And there is nothing more opposed to the duty of ecclesiastics, since they should recall the promise of obedience which each one took at the time of his priestly consecration to his bishop. . . . It is this union of will and forces that gives us the hope and the confidence of victory over the enemies of faith and justice; let this union be wanting, we fight, yes, but without profit. We therefore exhort your priests to follow each one his bishop, as Christ, His Father, so that each be on his guard against those who, while calling them Catholics, foment discord, and by speech and pen strive to turn souls aside from their duty."

#### A CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY FOR IRELAND.

An important step in the right direction has been recently taken by Royal University Graduates in Ireland. They have issued an explanation of the arrangements under which professors and students must at present impart and receive a university training, and the explanation gains in value from the fact that their presentment embodies only what has fallen within their own sphere of personal observation and experience. Their object, of course, in writing is to

hasten the coming of the long-promised Catholic University, although they put themselves at the outset the very practical question of what hope is there for their modest statement, when year by year the unanimous protest of the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, calling attention to what they regard as a grave injustice, falls on deaf ears; when the words of a viceroy are unheeded; when the speeches and letters of Chief Secretaries are ineffectual; and when the protests of the representatives of the people are made in vain. This "modest statement," however, does not lack in effectiveness for the possession of that virtue, as we may judge from an abridgment of its opening chapter to be found in full in the *Weekly Register* of March 23. It deals with the topic of higher education as given in Trinity College. This institution is splendidly equipped with botanical gardens, a museum, engineering and medical schools, and a library of 252,000 volumes. Its yearly revenue up to a few years ago was £80,000. And yet withal it is not an institution capable of supplying higher education to the majority of the people in Ireland. The history of the educational system of Trinity is an unbroken record of antagonism to Irish sentiment, as regards religion and national traditions. It is as distinctively opposed to Catholic faith and practice as it was before the abolition of the tests. Similar antagonism closes the door of the Presbyterian Queen's College, Belfast, to Catholic students, and so we have presented the strange anomaly that the vast majority of the people in Ireland are kept in a position inferior to the Episcopal and Presbyterian minorities. If we turn to Scotland, how great the contrast! The Presbyterian majority have four universities, real centres of higher education, which are thoroughly national, and adjusted to the religious tenets of the people. British statesmen, therefore, whilst granting the justice of the claim, do nothing to give to Irish Catholics the same facilities for higher

education as the Scotch possess. They deprive the Catholic youth of Ireland of what the Presbyterian youth of Scotland have had for many centuries—higher education in a university under the guidance of their own religion.

#### AN EXAMPLE FOR THE UNITED STATES?

We have several times taken occasion to commend the help extended to denominational schools by the English Government. A recent change in the school laws will entitle Catholics to a still greater share in this public money. The "Block System," as it is called, grants a single inclusive payment on the basis of average attendance to all schools that satisfy the conditions laid down by the school inspectors. These conditions are: 1. The suitableness of the instruction to the circumstances of the children and the neighborhood. 2. The thoroughness and intelligence with which the instruction is given. 3. The sufficiency and suitability of the staff. 4. Discipline and organization. Of course a howl has gone up from the sectaries against this favor to the Voluntary schools, now placed in a position little inferior to the Board or Government schools, which hitherto by means of special grants for extra studies received a much larger share of the educational fund. The grant for the infants' class is 16s. or 17s. per capita; for the older scholars, 21s. or 22s. If the State is only to look to results, if the parents of children or their representatives, the Catholic teachers, are able to afford equally good instruction, justice demands that their work should have adequate recognition and compensation.

#### ONE HONEST COMMITTEE REPORT.

In these days when the committees of both our National and State legislative bodies are exhibiting themselves as past masters in the art of tergiversation and compromise in their efforts to reconcile principle and practice, justice and expediency, social reform and party interests, it is refreshing and encouraging to

find an old French Republican, with the courage of his convictions, drafting an honest adverse report on the Government scheme to require that all candidates for Civil Service employments should have passed a three years' course in a State school. Such was the courageous action of M. Agnard, as we learn from the letter of a French Catholic to the *London Tablet*. Here are his words, which we have every reason to hope forecast the death of this unjust proposal: "If, following the dictates of your conscience or your inclinations, you confide the education of your child to others than those approved of by the State, your child is declared incompetent and unworthy of serving his country. Not only is he laboring under a sort of ban of moral inferiority, but limited in the choice of his career and treated as a suspect by the nation. . . . Our report ought perhaps to have been shorter. We might have contented ourselves with recalling Articles 1 and 6 of the Rights of Man. Art. 1. Men are born and live equal and free before the law. Art. 6. All citizens are equally admissible to all dignities and public offices according to their capacity, and that without any distinction save those of their abilities and talents. The Government's scheme destroys one of the fundamental principles of political justice. It is a mean sectarian conception, and can only lead to national disunion."

#### FREEDOM OF EDUCATION!

The law thus stigmatized and held up to public reprobation is but one of many grouped by the French Government under the misleading caption, Freedom of Education. Never was the use of words more perverted than in giving this high-sounding title to a set of laws whose aim is to deprive the vast majority of Frenchmen of the right to give their children the education demanded by their religious belief. "Liberté" has been the shibboleth of French revolu-

tionists for a century past, and the record of the crimes committed in its name is long and appalling. Still it may be well doubted if it has ever been taken as a cloak for more complete enslavement to the State than in its present juxtaposition with the word of education. Its purpose fits in well with the views of those who see in child-murder only an indiscretion, a regrettable alternative justified by the demands of society and the freedom of the individual to pursue unhampered the course of his pleasures and money-making.

#### MIVART—WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Who are the "liberal Catholic friends," "the same known to me, priests as well as laity," who neither could nor would believe in hell as the Church requires? Who are "the many priests, both in England and the United States," who gladly accepted Mivart's views on hell, the "not inconsiderable number of cultured English Catholics, clergy as well as laity, who were severely tried by the reactionary policy which has shown itself of late years at Rome?" Who are "the ecclesiastics who seek to retain, and gain, adherents through a pretence of logically impossible liberalism?" The questions have a tragic import, because Mivart seems to have been deluded by the hope that these people would support him in his frantic and desperate efforts to justify his views before the bar of public opinion. Is it possible that his "liberal Catholic friends," after the manner of such friends, as faithless with men as they are with the Church, made him believe that his vagaries would have the support of public opinion, if not of reason? If so, they are responsible for the poor man's outburst during the past few months, for nothing seems to have been so potent with him as the desire to stand well in the view of men whom he deemed cultured. His death was tragic in the extreme, occurring, as it did, as he was declaring himself outside of the pale of the Church, and pleading hard

for popular favor for his secession, by announcing that he had discovered that recent science and modern culture could not be reconciled with ancient Catholic dogma and contemporary Roman Catholic teaching. The plea is too trite to win favor nowadays. Men know what it means. Mivart's futile attempt to reconcile the recent science which he had mastered, so far as any science can be mastered in its present imperfect state, with the Catholic teaching, whether ancient or modern, which he had never mastered, only convinces men that the plea is due to ignorance. Mivart's conduct has justified the action of Cardinal Vaughan, which some were disposed to consider peremptory in the beginning, and his exclusion from the sacraments has convinced the world that the Catholic Church alone stands for the integrity and the sanctity of the Scriptures, in fine contrast with the sects who after having denounced her for centuries as fearful of Scripture, now cast it aside themselves as full of errors and antiquated doctrines. But still, who is responsible, if not for inciting Mivart to betray his errors in the periodicals, at least for not inducing him to refrain from publishing things so manifestly inconsistent with all he had plainly written before, and from vainly endeavoring to prove that he was sincere when he wrote these things?

In December, 1893, Mivart wrote in the *Nineteenth Century*:

"Comparable with this gradual manifestation of the full meaning of our Lord's sacramental words at the Last Supper, has been the gradual manifestation of the full significance of his conferring on St. Peter a supreme charge, with the power of the keys. The complete Papal supremacy of to-day was in the Popes of the first two centuries, as the oak within the acorn, latent, but certain to put forth every twig and leaf in due season, God's providence and human (often unintentional) action combining to afford the requisite condi-

tions for the process of its evolution, till, with entire consistency, Papal infallibility was authoritatively proclaimed at the Vatican Council."

These words were written more than twenty years after the Council, so that he had had ample time to form his opinions about Papal infallibility. Indeed from the same article it would appear that he had formed very decided views in favor of it.

"Now it is manifestly absurd," he wrote, "for any corporate body to command submission to its authority and assent to its teaching, while it admits that it is not infallible, but may be mistaken."

"The Church of Rome, however, does assert itself to possess not only absolute, but also infallible, authority, and that, without being inspired, it is, nevertheless, so assisted by the Divine Spirit that its Supreme Head, the Pope, when teaching *ex cathedra*, cannot fall into error as regards either faith or morals."

"For me, therefore, no revelation is possible save Roman Catholicism. No other Church—as geography shows us—possesses the attribute of 'Catholicity,' while no other even professes to possess the gifts of absolute and exclusive 'authority' and 'infallibility.'"

The effect of his submission to the authority of the Church at that time, when, it may be recalled, he was submitting *ex animo* to one of its decisions against himself, he describes:

"Now, I must distinctly declare not only that I have found nothing in the Catholic faith—nothing that is '*de fide*'—which conflicts with my reason, but that, through it, I have obtained conceptions which have much broadened my mind and strengthened my intellect. I am, indeed, certain, that everyone who has not become acquainted with Catholic theology (whether he accepts it or not) is and must be, so far, in an intellectually inferior position."

Mivart had been fifty years a member of the Church when he wrote these



things. He had presumed to write on theological as well as on scientific topics, and one would imagine that a man of the scientific acumen and habit he claimed to have, should have had fixed and final views on matters so elementary and so plainly treated in theological works as the infallibility of the Pope, even long before the Vatican Council. How puerile it is therefore, in him, to write in the *North American* for April:

"If Christ had informed His Apostles that the Pope was infallible, how was it that not an inconsiderable minority of their successors in the Vatican Council should have opposed that dogma?" Though the dogma had been proclaimed with entire consistency, "God's providence and human (often unintentional) action combining to afford the requisite conditions for the process of its evolution."

Seven years later God's providence is left out, and Mivart learns from the "marvellously learned and scrupulously impartial man," Harnack, that the "evolution" was purely human.

"After all, it was very natural, as Gibbon in his wonderful history clearly pointed out, that he who occupied the Episcopal Chair of the capital of the world should grow to be regarded as the central ruler of Christendom and become inspired by that instinct and capacity for ruling and domination, which was the chief characteristic of ancient, imperial Rome.

"The opportunity for aggrandizement and for the gradual transformation of a local 'bishop' into a 'Pope'—as we now understand that word—was amply supplied by a multitude of appeals from all sides with respect to matters of doctrine, discipline and ritual."

So that what was "manifestly absurd" seven years ago is now no longer so, but highly reasonable.

"The most imperative task for Roman theologians to-day is so to modify the meaning of the dogma of the Church's infallibility as to render possible the

admission by them that the Councils of Florence, Trent and the Vatican have erred, and that the Pope's Encyclical is to be put on one side as of absolutely no account whatever."

Why could not his liberal friends have saved him from becoming the prey of magazine men, and persuaded him to suppress such manifest inconsistencies?

A correspondent asks if we mean to say anything about the Philippine Commission, which is on its way to Manila to take charge of a people for the most part Catholic and to settle problems which seriously affect the spiritual and temporal interests of the Church. No Catholic has been appointed on this Commission, and Professor Worcester, who has written as an anti-Catholic on the Philippines, is a second time appointed to serve as our Commissioner there. It is not in our province to criticise the action of the National Government, unless it be manifestly hostile to religion. Now, from the fact that Secretary Long thinks Captain Leary, late Governor of Guam, a Catholic, though he has as little reason for doing so as Governor Roosevelt who lately thought a certain Mrs. O'Connor a Catholic from the name she bears, it would seem that some of our Washington officials do not consider it important to their political interests to consult carefully the interests of our new Catholic possessions. No doubt they will learn to do this as they proceed. Meantime, the Commissioners thus far chosen for the Philippines have done nothing officially, so far as we know, to injure the Church there, and we have no reason for apprehending any such hostile action on their part. Thus far every fair-minded man who has spent a longer time in Manila than from steamer to steamer, has spoken fairly of the Religion there. The Apostolic Delegate fortunately is in Manila with full knowledge of everything which concerns the future welfare of the Church there.

## INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

*L'Univers*, of March 5, prints a lengthy description of a reunion held recently by the Christian Brothers and their friends at Paris, in the palace of Cardinal Richard. His Eminence on account of ill health was unable to attend, and was represented by M. Odelin, Vicar General and Director of Diocesan Works. Mgr. Gardey, Curé of St. Clothilde, presided at the meeting. Among those present were Brothers Experien, First Assistant; Marcellien, Assistant for Lyons; Viventien, Assistant for Auvergne and Rheims; Dosithéus, Assistant for Normandy; Appronien, Assistant for the East, all lately returned from Jerusalem. The Secretary-General, Justin, was likewise present, along with M. de Broglie and M. de La Salle Saint Maure, the last living representative of the de La Salle family.

Count d'Haussonville, member of the French Academy, read the annual report. He first took occasion to pay a tribute to the memory of the illustrious founder himself, of whom the great de Bonald did not hesitate to say fifty years ago, "Whether the Church canonizes him or not, de La Salle is a hero in the eyes of mankind." The Church has already moved in the matter and de Bonald's words can now be viewed in the light of a prophecy. John Baptist de La Salle was declared Blessed on February 14, 1888, and this present month of May shall see him on the roll of the Saints. Continuing, the Count called attention to a remark familiar to the lips of Father Barré, de La Salle's confessor, that "a soul is poor in good works till submitted to the pressure of affliction and temptation." Blessed

de La Salle encountered opposition not only from the lay teachers of his time, but also from persons higher in the scale of influence. His greatest sorrow came from ecclesiastics of high rank who regarded him with a certain amount of suspicion and put every obstacle in his way. "Two centuries," said the eloquent M. d'Haussonville, "have already passed and the Institute of the Brothers, fresh from new trials and new dangers, is fuller of life to-day than ever. One pain the Brothers in Paris have been always spared, and that is abandonment by their beloved archbishop. His sympathies are ever with men exposed to injury and wrong." Warm applause greeted these remarks. Count d'Haussonville then made passage to the providence displayed in raising up a Saint as early as the seventeenth century to put the education of the children of the nineteenth on a sure footing. The system of primary education adopted by the Brothers is ideal from a popular point of view. It combines all the essentials of mental discipline with a thorough and solidly religious training. In his history of pedagogy M. Longperré with much truth and wisdom remarks that what the Jesuits accomplished in the field of secondary education the Brothers of the Christian Schools with their wonted thoroughness accomplished in the equally important field of primary education. The Count then took a rapid glance at the history of the Institute. On the eve of the Revolution it counted 116 houses and 36,000 pupils. After the Revolution the work took a new start and encouraged by both Portalis and Napoleon I., made rapid progress. During

the restoration it had of course to contend with some opposition and encountered some serious setbacks. M. Guizot, however, was always its warm friend. Coming to the Third Republic, the Count praised the government for having increased the number of public schools and severely blamed it for having banished from them all religious instruction. He showed with what energy and heroic self-sacrifice Catholics in Paris and the provinces made good to the children of the people the benefits of religious education by their generous support of Free Christian Schools. French Catholics pay out annually for the support of these schools 40,000,000 francs. Their mainstay is, of course, the Institute of the Christian Brothers, numbering now in France and elsewhere as many as 20,000 Brothers, 2,000 houses and 350,000 pupils. The novitiates, about 42 in number, educate 3,000 students. Speaking of the work accomplished abroad, he called attention to the successes scored by the Brothers in the East and the influence they exert for the maintenance of French supremacy. Reference was here made to the public thanks rendered the Brothers by such men as Gambetta, Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, de Freycinet, Goblet, Felix Faure and Melchior de Vogué. Count d'Haussonville closed with a ringing appeal to the charity of Frenchmen in favor of the novitiates, burdened as they are with a heavy load of debt and money expenditure.

Mgr. Gardey then proceeded to thank in very graceful terms the distinguished speaker for his tribute of praise. "The Count d'Haussonville," said he, "is not a man who talks for the mere sake of talking. Acts are the result he keeps in view. According to that old saying of St. Thomas, life for him is movement or motion. And after listening to his eloquent remarks I would add that life for him is movement in the right direction!" In spite of the successes already achieved Mgr. Gardey ventured to hope that, in face of the moral misery now overwhelm-

ing the masses, the free schools would daily extend their influence for good. There are parishes in the capital that a few years ago had 700 candidates annually for First Communion and now muster hardly more than 200. The Institute of the Christian Brothers is able to provide for its novitiates only at the expense of strict self-denial and rigid economy. Recruits for the teaching staff are gathered chiefly from the laboring classes, but whether from gradual weakening along the lines of faith or other reason, the common people no longer contribute as they did formerly to the support of their sons in the novitiate. It becomes necessary then for men of means to redouble their generous efforts and put these novitiates on a solid basis. On them the Congregation depends entirely for future subjects and the very existence of Christian primary education in France, is intimately bound up with their welfare. This is a point in every way worthy of serious consideration. *Qui vult finem, vult media.* Works are accomplished only by the employment of means.

The meeting ended with a piece of poetry. An old pupil of the Brothers, M. Moquet, recited with much charm of manner an elegant composition from the pen of Father Delaporte, entitled: "School Without God and Granny's Stories." The poem itself was an eloquent commentary on the dangers and perils described in his speech by Mgr. Gardey.

The lamentable decrease in First Communions, so forcibly alluded to by Mgr. Gardey at the meeting just described, is responsible for an able editorial contributed by Pierre Veuillot to *L'Univers* for March 11. The whole tone of the article is so healthy and so eminently in keeping with our own present attitude that we subjoin these few extracts: "This is what results from the religious neutrality of our public schools. These figures enable us to put our fingers on the moral ruin wrought by godless education.

And yet some men would have us believe that no-religion schools are wholly neutral in their effects and work no positive harm. Certain public officials who owe their position in the political world to Catholic votes, who even enjoy the esteem of their Catholic fellow-citizens, take no interest whatever in this question of education and thrust it aside scornfully to devote their whole attention to trifles they stupidly consider of paramount importance for the Republic. Among others, M. Deroulede is able to boast unblushingly in full assembly that he cast his vote for these School Laws, and M. Deroulede still enjoys the confidence of not a few Catholics. Profiting by our blindness, the enemies of religion with all the prudence of serpents are silently and perseveringly working to produce the impression that these laws after all are quite harmless; that we are led astray by a mistaken zeal; that the time has come to take a broader view of things and feel satisfied at last that the Church has nothing to fear from legislation of this sort. And all this in spite of the fact that the Masonic lodges are never done boasting of the part they played in establishing the laws. In 1893 M. Rousselle, a Mason, thus vauntingly expressed himself on the subject: 'Let us never forget our glories. Freemasonry framed the laws for public instruction.' One Schoelcher, when casting his vote for the bill, cried aloud in the Senate: 'I vote for this measure, because I am an atheist.'

"Catholics of France, let us stand up for our rights. Let us meet every attack of the enemy! Let us refuse to be turned aside from our main purpose by every little event and every minor question of the hour. No question transcends in importance this question of education. No question is of more absorbing interest. No question is worthier of our strength and endeavor. Let us never for a moment lose memory of those parishes in Paris where only 200 children instead of 700 present themselves for First Communion!"

The bishop of Amiens in his Lenten pastoral speaks as follows of the knowledge some Catholics have of their religion. "Some recollections carried away from the hearthside, some detached fragments of catechism easily learned and as easily forgotten, certain impressions able to survive till youth, these constitute the foundation on which negligent Catholics rear the edifice of a Christian life, these constitute their whole stock of sacred knowledge when they make ready to attack the important problems of existence. They never open again the golden pages that could instruct them, they turn a deaf ear to the voices ordained by heaven to speak to them, and self-interest, pleasure, ambition do religious truth the contempt of that old and scornful answer: 'We will hear thee again concerning this matter.' (Acts xvii. 32.) Unfortunately it oftenest happens that the opportunity and leisure to make inquiry come too late. And if sometimes the doubts and distresses of a disordered age fix the wandering mind again on the question of eternity, it seeks advice from teachers with no credentials of authority, from unfriendly or prejudiced writers, from light or impious pamphlets that impudently prescribe the bounds of religious thought and belief. M. Eugene Tavernier, in *L'Univers* of March 1, commenting on this pastoral says: "Today, faith for the large body of Christians is a certain indefinable collection of truths difficult, in the main, of clear and intelligible expression. These Christians are men of piety and zeal, capable even of exalted enthusiasm: but their ardor is no proof against the shocks of every-day encounters. Ardor of the sort is no guarantee of victory in time of war with a well organized enemy who knows well what he wants to accomplish and the range of his guns. We shall be better able to give him better battle if we take the time and the care to weigh and examine our own strength. In the words of Mgr., the bishop of Amiens, 'The most splendid garment in truth's ward-

robe, is light. When religion is better understood, stripped of pitiful disguises, seriously studied, it will quickly assume with us the place of importance it has a right to occupy.' Mgr. Dizien urges Catholics to seek and find weapons of war in the catechism. One page of this little book is enough to rout the stoutest of our adversaries. With the catechism we know why we are Christians; without it we can answer never a word to the stupid fellows who accuse us of denying all reason and all science. And if we have no answer ready, why, after all, should these men have any respect for us or our tenets?"

It is proposed to create in the University of Strasburg a Catholic faculty of theology, thus enabling the clerical student to make his philosophical and theological studies in a university instead of a seminary. The settlement of the problem rests with our Holy Father, the Pope. German ecclesiastics sympathize with the measure. Frenchmen view it as another attempt to thoroughly Germanize the clergy of Alsace and Lorraine. *The Tablet*, of March 17, has this to say of the old and new systems: "In Alsace and Lorraine the system of educating the clergy is still the French one. The candidates for the priesthood are sent first to a *Pétit Séminaire*, and, on their finishing rhetoric, thence to a *Grand Séminaire*, so that the whole of their education and training is completed in these two strictly ecclesiastical institutions. In Germany, a church candidate, having finished his "gymnasium," or humanities, a course of nine years in what corresponds to a public grammar school, goes to one of the universities, where there is a faculty of Catholic Theology, and there studies his philosophy and theology for three years under Catholic professors, who are presented by the bishops but nominated and paid by the State. Such faculties exist, for instance, at Bonn and Tübingen. In addition to his theology, such a student

may, if he wish, also follow some other scientific or philological course of lectures. At the end of his course he has to pass a successful examination in his philosophy and theology, often taking a degree; and then only is he admitted into the seminary for a two years' course of real pastoral theology."

Pope Leo XIII. has granted to the priests attached to the Basilica of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre the rare and splendid privilege of celebrating Holy Mass at midnight whenever a great multitude of the faithful assembles at the Shrine. The favor is reckoned a reward for the nocturnal adoration maintained at Montmartre without interruption for now eighteen years. During the past year as many as 23,000 men spent the night in prayer on the heights of Montmartre before the Blessed Sacrament exposed for adoration. In token of gratitude to the Holy Father, the privilege was first used on the night of Saturday, March 3, when the whole Catholic world was keeping the double anniversary of the Pope's crowning and his birth.

A very successful three weeks' session of the Catholic Winter School at New Orleans, was brought to an appropriate close on the Feast of St. Patrick, March 17, with an eloquent lecture on "Ireland among the Nations," by the Rev. Patrick F. Horan, D.D., of Little Rock, Arkansas. The attendance at the two daily lectures was large and select, and was in itself the best mark of approval set on the excellent course arranged by the Committee on Studies. Henry Austin Adams, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, Professor Austin O'Malley, on historical and literary topics; Rev. Albert Biever, S.J., on scientific matters; Father Thomas McLoughlin of N. Y., on Music; Rev. Dr. Horan on Dante; Rev. Thomas McGrady on Single Tax and Trusts, were the chief lecturers, while the dramatic recitations of Mrs. Bertha Kuntz Baker met with high favor.

## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

LEAFLET 17—THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.—(ST. JOHN XI, 23-44.)

Jesus saith to her: [Martha]: Thy brother shall rise again.

Martha saith to Him: I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

Jesus said to her: I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me although he be dead, shall live:

And everyone that liveth, and believeth in Me, shall not die forever. Believest thou this?

She saith to Him: Yea, Lord, I have believed that Thou art Christ the Son of the living God, who art come into this world.

And when she had said these things, she went and called her sister Mary secretly, saying: The Master is come and calleth for thee.

She, as soon as she heard this, riseth quickly and cometh to Him:

For Jesus was not yet come into the town, but He was still in that place, where Martha had met Him.

The Jews, therefore, who were with her in the house and comforted her, when they saw Mary that she rose up speedily and went out, followed her, saying: She goeth to the grave, to weep there.

When Mary therefore was come where Jesus was, seeing Him, she fell down at His feet, and saith to Him: Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

Jesus, therefore, when he saw her weeping, and the Jews that were come

with her weeping, groaned in spirit, and troubled Himself. And said: Where have you laid him? They say to Him: Lord, come and see.

And Jesus wept.

The Jews therefore said: Behold how He loved him.

But some of them said: Could not He that opened the eyes of the man born blind, have caused that this man should not die?

Jesus therefore again groaning to Himself, cometh to the sepulchre; now it

was a cave, and a stone was laid over it. And Jesus saith: Take away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith to Him: Lord, by this time he stinketh, for he is now of four days.

Jesus saith to her: Did I not say to thee, that if thou believe, thou shalt see the glory of God?

They took therefore the stone away, and Jesus lifting up His eyes, said, Father, I give thee thanks that Thou hast heard

Me. And I knew that Thou hearest Me always, but because of the people who stand about have I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent me.

When he had said these things, He cried with a loud voice: Lazarus, come forth. And presently he that had been dead came forth, bound feet and hands with winding-bands, and his face was bound about by a napkin. Jesus said to them: Loose him, and let him go.



# DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. A letter from the Moderator General of the Apostleship of Prayer to the Diocesan Directors.

TOULOUSE, MARCH 6, 1900.

DEAR REV. DIRECTOR :

In the movement which is drawing Catholic societies to take part in the pilgrimages to Paray-le-Monial, it is proper that the Apostleship of Prayer, so entirely and specially devoted to the Heart of Jesus, should not lag behind, the more so, as the success itself of these pilgrimages has, with the high approval of the Sovereign Pontiff, been recommended in a particular manner to the zeal and prayers of our Associates. You will therefore, learn with pleasure, I have no doubt, that a General Pilgrimage of the Apostleship of Prayer is in process of formation. It will take place on Tuesday, June 26. The pilgrims will arrive the day before or during the night between Monday and Tuesday, and will return Wednesday afternoon. Need I add that to ensure its success I count

upon your cooperation, which I know to be already secured for every enterprise tending to glorify more and more the heart of our Saviour Jesus Christ? "

I take then the respectful liberty of inviting you to join this pilgrimage, and I beg you to bring along with you, if possible, a party of pilgrims, no matter how few their number. You will have the kindness to acquaint me—and this as soon as possible—with the result of your efforts, so that by combining these reports, I may be able to give notice in good time to the Central Direction at Paray-le-Monial. They ask that you set down : 1, the exact day and hour of the arrival and departure of your party of pilgrims. 2. The number (approximate) of pilgrims and priests.

In the expectation of a favorable answer, I beg you, my dear Rev. Director, to accept the tribute of my sincere respect and entire devotedness in the Heart of Jesus.

The Delegate Moderator General of  
the Apostleship of Prayer,  
A. DRIVE, S. J.

## APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

CANADA.—In connection with the letter just quoted, the following details taken from the Canadian *Messenger* for April will be found of special interest. Dr. Rivet of Montreal has generously taken upon himself the task of organizing a Canadian pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial. The number of prospective pilgrims is already very large, and letters of inquiry, as to conditions, etc., are daily coming in. The pilgrimage will last thirty-eight days and the price fixed, which includes all expenses, not except-

ing visits to the Paris Exposition, is \$225.00, when first-class passage is taken on steamship, and \$190.00 for second-class. In the diocese of Three Rivers, a committee has been formed, under the direction of Bishop Cloutier, with the object of augmenting the number of pilgrims and to discuss the project of parochial representation. His Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, the Most Rev. Archbishops of Halifax, Toronto and Montreal, the Rt. Rev. Bishops of Pembroke, St. Hyacinthe, Valleyfield,

Chicoutimi, Alexandria, London, Three Rivers and Charleottetown, have written letters of encouragement and commendation to the directors of the proposed pilgrimage.

CATHEDRAL CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—*Annual Report for 1899.*

Number of members in the League, January, 1899 . . .	9,601
Number of members in the League, January, 1900 . . .	10,632
Certificates of admission issued . . .	1,031
Number of Promoters on Register, . . . . .	489
Promoters received at Reception, June, 1899 . . . . .	51
Candidate Promoters . . . . .	19
Arch-Promoters . . . . .	12

This total membership of 10,632 does not include the children of the Catholic Home, 1720 Race street, who are affiliated with the Cathedral Centre, but who keep their own Register. Nor does it include three hundred prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary, who are supplied by the Cathedral Centre, but who cannot be registered.

During the month of June, 1899, the League distributed in the Cathedral eight thousand copies of the new Litany of the Sacred Heart and leaflets containing an explanation of the League.

On the Feast of the Sacred Heart one thousand copies of the "Month of the Sacred Heart," by Rev. R. Clarke, S. J., were distributed, with the compliments of the Cathedral Centre.

During November five thousand copies of "Prayers After Low Mass" and "Divine Praises," to be said after Benediction, were distributed at all the Masses, with the compliments of the League.

Fifty dollars were donated to the Consumptive Hospital and twenty-five to the Cathedral Kindergarten.

Donations of magazines and books, both old and new, were sent to the different hospitals and other institutions.

REGINA H. TWIBILL, Secretary.

GESU CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The Promoters and Associates have been earnestly invited to bring the newly-established class for the instruction of non-Catholics to the attention of their friends who are not of the Faith. Such work is certainly in keeping with the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer, and opens up to Associates a new field of zeal. Three sessions have been held thus far; as many as fifty adults, drawn from all parts of Philadelphia, are in regular attendance. Congregational singing has been introduced at the First Friday League devotions, and renewed efforts are being made to increase the number of Associates, who form bands for the Communion of Reparation.

CATHEDRAL CENTRE, NEW YORK CITY.—As every Associate knows from the Certificate of Admission, a plenary indulgence may be gained during Easter time, that is, from the first Sunday in Lent to Trinity Sunday inclusive, by those who make a Communion of Reparation for Catholics who neglect their Easter duty. To secure the observance of this pious practice, the Cathedral Centre has issued a promise card on which Associates may mark down the number of Holy Communions they will endeavor to obtain for this work, and especially in reparation for those whom the vice of intemperance holds back from performing their Easter duty.

BEARDSLEY, MINN.—"Please add — more sets to our number of Leaflets. The membership increases all the time, and the interest aroused by the new Leaflets has something to do with it."

CATHEDRAL CENTRE, DALLAS, TEX.—"Our League numbers twenty Promoters and 400 Associates. There are 100 Communions of Reparation each First Friday. By permission of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, we have exposition of the Blessed Sacrament during the devotion of the Holy Hour."



INDIA.—“Thanks to the zeal of the missionaries, devotion to the Sacred Heart is held in high honor throughout the dioceses of southern Hindostan, especially those of Pondichery, Trichinopoly, Coimbatour and Bangalore. It is also well known in Malabar, particularly in the Vicariate Apostolic of Ernakulam, and in the archdiocese of Verapoly, where two years ago was begun the publication of a *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* in the Malayalam language. The Tamoul *Messenger*, issued by the Jesuit missionaries of Trichinopoly, has a circulation of 2,000 copies, and reaches all the countries where the people speak this language. As the *Messenger* is publicly read in most of the churches, it is no exaggeration to claim that upwards of 60,000 Christians are made acquainted with its monthly contents. Many churches are consecrated to the Sacred Heart, and others, under the same invocation, are in course of construction. Banners and more especially medals and other pious objects bearing the image of the Sacred Heart, are in common use. In the Mission of Madura alone thousands of badges are distributed. At the time of the cholera and plague, the Jesuit press at Trichinopoly ran off some 50,000 prints for these badges.

“All the *pangous* of the Madura Mission belong to the Apostleship of Prayer. The Morning Offering is made during the time of Mass. The children even have learned it by heart. In many of the churches, the General Intention for the month and the special intention for the day are announced each morning, and the one Our Father and ten Hail Marys recited in common. Owing to the difficulties inherent to country missions, the Promoters are regularly organized in only a few localities. First Friday Communion are quite numerous. There were about 70,000 in one year in the Mission of Madura alone. The Apostleship of Prayer has in India twenty-two Diocesan Directors, among whom it is the honor to count several

archbishops and bishops who in their zeal for the Sacred Heart have charged themselves with the additional duties of this office.”

SOUTH AFRICA, KIMBERLY.—Extract from a letter of the Vicar Apostolic of the Orange Free State, Rt. Rev. A. Gaughran, O. M. I., resident at Kimberly, telling of the marked favor extended through the Sacred Heart, to the Catholics of that city, during its siege :

“I had no idea when war was threatening that we should be nearly the first to bear the brunt of it. Poor Kimberly, almost on the edge of the Kalihara desert and over six hundred miles from Cape Town, was but ill prepared for a four months' siege. However we had to get through with it. It was a trying time. Since soon after Christmas we had no meat except horseflesh, and only one-quarter of a pound of that for each adult per diem, only ten ounces of brown bread, no vegetables, little milk, no butter, etc., so you see we have done our Lent in advance of you. All the time the shells were bursting above us and around fiercely. The first person killed was walking almost in front of my door, and I was not twenty yards distant. It was a poor Kaffir woman, and the shell simply cut her head off, and the body fell streaming with blood. Thank God, not one Catholic was hurt. This I attribute to their devotion to the Sacred Heart, for in every house a picture was hung up; 100 lb. shells in some instances passed through their houses, coming in at the open door and passing out through an open window. They all recognize and see that there was a special protection for them. The priest and sisters and brothers and our Catholic institutions escaped marvellously. The spire of the cathedral is the most prominent point in the town, but never was struck, though many buildings were destroyed. Our only loss was a small schoolroom.”

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 97,006,460.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes. v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.*—ST. LOUIS, MO., MULLANPHY HOSPITAL.—"In accordance with promise, I wish to ask you to make acknowledgment in the MESSENGER of the happy death of a young man in this hospital a few days ago. He was brought here dying of consumption, and when the Sister in charge approached him on the question of going to confession, he told her that it was no use for him to do so, that he had no faith and that he was content to die the way he was. Sister concluded that it would be useless to argue with him, and that the grace of his return to the faith could only be obtained by prayer. She therefore asked several of us patients to join with her in prayer, and I further placed this intention in the Intention Box at the Jesuit Church. After a short time, the young man asked to see a priest, saying that he did not want to go to confession but simply to ask a few questions. The chaplain of the hospital came to him, and in a few days more he made his confession and received Holy Communion the next morning. He now began to sink rapidly, retaining however to the end the new-born fervor and resignation that followed on his change of heart."

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS.—"A brother of one of our Promoters was stricken with paralysis and cerebral hemorrhages and the physician gave up all hope of his recovery. On the eve of the First Friday, he was recommended to the prayers of the League, and publication was promised, if the favor was obtained. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, the boy is out of danger and on the high road to recovery."

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GESSEN, I.A.—"I wish to return thanks for the happy death of my beloved father. During a long period of years pious souls have offered prayers to the Sacred Heart for this grace. Father was taken dangerously sick several months ago, and at the request of his family, consented to go to St. Francis Hospital in M——. Although perhaps unconscious of it himself, this was the first step in his return to God. Shortly afterwards he received the sacraments, and having sufficiently recovered to be brought back home, to our great joy and consolation, he persevered in sentiments of piety and devotion till his death."

— "Special thanksgiving is made to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the reform of a young woman addicted to drink. For over three years she brought trouble and disgrace on her family by this vice. All her efforts at overcoming it were unavailing, until at last it occurred to her to put this intention before the League of the Sacred Heart, promising at the same time publication, if the favor was granted. She is now entirely cured, and is anxious to redeem her promise by encouraging others in hours of need to invoke the hearts of Jesus and Mary."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Will you kindly publish a special act of thanksgiving for a person who had become very careless, and had not attended to his religious duties for about ten years? He has been recommended constantly to the prayers of the League, and on New Year's morning at the Midnight Mass he received Holy Communion with his little

son, who made his First Communion at the same time."

———"Publication in the MESSENGER was promised if the Sacred Heart would preserve a Catholic, divorced before the court, from imminent danger of attempting another marriage. The result was the reconciliation of the divorced parties."

—— CITY —I was placed in charge of a valuable parcel of real estate in the city of —— as receiver of the rents, issues and profits, and a large bond was given by a surety company for the faithful performance of my duties. Acting on the representations of the attorneys for the plaintiff in the action, I allowed said plaintiff to collect all rents, with a *proviso* that he would make returns to me. This condition of affairs continued until a very short time ago, when the property was sold by order of the Supreme Court. A demand was made upon me for all rents collected as receiver. I was unable to comply with it, owing to the fact that the plaintiff had failed to turn over the rents as he collected them. My name, honesty and even liberty were therefore imperilled. The same evening I visited a church, and invoked the aid of the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, promising to make a novena in Its honor in order to obtain the money without any further trouble. Only three days elapsed when, to my great surprise, I received a check for the full amount."

*Spiritual Favors.*—The conversion and happy death of a husband ; a work done for the glory of the Sacred Heart, which, through wounded feelings, might not have been undertaken ; return of a brother to the Sacraments after many years' neglect and his perseverance in well doing ; the making of a mission by a hitherto careless Catholic ; reform of an intemperate man ; grace to overcome scrupulosity ; the breaking off of an engagement of a young Catholic girl with a Protestant ; the reconciliation of

two brothers whose unnatural hatred of each other was a great grief to their family ; the retaining in charge of a parish of a much beloved and zealous pastor ; the conversion of a woman who had not approached the Sacraments for sixteen years ; the reformation of two persons addicted to drink ; the successful completion of work on a new church and hospital ; a niece returns thanks for the return of her uncle to his religious duties after twenty years' neglect ; an increase of piety in a boarding school ; the happy and pious death at home of one whose life as a seaman put him often in temporal and spiritual danger.

*Temporal Favors.*—Escape from a dangerous operation ; success of a church fair ; cure of a religious in danger of death ; escape from injury in a cable car accident ; the safe delivery of two mothers ; three successful lawsuits ; the preservation of a young Catholic soldier's life amid great dangers in the Philippines ; the recovery of a brother from serious illness ; protection during severe wind storm ; success in examinations for seven ; recovery and return to work of a young man who had almost lost his reason, and was the sole support of a widowed mother ; finding of a sum of lost money ; preservation of life in a serious railroad accident ; cure of sore throat ; relief from toothache ; sale of a house ; recovery of lost articles ; means to meet a debt ; help in a grave affliction ; employment for six ; increase of salary for three ; the recovery of a child whose life was despaired of ; rapid convalescence after a severe surgical operation ; a mother's restoration to health ; positions for six ; the renting of a house long vacant ; preservation of a religious house from a second shock of earthquake ; relief from intense pain and partial recovery of health ; the cancelling of a very hard lease ; escape from threatened diphtheria ; protection of school children from smallpox then prevalent in the vicinity.

# THE READER.

*Over the Rocky Mountains to Alaska.*  
By Charles Warren Stoddard. Cloth.  
Pages, 168. 75 cents. B. Herder, St.  
Louis.

A very charming book of travels, and a reprint from the *Ave Maria*. The author has an eye for beauty and lavishly deals out to his readers the full benefit of his rare gift. He has a way, too, of investing the slightest of incidents with an air of interest that renders them beyond measure enjoyable. Only a few of the anecdotes are chosen without due regard to taste, and these few sound harsh in the ears of the sensitive. To an extensive acquaintance with bits of local history, Mr. Stoddard adds wonderful ease of expression, copious richness of diction and not a few very original turns of language. Indeed we think that the average reader will, in perusing this little book, derive more pleasure from the word-imagery employed, than from the scenes described or the amount of erudition garnered.

\* \* \*

*Essays Educational and Historic.* By a member of the Order of Mercy. Cloth. Pages, 408. O'Shea & Co., New York.

These essays are reprints from different magazines and argue a measure of literary talent with a certain amount of historical research. Over one hundred pages are devoted to a scathing denunciation of Mormonism and Brigham Young, and of the four papers on this subject each is largely a repetition of the others. Some of the author's finest work in the way of descriptive writing, occurs in this particular part of the book. Loyalty to a little island across the sea is evident on every page of more than one essay. "Education in Louisiana" rescues from oblivion

an honorable array of Celtic names that achieved fame in foreign service.

\* \* \*

*Little Orphan Annie and her Friends.*  
By Mary A. McGill. Cloth. Pages, 241.  
O'Shea & Co., New York.

The story opens in Mobile, then shifts to New Orleans and Baltimore, and runs, before the end is reached, the whole width of the United States. It is the old, old story of a wild boy in a family of saints and a good sister praying him back to conversion. Clarence La Fontaine, after a series of lapses and intermittent periods of reform, mysteriously drops from the notice of his parents and friends. He marries only to abandon his young wife in Mobile. Their twin children, when the mother falls sick, are cared for by Sisters in the City Orphan Asylum. The boy dies and Annie lives to be the writer's heroine.

The old father on a visit from New Orleans meets the little girl, and without knowing her for his granddaughter, adopts her. In the meantime, the prodigal on his way back to Baltimore for employment, figures in a railroad accident, and as a result spends several years in a retreat for the insane. Annie grows to girlhood, and during the interesting process enjoys an excursion to California in company with a car-load of National Educational Associationers. The Mormons of Utah get an extended notice, and in this connection "Little Orphan Annie" and "Essays Educational and Historic," ought to be read together. One supplements the other. In San Francisco, the Chinese quarters are visited, and some of the timorous ladies, piloted by a policeman, make brief ac-

quaintance with the mysteries of opium dens and theatres. Needless to say, no very wicked discoveries are made and the tourists come away with entirely innocent impressions. After Annie's return home, the story again moves forward. Clarence is accidentally discovered in his retreat by the young wife, the family is summoned from New Orleans, and after the patient's speedy recovery, a glad reunion has place. On the heels of this discovery comes another. The elder Mr. Fontaine, whilst searching Mobile for his son's lost children, finds from the register of the Orphan Asylum, that the Annie he had years before adopted is the sole survivor of the twins. She is now marriageable and, true to conventionalities, the story closes with the familiar sound of wedding-bells. Incidentally a negro nurse or mammy, makes her way into some of the chapters and furnishes the author with a chance to show her skill in the line of dialect. Her attempts in this field are usually happy.

\* \* \*

*The Christian at Mass.* By Rev. J. L. Andreis. Cloth. Pages 277. 50 cents. Christian Press Association, New York.

This neat little volume is a collection of twenty-eight instructions connecting the parts of Holy Mass with corresponding incidents in the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ. It closes with an exhaustive explanation of the four Requiem Masses said on different occasions for the repose of souls departed. The instructions, couched in the simplest sort of language, are remarkably clear and betray, along with much erudition, rubrical ingenuity as well as theological, familiar acquaintance with the Fathers. A certain pious ingenuity is everywhere evident in the nice adjustment of scenes in the Passion to different portions of the Mass. Thus, the priest's progress from the sacristy to the altar to begin Mass is taken to represent Christ's descent from the supper-room to the garden of Olives for that prayer of agony. The priest's communion

recalls the Lord's burial. The last blessing fits admirably with the coming of the Holy Ghost at Pentecost; the last gospel, with the spread and growth of Christ's Kingdom. And so all the intervening episodes of the sacrifice consummated on Calvary are introduced into the sacrifice of the altar in a touchingly beautiful way that must appeal to the devotion of the faithful and enable them to assist at this most solemn function of our religion in becoming sentiments and with ever increasing fruit. Each instruction opens with a brief repetition of the preceding. This method, whilst eminently proper in the case of a series of talks running from Sunday to Sunday, is slightly out of taste in the case of a printed book.

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*A List of the Catholic Books in the Pratt Free Library* (Baltimore, Md.). Compiled by Rev. John F. O'Donovan, S.J. Paper. Pages 87. 20 cents.

These pages are the result of their compiler's endeavor to be of service to searchers for the truth. Patrons of the Pratt Free Library consulted him with regard to the location of volumes bearing on Catholic history, doctrine and practice. After due investigation he found that lists supplied by the library were wonderfully misleading and in some cases peculiarly damaging to the cause of the Church. Protestant and Catholic writers were woefully mixed in the Library Catalogue simply because the word Catholic occurred in titles of their works. These damaging mistakes from our point of view were in no measure due to want of good will on the part of the library authorities. They were simply unavoidable in the system of cataloguing adopted and the gentlemen in charge could not be in fairness expected to go out of their way to advantage Catholics. In a very commendable spirit of enterprise the author of this present volume set about remedying the thing. His collection was begun six years ago and continued down to December, 1899. It is more

than a mere catalogue and is spread from cover to cover with priceless hints for guidance in reading and methods to be adopted in controversy. For instance the author's cautions with regard to *Lea*, *Littledale* and *Pusey* are golden and never to be forgotten in the heat of dispute with adversaries. They can be found on pages 83, 84, 85, 86, 87.

\* \* \*

*Life of Father Haskins.* By a Friend of the House of the Angel Guardian. Cloth. Pages, 153. \$1.00. Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

This is an edifying narrative of a life generously given to the love and service of God. Such lives furnish a selfish age with eminently practical and surpassingly useful lessons. The author without any marked straining after literary effect has succeeded in presenting the reader with a history of a simple and devout priest told in becomingly simple language. He was a Boston convert in the more prosperous and assertive days of Puritanism and his struggles can serve for an object lesson to friends without the fold.

\* \* \*

*Education in the City Schools of New York*, by Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., is a reprint of a paper which the author read at the invitation of the "Quid Nunc Club" of New York, in their rooms, on March 16, 1900. The value of this reprint may be estimated by the fact that in the discussion which followed the reading, several prominent educators took part, choosing for topics of discussion the statements made in Father O'Connor's paper. Mr. J. J. Little, President of the Board of Education of the City of New York; Mr. Beales, President of the Club, Rev. E. W. Merington, School Principals M. Lieburg and Stitt, Miss M. E. Merington and Mr. Shipman, were among the speakers and all of them agreed in commending the care with which this paper was written and the correctness of its argument. It will interest our readers to know that nearly all these speakers

agreed that religion should be taught in our schools, though they could not decide how it should be done as the schools are at present conducted. The best suggestion of the evening's discussion was made by Mr. Shipman, who, postulating that the State should require results without concerning itself about methods, argued that when any reputable body of citizens could educate a number of children to the standard required by the State, it should not matter who they are, nor what system they follow, nor what they may add, *e. g.* in religious teaching to secular science, the State should recognize their work and remunerate it, and in this way he thought it possible to teach religion in our schools without injustice to anyone.

\* \* \*

*Grandma's Stories and Anecdotes.* By S. M. X. Cloth. Pages 139. 50 cents. Angel Guardian Press, Boston.

These stories told in a series of conversations, ought to prove amusing and instructive to children of very tender years. Enough historical erudition concerning revolutionary times is introduced to fix the leading dates and events in the minds of the young. We were much disappointed at finding that the copy sent us for review is without two chapters. An all too hasty flight is made from page 48 to page 65.

\* \* \*

*Lectures to Mixed Congregations.* By Rev. F. G. Lentz. Cloth. Pages 176. 60 cents. Christian Press Association, New York.

As the title implies, these are a series of nine lectures delivered by the learned author to non-Catholics of the Peoria diocese in the interests of Catholic truth. We should say in general that the work meets with our highest commendation and deserves nothing but praise. Catholic doctrine is presented in a clear, forcible and correct way; and the method followed gathers new strength from the simplicity and directness of language employed. What we particularly like is

the gradual process of development discernible from start to finish of each lecture. Thorough acquaintance with the most available texts of Holy Scripture is betrayed throughout and, whilst proving the lecturer a master in controversy, must have appealed rather effectively to his listeners. Of course, style must always have thought of the audience; but we are too conservative to altogether approve of the abundance of anecdote introduced. Some of these anecdotes are strong and to the point; others are weak and indifferent. It has always seemed to us that outsiders, aliens to the truth, are forced to expedients of the kind simply because appeals to the emotions and to the fancy are their whole stock in trade. When the author says on page 120: "It is not sufficient that we repent because we shall be punished in hell," he is fathering a statement that admits of misunderstanding. We have no time or space to enter into all the ramifications of the question; but it is enough to say that attrition with confession is sufficient for pardon, and attrition is fear of hell, whatever love of God that fear implies. The whole of the ninth lecture on Decoration Day is a political effusion, and, as

the field of politics is open, wide and free—the author himself somehow ventures the remark—we presume to subscribe dissent from many of the opinions advanced. From a typographical point of view the book has blemishes.

\* \* \*

*The Boy Savers' Series.* Booklet the First. "Organizers and Their First Steps." By Rev. George E. Quin, S. J. Paper. Pages 108, 25 cents. This is the fore-runner of what promises to be an enjoyable and instructive series. It is written in the author's best strain and abounds with information of immense service to all interested in Boys' Clubs or Sodalities. This thing of organizing and holding the boys of our parishes is a crying need of the times, a need to which Cardinal Vaughan very fittingly and forcibly refers in his Lenten pastoral. So many counter attractions operate today to draw away our growing boys from habits of virtue and piety that very strenuous efforts must be made to check the harm. Father Quin furnishes pastors with an easy means and from the treasure-house of his own experience lays before them expedients wonderfully simple and surprisingly easy.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS. New York.

"The Four Last Things." By Rev. M. Van Cochen O. S. F. C. Cloth. Pages, 223. 75 cents.  
"The Stations of the Cross." Cloth. Pages, 149. 50 cents.

##### FROM AVE MARIA PRESS. Notre Dame, Indiana.

"The Fortunes of a Little Emigrant." By Mary E. Mannix. Cloth. Pages, 267. 75 cents.

##### FROM JOHN JOS. McVEY. Philadelphia.

"The Room of the Rose." By Sara Trainer Smith. Cloth. Pages, 266. \$1.25.

##### FROM LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. New York.

"Lays of the Knight." By Rev. C. M. Barraud, S. J. Cloth. Pages, 164. 46.

#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Rose Cavanagh, St. Ignatius' Centre, N. Y. City; Rev. Bernard J. Duffy, Sacred Heart Centre, Germantown, N. Y.; Rev. L. J. Morris, Assumption Centre, Brookline, Mass.; Thomas Wharton, St. Ignatius' Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Sister Mary Stanislaus, Ursuline Convent Centre, Youngstown,

Ohio; Rev. M. J. Dennison, St. Monica's Centre, Jamaica, N. Y.; Mary C. Lewis, St. Francis' Centre, San Francisco, Cal.; Catherine C. Carey, St. Paul's Centre, N. Y. City.

*May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, March 1 to 31, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Brownsville	Refugio, Tex.	Our Lady of Refuge . . . . . Church	Mar. 26
Burlington	Winooski, Vt.	St. Stephen's . . . . . "	Mar. 5
Cleveland	Londonville, Conn.	St. Peter's . . . . . "	Mar. 29
"	Mansfield, Ohio	St. Peter's . . . . . "	Mar. 22
Columbus	Columbus, Ohio	St. John Evangelist's . . . . . "	Mar. 26
"	Fulda, Ohio	Immaculate Conception . . . . . "	Mar. 26
"	Ironton, Ohio	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	Mar. 19
*Concordia	St. Peter, Kans.	St. Anthony's . . . . . "	Mar. 5
Dallas	Thurber, Tex.	St. Barbara's . . . . . "	Mar. 19
*Fort Wayne	Avilla, Ind.	Mary Assumption . . . . . "	Mar. 5
*La Crosse	La Crosse, Wis.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Cathedral	Mar. 2
Manchester	Rochester, N. H.	Holy Rosary . . . . . Church	Mar. 12
Providence	E. Greenwich, R. I.	Our Lady of Mercy . . . . . "	Mar. 22
Wilmington	Clayton, Del.	St. Joseph's Industrial . . . . . School	Mar. 11

Aggregations, 14; churches, 13; institution, 1. \*German-speaking Centres.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of March, 1900, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton	Effingham, Ill.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Church	4
Baltimore	Cumberland, Md.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	15
"	Waldorf, Md.	St. Peter's . . . . . "	4
Boston	Quincy, Mass.	St. John's . . . . . "	12
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	" . . . . . Home	2
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius . . . . . College	12
"	"	St. Patrick's . . . . . Monastery	2
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. John's . . . . . Church	5
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Stanislaus' . . . . . "	12
"	Springfield, Ohio	St. Raphael's . . . . . "	3
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	Immaculate Conception . . . . . "	6
Davenport	Keokuk, Iowa	St. Peter's . . . . . "	4
Denver	Boulder, Col.	Mt. St. Gertrude . . . . . Academy	3
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	1
Eric	Oscola, Pa.	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	1
Fort Wayne	Tipton, Ind.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Academy	1
Hartford	Norwich, Conn.	St. Mary . . . . . Church	2
La Crosse	Hitrick, Wis.	St. Bridget's . . . . . "	1
"	La Crosse, Wis.	St. James' . . . . . "	6
Leavenworth	Atchison, Kans.	St. Benedict's . . . . . College	12
"	Wea, Kans.	Holy Rosary . . . . . Church	7
Louisville	St. Joseph, Ky.	St. Alphonsus' . . . . . "	3
Milwaukee	Monroe, Wis.	St. Victor's . . . . . "	14
Nesqueilly	Vancouver, Wash.	St. James' . . . . . Cathedral	1
New Orleans	Jeannerette, La.	St. John's . . . . . Church	4
"	New Orleans, La.	Annunciation . . . . . "	15
New York	New Rochelle, N. Y.	St. Gabriel's . . . . . "	1
Omaha	Grand Island, Neb.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	15
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	Assumption . . . . . "	15
Pittsburg	Crafton, Pa.	St. Philip's . . . . . "	1
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Michael's . . . . . "	1
"	Woonsocket, R. I.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	1
"	Fort Davis, Texas.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	5
"	San Francisco, Cal.	Notre Dame des Victories . . . . . "	7
"	Worcester, Mass.	Holy Cross . . . . . College	4



# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, MAY, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Respect for Religious.**

1	T.	St. Philip and James, Aps.—A.I.	Candor.	97,006,460 for thanksgivings.
2	W.	St. Athanasius, Bp. C.D. (373).	Resistance to error.	173,832 for those in affliction
3	Th.	Finding of the Holy Cross—H.H.	Sign of the Cross.	147,869 for the sick, infirm.
4	F.	<b>First Friday.</b> —St. Monica, W. (387).— 1st D.—A.C.—Pr.	Perseverance in prayer	177,537 for dead associates.
5	S.	St. Pius V., P.C. (O.P. 1572)—A.C.	Devotion to Rosary.	66,058 for Local Centres.
6	S.	<b>3d after Easter.</b> —Patronage of St. Joseph. —2d D.	Devotion to St. Joseph.	120,617 for Directors.
7	M.	St. Stanislaus, Bp. M. (1079)	Charitable admonition	137,581 for Promoters.
8	T.	Apparition of St. Michael, Archangel.	Victory over the devil.	1,394,120 for the departed.
9	W.	St. Gregory Nazianzen, Bp. C.D. (389).	Mildness.	370,682 for perseverance.
10	Th.	St. Antoninus, Bp. C. (O.P. 1459).—H.H.	Prudence.	324,390 for the young.
11	F.	St. John before the Latin Gate.—St. Francis Hieronymo, C. (S.J. 1716).—A.C.	Meekness.	251,020 for 1st Communions.
12	S.	Ss. Nereus and Companions, MM. (1st Century).—St. Epiphanius Bp.C. (402)	Good example.	298,187 for parents.
13	S.	<b>4th after Easter.</b> —St. John the Silent, Bp. C. (about 550).	Silence.	308,507 for families.
14	M.	St. Pachomius, Ab.C. (348). (Transferred Feast of St. Leo the Great).	Desire of perfection.	225,530 for reconciliations.
15	T.	St. Anselm Bp.C.D. (O.S.B. 1109). (Transferred from April 21)	Loyalty to the Church.	269,737 for work, means.
16	W.	St. Ubaldo, Bp.C. (1160)	Simplicity.	159,616 for the Clergy.
17	Th.	St. Paschal Baylon, C. (Minorite 1592)—H.H.	Love of B. Sacrament.	353,334 for religious.
18	F.	St. Winand (Boy Martyr, 250).—St. Felix of Cantalice, C. (O.M.C. 1557)—A.C.	Thanksgiving.	231,365 for seminarians, novices.
19	S.	St. Peter Celestine, P.C. (1295).—St. Yvo, C. (1303).	Change of heart.	136,388 for vocations.
20	S.	<b>5th after Easter.</b> —St. Bernardine of Sienna, (C. Minorite 1444).—C.R.	Reverence Holy Name.	77,449 for parishes.
21	M.	Rogation Day.—St. Hospitius, Hermit (581).	Mortification.	81,517 for schools.
22	T.	Rogation Day.—St. John Nepomucen, M. (138).	Sincere confessions.	123,885 for superiors.
23	W.	Rogation Day.—Vigil.—B. Andrew Bobola (S.J. 1657).	Custody of the tongue.	103,424 for missions, retreats.
24	Th.	<b>Ascension of our Lord.</b> —H.H.	Thought of Heaven.	117,408 for societies, works.
25	F.	St. Gregory VII., P.C. (O.S.B. 1058).—Pr.—A.C.	True reform.	1,529,638 for conversions.
26	S.	St. Philip Neri, C.F. (Oratorians, 1595).	Cheerfulness.	2,089,076 for sinners.
27	S.	<b>Within Oct. of Ascension.</b> —St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, V. (1607).	Obedience to grace.	207,666 for intemperate.
28	M.	St. Augustine, Bp.C. (Apostle of England 605).—St. Germanus, Bp.C. (576).	Pity for the poor.	638,787 for spiritual favors.
29	T.	Our Lady Help of Christians.—A.S.	Invoking Mary's aid.	418,440 for temporal favors.
30	W.	St. Felix I., P.M. (274).—St. Ferdinand, K.C. (Spain 1252)	Magnanimity.	306,760 for special, various.
31	Th.	St. Angela Merici, V. F. (Ursulines, 1540).—St. Petronilla, V. (1st Century).—H.H.	Longanimity.	for MESSENGER readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship, (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Reparation, H. H.—Holy Hour); A. I., B. I.—Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	6,397,826	11. Masses heard . . . . .	4,548,756
2. Beads . . . . .	732,894	12. Mortifications . . . . .	220,269
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	122,814	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	1,768,880
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	121,289	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	9,046,812
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	1,439,739	15. Prayers . . . . .	9,000,786
6. Exams of Conscience . . . . .	621,073	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	2,175,478
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	1,898,963	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	169,214
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	545,121	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	561,990
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	236,791	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	632,854
10. Masses read . . . . .	26,944	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	1,531,658
		Total, 41,802,110.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar MESSENGER*, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

JUNE, 1900.

No. 6.

### GUADALAJARA, THE PEARL OF THE WEST.

By E. M. Smith.

TO any one contemplating a trip to old Mexico my advice would be, save Guadalajara for the last, on the same principle that children, and many older people, reserve their choicest dainties at the table for what the French call *bonne bouche*. After a visit to this beautiful and fascinating city, every place else will seem flat, stale and unprofitable, for Guadalajara combines in itself all that is most attractive in the republic; a balmy, semi-tropical climate with little variation the year round; beautiful, dark-eyed señoritas; handsome stores and public buildings; magnificent churches; lovely plazas, riotous with flowers and heavy with the odor of orange blossoms, and—best of all to him who loves his fellow-man—charming people! Well may it be called the “Pearl of the West,” though, in the opinion of the writer it could be more fitly styled the Pearl of Mexico, for it is clean, *muy limpia*, and any one who has spent much time in the cities of Mexico knows that cleanliness is an attribute rarely met with, and deserving of special mention when found. It is true that the wild and ghastly stories one hears of the hotels throughout the republic are, as a rule, exaggerated; they may have applied to the past, but Progress with her rapidly advancing step, has brought

luxury also in her train, not such *fin-de-siècle* sybaritism as we get at the Waldorf-Astoria, but quite as much comfort as is necessary for our well-being. In the larger towns and cities there is nothing of which to complain, but should one be obliged to stop over in some of the less frequented *pueblas*, whether for business, pleasure, or necessity, I could not guarantee a peaceful night's rest.

The despondent tourist who has been going his weary round of sight-seeing by day and by night, waging fierce wars for the possession of his bed which he has paid for in the coin of the realm, but now has to fight in order to hold, other and smaller guests having previously “staked the same claim,” will welcome with delight the spotless linen sheet, and embroidered *fundas* of the hotels in Guadalajara, and retire happy in the knowledge that no invading foe will disturb his slumbers. Gruesome tales have I heard of the sleepless nights spent in some of these Mexican caravansaries, but my own experience was, on the whole, agreeable. The great majority of persons who visit Mexico for pleasure buy their tickets to the Capital, remain there a couple of weeks, make flying trips to the many places of interest surrounding the city, rave over the view from Chapultepec's historic walls, and

then go home thinking they have seen everything in the country worth seeing, whereas, they have only begun. The City of Mexico is, it is true, the Mecca of every patriotic native, the Rome to which all roads lead, but many other places equal it in interest, and to us, its very *modernness* makes it less attractive. We do not come to this strange land of the *hasta mañana* to see expensive carriages, imported from England or New York, handsome stores and swell Parisian costumes; all these we have, and on a much grander scale, in our own country. It is the quaint and the picturesque that must appeal to the

it), and from an economic standpoint it is wise to supply oneself beforehand with all that is requisite in the way of shoes and clothing. The duty on all imported goods is very high and prices are high in consequence. Then, too, the merchants have to pay an exorbitant tax on their window displays and this is why, in the smaller towns, we have some difficulty in recognizing a store when we see one; there is little in the windows to attract attention and all the best goods are kept religiously out of sight. But this rule does not hold good in either Mexico or Guadalajara where the large *Fabricas de France* have win-



DEGOLLADA THEATRE, RECENTLY INJURED BY EARTHQUAKE.

traveller in this new, old world, and if these fail to interest him he had better stay at home and save his money for the Paris Exposition. And apropos of money, the filthy lucre that we cling to with an affection rarely bestowed on anything else, it may be here mentioned that our capital doubles itself as soon as we reach Juarez. This is one of the most encouraging features of a trip to our Sister Republic, but let me advise the sanguine *Americano* not to trust too much to this pleasant financial condition. With the exception of food and lodging everything doubles in price after we cross the border (in the Capital, triples or quadruples comes nearer expressing

dows decorated with true French skill and showing superb lines of goods. It is the Portales of Guadalajara, however, that have most fascination for the foreigner—they are so distinctively Mexican and charming, and they far surpass anything of the kind in the republic. You can get almost anything you want in the Portales if you only try long enough, from a second-hand umbrella to a French mechanical toy, or a ticket in the omnipresent, and it would seem, omnipotent lottery. Some squares are devoted entirely to shoes: I never in my life saw such a market for footgear as there is in Guadalajara. Its citizens must either be abnormally

hard on their *sapatos* or, and this is the true state of the case, the shoes must be very badly made. Mexican shoes are no good, *no bueno*, as they themselves will candidly inform you, and all the wealthier people indulge in the luxury of American ones, a luxury indeed, when we consider that ladies' Oxford ties cost ten dollars a pair! In addition to their lack of durability these Mexican products have a most disagreeable odor; whatever the process of tanning, a process that I wisely forebore to investigate, "the scent of the roses clings to them

Animas Santas these dulces appeared in the most gruesome and horrible forms, candy skulls, coffins, and grinning white candy skeletons in dainty pink sugar caskets. Think of it, but their realism just tickled the Mexican fancy and they sold like the proverbial hot cakes.

On Sunday mornings the Portales are a favorite promenade for the *haut ton* who at this hour give the Plaza de Armas over to the peons and a few stray Americans who are not trying to be "good form." Chairs, which can be rented for a few centavos, are ranged all



PLAZA AND CATHEDRAL.

still," and unfortunately suggests anything but roses. An American lady, whom I met in my journeyings, told me that in a moment of frugal inspiration she had purchased a pair of these *calzones Mexicanas* for her little boy. He managed to get six weeks' wear out of them, which was doing well for a small boy, but they always had to be left out of the room at night!

Another prominent feature of the Portales in Guadalajara are the *dulce* and conserved fruit stands which are almost as ubiquitous as the shoe stalls and far more tempting. On la Fiesta de las

along the line, and here the gilded youth, and, I may add, the fathers and grandfathers as well, seat themselves to stare at the charming señoras and señoritas who pass and repass for the sole purpose of being stared at. They are on dress parade, as it were, and it behooves me to confess that I saw very little evidence of that coy and shrinking modesty so generally attributed to these dark-eyed maidens of the south. It seems an absurd custom to us, but it is universal. In the evenings the same farce is repeated with the scene of action removed to la Plaza de Armas; a splendid band



AT THE BARRANCAS.

plays in the Zocala (band stand) from six to eight, five nights of the week, and Mexican music is, as a rule, entrancing. A curious custom prevails in this Plaza as regards distinction of class; the walk nearest the *zocala* is given up to the very poor; then comes the main promenade where chairs are for hire, and the youth and beauty of Guadalajara again disport themselves, and outside of it all is another promenade for the mediocre or *tapala* class, who march happily back and forth with their novios regardless of society's stricter conventions, and who appear to be having the jolliest time of the lot. Among the four hundred it is quite *de rigueur* for all the women to go one way and the men to advance from the opposite direction; this gives them an opportunity of meeting their inamoratas face to face, but only a father or brother can walk with a young girl. Soft eyes look love to eyes that speak again, and plenty of flirting is done at long range, which evidently satisfies them, for round and round they go, rarely taking chairs or dropping out of the tiresome procession until the music is over.

Guadalajara boasts of many beautiful public buildings: conspicuous among them are the Governor's Palace, facing the Plaza

de Armas; the Degollada Theatre, said to be the largest in the North American continent, the School of Jurisprudence, Public Library, the Hospicio—a splendidly arranged orphan asylum, and the Hospital de Belen. This latter is very large and, for Mexico, conveniently appointed; although, except for its size, it could not compare with our magnificent institutions

of this class. It has twenty-three patios, each containing flowers, orange and banana trees, and curious cacti.

One meets with such unvarying courtesy and kindness from all classes in this land of smile and sunshine! If you enter a public building you are immediately treated as an honored guest, which is a pleasant sensation for any of us and one that has the charm of novelty to a people so filled with business cares and hurry as we are.

Guadalajara has the reputation of being a deeply religious city and certainly the number and beauty of its churches sustain the statement. Preeminent among them stands the Cathedral, in my opinion the loveliest church in the republic. In exterior grandeur it does not equal the celebrated Cathedral of Mexico, and it is less ornate than the much admired golden shrine of Puebla, but therein lies its charm, for superabundance of decoration spoils the interior of nearly all the Mexican churches. However picturesque on the outside, one is usually disillusioned upon entering. The famous "Assumption" of Murillo which hangs in the sacristy of this cathedral is alone worth a visit to Mexico. It is valued, they told me, at half a million, but I doubt if any amount

of money could induce the good padres to part with it. They have nothing in the Art Gallery at the Capital that can compare with this superb work of art. After the Cathedral, the handsomest church is that of San José, but far the most picturesque are the ancient Iglesia de San Francisco and that of "Our Lady of Guadalupe," commonly called the Santuario. Each of these old churches faces on a lovely plaza and that of San Francisco has in the centre a fine monument to General Ramon Corona, Governor of the State of Jalisco, who was stabbed and killed seven years ago as he was leaving the theatre. The tragedy recalls the fate of our own martyred President. The assassin was caught immediately, and it was given out that he had stabbed himself in order to avoid being taken alive, but as all his wounds were *in the back* this is hardly probable. Rumor, of course, offered many theories as to the cause of Corona's untimely end, but the affair was quickly hushed up. One has to be circumspect in pursuing such inquiries in Mexico, even if it is a republic; and when we think of the punishment meted out to one of our naval officers for a humorous song, sung in un-

official capacity at a private banquet, we must needs pause before flinging a stone at another nation.

Chief among the picture sights of this picture country is the *chirro* horseman, and Guadalajara is his home, for Jalisco is a rich, agricultural country and the wealthy *caballeros* who own these immense haciendas are able to give their fancy full play as regards their silver-mounted saddle and richly embroidered leather costumes. They wear these festive trappings with a grace peculiarly their own, and never does a Mexican gentleman appear to such advantage as when on horseback. Some of their suits are heavily embroidered, while others are severely plain with naught but the natty cut of the close-fitting trousers and short jacket to lend them distinction. One young señor, who, could he be transferred, stead and all, to one of our New York theatres, would be received "with loud and tumultuous applause," dresses entirely in black without so much as a silver button in sight. But his sombrero is gorgeous beyond words, and his fiery, black Arab makes an effective foil for the saddle with its dazzling silver decorations and heavy



FALLS OF JUANACUATLÁN.

box stirrups apparently of the solid metal. A rainbow-hued *sarape* tightly rolled is fastened to the back of the saddle and gives the necessary touch of color to a most artistic picture.

The population of Guadalajara is somewhat over one hundred thousand; the altitude five thousand feet. There are two electric light plants near the city, and it contains several very good hotels, the "Garcia" being the finest and best equipped. Baths play a prominent part in all Mexican towns and are, in some places, generously patronized by all classes. Few private houses have bath-rooms. The "Baños" at the "Garcia" are on the

more than a million and a half were exported from this city alone. It is also noted for its tequila, a fine brand of mescal, which tastes like gin but is more intoxicating—like pulque and mescal it is made from the maguey plant, but the process of refining is different.

I am told that there is a project on foot to make a paseo of the road extending from the Alameda to a small laguna on the outskirts of the city called Agua Azul. It is a most unpretentious little place at present, but quite a Sunday afternoon resort, and with moderate expense a splendid driveway could be made out of this neglected avenue, one that would



THE NATIONAL PALACE.

first floor and are luxurious in their arrangement; there are Turkish and Russian baths, *regaderas*, twenty private rooms, with tubs and dressing chambers, seven tanks, and a large swimming pool.

Imagine a tank of bracing, cold water twelve by fourteen feet in size, open to the sky, with shower attachment, and provided with mats and benches, all for eighteen cents! Then there are cheaper baños for the poor, so there is no excuse for any one being *sucio* in Guadalajara.

The oranges of Guadalajara are famed for their delicious flavor, and last year

almost equal the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma. There are Baños at Agua Azul and a plaza filled with all kinds of odd designs in floral architecture: bears, monkeys, storks, globes, etc., all trimmed into shape by the ingenious gardener, who doubtless derived his ideas from that original genius who is the tutelar divinity of a certain railway station in Switzerland. The Barranca, about nine miles from the city, is a tremendous tropical glen or gorge, beside which Watkins's Glen seems a mere plaything of Nature. The Rio Grande de Santiago flows from Lake Chapala through this cañon on its way to

the Pacific, and the scenery in the glen is simply magnificent.

Another point of interest to the visitor in Guadalajara are the Falls of Juana-cuatlán, appropriately called the Niagara of Mexico, for they are a striking miniature reproduction of that peerless cataract. At El Salto, a village opposite the Indian *puebla* of Juanacuatlán, there is a large cotton factory and also an electric light plant; both are operated by the water from the falls. A *Fabrica de Jabon* (soap factory) is soon to be erected in the same place, which will become, I dare say, quite a manufacturing centre in a few years. The most interesting of the city's suburbs is San Pedro, twenty minutes ride by tramway from the Plaza de Armas; here the wealthy residents of Guadalajara have their summer homes, and here also is the abode of Panduro, the noted Indian sculptor, who can literally mould your likeness "while you wait," or, if preferred, he will come to your hotel. We saw a splendid bust of Mr. Bryan, who visited Mexico a year or more ago; one also of Gladstone and McKinley, for Panduro *y hijo* work with great success from photographs when they

cannot get the original. There were busts and statuettes innumerable of Porfirio Diaz. The President of Mexico is greatly admired by his people, and it will be a gloomy day for the republic when this able, if iron-handed ruler, is called to a higher tribunal. He has reclaimed the country from the hands of thieves, bandits, and general misrule, and made of it a nation capable of taking an honored place among the nations of the world, and what a herculean task was his no one can adequately appreciate until he has lived in the country long enough to learn the volatile, irresponsible, and vacillating nature of the inhabitants.

That some one may be found to worthily succeed Diaz and preserve the republic in its present flourishing condition is the prayer of every patriotic Mexican who has the nation's welfare at heart; it is, moreover, "a consummation devoutly to be wished" by all right-minded people whose feelings revolt at the unnecessary carnage and bloodshed of the past three years among nations presumably civilized, but who seem bent upon sacrificing all claim to the title.

## PROSELYTIZING IN CATHOLIC COUNTRIES.

By E. McAuliffe.

**H**AS it ever occurred to any of my readers, while travelling for pleasure in Catholic countries, that it is in their power to exercise an apostolate among the working people, with whom they come in contact? I mean the servants who wait on them in hotels, and who are exposed to the danger of losing their faith through the systematic efforts of Protestant tourists. Let us be as earnest in a good cause as they are in an evil one; let us, on all occasions, show our Catholicity openly; let us, so to speak, make a parade of it, without being pharisaical. It is a duty to let one's light shine, in certain cases, and it is a great encouragement to the poor and

weak to see the rich Americans, whom they hold in such esteem, professing the same holy faith as themselves.

In the course of years of foreign travel I have seen the snares spread by Satan for the most defenceless children of the Church, young girls living in service, many of them far away from the warning voice and pious counsels of the mother, in their simplicity believing that the richly dressed ladies must know better than they, or the poor unlettered parents who guided them in childhood.

Tasso describes, in the fourth canto of the "Jerusalem Delivered," how the arch-fiend, frenzied with rage to see so many knights and warriors arming in de-



fence of the holy places, called his powers around him in order to devise new snares and temptations for the Christians. He sent his emissaries into the camp of the Crusaders under various disguises; some with flattering tongues to lure the young from the paths of rectitude; others to stir up the indiscreet to envy and insubordination. He works to-day on the same lines; and the beauty and fascination of Armida were not more dangerous to the young soldiers of the cross, than the weapons of the sweet-faced English ladies; alternate flattery and sarcasm, now pitying the poor girls for being deluded into religious practices by the priests, now sneering at the priests and the devotional practices.

At Coblenz on the Rhine the servant who waited on us was a very interesting looking girl named Lisbet. She was a Catholic, as were all the Rhine peasants; her mother was dead, but the good seed which she had sown was not wasted on Lisbet. One day she asked for a holiday, and the holiday was spent in going on a pilgrimage to a shrine high up in the mountains, to pray for her mother's soul. Next day she was at her work serene and happy, with the inner consciousness of a good action performed. Little the poor child dreamed of the storm about to burst on her head.

One of the lady tourists (a German), having heard about Lisbet's pilgrimage from the other servants, when she came to serve the table at breakfast, attacked her before all the assembled guests, with the utmost scorn and ridicule, calling her a fool to think that she could help her dead mother; then turning her wrath in another direction, she inveighed against the "cruel priests" who put such penances on hard-working girls, making them do things beyond their strength, etc., etc. All this tirade was in German, a language of which I did not understand a word, but the evangelizer explained it all to the English-speaking people present, commenting on the depths of super-

stition in which the country was sunk when such things could be. Every one agreed with her, and applauded her zeal; one would think that a really wicked act had been perpetrated, and so sweeping was her denunciation of Catholic practices, that all the other servants seemed to blame Lisbet for bringing such an avalanche down on them.

She, poor child, burst into tears and was silent. As soon as Madam A. paused for breath, a lady who, with her daughter, had arrived the previous day, made the startling announcement: "We are Catholics, and we *know* that prayers for the dead are powerful to aid them, and we think that Lisbet should be commended for her filial piety, instead of reproved." This little speech was like a bombshell, everybody began to feel uncomfortable, and Madam A. was profuse in her apologies. Although quite ready to attack the poor simple girl, she was not at all prepared to measure swords with those who knew how to defend their opinions. While the Catholic ladies remained in the house the open persecution ceased.

But it is in Italy that all the wiles of the serpent are brought into play. It pains me to hear Catholics in this land of ours, where no obstacles exist, where everything conduces to the practice of our holy religion, condemning the poor Italians, saying contemptuously: "They are such bad Catholics!" Many times I have had to refute such charges from persons who had been brought up in pious surroundings, so hedged about with safeguards that it would be almost impossible for them to go astray. They knew nothing of the awful temptations to which others are subjected.

Italy, like the England of Henry the Eighth, is in name a Catholic country; the King has given up the practice of his religion, the government is in the hands of Freemasons, many of them apostates, and both King and government give every facility to the enemy of souls to undermine the faith of the people.

Instead of condemning those who fall, should not we, who are safe in the fold, pity them?

During our first season in Italy we found out by chance the *modus operandi*. In the same hotel with us were two very agreeable English ladies, refined and religious-minded. They had been in Italy so often, that we found them most desirable acquaintances, being familiar with all the environs of the town, in which we were staying, and every place worth visiting.

the July sun at mid-day in Italy is terrific. In order to protect our heads we took the heavy shawls, which had served for lap-ropes in the morning, and folding them up as small as possible in size, but immense in thickness, put them on our heads to intercept the sun. This we had learned from the peasants.

It struck us as rather strange that in all that heat the English ladies constantly got out and walked; at the entrance of every village, one or other would get out under pretence of walking to rest herself



GENERAL VIEW OF VENICE.

One day they suggested that we should join them in a carriage drive to the famous Benedictine monastery of *Monte Oliveto Maggiore* (now suppressed), beautifully situated among the hills at about twenty miles distance. We gladly acceded, considering it safer to have a large party for a long drive through lonely roads. We started very early in the morning; at first the air was cool and fresh, but towards noon, when the sun asserted his power, the heat was intense. Drawing up the hood of the carriage gave little relief; even in the mountains,

from the fatigue of riding. This went on until we reached the gate of the monastery, which was opened by a youth from the lodge. Here one of our companions got out and remained behind so long that my curiosity was aroused, and looking around, I saw her hands full of tracts which she was giving to him. My eyes were now opened. We were travelling with agents of the *Tract Society*! To undermine the faith of the people; to ridicule the practices of religion; to shake their confidence in their priests; this is the

work of the tract distributor. They went into the monastery that day and with fair and smiling faces received the hospitality of the unconscious Abbot, who entertains all strangers with the best his house affords; little he knew that among his own dependants they had been sowing the evil seed. There is not a spot in Italy,

“From the centre all round to the sea,”

where this is not constantly going on.

One Sunday in Venice, while passing a large house on one of the side canals, we heard the sound of many voices singing, and I observed to our gondolier that it was not Catholic music. “The Signora is quite right,” he replied; and then told me that English Protestants gathered all the poor children they could find every Sunday into this building, which they had hired for the purpose, and taught them Protestant prayers and hymns, adding: “It is a very bad thing, (*cosa cattivissima*) Signora, to take from the children of the poor their love of the Madonna and the Saints. Why can't they go and teach their religion to people who have no faith; who have never heard of God, instead of coming here like pirates to take from us the good things we have been taught?” I was glad to see that the poor gondolier was fully alive to the absurdity of the mission.

The work of converting the heathen in far away lands, with a possibility of being devoured by cannibals, is not a pleasant thing; but when the lines are cast in such favored spots as Italy, it is quite a different thing. They draw good salaries, these missionaries, live in good style, and enjoy to the full the *dolce far niente*; the people are gentle, and courteous, and awfully poor. The temptation is very strong. When a poor mother, for instance, has a numerous family and nothing for them, they go to the *Missione Protestante* and are liberally supplied with food and clothing. Then the more intelligent of the little ones are carefully educated and brought up to aid in the

work; the boys are trained for the ministry, and that explains why we see so many Italian sectarian preachers. Meanwhile the wretched parents, who only sent their children in view of the temporal good to be gained, when they see them drift away irretrievably and become heretics, are overwhelmed with remorse and tardy repentance.

We know of such a case. The parents belonged to the refined and educated class, but were not rich enough to pay for the higher education of their son. They had sent him to a public school, and as he was very bright and intelligent, allowed themselves to be persuaded to send him later on to college. They were proud of his talents, and although observing during his visits home that he was careless about his religion, fondly imagined that, when he came home for good and settled down with them, he would be all right. But quite the reverse happened.

When he came home finished, loaded with honors and prizes, his religion was finished too! He was engaged to be married to the daughter of a Lutheran pastor, who was a professor in the college, and had publicly renounced his faith and joined the sect of his fiancée! And now the unhappy parents spend their days going from shrine to shrine, asking a miracle to bring them back the lost one. This grief so darkened their lives that nothing could brighten them. Their friends paid them visits of condolence as though there had been a death in the house. It was truly a house of mourning. I only wish that all those who in the same way risk the eternal salvation of their children could have seen the agony of this broken-hearted couple.

A very intelligent Venetian girl, who spoke English well, and was engaged in teaching Italian to English residents, came to me one day with a little bundle of tracts, asking me to look over them and tell her if it would be any harm to translate them. An American lady, living in princely style on the Grand Canal,

had offered her a good price and plenty of work. This was a great temptation to a girl who was the sole support of two aged women, her mother and aunt, her dear ones (*miei care vecchie*), as she always called them. Translating is nice, easy work, and the pay would be such a help.

They were *Christian Science* tracts, and when I explained to Nita what a dreadful heresy it was, and that if she translated them she would be helping the ruin of souls, she quickly relinquished the glittering bait. I have no doubt the American lady got someone else to do it,

glimpse of him, as he entered. All the seats were removed from the church in order to give more room to the multitude, who thought it no hardship to stand while listening to the inspired orator. A number of reporters were always present, and in an incredibly short time after delivery the sermons were published in pamphlet form and sold on the street. Everyone bought them, and the numbers who could not gain an entrance to the church were glad to get the words of life and "muse upon them."

In those Lenten days the streets of Rome presented an extraordinary sight ;



MONTE OLIVETO MAGGIORE.

and the work of darkness went on, but my good Nita was saved.

The second Lent that I passed in Rome, the Holy Father appointed the famous Franciscan preacher, Padre Agostino da Montfeltro, to deliver a course of sermons in one of the principal churches, *San Carlo in Corso*. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of the people in their desire to hear him. No description could give an adequate idea of the crowds that flocked around the man of God. Not only was the church filled, but the broad steps, the sidewalk, all across the street and the opposite sidewalk, with a dense crowd, anxious to get even a

groups of poor men were to be seen everywhere, eagerly listening to one or their number, reading aloud the precious words. Men driving trucks held the reins in one hand and the book of sermons in the other. Men with fruit stands were so absorbed in their reading that they forgot their profits. If gold coins had been scattered among the populace they could not have been more eagerly snatched up.

And now mark how the enemy of souls had his emissaries ready to "oversow cockle among the wheat." The Masonic press published millions of copies of the sermons, all interlarded

with infidel remarks and sneering criticisms on the preacher as well as on his utterances ; and these were sold at the street corners to the unsuspecting searchers for truth. It was a trick truly satanic, so cleverly done that it could not have been foreseen, and the evil was done before it was found out. The copy in my possession is one of these. Everything that the malice of hell can invent is done to crush religion in the city of Peter ; the name of God is eliminated from every school book ; we may imagine what the schools are when *Josue Carlucci*, who wrote the "Hymn to Satan" is a professor in a college, and member of highest council (*Consiglio Superiore*) of public instruction.

Let us pity our brothers who are so surrounded and overwhelmed with "persecution for justice' sake," and let us not call them "bad Catholics," but reflect what we should be in their place, remembering that there is no spot under heaven secure from Satan's wiles.

While stopping in the mountains of Austria among the most religious peasantry in Europe, we were struck by the strange behavior of an English lady who

was in our house. She knew nobody, and always went out alone, and remained a long time, never mentioning where she had been. I soon discovered the object of her walks. She used to hover about the different roads so as to intercept the school children returning from the village to their homes on the surrounding hills, and gather them around her, to tell them that they were all going astray, and how she had come from far away England to teach them the true religion, that the priests kept from them.

The little group of children, the lovely valley, and the tempter, reminded me of a beautiful scene in the *Purgatorio* where Dante is shown a group of souls in the sheltered and flowery vale, whose imperfections merit no greater punishment than detention there, while awaiting the beatific vision. *Canto viii, v. 24. 74*

In the case of the little Tyrolese children their angels were also on guard, for the good Emperor does not countenance proselytizing ; the laws are very strict against it. The matter was reported to the proper authorities, and the *missionary* forced to retreat and search for folds less securely guarded.

## FLOWER OF THE BROOM.

By *Claude M. Girardeau*.

(*Concluded.*)

### IV.

WHEN De Carnac's telegram to Doctor Odin of Carolus reached the physician's house he was not there.

"Where then?" inquired the messenger. "He must get this right away."

"At the Cathedral Rectory," replied the housekeeper, "at least, that is where he said he would be for an hour, and he has been gone nearly half that time."

The doctor was in the rector's private sitting-room, deep in conversation with a priest.

He glanced over the telegram, then

held it out to his companion, who was also his brother.

The Jesuit read the curt message :

"Come immediately to Escondida. A matter of life or death."

"GABRIEL DE CARNAC."

"You remember Gabriel, do you not, Louis?"

"Very well, indeed," assented the priest.

"I wonder who is ill?" mused the doctor. "Perhaps it is Dino, Madame Montevarchi's son, who is there with his uncle."

"I will go with you," said Father Louis. "I have been intending to run

down to Williamsport ever since coming to Carolus. I may be of service also."

"That I doubt," said the physician, shrugging his broad shoulders, "that is, as far as Gabriel himself is concerned.

railway station. In three hours they were at Williamsport, where Dino met them.

In the meantime Olympe had hung over the sick girl with torture of heart.

"She will surely die," she repeated



"HE PAUSED BESIDE THE OLD SUN-DIAL IN THE CENTRE OF A GRASS PLOT."

But if you will go, you must go at once. I am ready."

The priest smiled.

"So am I."

In a few moments they were at the

many times to herself. "She is so like her mother. Too thin a covering for her soul." She glanced up at the crucifix she had hung upon the bed's head and crossed herself.

'To leave her charge was perhaps to have her die in her absence. Yet the need was imperative and she felt absolutely helpless.

"She is out of our hands," she thought, "she is in the hands of the good God. But I think she will die. It is not the fever alone that is torturing her, poor child, poor motherless creature."

She hung over the sick girl, scrutinizing her delicate, flushed face; then kissed her burning forehead, went away and sent in her daughter, Zita, a quiet, self-possessed young woman, to sit at her bedside. Then she put on her bonnet and sought De Carnac.

He was walking miserably in the rear of the house, followed by a pet peacock which thrust a gorgeous crest and glancing eye jealously at the approaching woman.

"What, Olympe!" exclaimed De Carnac. "Where are you going? Who is with my darling?"

"Zita is with her, Monsieur De Carnac. I am come to say that I am going for a priest."

De Carnac started:

"A priest? What do you mean?"

"You know as well as I do, Monsieur, that her mother was a Catholic, and that she was baptized at St. Mary's. God knows what has been the poor child's lot in life all these years, to be left in youth without religion—she has none. She is as perfect a heathen as I ever saw." She spoke desperately. It was true.

De Carnac frowned, but was silent.

"You have not given her any religion, Monsieur Gabriel, dearly as you love her," said Olympe boldly.

"I never thought of it," murmured De Carnac, "besides it was not necessary," he added with irritation.

"Not necessary! My God, she is not an angel, Monsieur, she is a human being. She shall not die so, if I can help it. It is horrible."

"Die?" said De Carnac, harshly, grasping her arm. "How dare you mention the word. She shall not die"—then with a

sudden change—"What difference does it make? Buddhist, Catholic, Shintoist—all priests are alike—But I will not have her excited."

"Have no fear of that," replied Olympe. "May I take the buggy?"

"Certainly; but, stop—I hear wheels now. Someone is coming. Go and see who it is. It must be Odin."

At this thought he followed her to the front of the house. Odin was alighting from Dino's trap and shook hands with him with a low question;—to the reply he exclaimed:—"Frazier? Lord, Gabriel, have you that antiquated ass in charge of a case like this?" But Olympe had run to the other side of the vehicle and was looking up at the priest with tears flowing down her cheeks.

"My father, my father, do you not know me? How do you happen to be here after all these years? Blessed Mother of God, I was praying for a priest."

She kissed the hand grasping the side of the carriage, and wet it with her tears; then, like Magdalene, dried them with the heavy plait of hair that hung on her breast. The priest looked attentively at her.

"It is Olympe," he replied quietly. "Of course I remember you. Where is your mistress?"

"I was never a slave, Father," she said proudly, "but Madame Pearlstone is dead of a broken heart, long ago! Do you recall the day you baptized her little daughter, Mary Felicia, here in old Saint Mary's?"

"Perfectly. Where is the child now?"

"In the house yonder, Father, dying."

The priest got out of the carriage at once, and they walked in the garden. The doctor and De Carnac had gone into the house. Dino drove the reeking roans slowly up and down the road.

Olympe gave the attentive listener a rapid account of Maida's coming to the plantation and of her illness. With the

intuition of her race and the opportunity always afforded an inferior in a household, she had arrived at a by no means incorrect conclusion regarding the cause of the illness, and she gave free utterance to her thoughts. Dino, also, she knew, and much more concerning him than others even dimly guessed.

"The child has no religion, Father," she concluded, her eyes filling up again, "she must have had some bitter experience for one so young, so impressionable. You did not know her father or his people, but I did," she compressed her lips for a moment of unforgiving retrospection; "she has never been with her mother's people, and now that she meets them she finds only Monsieur Gabriel, who calls himself a philosopher, and his nephew and her distant kinsman who believes in nothing. Poor child—poor child. It is terrible."

"It is indeed," said the priest. He paused beside the old sundial in the centre of a grassplot and absently traced the rune in ancient Latin intagliated upon its broken face. Rapid footsteps approached them through the shrubbery, and the priest looked up to meet his brother's anxious eyes.

"I have been obliged to tell Gabriel that there is but one chance in a thousand for the child. Perhaps you can pray for her, Louis? My science is at fault here."

"Can I see her?" asked the priest.

"Not just yet. I have thrown the opium Frazier was killing her with out of the windows, and I came near sending him after it; but must wait to see what effect my own prescription will have."

"How long must you wait?" inquired Father Louis, anxiously.

"An hour at least."

"Then I will go to town again," said the priest, calmly. "I suppose Mr. Montevarchi will drive me."

He proffered his request, to which Dino gave eager assent. Fortunately there was a missionary priest in the old

tumble down presbytery, who was but too glad to place presbytery and ruinous church and altar at Odin's disposal.

The priest prayed with absolute recollection before the Blessed Sacrament for the space of nearly an hour, then returned to the plantation, carrying the Sacred Host with him.

The doctor met him at the steps.

"She is sensible and much quieter. You can go in at once. I have told her you are here."

Maida opened her blue eyes and fixed them upon the serene countenance of the priest. She had never spoken to a Catholic ecclesiastic since her mother's death, when she was a little thing.

Olympe knelt down and encircled her with yearning arms.

"My darling, this is Father Louis; he was your dear mother's best friend. He baptized her, he married her, and he baptized you. And now he has been sent to you by the Blessed Mother of God."

Maida held out a hand. Odin took it gently. Olympe slipped away.

"Oh, Father," murmured the sick girl, "I am so ill . . . so ill. I have been dreaming so hideously."

"Then tell me your dream, my child. Tell me everything that is in your heart. Remember, a conversation with God is sacred to a priest of His Church."

An early recollection stirred in her. The deep tones of the quiet voice calmed the tumult of her soul. She pressed her hands to her breast and, as a child to her mother, unburdened her heart.

The listener turned aside to conceal his emotion.

At his absolution she closed her eyes as if in sleep. He bent an ear to her breathing, then beckoned Olympe from her light-footed pacing in the entry.

She came in and lighted the candles upon a hastily improvised altar. The Holy Eucharist and the sacrament of Extreme Unction administered to the half-conscious girl, the doctor entered



and stood with tentative finger on pulse for some time. A profound stillness reigned throughout the house for hours. De Carnac sat where he could watch the quiet figure on the bed, through the door opening into the sitting-room, while not far from him was Dino, as if in enchantment.

The physician went away to pace restlessly the garden close, his hands behind his back, his shaggy head sunk on his breast.

In the sick room the priest and the serving woman on their knees knocked at the very door of heaven, and with a loud cry of the heart in the ears of God, prayed for the sick girl's recovery.

Towards evening she opened her eyes again.

"Where is Cousin Gabriel?" she asked, in a clear and natural voice.

De Carnac hastened to her.

She pressed his hand between her moist palms.

"I have been very ill, have I not?"

Father Louis and Olympe rose from their knees and went away, leaving the two together.

The doctor, who was leaning upon the dial, turned at the priest's approach, glanced at his face, then said aloud, tracing the words upon the dial with his finger as he recited them:

*"Adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.*—How true that is, my brother!"

They sat side by side upon the marble bench beneath the plane-tree that overshadowed the close. "Words that had been forgotten like the dial upon which they had been carved," mused the physician. He spoke to himself, for the other sat with a rapt expression, like one who has looked into Paradise.

That night, as Montevarchi was driving to The Place, he said abruptly to Father Louis, who sat beside him:

"You doubtless recollect me when at the College in Rome, Father?"

"Perfectly. I did not, therefore, expect to meet you here."

"I have not fulfilled the promise of my youth," said Dino.

The priest thought that he had, but said nothing, so Dino went on: "But it has not been altogether my fault. Every Adam has his Eve. But there is something I wish to speak to you about."

Odin listened without astonishment and without comment, then looked at Dino searchingly:

"This is a good beginning. See that it is not the end also. Because you are not a priest, and I do not say it is a pity you are not—there is no reason why you should not be a good man. And because you are not a good man, it does not follow that you would have been a better priest. On the contrary. Regrets are worse than useless in a case like yours. Live in the present, and make restitution, as far as you can, for the past. You can do this, in one case at least, very easily. Only see that you do it."

A day or so later, as De Carnac was pottering about the garden cutting flowers, Dino went up to him, his horse following with nose at elbow.

"I have some good news for you, Uncle Gabriel."

"Ah!" said the old gentleman, "then it is not true that disasters alone tread on each other's heels as your roan is treading on mine;—what now?"

"I have discovered a rich vein of phosphate on that bit of land you sold me. Instead of being worth three thousand, it is impossible just yet to tell what its value will be. You know what phosphate did for Kensington. I therefore wish to return you this."

He placed a folded paper in the basket De Carnac was holding.

"What is that?" inquired the latter, then took it up. "The deed of transfer? But it is yours, Dino. The sale was legal and in good faith. This deed no longer belongs to me."

"I absolutely refuse to keep it," replied Dino.

"So?" said De Carnac slowly, "this is uncommonly clever of you, Dino."

"Not so much so," replied the other with fine frankness, "the same vein runs through *The Place*."

"I am glad to hear that," rejoined his uncle.

"Then you will take this paper—for Maida," said Dino softly.

The old gentleman looked up quickly:

"Shall I leave it in the basket then?"

Dino hesitated.

"Yes; leave it, give it to her,—with my love."

He turned away, then stopped.

"I am going North to-morrow on business. Melanie goes with me. I do not think I shall see you, or Maida again, as I have my hands full. Please say good-bye to her for me."

His foot was in the stirrup.

"Why not go and speak to her?" inquired De Carnac.

"She is asleep. I would not disturb her."

But he drew rein at the window where Olympe beckoned him from the Bougainvillea.

"You can see her, Monsieur Dino, as she lies asleep there. How like her mother she looks!"

He bent his head to look at the face against the pillow, the brown hair loose about it, the red childish mouth half unclosed in a faint smile; yet a tear sparkled on the dark lashes that shadowed her soft cheek, and as she slept she sighed.

And Dino sighed also as he rode away.

Olympe's eyes followed him meditatively until he had disappeared in the gray columns of the pines.

## BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

### I.

#### THE INSPIRED TEXT, PROFANE SCIENCE, AND ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

THE Catholic commentator has three principal guides that direct him in his work; first, since the Bible is written for man and in human language, its explanation is subject to the same laws that govern the interpretation of other works of literature; secondly, since the Bible is an inspired book, having God for its principal author, it cannot contain any error, and consequently cannot contradict either itself or the certain results of profane science; thirdly, since the Bible is a canonical book, having been entrusted to the keeping of the Church, "in matters of faith and of the morals which pertain to the building up of Christian doctrine, that is to be taken to be the true sense of Holy Scripture which has been and is held by Holy Mother Church." The first and the third of these guides tell the commentator what the Bible means, the second indicates what the Bible cannot

mean. The first and the third are like the hounds that show the huntsman the trail of his prey, the second is like the wall that tells where the hare or the rabbit cannot have gone; in short, the first and third are positive guides in the explanation of Sacred Scripture, the second is of a more negative character.

No objection is raised against allowing the rules of language their share in the explanation of the Bible. On the contrary, we are urged on by contemporary writers to investigate whether the expressions of Sacred Scripture be used in a figurative or in their proper sense, whether the proper sense of the words be simple or manifold, and again whether the meaning of a word be not different now from what it was at the time of the inspired writer. But there is a great deal of prejudice against the right of ecclesiastical authority in the field of Bible commentary. In our

days of scientific progress, we are told, our biblical scholar ought to be directed by the dictates of science rather than by the authority of tradition. In other words, the certain or probable tenets of scientific men are to be the main sources of light for the obscure and doubtful passages of Sacred Scripture. It is in this light that we are to explain the biblical cosmogony, e. g. or the genealogical tables, or again the account of the flood. Instead of entering upon a theoretical defence of the Catholic principles of hermeneutics, we shall illustrate their reasonableness by applying them to a particular case, the much discussed question of the universality of the flood.

Supposing that the biblical account of the deluge is not a mere myth, but contains real history, we cannot deny that the event must have been universal in some sense. Not to speak of the passages in which the inspired writer states without restriction that the waters had prevailed on the face of the earth, there are a number of texts in which he explicitly emphasizes the universality of the inundation. Gen. vii. 18 reads: "for they overflowed exceedingly, and filled *all* the face of the earth;" Gen. vii. 19 adds: "and *all* the high mountains under the *whole* heavens were covered;" Gen. vii. 21 describes the effect of the flood; "and *all* flesh was destroyed that moved upon the earth;" Gen. vii. 22 repeats the same statement in more emphatic terms: "and *all* things, wherein there is the breath of life on the earth, died." The literal meaning of the biblical narrative appears to be that the waters of the flood covered the whole surface of the earth, and destroyed all animal life.

Our rules of hermeneutics, however, warn us to make sure that the inspired writer has not employed figurative language in the foregoing passages. If he has used the hyperbole in his description, we shall have to investigate what corresponding proper terms we ought to substitute. That we cannot eliminate *a priori* the possibility of hyperbolic lan-

guage in the narrative of the deluge, is evident from the fact that such language occurs in a number of other biblical passages. Gen. xli. 54 states: "and the famine prevailed in the whole world, but there was bread in all the land of Egypt;" and still Gen. xli. 57 appears to limit the famine to the dominion of the Pharaohs: "and all provinces came into Egypt to buy food, and to seek some relief of their want." Similarly, the phrase of Gen. vii. 19: "all the high mountains under the whole heaven were covered," has its parallel in Deut. ii. 25: "this day will I begin to send the dread and fear of thee upon the nations that dwell under the whole heaven;" and still this latter passage is explained as having a limited meaning in Deut. xi. 25: "the Lord your God shall lay the dread and fear of you upon all the land that you shall tread upon, as he hath spoken to you." Another instance of hyperbolic statement may be seen in III. Kings x. 23 f.: "and King Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth in riches and wisdom. And all the earth desired to see Solomon's face, to hear his wisdom, which God had given in his heart." The New Testament furnishes us a partial commentary on this passage in Mt. xii. 42: "because she (the queen of the south) came from the ends of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon." Finally, to show that the New Testament writers made use of the same figure, we draw attention to Acts ii. 5: "Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men out of every nation under heaven."

All we have said thus far, only shows that it is not impossible that the biblical expressions implying the universality of the flood may be hyperbolic statements. The terms considered in themselves may be used in their proper or their figurative sense. Our next step must consist in weighing the reasons for the proper sense against the reasons for the figurative meaning. The proper sense of the passage is supported by the following considerations: 1° Unless we are moved by weighty reasons to admit

## Biblical Criticism.

figurative language on the part of the speaker or the writer, we adhere to the proper meaning of the words; the burden of proofs rests therefore on the figurative sense. 2° The purpose of the ark as described in the biblical account of the flood appears to demand an absolutely universal inundation, and favors therefore the proper sense of the words. According to Gen. vi. 19, 20, the animals are to go into the ark "that they may live," and according to Gen. vii. 3, "that seed may be saved upon the face of the whole earth." Such language implies that no animal life could be saved outside the ark, and that therefore the whole earth was covered by the waters of the flood. 3° Again, if only part of the earth was covered with the waters of the deluge, why was Noe commanded to save his life by building the ark rather than by the easier means of emigration?

Though these reasons in favor of the universality of the flood in the proper sense of the word be of some weight, they cannot be said to be absolutely conclusive. God may have preferred to save Noe's life by means of the ark rather than by emigration, in order to impress the patriarch's contemporaries more vividly with the necessity of penance; again, God may have intended to save certain *individual* animals rather than whole *species* thereof by bringing them to Noe into the ark, seeing that it would have been a great inconvenience to the patriarch after the flood to be left without the assistance of animal life till the inundated portions of the globe should be refilled from the regions that had not been reached by the waters. How could Noe in this case have offered the sacrifice to God of which Gen. viii. 20 speaks? "And Noe built an altar unto the Lord; and taking of all cattle and fowls that were clean, offered holocausts upon the altar." As to the burden of the proof resting on the figurative explanation of the flood's universality, the champions of the latter endeavor

to satisfy it by the following considerations.

1° In Gen. viii. 9 it is said that the dove "not finding where her foot might rest returned to him: for the waters were upon the whole earth," and this in spite of the fact that more than forty days before the tops of the mountains had appeared, according to the very context of the foregoing statement. The words of Gen. viii. 9 must therefore be taken in a hyperbolic sense. 2° Again, according to Gen. viii. 11 the dove after her second exploration tour "came to him in the evening carrying a bough of an olive-tree with green leaves in her mouth." Now, it is argued, that there could not have been an olive-tree with green leaves at that period of the deluge, if the whole face of the earth had been covered with water for the space of about ten months. 3° According to Gen. vi. 5 ff. and vi. 13 the deluge was brought on in order to destroy the whole human race, excepting Noe and his family; the latter passage says expressly: "the end of all flesh is come before me; the earth is filled with iniquity through them, and I will destroy them with the earth." Can we then suppose that God exceeded his threat so far as to cover even those parts of the earth with the waters of the flood in which there was no human life to be destroyed?

Even if we suppose that the universality of the flood is not a figure of speech, we have still to investigate whether any term of the account has more than one proper meaning. The language of witnesses must naturally be interpreted according to their mental horizon. If books written before the discovery of America speak of the whole earth, or of all men, we do not suppose that they include our continent or its inhabitants; astronomical accounts, dating back to the time before the invention of the telescope, are not supposed to refer to stars visible only by means of the telescope. Similarly, the witnesses testifying to the universality of the flood must be under-

stood according to the range of their knowledge. If therefore the biblical account of the deluge ultimately rests on the testimony of eye-witnesses as the minute description of the event in Genesis and its parallel narratives in the national traditions of many heathen nations tend to show, we are warranted in limiting the inundation to those regions of the earth that constituted the universe for Noe and his contemporaries. The "whole earth" in the flood-account has therefore a meaning similar to the Latin *orbis terrarum*, and the Greek *οικουμένη*.

But can it be safely supposed that an inspired writer has used the language of a document or of a living tradition in precisely the same meaning in which the original author employed it? In other words, can it be said that in spite of his familiarity with the cultured world of his day and in spite of his acquaintance with the learning of Egypt, Moses has spoken of the universality of the flood as an objective reality, though in point of fact the flood was confined to the world of Noe's range of thought? We can, indeed, hardly believe that Moses would have written our English text of the flood narrative; but nothing can be said against his penning the Hebrew narrative. The words rendered "earth" in our translation have in the original language also the meaning "land." Nor can it be maintained that "earth" is the primary signification of the words in question, and "land" only a secondary; 'erets and 'adamah primarily indicated the tract of country that fell under the actual observation of the speaker, and were extended to other countries only by degrees. Do we not commonly first give a name to a concrete object and then extend it to other things similar? Besides, it is not at all certain that 'erets and 'adamah signify "earth" in what we may call the context of the flood account in Genesis; on the contrary, the restricted meaning "land" fits in admirably with Genesis iv.-v. and

with Genesis x. so that we naturally adopt the meaning in Genesis vi.-ix. If we really substitute "land" for "earth" in these last chapters, we see that the waters "filled all the face of the land," that "all flesh was destroyed that moved in the land," that "all things wherein there is the breath of life in the land, died," and that "all the high mountains under the whole heaven (corresponding to the land) were covered." Even if we grant, therefore, that the inspired writer intended to be understood literally in his account of the universality of the flood, he may urge a universality comprising not the whole earth, but a whole land or region, the land in which Noe and his family lived.

Thus far we have seen that the account of the flood does not determine whether its universality has to be understood in the proper sense of the word or as a figure of speech, whether we have to understand the expression "whole earth" according to the limited meaning it had at the time of Noe or according to its more developed meaning at the time of Moses, and at our own time; finally, whether the terms, 'erets and 'adamah must be taken in their primary signification of land or in their secondary, though equally proper, meaning of earth. Can profane science or Christian tradition aid us in settling these doubts?

It must be confessed that science urges a number of difficulties against the universality of the biblical flood. 1° Not to insist on the fact that the deluge, as described in Sacred Scripture, cannot be identified with what may be called the geological deluge, or with the catastrophe connected with the beginning of the ice-age, it is even contended that the present state of the earth's geological formation excludes the supposition of a general disturbance such as would have been caused by a universal biblical deluge. For the waters receding suddenly, and almost violently, from the face of the earth would have

broken and carried with them the strata deposited on the sides of the mountains, and would have brought this material into the beds of rivers and of valleys, covering the intervening plains with a practically even layer of earth. In point of fact, there is no sign of such a universal breakage of geological strata, nor do the beds of rivers or the valleys or the plains bear evidence of such a general displacement of material. It has been urged, on the other hand, that miracles do not commonly leave any trace in the realm of nature; we cannot point to any trace of the miraculous passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, or of the stoppage of the sun by Josue. And though Wisdom x. 7 expressly states, "whose land (the land of the cities of the plain) for a testimony of their wickedness is desolate and smoketh to this day," it is answered that these signs remain indeed but do not show that the past events were miraculous. But might we not, therefore, expect at least traces of the deluge, in so far as its effects were natural phenomena? Besides, it has not as yet been proved that the deluge itself was a miraculous event; its divine prediction was a miracle, and its punitive character shows a special intervention of divine providence, but then the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans had been predicted by our Lord and ordained as a special punishment of the Jewish people without becoming miraculous on that account. Nor can it be said that, if the deluge had been a merely natural event, there would have been no utility in doing penance, seeing that the catastrophe would have befallen man anyhow; for if man had done penance, he might have been saved by a miraculous prevention of the flood, or by emigration, or by means of several arks. The absence of universal geological traces of the flood is, therefore, urged by some writers as a scientific argument against the universality of the event.

2° Secondly, it is contended that the bulk of water contained in the sea or

obtainable by a most violent rain of forty days' duration would not have sufficed to inundate the whole surface of the earth so as to bring the water "fifteen cubits higher than the mountains which it covered" (Gen. vii. 20). It has been computed that the surface of the earth in round numbers amounts to 510,000,000 square kilometres, and since the highest mountains present an elevation of about 9000 metres, the bulk of water required to satisfy the demands of a universal flood would amount to about 4,600,000,000 cubic kilometres. If we suppose that the rain of the deluge was ten times more copious than the most violent rains known to us, and lasted for forty days, it would have raised the level of the sea about 800 metres; and since the main depth of the sea amounts to about 5,000 metres, there would have been a gap left to be filled by unknown resources amounting to a height of more than 3,000 metres. It has been urged, on the other hand, that the flood regards mainly the continents, so that the water of the sea might have been forced from the ocean beds onto the dry land; but if the summits of the ocean mountains were left exposed, the description of the flood as contained in the Bible would not have been literally true. Again, it has been surmised that perhaps the waters of the sea were forced to flow over the continents by a violent catastrophe, such as the sudden inclination of the earth's axis; but the biblical account does not convey the idea of a successive inundation of the face of the earth, but expressly states that the waters remained for 150 days. This second inconvenience too would be avoided by the supposition of a partial, or a relatively universal, inundation of the face of the earth.

3° It is well known that certain aquatic animals can live only in sea water, while others require fresh water in order to live. Now, it seems that in a universal inundation the waters would have been mixed to such an extent, that

neither the one kind of animal life nor the other could have been preserved without a miracle.

4°. It has been computed by certain writers that there would have been room in the ark for the pairs of about 10,000 species of animals which would have needed preservation in case of a universal deluge. Without pronouncing on the correctness or the incorrectness of this computation, other scientists draw attention to the following inconveniences connected with such a general inundation. How were all the species of animals brought to Noe from the various parts of the world in which they lived? How could Noe's family consisting of eight members take care of such an array of beasts? Where was all the food obtained necessary to sustain the animals for the space of a whole year? How could the arctic animals live with those of the torrid zone for a whole year not only in the same climate, but under the same roof?

If we come to examine into the foregoing difficulties raised by natural science against an absolutely universal flood, we see that none of the points of alleged opposition involves a metaphysical contradiction; none involves a conflict not removable by God's omnipotence, should He choose to intervene for its removal by the suspension of a natural law. Nor is it becoming that Catholics should haggle over every fresh miracle proposed to them by their faith as misers over their coins. A single miraculous interference with the course of nature may have such far-reaching effects, that it necessitates a multiplied interference on the part of Omnipotence in order to restore the disturbed equilibrium. It is not therefore the mere number of miracles necessitated by the universality of the flood that will deter the Catholic commentator from adopting it, knowing, as he does, that God's omnipotence is a bank of unlimited resources. Supposing, *e. g.*, that God by a miracle had covered the whole face of the earth with the

waters of the deluge, it would be but reasonable to expect another miracle in order to preserve the different kinds of aquatic life. But it is the *character* of certain miracles that will cause anxiety to the Catholic Bible student; they may appear more marvelous than useful, they may call for a special interference of divine power without presenting a purpose worthy of such interference, they may imply such an extraordinary manner of acting as to be out of keeping with God's usual methods of dealing with His creatures, even by way of miraculous interference. Now, a geographically universal deluge appears to involve some miracles of this character which are apparently uncalled for by the circumstances of the chastisement. It appears to imply that God somehow brought into existence a quantity of water exceeding the needs of the occasion and disappearing after the flood to parts unknown; it seems to imply a fairyland collection of innumerable animals which might have been saved in their own regions by a less marvellous process; nor does one see how the double transportation of these beasts could have been for the good of the patriarch. Its only effect would have been to lift Noe out of his proper stage in the course of mental progress.

Thus far we have seen that the biblical account of the flood leaves it doubtful whether the inundation was geographically universal or not; we have seen again that a geographically universal flood demands not only a number of miracles, but several miracles of a kind that Catholics do not feel inclined to admit without evident reasons. Hence we come to the question reserved for the third part of this paper: Is there any necessity obliging Catholics to admit a geographically universal flood?

It must be confessed that among the Fathers and the earlier theological writers there are but few that treat *ex professo* of the deluge, and fewer still that touch upon its universality. Adding to this that in the Greek and Latin versions the

Hebrew words 'ereṣ and 'adāmāh were rendered by expressions meaning earth rather than land, that many natural laws were as yet unknown, that the earth was considered a plain or, at least, not a globe, that all animal life was reduced to about a hundred and fifty species, that no mountain was thought to exceed four thousand feet in height, that the ministry of angels was brought into requisition for the distribution of the animal species over the earth, that, in short, men were prone to explain by miracle what they did not understand, adding all these facts to the fact that so few writers treated of the flood *ex professo*, it cannot astonish us that most commentators of the early ages understood the biblical narrative as teaching a geographically universal deluge. Still, even among the foregoing writers there are found some who restricted the inundation to certain parts of the earth's surface; and they did so without incurring the blame of offending against ecclesiastical tradition. Thus the earthly paradise, *e. g.*, was exempted by many, irrespective of its location on the top of a high mountain or elsewhere; the same must be said of the place in which Mathusala was supposed to have lived according to the Septuagint reading; St. Augustine knows writers who exempted the mountain Olympus, though he himself does not agree with their view; Pseudo-Justin hesitatingly rejects the opinion of some who restricted the flood to the parts of the earth that were actually inhabited by men; Cajetan revived the opinion that the waters did not cover Olympus and other high mountains, believing that Genesis spoke only of the mountains under the aerial heaven; Tostatus sees a figure of speech in the expressions of the Bible that imply universality; at any rate, he believes that the earthly paradise cannot have been inundated, since Henoch had to be saved in it. If then the Fathers and the early theologians had considered the universality of the flood to belong to the body of ecclesiastical tradition or to the deposit

of faith, they surely would have defended it more vigorously.

It was during the course of the seventeenth century that the first real discussion on the universality of the deluge took place. A rather liberal Catholic writer, La Peyrère, published his Pre-Adamite system in which he limited the extent of the deluge to Palestine alone. The Protestant writer Vossius attacked this position, maintaining that the deluge must have destroyed the whole human race, though it need not have covered the whole surface of the earth. Vossius himself was attacked on this point by a number of other Protestant writers, especially by Horn, who defended the absolute universality of the deluge. More than twenty years after the publication of Vossius's and Horn's controversies, their books were brought before the Congregation of the Index, and after hearing three consultors, the Congregation condemned Vossius's treatise *De Septuaginta Interpretibus*, without however issuing the proper decree. It was about this time that Mabillon was elected consultor of the Congregation of the Index, and the question was referred to him. This learned theologian summarized Vossius's teaching under three heads: 1° The Septuagint version is preferable to the Hebrew text; 2° hence, the Septuagint chronology should be preferred to that contained in the Hebrew text; 3° the flood covered only the inhabited parts of the earth. Now, said the learned consultor, the first and second of these opinions are freely held and taught by Catholics; the third is not against faith or morals, seeing that even the Fathers allowed different interpretations of the biblical text. Mabillon thought it would be better for the Church to let Protestants fight out their own quarrels; if, however, a decree must be published, let the treatises of both Vossius and Horn be condemned. As the Congregation gave no reason for its decree, it became doubtful whether the treatises had been condemned be-



cause they were written by Protestant commentators, or because they contained errors about the deluge. There are good writers who maintain that Vossius's opinion has been condemned thereby, and there are theologians of equal weight who defend the contrary thesis.

Following up the variation of Catholic opinion on the universality of the flood, we find that, in spite of some dissentient voices, the bulk of the theologians and commentators adhered to the theory of absolute universality as long as geologists believed they found traces of a simultaneous and universal flood in the strata of the earth's crust. But after it had been shown that there are no geological traces of a universal deluge—we refrain here from either approval or disapproval of Prestwich's little work "On Certain Phenomena"—Catholic

writers generally adopted the theory of a relatively universal deluge. We have said nothing of the question whether this relatively universal flood extended to the whole human race or not; the answer to this question involves more difficulties than we have encountered thus far, and, if given at all, requires a separate paper. But we have seen that the biblical text allows us to defend a deluge either absolutely universal or not; that Catholic tradition and ecclesiastical authority on this point say nothing decisive; that science presents us with some miracles necessitated by an absolutely universal deluge, which we are not disposed to admit without evident reasons. We may, therefore, regard as reasonable the opinion, which has gained so much favor during the last fifty years that it may now be considered common.

## AT HIS FEET.

*By J. B. Jaggar, S.J.*

LIKE one entranced by nightingale's lone strains  
 The while it weeps in song for love's own sake,  
 As moonlight's silver snows caress the brake—  
 Or like to one enchanted by refrains  
 Of psalmody, the voice with cithern rains  
 Voiceful as music summer cascades make—  
 At feet of Him who speaks as never spake  
 A child of man, I lie fast bound by chains  
 His tender love has woven round my heart,  
 And all day long I gaze on His dear face  
 Telling of pity for my weariness,  
 Dispelling sin-wrought gloom and heaviness  
 That bowed me when I had my griefs apart  
 From Him and knew not this sweet resting-place.

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(Continued.)

AN account of this meeting between brother and sister is also given by the Sister in a short letter which we may quote in full :

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, S. F.,  
California, Sept. 21, '83.

MY DEAR MATTHEW : Before the day ends, I must write to you : first, as it is your feast, and we have all prayed for your every happiness as fervently as we could ; and, secondly, to let you know dear Charles is actually in California. He wrote me a couple of weeks ago from Winnepeg that I might expect to see him if nothing unforeseen occurred before the end of the month. On last Tuesday I happened to be in the parlor, when I walked a gentleman with gloves. "This is not a Californian," said I to myself. And lo! raising my eyes, I saw Charles, and, you will be glad to hear, looking remarkably well—bronzed no doubt by his travels in this warm climate. He had arrived in this city the night before from Puget's Sound, by steamer of course, and I think, like myself, the sea does not agree with him, for he was a little upset by the voyage and called on our doctor, who merely prescribed certain regimen. Cousin Kate was delighted more than I can explain to see Charles, and quite pleased to find the sweet, gentle expression of countenance so different from what his photograph would lead one to expect. He sat an hour or more, and then went to call on James Gartlan and Joseph Jennings. D. J. Oliver, one of our best and wealthiest Catholics, intended to have Charles his guest, but he had already settled himself with his friend at the Palace Hotel and did not care to make a change. Mr. Oliver was watching the list of passengers expected overland, by which route we supposed

Charles would come, and he intended to meet him ; but he got here unknown to us all. He had calls from a half dozen gentlemen that night, and next morning at 6.30 he drove in an open carriage to the Cliff House (via Golden Gate Park) where he and party had breakfast, and saw all that is to be seen there in the way of seals, etc., etc., and got here at noon. He and I spent a quiet hour together, telling me of all at home, the *little ones* perhaps getting an undue amount of time. I thought he had plenty of time at his disposal, and the Sisters had lunch prepared for him in the Community Room, when we found he had arranged to start at 3 for Yosemite Valley, and was to lunch with Mr. Martin before, so we had to let him go after a hurried visit to the Home or at least to a part of it. In one room the tears came to his eyes, when he saw dear Mamma's obituary hanging in a central position—the room belongs to Mary Devlin who lived at Mr. Greer's and knew Mamma, and Sisters M. Aquin and Emmanuel well. He expects to return on Tuesday, and I must get one day to show him the asylum, schools, etc. The weather is pretty warm at present, and I fear where Charles is now it must be extremely hot. It is too bad he is so hurried. I hope he won't be half dead from fatigue, running at such a rate.

Now, my dear Matthew, may God bless you for ever and ever. Pray for me.

Your affectionate sister,

M. B. RUSSELL,

Sister of Mercy.

To this same exciting event in the holy exile's life there is an allusion in a later letter of hers. She was a diligent reader of *The Irish Monthly*, which in February, 1884, introduced thus its

recommendation of Mr. James Britten's "Young Collector's Handbook of Flowering Plants."

"A recent traveller, whose unpublished notes would form a delightful volume, makes in one place the following remark: 'Several times during this trip I found myself regretting that I did not know at least a little smattering of both botany and geology. Learn from this, O ye young! while there is yet time, to cultivate extended tastes. They will be a pleasure to you always, but especially a pleasure and an added interest when later in life you come to travel.'"

Writing on the 23d of March, Mother Baptist orders several copies of Mr. Britten's little book, and says: "I suspect the 'recent traveller' alluded to at page ninety-eight of the February *Irish Monthly*, who recommends the young to study botany as a source of additional pleasure when travelling, must be *Charles*. No doubt an insight into the workings of nature in the vegetable kingdom does add much to the pleasure of every observing mind whether travelling or not."

Her guess of course was correct; and her thoughts no doubt travelled in the same direction if she read a "Pigeonhole Paragraph" in the same magazine for May, 1891, which might have been quoted in the opening pages of the present sketch as an illustration of the wholesome discipline of those young people's Killowen life. I venture to give it now out of its place, moral and all:

"Half a dozen children, girls and boys, once lived very happily in an unpretentious but comfortable house, which was separated by only a couple of fields—their own fields—from the sea-shore. Could it be called the sea-shore? In reality it was the shore of a large Irish bay, where the sea had room enough to behave like a real sea, yet not too wildly or too Atlanticly.

"The mother of these children used, once or twice a year, to travel to Dublin—which to the children seemed as far away

as Chicago seems now. Every time she came back it seemed as if they had lost their mother and found her again.

"To increase the warmth of her welcome the wise mother took care not to return empty-handed but to bring a gift for each of her young people. On one of these occasions there was a cloud over the sunshine. The excellent governess, who was the mother's vicegerent, and who was always treated with the fullest confidence and respect, felt it her duty to report unfavorably on one of the boys. May God reward her for discharging a painful duty, not giving in weakly at the end and hushing it all up in the joy of the mother's home-coming! And may God reward the good mother for not making light of the offence or seizing on some expedient for receiving the culprit back at once into favor! No, the other gifts were distributed—one of them was 'Uncle Buncle's True and Instructive Stories about Animals, Insects, and Plants'—but the gift intended for the young evil-doer, whose transgression was not very wicked, was not merely withheld for a time but never bestowed upon him. The credit of his subsequent career was, perhaps, partly attributable to the firmness and wisdom of his early discipline, of which this is a sample.

"But 'these things are said for a parable.' The incident may illustrate God's way of dealing with us His poor children. He leaves Himself to a great extent at our mercy. How many graces may He have designed for me and never conferred upon me for reasons similar to those which kept back for ever the companion-volume to 'Uncle Buncle's True and Instructive Stories about Animals, Insects, and Plants!' Bartoli, in his *Life of St. Ignatius*, quotes this saying of his: 'God would readily bestow very many graces upon us if our perverse will did not place an obstacle to His liberality.' What a pity! It might be well for us, each of us in his own heart, to go deeper than would be becoming in this place into this sad subject of God's ungiven gifts, and to ask the

Sacred Heart to save us from the consequences of past folly."

As I have here perpetrated a flagrant anachronism in going back over more than twice "twenty golden years ago," I may also, before taking up again the thread of our story, record another curious little incident belonging to the same remote past, which the following paragraph in a recent *Westminster Gazette* called to mind:

"The Lord Chief Justice was at Southampton yesterday to witness the sailing of the *Killdonan Castle*, which is taking his son, Lieutenant Russell, R. A., to the Cape. In describing the farewell, the *Daily Mail* says that the parting, although father and son evidently both felt it keenly, was not without its humorous side. When the siren had hoarsely ordered 'All ashore,' Lord Russell of Killowen from the quay-side did his best to attract his son's attention, but in vain. Growing desperate, the Lord Chief Justice placed two fingers to his mouth and blew a shrill whistle, with an ease which a boy might have envied. Lieutenant Russell, recognizing the signal, came to the taffrail smiling."

Now it happens that this is a case of history repeating itself: for what the newspapers which retailed this very unimportant incident termed "the L. C. J.'s whistle-call" had been used by him nearly sixty years before for this very purpose of attracting some person's attention at a distance. One evening he and his little brother strolled to the shore of Carlingford Lough along with a white-haired peasant-boy of the same age who grew up to be more than eight feet in height and some four hundred pounds in weight and to gain fame and fortune by being exhibited as Murphy the Irish Giant over all the countries of Europe except Ireland—for he would never consent to make a show of himself in his own country. (1) Well this little

fair-haired boy and the two brothers plucked a store of the choicest ears of wheat in one of the fields near the beach, and made their way out to a large fishing-boat, which was anchored in the Glarry Hole and which the retreating tide had left accessible to little feet that had no objection to being wet. They ensconced themselves snugly in the bottom of the boat, and between telling stories and eating wheat amused themselves so well that they forgot where they were till the returning tide had completely surrounded them. Probably they could have waded safely through the waves when they first perceived their situation; but they were afraid, and remained in the boat till the tide had reached its full, leaving the castaways far out at sea, as it seemed to them. They were hardly in any danger, for the boat was securely anchored; but it was dark night and high tide and wild enough before some men rowed out to their rescue, having been made aware of their plight by means of that shrill whistling which boys are fond of producing by the combined efforts of their lips and fingers, and which half a century later enabled the young artillery officer starting for the war to get a last glimpse of his father among the crowd on Southampton quay. It is perhaps useful to add that, instead of being made much of—as might have been the case with weak-minded parents—the rescued mar-

—  
towards the end of his 27th year; but his body was brought home to Killowen to be buried in the old Kilbroney graveyard, near Ros-trevor. The spot is marked by a large Celtic cross bearing this inscription: "Of your charity pray for the soul of Patrick Murphy, Killowen, (the Irish Giant), to whose memory this monument has been erected by a few friends and admirers. R. I. P." Then follows this extract from the Parish Register: "This young man was admittedly the tallest man in the world at the time of his death, his exact height being eight feet one inch. He was born 15th June 1834, and died at Marseilles 18th April 1862. His remains were embalmed, brought home, and interred in Kilbroney graveyard 18th June 1862."

—J. McKENNA, C. C.

(1) Both his parents were of quite ordinary stature. He died of small-pox at Marseilles,

iners were treated as criminals, and next day a gentle flogging with a not very formidable substitute for a cat-o'-nine-tails was administered to the responsible leader of the party. The historic muse remembers what was the precise instrument employed on this solitary (and surely not very grievous) occasion, but shrinks from confiding it to the printer.

I am not aware that Murphy the Irish giant ever visited San Francisco, like the oldest of his comrades in peril. This visit, from which we have strayed so far, was the last glimpse that Mother Baptist was to get of any of her kindred on earth. Lord Russell indeed paid a second visit to the United States, in August, 1896, at the invitation of the American Bar Association, to whom he delivered an address on International Law and Arbitration at Saratoga Springs, August 20, which was followed, the newspapers said, by applause that lasted for a quarter of an hour! On this occasion, however, he was not accompanied only by men like Lord Coleridge, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Bryce, M. P., and Sir Horace Davey, as in his first trip. From these he could separate, as he could separate from Sir Frank Lockwood and Mr. Crackanthorpe, Q. C., his travelling companions on the second occasion. But in 1896 he brought also with him his wife and one of his daughters; and he knew that they would be unequal to the additional fatigue of the second long journey that he had himself made in 1883.

However, we have not yet reached so recent a date in our little history, and even the visit paid to Mother Baptist in the earlier year was referred to by anticipation. Her own visit to Europe may be taken as dividing her American life into two parts, and with the latter half we have now to deal. Like the first, she began it as superior, (1)

(1) To the English translation of a singularly edifying book, "Mirror of the Virtues of

as she mentions in a letter addressed to "My Dear Mother Mary Emmanuel, de Sales, Vincent, and all in the three houses"—namely, Newry, Rostrevor, and Lurgan.

"A joint letter is best, as I shall not have much time, and I ought to have written long before this. You know from others that I am safe at home since the 23d of May. Next morning at 10 o'clock I got the keys of the house and the following Thursday was made *Boss*. So you see I was *just in time*. I found dear Sister Margaret Mary wonderfully changed for the few months I was gone; but she has rallied since and may linger months yet. She came over here for the Election but did not venture to the Chapel. The Archbishop visited her afterwards in the Infirmary and gave her permission to receive Holy Communion twice a week without having kept her fast. I told him how good your holy Bishop is to your sick, but he only smiled. Dr. Delany only allows it twice a week also.

\* \* \*

"We have a poor cripple here who asked to be enrolled in the scapular on the Feast of the Visitation. The Sister expressed some surprise that he had never been enrolled before. 'Well, now, Sister,' said the poor fellow, 'how could I wear

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Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier, Foundress of the Congregation of the Good Shepherd" (London: Burns & Oates, 1888), is appended a "Short Account of Her Work in the United Kingdom." Miss Joanna Reddan, with whom our readers are acquainted as Mother de Sales, the first Sister of Mercy to die in California, is properly described as Foundress of the House of the Good Shepherd in Limerick; but the writer is not equally correct when she goes on to tell that "Miss Reddan made her profession as a Sister of Mercy in Kinsale and finally was sent from thence as Superioress to found a house of her Order in California." The reader of our sketch is aware that the facts are still more edifying—that Mother de Sales' niece, who was her "Reverend Mother," did not appoint her superior of the little missionary band, but placed her under one who had not half her age or experience.

the Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, and I telling the boys the cigars I was selling were the best that could be got, and I knowing they weren't? And I used to turn the spotted side of the oranges down, too.' Had not the poor fellow a nice conscience? I think I told you of some of the out-of-the-way titles by which I am occasionally addressed. Since I returned, I got a letter directed to the 'Virgin Mother in Jesus Christ;' *that* was diametrically opposite to '*Baptist Russell, Esq.*,' I got on another occasion."

After several pages of domestic gossip profoundly interesting to her correspondents, she ends with "a thousand loves to each dear Sister in all the houses." The religious vocation had evidently not killed all kindly feeling in Mother Baptist. She was not to be classed with those whom St. Paul accused of being *sine affectione*.

To this second division of Mother Baptist's California life belongs almost exclusively the large mass of her correspondence which has been placed in my hands. In that way at least she revisited constantly the dear island that lay far away over thousand leagues of land and sea. Writing on May 3, 1881, she says: "I believe that the population of Ireland is less than it has ever been. I am sorry. I love my native land more and more each day." And her successor writes of her in some notes that she has furnished to me: "She loved Ireland with a deep, undying love. She felt keenly for its poor, and frequently contributed to the relief of distressed districts; and, when she was unable to do anything herself, she interested others in the good work. She took particular delight in praising any one who did any good for Ireland. Anything published about Lady Aberdeen, she always read aloud for the Sisters; and many a time her fervent *may God bless her* must have done that lady good. No one ever rendered her a service that that same fervent prayer was not offered up for them."

I have just now implied that Mother

Baptist made her letter writing a work of charity, zeal, and edification. Her letters were full of facts that tended "to the A. M. D. G.—" as holy people sometimes say who are not fully acquainted with the grammatical significance of those initials. It will not, I trust, be indiscreet to give as a specimen the following account, received at first hand, of the conversion of General Rosecrans and his brother, afterwards Bishop of Columbus. It is contained in a letter which Mother Baptist wrote on the thirtieth of October, 1880:

"Our Vicar General came to me last Tuesday to ask me to entertain for a few hours the Ursuline Nuns, who were expected to arrive the following day, en route for Santa Rosa, where they have purchased a house and three acres and are going to open a boarding school. We were of course happy to do so and prepared a good lunch in the Community-room for them, and General and Mrs. Rosecrans, young Mr. and Miss Rosecrans, Father Prendergast the Vicar-General himself. One of the Sisters was a daughter of the General, and that was the reason of the whole family's being here. While the ladies were refreshing themselves after the long journey by the application of soap and water, I had an opportunity of getting into conversation with the gentlemen and having heard that the General owed his conversion to the politeness of a peddler, I had the curiosity to ask was it so. He said that, though that settled the point, he had often thought of it before while studying the military profession at West Point. He then told me that he and a brother officer were one day walking, the road was in a horrible condition, and at one point where it was particularly bad a plank had been laid for foot passengers. Just as he and his companion got on it they perceived a poor man coming towards them and nearly half-way over, but as soon as he saw them back he walked to allow them to pass. The General turned to thank him for his politeness, and, seeing he carried a ped-

dler's pack, asked what he had. The man answered : ' I am selling Catholic books.' It seems that the General had often heard that Catholics had some dark secrets which they kept to themselves, so he said to his companion, ' We have heard awful things of these Papists, let us see what they have to say for themselves.' So saying he bought *The Catholic Christian Instructed* for himself and some other book for his friend, and you will say they studied their lesson well when I tell you the second officer is now a Paulist Father, Rev. George Deshon, and General Rosecrans is ever since a practical Catholic and has brought up his children the same; his eldest son died a Paulist Father a couple of years ago, and two of his daughters joined the Ursulines. He was married at the time he became a Catholic, and his wife felt his change of religion deeply and seemed determined to supply or rather atone for his defection by increased zeal ; but before many years she too opened her eyes to the true light and goes hand in hand with her husband in all good deeds.

" Now about the Bishop. He was much younger than his brother, and at college when he embraced the Catholic Faith. After leaving College he visited his brother, who wisely refrained from bringing the subject of religion much before him, but there were plenty of good Catholic books around, and the young man read them and they had the desired effect, but he was of a silent, thoughtful turn and said little or nothing. One

day the General saw him apparently much amused at something he was reading and asked him what it was. The other answered, ' Spalding's Critique on D'Aubigny's History of the Reformation, and I have just come to the story we used to be told of Luther's never once even hearing of the Bible until he accidentally met one and the reading of it opened his eyes to the errors of Popery. I confess it always struck me as a ridiculous story, but this writer tears it to pieces in style ! ' Another day when they feared he had met some accident when boating and were rejoicing at seeing him safely on shore again, his brother said, ' To be candid, Sylvester, I was worried about your soul more than your body, for I think you know too much for it to be safe for you to die as you are,' and sure enough he did know too much to remain a Protestant any longer, and the very next day when the family were going to Mass he said to his brother, ' You had better ask that priest if he would come and examine if I know enough to be baptized.' This is all I had time to hear for the ladies returned and other things had to be discussed.

" But though conversions to the Faith are delightful, conversions from sin are still better, so I will ask a fervent Pater and Ave for a young man who died on Thursday last, having, within a couple of days, made a general confession, *been married*, anointed and received the Holy Viaticum."

(To be continued.)

# VANCOUVER ISLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

1874-1900.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV A. J. BRABANT.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.*

(Continued.)

SEPTEMBER 25.—Next morning we left Machelat in one of their canoes, with the chief and eleven of his young men, en route for Hesquiat. When off Sunday Rock we met a Hesquiat canoe crowded with young men, who were on the lookout for our expected arrival. As soon as they recognized us they put about, intending to precede us and warn the tribe. However, our Machelat crew took to their paddles, and a regular race between the harbor. We at last lost sight of the Hesquiat in the fog, but we could hear them fire off their guns ahead of us as a signal to the tribe to be ready. We found the chief's house, where we stayed for four days, cleanly swept out, and mats laid all over the floor, and the Indians full of joy to see us again.

We began our work at once; taught the Lord's Prayer, Hail Mary, Creed, Ten Commandments and Seven Sacraments, all of which the Indians learned with



MEDAL AWARDED CHIEF MAHAHAW OF HESQUIAT BY THE DOMINION OF THE CREW OF THE AMERICAN BARK *Edwin*.

two canoes took place. There was no wind, and the sea ran mountains high. We had not met such a heavy swell in all our travels. Although in company with the Hesquiat, we would lose sight of them for several minutes to see them again rise on the crest of the heavy waves, whilst we were, as it were, in the abyss of the ocean. It was a really grand piece of sailing we had on that day from Sunday Rocks to Hesquiat

much zeal. Here it struck the Bishop that this tribe would be a good place to start a Mission, being the most central and the Indians of the best good-will. He mentioned the matter to the chief, asking of him to assemble the other chiefs of the tribe and propose to them the matter in question; which having been done, we were informed, in presence of the whole tribe, that land would be given for Mission buildings and other purposes; that we



could have our choice as to locality. At the same time a spot was mentioned on the hill—according to the Bishop not desirable, being too much exposed to the northerly wind. As to the objection that the spot was surrounded by Indian houses, the Indians were willing to evacuate the village site and grant it for Mission purposes. During our stay at Hesquiat, as well as at Machelat, we said Mass every morning at 5 o'clock, at which all the Indians were present, and during which they recited the Holy Rosary. We here noticed every morning—and, in fact, whenever we assembled the Indians—such zeal and fervor that old men unable to walk were carried on the backs of the young men to the chief's house, and some of them came on hands and feet.

The old chief of Hesquiat, his son being absent at Cape Flattery, took us to Ahousat with a large crew of young men. We arrived in due time at Esik-takis, the residence of Shi-oush, the second chief of the tribe. Mokivinna, the first chief, was sent for, but refused to come, having only lately lost one of his children. Shi-oush at once sent out several canoes to fetch the Indians from their different salmon rivers. The messengers travelled all night, and next morning quite a large number arrived and listened to the Bishop's instructions, and learned part of our Catholic hymns and prayers; but, being over-anxious to return to their homes that evening, a disturbance took place, and they got a severe reprimand from the Bishop. Afterwards things were settled, and the Indians left us in good humor, while we prepared to leave next morning.

October 1.—Shi-oush and his oldest son and one of his slaves took us to Clayoquot, where we found the chief absent; but we were taken to the lodge of Sita-kenim, where we slept.

October 2.—The chief arrived next morning. We went over to see him, but as he was eating as we went into the house, His Lordship, the Bishop of Vancouver

Island, and one of his priests were told to go outside; that the chief of the Clayoquot could not transact any business with them till he had finished eating his breakfast! After walking outside quite a time Shi-oush, the Clayoquot chief, came to meet us, asked our business and proposed to assemble the Indians there present (Opéssat) in his house, which was not quite made up for the winter season. The Bishop spoke to them for some little time, after which I baptized four young children. Having proposed to the Clayoquot chief to take us to Ucluliat he wished us to go with him up the Clayoquot arm to his salmon station; he would from there cross to Long Bay or Schooner Cove. If no canoe was at any of the outside camps it would be an easy task to pull a canoe across and put her afloat with our baggage at Long Bay, comparatively speaking, a short distance from Ucluliat harbor. We complied with his desire, which gave us a chance to see Clayoquot inlet, the entrance to the lake, and the muddy flats, literally alive with ducks and geese. The dreary hours that we spent at that chief's house are painful to remember; the smoke and stench inside cannot be imagined; besides, the house was so low and the abundance of salmon so great that we could not move except in a stooping position and we could not put down a foot except on or over dissected salmon or salmon roe! We, therefore, went outside and pitched our tent, and next morning we begged of the chief as a favor to take us to Long Bay and thence to Ucluliat. The poor man seemed anxious to comply with our request, but upon coming to the sea-coast he found that the surf would not allow launching a canoe. We, therefore, were compelled to pitch our tent and await better weather. Meanwhile he went to his house and family, promising to come next day. He kept his word, but made the same remark as the day before—easterly wind. Off he went again with the promise of another visit next day. Again he kept his word, but

again the same difficulty — easterly wind. This morning, upon rising, we noticed that our tent had been visited by a bear. His tracks were there, but finding the tent occupied he had preferred to walk off rather than disturb us.

About noon His Lordship proposed to walk over the Indian trail to Ucluliat.

Clayoquot Indians who helped us in carrying the things that we had judged necessary to take along. We walked all that afternoon, first over a beautiful sandy beach; then we crossed a point and arrived in Wreck Bay, around which we also walked that day over a nasty, gravelly shore, and shortly before dark we made a fire



A GROUP OF INDIANS WITH THEIR CHIEF, MATLAHAW, THE WOULD-BE MURDERER OF FATHER BRABANT.

The Clayoquots hardly approved of the idea, but promised to take our baggage to Capt. Francis's house as soon as the weather would permit. With this promise the Bishop was satisfied, ordered me to prepare some provisions, which I did with reluctance, and off we went, on foot, accompanied by two Ky-

and prepared our supper. Then the Bishop ordered the Indians to prepare for us a decent camping place, which they did, half way on a sandy hill. We laid down and fell asleep, but were soon awakened by heavy drops of rain, and we then noticed that the sky had clouded up and that it was pitch dark. About

midnight the water was streaming down the hill under us, and having decamped to the upper side of the stump of a large tree, I called the Bishop to come and join me, which after some persuasion he did, I showing him the way by striking from time to time a match. I was afterwards sorry for extending the invitation, as we soon discovered that we had moved from bad to worse. Here, however, we remained in the water and mud till four o'clock in the morning, when I went down the hill and made a cup of tea on the fire of last night, which had kept alive under a large piece of a log.

We left as soon as it was daylight. After a short walk along the beach we took to the bush, intending to make a short cut of a projecting point. After struggling about a couple of hours through the thick salal brushwood, we came to the Indian trail, which we were glad to discover; and following it with great avidity we travelled about five miles an hour, when, lo! to our great disappointment, we noticed that said trail led directly to our old camping place, where the fire on which we had cooked our breakfast was still smoking. Our courage now sank very low, and then, instead of following the same trail in an opposite direction, which with a little reflection we ought to have done, we went over rocks and boulders around the point which we had intended to have cut off that morning. According to directions given by the Clayoquots we were at a certain spot to cross to the Ucluliat inlet. This we intended to do, when we took to the bush again. We walked and walked till I found my strength failing, which the Bishop noticing, he proposed that we should take something to eat. Accordingly we made a fire in the bush, and then we boiled doughnuts! We ate them with great appetite; then we noticed that our two Kyuquot Indians began to show bad will and insisted on going back to the beach, which we accordingly did.

Early in the afternoon the rain, which had fallen in the morning in the shape

of a Scotch mist, became thicker and thicker, and having come to a small bay, where driftwood was piled up in great quantity, we prepared a place where we could spend the night. We started a big fire, which soon spread to the trees around, and in the morning I discovered that a hole was burned through one of my boots and that my cloak was badly damaged. The Bishop's clothing had also suffered to a certain extent through fire. We took as breakfast the last piece of meat we had left, and we also made slapjacks with our last flour. After this we began to walk with renewed courage. However, about nine o'clock the Bishop took a fainting fit. He lay down on the rocks and asked if I had any food left. I took down a satchel which I had on my back, and after careful examination I found in a paper a few grains of sugar and a little flour in the corner of an old flour sack; this I gathered in a spoon and presented to His Lordship; he would not, however, take any of it except after I had taken my share, saying that he did not know what would become of us in case I should also give out. We next noticed that the Indians were gathering mussels on the rocks and ate them with great relish. This we also did and raw mussels and salal berries were the only food which we took till we reached Captain Francis' place in Ucluliat next morning.

The captain could hardly recognize us; seeing our condition and hearing of our long compulsory abstaining from food, he advised us, and we followed his advice, not to take any full meal till we had by eating very little at a time prepared our stomachs for its usual functions—at the same time the captain went into his store and gave us new pants and shoes, for all our clothes had been reduced to rags in our attempt to travel through the brushwood. His Lordship, Bishop Seghers, at one time escaped being drowned, having slipped from a rock in crossing a ravine, where the sea swept in very freely at high tide.



A TYPICAL INDIAN SCENE, HESQUIAT, B. C.

Our experience from Clayoquot to Ucluliat had such an effect on our general condition that it took more than two weeks for us to recover our usual strength.

At Ucluliat we did nothing, as the Indians were all away to their salmon rivers. The young chief Wish-Routl took us to Ekoul and some Ekoul Indians went with us to Wannicanut where we found the Indians under the influence of liquor. We baptized at Ekoul seven children and a few at Wannicanut.

Then we made arrangements with an Ekoul Indian to take us to Wanaimo, which he promised to do for six dollars.

We had a pleasant trip up the Alberin Canal. Having left Ekoul in the morning we arrived in the afternoon at Gold River, called at the house of the miners but found them absent, but as a sign of our passing there the Bishop wrote on their door the fact of our calling and wishing them success. That night we were received and made comfortable by Mr. Clark, who was then manager of the Johnston farm. He showed some fine horses of which he had twenty-two; also some of his cattle, stating that he had a hundred and sixty head running all over

the settlement. Besides Mr. Clark, Mr. Cuglar was the only settler.

Next day we went to visit the Opichasat where we were well received. They were then living above the forks of the river. The Iseshats were also on the river, but, as their chief had refused to receive us the day before, we coolly passed them over.

Next day again we commenced our walk to Qualicum, a delightful trip over the newly made road. At noon we were at the lake, which we crossed in a canoe, and thence we walked to the East Coast side, where we arrived at 5 P. M.

Here we pitched our tent, and on Sunday morning we found a canoe in the bush and with paddles and a sail made with our tent, we travelled with great speed to Wanaimo where we were in time to hear the Protestant bells ring for evening service. It happened that the steamer *Emma* was to leave the next day for Victoria and on her we took passage arriving in Victoria on Tuesday morning, at 2 A. M. We went on shore at once and astonished every one by arriving in time to say Mass, which for both of us was a Mass of thanksgiving.

## FIRST MISSION

ESTABLISHED ON THE WEST COAST OF  
VANCOUVER ISLAND AT HESQUIAT.

About the beginning of February, 1885, I had just returned from a mission to Sitka, Alaska Territory, when I was notified by Right Rev. Bishop Seghers, D.D., to prepare myself and to be ready to go to Hesquiat and take charge of the West Coast Indians in the beginning of the spring.

In conformity with this order I got everything in readiness, and a carpenter was hired by His Lordship at the same time. Rev. Fr. Rondeault, of Quamichan, was requested to accompany us to Hesquiat and help us to put up the Mission buildings.

We left Victoria on the Feast of the Ascension, May 6, at five o'clock in the morning, on the sloop *Thornton*, owned by Captain Warren & Co., and commanded by Captain George Brown. We had on board three little calves, one bull and two heifers, which were destined to become the pioneer cattle in this part of the country. A young Newfoundland dog was to be my only domestic companion after Noel Leclair, the carpenter, and Rev. Fr. Rondeault would have finished the work for which they were sent. We had rather a quick passage as, having left Victoria on Thursday morning and called and discharged freight at Ekoul, we arrived in Hesquiat harbor next Tuesday afternoon. Off Clayoquot Sound we met two Hesquiat canoes on their way to Victoria, with Matlahaw, the chief, and his father, in one of them. Although requested by Captain Brown to return with us, and offered a free passage on the schooner, they insisted on continuing their trip to Victoria.

After casting anchor in the inner harbor the weather became very stormy, which prevented us from landing our freight until Thursday morning. We had, however, put ashore our little calves immediately upon arriving, and when on Thursday we walked over to the Hesquiat

village they followed us like dogs, sometimes forgetting themselves when amidst good pasture ground, and then running up to us with the utmost speed.

There was now question of selecting a spot for our Mission buildings. The chief was absent, and not an Indian dared or was willing to point a suitable place out to us. Everyone of my suggestions was for various reasons repudiated and we owe to our listening to Captain Brown the fact that the Mission was put up where it now stands.

Our orders had been to put up a church of 60x26 ft. and a small residence for the priest, everything to be done as cheaply as possible, as the establishment of a Mission was only an experiment: later on, say after five years, if the Mission was successful, more substantial buildings would be put up.

In December of the preceding year the bark *Edwin*, Capt. Hughes, loaded with lumber for Australia, had become waterlogged in the straits, and her freight having shifted, she had split open so as to make of her a complete wreck. The Captain's wife now buried at Itloune, Hesquiat harbor, had been crushed between the heavy timbers and his two little boys washed overboard as well as a Chinese cook.

Early one morning the Hesquiat Indians saw the vessel with all sails set taking the direction of Itloune before a south-easterly wind. Close to the vessel was a raft on which they noticed the sailors trying to make for shore and in great danger of being lost. Matlahaw, the chief of the tribe, suggested the propriety of going to the rescue of the drowning men. Several canoes were launched and off they went over the heavy and stormy waves. They succeeded in taking off all the men, for which Matlahaw afterward received from the Dominion Government a silver medal and from the United States Government a liberal reward for himself and the men who had given any assistance to the shipwrecked sailors.

The bark was now on the beach to the outside of Itloune point and all the lumber, consisting of rafters, heavy and light, rough lumber and flooring, was piled up by the sea a mile along the seashore. It was from the lumber of the unfortunate vessel that our Mission buildings were constructed. Captain Warren bought the wreck and from him we got almost all the lumber required. Some Indians had used part to construct new houses, but with some trouble and reasoning they were prevailed upon to let us have the use of all.

I may here state that the Indians had treated the sailors and captain of the bark *Edwin* with much kindness. They appear, however, to have been a rough crowd. It seems hardly credible, still the rescuers maintain that when they arrived with their canoes alongside of the raft where most of the men were nearly perishing from cold and exposure, they were told to leave in his sad predicament one of the crew, to throw him overboard, no other reason being given, as I was afterwards told, but that he was a Dutchman.

Later they began quarrelling in the chief's house, fought and wounded each other to such an extent that they had to be separated and made to lodge in different houses. As soon as the weather permitted the Indians took the shipwrecked men to Clayoquot Sound, whence they reached Ucluliat and from there were taken on one of Captain Spring's schooners to Victoria.

Immediately after landing, we set to work. We began by building a small shed, where we had our beds, our stove, provisions and where we took our meals—our dog slept under the bed, and our calves alongside the stove. Under one of the beds we had a barrel of beer, presented to us by Stuart & Reast of Victoria, and at regular times the builders were invited to take a cup of the beverage, which they called when the Indians were present a "cup of tea."

Although this was the best season of

the year, the weather was most unpropitious, and before long our carpenter complained of being sick; afterwards he tried to make a row and when told that we could do without him he managed to get better, but for whole days together we could not get him to speak a word. Everything considered, the first Mission buildings on this coast were put up amidst much unpleasantness.

The first Mass was said in the new church on the fifth of July, it being the Feast of the Most Precious Blood. All the Hesquiats were present; also, the chief and a crowd of Machelat Indians. Mass was said by Rev. A. Brabant, and the sermon preached by Rev. P. Rondeault.

Next morning a canoe took Rev. P. Rondeault and Noel Leclair, the carpenter, to Victoria, and I was left alone in this place and in charge of all the Indians from Pachina (included) to Cape Cook.

I soon discovered that the work before me was an uphill undertaking, and, to mention one fact only, there was not one Indian in Hesquiat who could act as interpreter. However, I managed to teach the tribe the "Catholic Ladder," and I made up my mind to study the language, which I found no easy matter, as I had no books to consult and there was no one who could give me any information about it.

In the beginning of August I made a trip to the Chicklisats and other tribes on the way. Guyer, a Clayoquot Indian, a first-rate interpreter, accompanied me and six Hesquiats, all full grown men, as the Indians would not allow their sons to go along for fear they might be killed by the Kyuquots, who were supposed to be very badly disposed to their tribe.

Guyer, the Clayoquot Indian, had some time before this stabbed a man belonging to Beechy Bay, near Victoria. This man and his wife were slaves in Clayoquot and belonged to Chief Sheouse. This last, fearing trouble, asked Guyer to kill the man-slave,

which he did, stabbing him in the chest with an ordinary file.

This misdeed weighed very heavy on the mind of Guyer, and, as he told me, his reason for coming to Hesquiat and accompanying me on this trip was to seek relief for his mind. He wanted me to state that no harm would happen to him by the white men's police, and, as I could not do so, he begged of me to take him, as soon as convenient, to the authorities in Victoria. The remorse of conscience of that man, or the dread of retaliation, was a real suffering to him.

At Nootka we found a young woman belonging to Ehattesat, who was supposed to be the wife of one of the Nootka young men. She sent an Indian to see me, and wanted an interview. I allowed her the privilege she asked for. She told me that she wanted to accompany us to Ehattesat; that she would not live with the man who claimed her as his wife and had been stolen by him out of a canoe against her will. She had been a slave in Nootka, and was considered as such again.

After considering these and other reasons and hearing the opinion of some of the most influential Nootka Indians, I gave her permission to accompany us, and the next day she was returned to her friends and home.

But nothing else unusual happened, although at Kyuquot we were very badly received, and my Indians, suspecting danger, slept with knives in their hands. It was only after much trouble that they would allow me to baptize their children.

We were absent about two weeks, and shortly afterwards I received a letter from Bishop Seghers summoning me to go to Victoria.

I left Hesquiat about the twentieth of September and arrived back on the schooner *Surprise*, Captain Francis, on the fifth of October. The Indians were glad to see me back. Next day Captain Warren entered the harbor on the sloop *Thornton*.

Upon landing I was told that an In-

dian woman, "a doctress," had died during my absence, after a few days sickness.

Next I heard that a large number of Nootka Sound Indians were sick and that several had died. The report arrived that the sickness was small pox; that the whole tribe was wild with excitement; that they would come to Hesquiat and kill as many of the tribe as had died of the disease! I spurned the threat and persuaded the Indians not to be uneasy.

On the eighteenth of October the wife of Matlahaw died rather suddenly at Hesquiat. As I suspected that everything was not right, I assembled the Indians on the hill, and told those who were living in the chief's house to quit, and also if there was anybody else unwell to come and give me information.

Upon arriving home, I was met by Charley, whose mother had died during my absence. He reported that his father was sick. I went to his house and found the old man very sick, evidently with small-pox. He was lying in one corner of the room and in the other corner was his sister, an elderly woman, also in the last stages of the fatal disease. I baptized both of them, saw them well provided with food and water, and went home convinced that a very trying time was before me.

I was not disappointed, for next morning the first news I heard was that both were dead and that others had taken sick.

As soon as Mass was over, a large number of Indians came to my house, and I made preparations to have the dead buried. I went and dug two graves, but when the time for the funeral had arrived no one would help me take away the corpses. I reasoned and entreated my visitors to give me a hand, but all to no purpose. At last after several hours talking, a Cape Flattery Indian living here with his Hesquiat wife volunteered. Others followed his example, and I mustered a force of ten to do the burying of the dead. Never was such a funeral

seen by mortal man! First I had to give medicine to everyone of them. As I had none I boiled water, broke some biscuits in it, sweetened the whole with sugar, and insisted that this would be the very best preservative in the world against small-pox.

Then began the march. I led the procession, then came the ten Indians in a line, with their faces blackened and covered with Indian charms. They were shouting and jumping, and when we came to the house where the dead were, not one dared to come in and assist me. But the Cape Flattery Indian again gave an example of bravery. He was accompanied by Charley's father-in-law and Charley himself. The coffin was a small Indian canoe, to which was attached about forty feet of rope. We took up the old man first: he presented a ghastly sight as the blood and bloody matter were covering his face and streaming out of his mouth. The woman was covered with two new black blankets, and had evi-

dently died first, her brother having rendered to his dead sister the pious duty of clothing the corpse; she was put into the same canoe and then orders were given to take hold of the lines. Everyone wanted to take the very end, but after some confusion the canoe was pulled out of the house, I acting as steersman, and thence a good distance into the bush. And after securely covering the original coffin with Indian planks, we all returned to my house.

Before entering, the Indians all rushed into the river praying and shouting; and having thrown away their blankets, which were their only covering, they next came in every one of them as naked as the moment he had been born. Some thoughtful woman, after some time, came with a supply of blankets and then the spectacle became rather more decent and respectable.

But now another scene was enacted—as they had noticed that I was chewing tobacco upon going to bury the dead,



INDIANS OF DIFFERENT TRIBES,—SAILORS FROM *H. M. S. Beaver*.



they had insisted upon doing the same thing, and not being accustomed to that polite practice, they had swallowed all the tobacco juice. Some of them in consequence came near dying, as it took them many hours before they got over their vomiting.

Next day I went to see the chief's daughter, who was very low also with small-pox. She was a courageous woman and did not give up till she was quite blind and her head as black and as thick as a large iron pot. She was baptized and seemed to be in the best disposition. Her own father and another old Indian helped me to bury her. The sight of the corpse was simply horrible, and as we left the shanty in which she died swarms of flies surrounded us all.

At this time Matlahaw, the Hesquiat chief, his father Cownissim, Omerak and Charley had obtained permission to sleep in the Indian room of my house. Upon according this privilege, Matlahaw promised and gave me all the strip of land between the river and the beach.

I passed most of my time in vaccinating the Indians and in trying to cheer them up, for the fear and discouragement in some cases were altogether alarming. Matlahaw and Charley were hardly alive. Hence they would sit for hours together, telling me of the importance of their lives and insisting upon my using all possible means to preserve them from the disease. Charley had been vaccinated successfully in Victoria, but although I tried it twice on Matlahaw the vaccine had no effect. This seemed to increase his fear. He now became morose and avoided the company of his friends; in fact he was not to be seen in the daytime for several days.

We used to be up before daylight and for two or three mornings, as I got up, upon looking through my window I noticed him sitting alongside of his father apparently engaged with him in very secret conversation.

On the twenty-seventh of October he shot some blue jays on my potato patch,

and the rest of the time he stood outside, watching my movements, and from time to time exchanging a few words with the Indians who were constantly about my house.

Towards evening the report that an Indian woman was very sick was received. I went to see her, but noticed that her case was not very serious as yet. However, next morning the first thing I did upon getting up was to go and see the old woman, who was if anything rather better than the day before.

Upon entering my house and about to go and ring the bell for Mass, Matlahaw came into my house and asked me for the loan of my gun, which upon handing to him I stated to be unloaded. He simply remarked that he had powder and shot in his shanty, which was made of a few Indian planks and which with my permission he had constructed behind my little barn.

All the Indians of the tribe, save the old woman who had small-pox and Matlahaw and his father, were at Mass. The old man was missed at once, and afterwards it was found out that he had crossed the bay with his little grandchild and gone up Sidney Inlet, where his wife had gone before him. There she died of small-pox, as also her female slave; and the old chief, in a fit of passion, took a stone and with it killed the husband and one old slave.

When the Mass was over, and just as I was about finishing my breakfast, Charley came into my room and said, "Look out, Leflet; Matlahaw is sick. You had better take your gun from him."

I made one or two inquiries, and after saying a few words jokingly, to give heart and courage to the messenger, who looked alarmingly excited or downhearted, I went out, my pipe in my mouth, to see the would-be patient. When I arrived inside of his shanty I noticed in the middle a small fire, before which he was squatting down. He had his chief's cap and also the coat pre-

sented by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Behind him, against the wall, stood my double-barrelled gun and an Indian musket. I asked what the matter was, when, smilingly, he looked up, and pulling the skin of his leg, he answered, "Memeloust—small-pox." I reassured him, saying that I would give him medicine and that by evening he would be all right. Again he looked up, his face being very pale and the sinews of his cheeks trembling, and pulling at the skin of his throat he repeated memeloust. Once more I repeated that I would give him medicine and that he would be well before evening.

Then I asked him to hand me over my gun, which he took without getting up; then pointing it towards me he explained, as I understood, that one of the barrels was not loaded. The fact of the muzzle of the gun being pointed straight to my face and noticing caps on both nipples and the cocks pulled up, caused me instinctively to turn away my head, when lo! the explosion took place and I noticed the blood spurting from my hand. The smoke was so thick that I could not see the would-be murderer, and thinking the whole affair to be an accident, after calmly remarking that I was shot in the hand, I walked down to the little river where I bowed down to bathe my wounds in the stream. Just then he shot again, this time hitting me in the right shoulder and all over my back.

I now knew the man wanted to kill me and I ran off to my house, where I found no one. Thence I ran to the ranch and was met by nearly all the men of the tribe, to whom I told what had happened. Some of them pretended that Meowchal Indians had done the shooting, but after my stating again and again that it was Matlahaw they became convinced that he indeed was the guilty party. After a few moments a film came over my eyes and thinking that I would not survive, I knelt down and said my acts of faith, hope, charity

and contrition; then I got up, went to my house and wrote on a piece of paper the name of the man who had shot me, put the paper in my bureau, locked it and put the key into my pocket. By this time the noise and alarm outside of my house was deafening; the loyal men of the tribe were there with axes and guns to kill the chief, but he had run away into the bush, not having been seen after the shooting, save by an old woman.

Meanwhile I had been divested by some savages of my coat and under-clothing. The Indians, upon noticing the blood, lost courage and one after the other walking out of the room, announced to their friends that I was dying. This was also my opinion, although I felt no pain whatever either in the hand or the back. Then I lay down and ordered cold dressing to be placed over my wounds. I noticed very little of what was going on, thinking that the best thing I could do was to pray and prepare myself to die.

Early the next day (Oct. 29) two canoes fully manned left Hesquiat. The first went to Refuge Cove, where the sister of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, was residing with her Indian husband. The Indians, excited over the doings of her brother, the chief, had decided to bring her home. In due time the canoe came back and the girl was landed on the beach before my house. She knew not what was in store for her. She knew not that as she was left there alone, crying, the Indians were plotting her death in expiation of what her brother had done to me. Such, however, was the case; when the plan was well prepared an elderly man came rushing into my house where I lay on my bed expecting that my days were numbered, owing to the dangerous state of my wounds. He wanted to have my opinion; the Indians were going to kill her. As the savage spoke his hair stood on end, froth was on his lips and his members trembled with excitement. I

gave orders to have the young woman removed to a place of safety, to have her taken proper care of and appointed one of the chiefs, a relative of hers, to act as her guardian during the time of unusual excitement.

The other canoe came back next day. She had gone to Clayoquot where a man (Ned Thornberg) had charge of a small trading post. This man was living with an Indian woman and when the Indians with the message called at his place he met them with a Murray rifle and would not allow them inside until he was fully convinced that his visitors were Hesquiat Indians. As his neighbors, that is the Indians of Clayoquot and Clayoquot Sound, were not to be trusted, he advised the Hesquiats to avail themselves of the darkness of the night to return to their homes, and with his compliments and condolence sent a number of yards of calico to be used by the Indians as a shroud for my "corpse."

On November 1 (Monday at noon), a deputation of Indians excitedly entered my house and told me that they were going to send a canoe with the news of my state to Victoria, and report to the Bishop and the police.

I told them quietly to please themselves, but as they were determined to leave at once I gave them a paper on which I had every morning written a few words.

Meanwhile my wounds became more and more inflamed. The Indians were up with me day and night constantly pouring cold water over my injured hand. The wounds in my back and side gave me great pain from the fact that I had to lie on them and that they could not be reached by cold water dressings.

As the hours and days advanced the swelling increased and inflammation was rapidly gaining. I was trembling with cold although the Indians kept up a good fire.

At last, on Tuesday, the 9th, just as it was getting dark, an Indian out of breath ran into my house and shouted that a man-of-war was entering the harbor!

I cannot describe my feelings and those of the poor Indians who were in my room and acted as nurses. . . . Half an hour later one of the doctors (Dr. Wal-kem) who had volunteered to come to my assistance, rushed into my room and after examining my hand expressed his opinion that it could not be saved and that I would have to submit to amputation. By that time Bishop Seghers, God bless him, had also come in. I can see him now, a picture of sadness. With tears in his eyes he told me how happy he felt to find me alive. . . . I could hardly utter a word! My strength was gone, for I had not tasted food or drink for several days.

The Bishop went into my bed-room, opened a bottle of port wine and gave me a full dose of the medicine as he called it in the presence of the natives and lo! my strength and courage came back at once. I told them of the details of my situation since I had seen him a month before in Victoria.

The doctor of the navy (Dr. Redfern) after thoroughly examining my wounds, declared that nothing could be done at present; that I would have to go to the hospital in Victoria, etc., and urged upon me the propriety of taking some food. He then cooked a meal and although everything was prepared in an artistic shape I could not take more than one or two mouthfuls of his preparation.

Next morning the captain of H. M. S. *Rocket* (Captain Harris) came on shore and proposed to have the would-be murderer arrested. In fact he stated that it was part of his object in coming to Hesquiat. But just then an Indian came into my house with the news of new cases of small-pox, and expressing his uneasiness and that of his Indian friends to be left alone with the dread disease in the village. Happily, Captain Harris did not understand the messenger and so we urged upon him the necessity of returning to Victoria, as the doctors insisted that my wounds would have to be attended to without further delay.

did not understand my reiterated pleadings to be allowed to keep my hand and fingers. However, they concluded to wait a couple of days and for the time being agreed among themselves to cut open the main ulcers, remove the broken bones and cut out pieces of lead and other foreign matter.

They all left me with the expectation of returning a couple of days later to perform the amputation ; but prayer had the best of them. Two days later one of the doctors made his usual call, and seeing that the blood began again to

circulate he could not conceal his astonishment and went away wondering how this unexpected change could have occurred.

I was in the doctors' hands for nearly five months. I then heard that a schooner was advertised to go out sealing to the West Coast, and foreseeing that no other opportunity to return to my mission would offer for the next six months, I asked for a passage on board and returned to my mission in Hesquiat on March 23, 1876.

(To be continued.)

## JUBILEES PAST AND PRESENT.

SETTING aside all learned discussion about the term jubilee or the origin of the Anno Santo, one fact at least is certain, namely, that Boniface VIII. was the first Pope to officially proclaim a Christian Jubilee. This pontiff had noticed a great increase in the number of pilgrims to St. Peter's at the beginning of the year 1300. These pilgrims asserted that they had come to kneel before the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles in order to obtain the special remission of their sins granted that year. The Pope, surprised at this announcement of what seemed to be a current belief, made personal inquiries on the subject, of many of the pilgrims, and in particular of a Savoyard noble, aged one hundred and seven years. The old man answered that his father had at the beginning of the preceding century gained this indulgence, and had strongly impressed upon him that he should not neglect this grace if God allowed him to live till the end of the next one hundred years. Here then was a well defined tradition, handed down from father to son, from one generation to another, and it needed only the authority of the Pope to give it stability and permanence. This was done by the Bull *Antiquorum* published by Boniface VIII., February

22, 1300. Certain conditions were laid down on which this extraordinary indulgence was to be gained. These were sincere repentance with recourse to the tribunal of Penance, and thirty visits to the two Basilicas of St. Peter on the Vatican, and St. Paul on the Ostian Way. The number of visits was reduced to fifteen for those who were not residents of Rome.

After the solemn promulgation had been made, the Pope placed the Bull upon the altar of St. Peter, as an act of homage to the Prince of the Apostles. A similar ceremony was gone through in St. Paul's, Outside the Walls, and couriers were dispatched in all directions to announce the glad tidings to the faithful, and to invite them to come to Rome to share this great grace. To help on the piety of the pilgrims, each Friday the towel or napkin of Veronica was exposed for their veneration, and this will account for the fact that on several of the medals struck in honor of these Jubilees, notably that of Gregory XV. we find this precious relic represented hanging above the *Porta Santa*.

In the time of Boniface VIII., the whole world was Catholic, and no sacrifice was deemed too great for their fervent piety when there was question of

obtaining spiritual favors. The length of the journey, its hardships, the insecurity of the roads and the heat of summer, the difficulty in obtaining provisions, formed no barrier, and Rome saw gathered within its walls in this year 1300 upwards of two million pilgrims. To feed so large a multitude must have been a difficult problem, more especially when we bear in mind that Rome at this time counted only twenty-five thousand inhabitants, but all the chronicles of the period lay stress on the remarkable fact that there was no dearth of food.

Boniface VIII. had fixed the Jubilee for every hundredth year. Clement VI. reduced it to fifty, and Urban VI. in 1389, decreed that it should have place every thirty-three years, in memory of the years which our Saviour passed on earth. Nicholas V. in 1450, re-established the term of fifty years, but Paul II., desirous that every Christian should once at least in his lifetime enjoy this great favor, shortened again the interval between the Jubilees to twenty-five years. This is the practice which obtains at the present time. Boniface VIII. had assigned the two basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul for the visits of obligation. To these Clement VI. added that of St. John Lateran, and Gregory XI., Saint Mary Major's.

To promote this reunion of all the faithful, Sixtus IV. suspended during the Holy Year all other indulgences granted by the Church. The faithful were thus obliged to come to Rome, if they wished to obtain the remittance of the temporal punishment due to Divine Justice by reason of their sins. Some practices of piety were later on excepted from this suspension, as, for example, the plenary indulgence at the hour of death, those for reciting the Angelus, for making the prescribed Communion and visits during the Forty Hours, and for accompanying the Blessed Sacrament when carried to the sick. Besides this, while we cannot gain indulgences other than the Jubilee for ourselves, we may continue to gain them

for the souls in Purgatory, and more than one pontifical document has declared that all indulgences ordinarily granted to the living, may during this year be applied to these suffering souls.

The conditions for gaining this Jubilee indulgence are too well known to require enumeration. But why, it is asked, are so many and difficult conditions imposed to gain, after all, what is only a single plenary indulgence? Even for the Romans, the basilicas to be visited are far apart, and to visit each of them as required involves no little fatigue, to which are added the expense and inconvenience of a long journey for those who come from other cities and countries. It would be much simpler to remain quietly at home and recite some of the many prayers to which plenary indulgences have been attached by the Popes. This is true, but the alternative rests on a false supposition, or rather does not exist at all, since as we have seen, it is precisely these indulgences, with some few exceptions, that are suspended during the Holy Year. Besides this, it is not quite correct to say that the plenary indulgence of the Jubilee does not differ from other plenary indulgences. The Bull issued by Boniface VIII. says "*We accord not only a full and entire, but a most full pardon of all their sins*" Now in itself one plenary indulgence cannot be fuller than another, yet one indulgence may be accompanied by more numerous graces which aid the faithful to obtain a fuller pardon of their sins, and with it the remission of the penalty due to them. To the voice of His Vicar, who opens with lavish hand the spiritual treasures of which he is the guardian, God answers by an outpouring of His favors in such profusion that it is placed within the power of all to obtain this fulness of pardon.

It is needless to add that all this presupposes co operation with the graces that are given us, and the greater the recollection and piety with which we comply with the prescribed con-

ditions, the greater will be the spiritual benefits that will accrue to our souls. In this principle we have a cogent reason for the centering of the Jubilee graces in Rome itself. All the associations of the Eternal City, the sight of so many pilgrims from every quarter of the globe, in itself an image and a proof of the Church's Catholicity, the grandeur and solemnity of the ecclesiastical ceremonies, all must make for an increase of devotion, and bring home to us as never before the reality of the supernatural. Most of us live in what Father Faber of the Oratory has so well called "the circumambient atmosphere of heresy," but the pilgrim to Rome, at least the Rome of old, is transported to a clime where all is redolent of faith, and treads a soil dyed by the blood of countless generations of martyrs.

Nor were there wanting in Rome itself extraordinary aids to gain the extraordinary graces of the Holy Year. Benedict XIV. inaugurated the custom, followed by his successors, of having missions given to the people in the streets and public squares of the city. The first preacher was a saint, Leonard of Port Maurice, the effect of whose fervent exhortations was enhanced by the discipline to blood which he was wont to take in the presence of the congregation at each of his sermons. To him also we owe the erection of the Stations of the Cross in the amphitheatre of the Coliseum. The Stations now no longer exist. Under the pretext of historical excavations, the Italian government has destroyed this monument of Christian piety, the source of so many graces to countless pilgrims. Leo XIII. has ordered missions to be given, but they can no longer be held in the streets and squares. In Catholic Rome, *Roma la Santa*, Christ has to be preached, as it were, behind closed doors.

The Jubilee once commenced, the pilgrims flocked to Rome, where they were received with a hospitality and a generosity that almost passes belief.

Thousands were fed and lodged by the Pope, free of all charge, at the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, and in the many various national hospitals and refuges which earned for Italy the high encomium, as far back as the seventeenth century, "that no country in the world equals Italy in the care of the poor and sick." Take for example the Jubilee of 1600, under the pontificate of Clement VIII. Rome numbered only 109,000 inhabitants and yet there was no lack of provisions for three millions of pilgrims, and the bill of fare which has come down to us through contemporary chronicles evidences both the good quality and quantity of the food that was set before them. Even private houses and princely palaces were thrown open for their entertainment, and we read of a certain Prince Lodovisi who had, in 1159, 12,000 men and 2,000 women as guests at his table for a dinner of eight courses.

The pilgrims generally arrived in groups or companies, and in the absence of modern conveniences, on foot, although if we judge aright their spirit of penance, we might conjecture that they would adopt the same laborious mode of travelling were they still living in our day of railroads and electric cars. Each company had its distinctive dress and banner, and rules of action. Thus we find a confraternity called the Hermits whose members were bound to observe throughout their journey the strictest silence. Another confraternity travelled barefooted a distance of some 700 miles, with the further penitential exercise of taking the discipline three times each day with iron chains. Even the Popes themselves did not hesitate to lead the way in these paths of penance and piety. Each of the Popes was wont to go several times during the Holy Year to wash the feet of the pilgrims and to serve table at the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, which till the time of its seizure by the Italian government, was for many successive Jubilees the headquarters of

the visitors to Rome. Clement VIII. was seventy years of age at the time of the Jubilee of 1600, and to expiate the faults of these years, he took the heroic resolution to pay a corresponding number of visits to each of the four basilicas. With bare feet he joined the pilgrims in their processions, fasted every Wednesday of the Jubilee year, and every Saturday on bread and water, and each Sunday might be seen mounting on his knees the steps of the *Scala Santa*. God visibly blessed the zeal of the Pontiff, and the Jubilee proclaimed by him has come down to us as the greatest ever celebrated.

As time went on, the Popes, recognizing the piety aroused, and the edification given by large confraternities and societies making these visits in a body, granted permission that one or two visits made in this manner would satisfy the condition of twenty or thirty visits imposed on individuals. On the first Sunday in October, 1600, one of these processions had in line 25,000 persons. On the second Sunday of the same month the Confraternity of the Rosary numbered 50,000 pilgrims, including eighteen cardinals. These are not isolated instances. It is the repeated story of each Holy Year, and one can judge therefrom the marked increase in piety that must have come from these reunions of the faithful.

Unhappily this present year cannot hold out such incentives to devotion. The old-time processions which walked the streets of Rome chanting sacred hymns or reciting their beads will be but a memory of the past. Rome is in the power of her enemies. The Pope's voice may indeed be heard to the uttermost ends of the earth and his influence felt in Christian and pagan lands alike, but his feet dare not cross the threshold of the palace where he is kept a prisoner by a so-called Catholic King. Leo XIII. alone, of all the world, cannot fulfill the conditions imposed upon the faithful to gain the Jubilee indulgence,

and it is a sad, and strange, and significant fact that this aged old man, invested with the highest authority on earth, the guardian of the Church's destiny, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, has to avail himself of the special privilege granted to cloistered religious and those confined in prison, to obtain that fullest pardon of the temporal punishment of sin attached to the Holy Year.

So far we have spoken of the Jubilee year considered in itself, and have pointed out the great spiritual favors which accompany it and the conditions on which they may be gained. We have gleaned some notion of the vast crowds of pilgrims who came at each of twenty-one successive jubilees to the Eternal City, and the charity and generosity with which they were entertained during their sojourn there. A word on the solemn ceremonies which marked the opening and closing of the *Anno Santo* must here find place to complete the picture.

In this opening we may distinguish two stages—the proclamation of the forthcoming Jubilee and its actual commencement. A medal, struck by order of Clement VIII., conveys a fair idea of the manner in which the proclamation was made. The pontiff wearing his tiara is represented seated upon a throne before the door of St. Peter's. He has just handed to one of his prelates the Bull of Proclamation to be read from a pulpit erected for that purpose. In the foreground of the medal, trumpeters are seen, and we know from history that with the notes of their instruments were mingled the sounds of bells in the three hundred and fifty churches of the city and the booming of cannon from the castle of *Sanl' Angelo*. But in this our year of grace, 1899, there were neither sound of trumpet nor salvos of artillery. The Pope did not leave the Vatican, and it was Mgr. De l'Aquila Visconti, who with little or no ceremony, save the presence of a few prelates and officers of the Pontifical Court, read the Bull proclaiming the Jubilee. It was then read in the other

basilicas, which it is obligatory to visit as a condition for gaining the indulgence.

The second step, the formal opening of the Holy Year, at the first institution of the Jubilee consisted simply in reading the Pontifical Bull, though of course this was done with great solemnity. Alexander VI., to impress more deeply upon the faithful the importance of the graces the year would bring, resolved to inaugurate a new ceremony which would symbolize this outpouring of Divine favors, extraordinary in their character and yet so rare and transitory in their granting, that all must hasten to profit by them. He therefore caused to be constructed in the front of the Basilica of St. Peter a new door—the *Porta Santa*, to be entered only during the Holy Year, and at its end, to be walled up till the recurrence of another Jubilee. A magnificent bas-relief, on the tomb of Clement X., at St. Peter's, gives us some notion of the solemnity of this ceremony, while the four memorial medals that have come down to us, represent the successive steps in the formal opening of the *Porta Santa*. Pius VI. is shown in the act of striking with a golden mallet the three traditional blows, while he recites the versicle, *Aperite mihi portas justitiæ*—Open to me the gates of justice. Innocent X. is engaged with pick in tearing down the wall. Leo XII. is just entering St. Peter's, and Innocent X., having already entered with the Pontifical Court, is about to be followed by a group of pious pilgrims, one of whom may be seen kissing with devotion the threshold of the Holy Door.

Scarcely less impressive are the ceremonies attending the closing of the *Porta Santa*, and these again owe their institution to the much-calumniated Alexander VI., who, whatever may be said for or against his private character, was certainly in his public acts a zealous and active Sovereign Pontiff. After the solemn First Vespers of Christmas, and the veneration of the Sacred Relics of the Pas-

sion, the Pope, preceded by his cardinals and other prelates, moves down the great basilica and out into the portico through the *Porta Santa*, the while the psalm *Nisi Dominus aedificaverit domum* is being chanted. He then blesses and incenses the bricks and mortars, and putting on his tiara and girding himself with a white apron, he receives from the Cardinal Penitentiary the trowel with which he lays the first brick of the new wall. This prelate in his turn then lays one or more bricks, and while the masons are completing the work of enclosing the door, the choir sings the hymn, *Coelestis Urbs Jerusalem*, whose last notes are the signal that the Jubilee is ended, and the stream of indulgences which for a year has been pent up, as it were, in the Eternal City now once again flows through a thousand channels to the Catholic world.

It is too soon to predict how many pilgrims will respond to the Pope's urgent and touching invitation to come to Rome during the present year of Jubilee. Large pilgrimages are being organized in France, Poland, and other European countries, and at least two pilgrimages are announced from the United States. But be the number large or small, every Catholic heart should go out in affection to Christ's Vicar, every Catholic eye should turn towards the Eternal City to witness the sublime spectacle of a Pontiff, bowed down with the weight of nearly ninety years, and yet rising superior to the weakness of nature, standing forth in the midst of his enemies the greatest figure in the world to-day, great in his triple character of Pope, King, and Pastor, great even to those who reject his threefold title to love and admiration, in the force of his indomitable will, in the clear-sightedness of his mental vision, and the influence he exercises in stemming the tide of socialism and infidelity. The present Jubilee may lack much of the external splendor and magnificence that have marked those that have preceded it. Ease and



rapidity of travel may fail to bring together as many pilgrims as in the days when men and women made their way Romewards on foot. But with all these drawbacks, the twenty-second universal Jubilee will be a worthy crowning of the dying century, will come down in ecclesiastical history as the first whose calendar year was opened by a Solemn Midnight

Mass of Homage to the World's Redeemer, whose greeting to the beginning of a new millennium will be hallowed and sanctified by the same Adorable Sacrifice, and the *Te Deum* of thanksgiving welling up from the hearts of unnumbered Catholics, who have just received in faith and love the Body and Blood of their Divine Saviour.

## THE LESSON OF JANSENISM.

*By Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J.*

THE pendulum of error is always oscillating from one extreme to the other. Eutyches undertook to refute Nestorius, and became the author of a heresy as vicious as that of his opponent. Pelagius, a native of Great Britain, in the fifth century, while writing against the Manichees, lapsed into the mistake of denying the existence of sanctifying grace. The great point with him was to defend the liberty of the human will. Martin Luther, in the sixteenth century, declared there was no such thing as the liberty of the human will; the human will was a donkey which, if God rode it, would go to heaven; if the devil rode it, would go to hell. John Calvin's doctrine was not substantially different from that of Luther; he only accentuated it more distinctly, crossed the T's and dotted the I's.

In the second part of the same sixteenth century, Michael Baius, a professor in the Catholic college of Louvain, began to teach what they call positive theology, in opposition to the scholastic method of the Middle Ages. Instead of arguing, he simply quoted the Fathers of the early ages, interpreting them according to his own ideas. The same kind of thing has been done in our own days. A number of his propositions were condemned by Pope St. Pius V., in 1567, and again by Gregory XIII., in 1579. The substance of his doctrine was that fallen human nature can do no good whatsoever and must go on always doing

evil. This is the antipodes of Pelagianism.

Cornelius Jansens, or Jansenius, born in Holland, became first a professor at Louvain and afterwards bishop of the Belgian see of Ypres. He wrote a book which he called *Augustinus*, as explanatory of the doctrines of St. Augustine, which was not published till after his death, in the year 1640. Five propositions extracted from this volume were condemned in 1653 by Pope Innocent X. These propositions were the following: Some laws of God are impossible of observance, i. e., God orders us to do things which we cannot possibly do; it is impossible to resist interior grace; provided there is no external coercion, it does not matter to merit or demerit that we are under interior compulsion, i. e., as Luther said, the will does whatever God or the devil makes it; it is heretical to teach that we can resist grace; it is heretical to say that Christ died for all.

The Jansenist sect took its name from Jansenius. But the real founder of the schism was John Du Verger or Duvergier de Hauranne, a Frenchman from the same part of France as St. Vincent de Paul, and for some time his very good friend. He was a few years older than Jansenius, whose acquaintance he made at Louvain, and renewed in Paris, after which they kept up a constant correspondence. De Hauranne became Vicar-General of Poitiers and Superior of the

abbey of St. Cyran, by which name he is generally known. He began early to spread his errors, and St. Vincent tried to remonstrate with him, but, as for his pains he was only told that he was a blockhead, he had to leave him alone. In the first book he published, de Hauranne advocated suicide and insisted very much on that text, *all things are pure to the pure*. There never was a heresy yet that was not loose on this point.

✓ Duvergier, or St. Cyran, was a very inferior man ; but he had that gift, so often noticed in persons who are mediocrities themselves, of bewitching others every way their intellectual superiors. De Hauranne bewitched the Arnauld family, consisting of six brothers and six sisters, all the latter, nuns in the convent of *Port Royal des Champs*. One of these Arnaulds wrote a book on frequent Communion, which was approved by sixteen bishops. St. Vincent de Paul attacked this book vigorously, and it was condemned. The idea of the Jansenists was that absolution should be deferred until after the penitent had performed a severe penance ; that it was commendable to put off communion till the hour of death ; in fine, that only those who had obtained perfect union with God were fit to receive.

The Arnauld brothers established a convent of monks near the nuns. St. Vincent visited and tried to influence these people by his benignity, in vain. The Archbishop of Paris examined these Sisters who disputed about theology and would not go to Communion, and he left them saying they were pure as angels and as proud as devils. The end of their story was that Louis XIV., no saint, but a true believer, had them dispersed in different convents and their building razed to the ground.

The important thing to pay attention to is the tactics of these sectaries. Their first great contention was that they were Roman Catholics and only taught opinions which could be maintained inside of the Church ; and this standpoint they

would never abandon. It was the most insidious effort of the devil to do mischief in all history. Many prelates and others wished to preserve silence, saying, as Leo X. is reported to have said of the commencements of the Reformation, "It is only a quarrel between monks." It is only a wrangle between the Arnaulds and the Jesuits. But St. Vincent de Paul would not take this view. He insisted, when the *Augustinus* was published, that silence would be a crime, and little is generally known of how vigorously the amiable saint worked, writing to bishops, sending messengers to Rome, and in every other way, to have this heresy stamped out.

Some men, who were honest, but had let themselves be influenced at first by the prevailing spirit of the time, when these errors were condemned, immediately opened their eyes. Among these were the famous Thomassin in France, and at Rome one of the greatest Irishmen that ever lived, Father Luke Wadding. We are all influenced by the atmosphere which surrounds us, but docile souls will never finally be deceived. The great rank and file of the ever-increasing Jansenists did not act with this sincerity. They accepted the decision of Rome. But they denied that the propositions condemned at Rome were the meaning contained in the author's text. This started a new controversy, till the Holy See declared both its power to say what was the meaning of an author's text, and that the condemned propositions of the *Augustinus* were really contained in Jansenius' work.

Then followed another tactical move. The last decision of the Holy See was received with "respectful silence." That is, the Jansenists held their tongues—more or less—but considered themselves at liberty to keep in their hearts their own opinion still, like Goldsmith's schoolmaster. Thus things dragged on till the end of the seventeenth century, when there appeared a work called *A Case of Conscience*. Herein a supposed

clergyman who has accepted the papal decisions with outward respect, but without inward consent, asks for absolution. This gave rise to more discussions till the year 1705, when Alexander VII. declared that he could not.

One would suppose that this would be the end of the Jansenists, or at least that they would go out of the Church. Not a bit. After the death of St. Cyran, they found a new chief in one Pasquier Quesnel, a member of the French Oratory. This gentleman published a book of *Moral Reflections*, which, like Arnauld's *Frequent Communion*, was soon found in everybody's hands.

In the year 1713 Pope Clement XI., in the bull *Unigenitus*, condemned one hundred and one assertions contained in this publication. The radical error was that of all Jansenism, the denial of free will and the consequent conclusion, that, if we are lost, it is because God so pleases. What was the result? A number of bishops with Cardinal Noailles, Archbishop of Paris, at their head, and a still larger number of doctors of divinity appealed against this bull from the Pope to a future council of the Church. But Clement XI. was no weak pontiff. In 1718 he published another bull in which he declared that every bishop who refused to accept the *Unigenitus* was simply excommunicated, and out of the Church. This was really the death blow to Jansenism, though it took some of these men ten years to make up their minds to submit, and nine French bishops preferred to go into exile rather than do so. The Jansenists still kept up a pretence of being in the Church by receiving the sacraments at the hour of death from men of their own persuasion. But the then archbishop of Paris put an end to this, and the whole sect finally drifted into Holland. Quesnel himself died at Amsterdam. The Protestant Dutch government gave them enough of Catholic church property to support their ministers, as the Swiss and German governments did to the old Catholics thirty years

ago. They consecrated three of their number, one archbishop and the other two bishops, and this kind of hierarchy is kept up to the present day. One of the bishops has no subjects, but he receives his income and lives with his brother bishop. Some of the Anglican clergymen who are imitating Catholic practices are said to have gone over to these personages and received from them valid ordination and even consecration. When a new Jansenist bishop is elected, he informs the Holy Father at Rome, and the Holy Father answers by renewing his excommunication. There are said to be about four or five thousand Jansenists in the midst of a Catholic Dutch population of two millions, perhaps the very best Roman Catholics in the whole world.

The harm done by this most insidious of all heresies during two centuries is incalculable. It spread everywhere throughout northern Italy, the Netherlands, Ireland; it infected everything, French literature especially. It was backed by the lawyers who composed the French parliament, a narrow, obstinate set of men, like the Scribes of old. It was abetted by the worthless politicians and still more worthless women of the Court of Louis XV., a very natural alliance of extreme rigidity of theory and absolute laxity of practice. It paved the way for the infidel philosophies of the eighteenth century, for the suppression of the Society of Jesus, the destruction of its colleges and missions, for the French Revolution. It kept the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, which it opposed tooth and nail, from obtaining its natural development till our own time. St. Vincent de Paul opposed it in its birth; St. Alphonsus Liguori followed it to its grave.

Now, what is the lesson of Jansenism? The lesson of Jansenism is that we should beware of the spirit of our times; not where there is question of manners, civilization, natural improvement of any kind, but where it touches religion. And

the reason is because the devil, who never sleeps, makes use of the actual dispositions of men to diffuse error. There is but one true religion, and we must never forget it, and that religion is centred in one man, the successor of the vicar of Jesus Christ. What Peter believes, that the whole Catholic world believes, all of it and nothing else. The man who has this spirit is safe. But he must have it thoroughly. In the generations which followed the Protestant Reform the tendency of the age was to exalt, exaggerate the greatness of God, His sublimity, His holiness, His justice. The pendulum of error has swung round; it has gone back to the ideas of old Pelagius. One religion is about as good as another. You can believe what you like. All will be saved. Provided a man practises the natural virtues, that will do. Liberalism in religion is the danger of our time. Cardinal Newman thought so, and he was a very great man; not only a very great man, but a very mild man, like St. Vincent de Paul and St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Let me give two illustrations of what I mean. The Archbishop of New York has thought necessary to warn his people against sending their children to Protestant and infidel universities and schools. Will you not find hundreds of them there, and all from our diocese, next year? The Holy Father has condemned a number of too liberal opinions recently which were brought before his notice. What are we told? Be silent; these ideas exist only in the imagination of the Holy Father! We know better. We know that these ideas exist all around us, and that they are not going to die out in a day. And it is our duty, not to be silent, but to speak. We should speak to show our loyalty to the Pope. We should speak for another reason. That reason is because our people do not wish to live in error; they want to know the truth, they want to have it told to them. For the American Catholics are as loyal as any

in the world. It was great scandal in England lately, when one who was considered a champion of Catholicity, in the same month, in two different profane publications, attacked every article of our faith, while calling himself a Catholic. Now, when a writer of Mivart's distinction tells us he has known good Catholics who called in question such tenets as the miraculous conception of our Lord, His Blessed Mother's virginity, His incorruption after death, the inspiration of the Bible, the infallibility of the Church, our first startled instinct is to suspect the man has lost his mind.\* But, when we reflect, we are shaken a little in this thought, and we cannot help asking ourselves, Is this really all imagination, or are there in truth persons in the Church who, from ignorance or from whatever other motive, incline towards sentiments so incredible and so unworthy of a Catholic mind? Is there some fire under what appears to be only a cloud of smoke? We are living in an age of doubt; the atmosphere around us is one of pure naturalism. The most lively opponents of revelation to-day are men who preach in so-called Christian pulpits and call themselves ministers of Christ. Why should not this cold influence penetrate even inside the walls of the Church? If so, then it is a wise thing to consider the facts of history and try to find what lessons for our conduct in such a contingency we may discover in similar epochs in the experience of the Christian people. Here it is where the story of Jansenism appears to be full of pregnant instruction. The poison which filled the air at that time was the spirit of Calvinism, the harsh, cruel doctrine which made of God a monster and a tyrant, and of man a helpless victim of his own incapacity for good.

The Jansenists would not go out of the Church. Like those Protestant ministers, who still call themselves clergymen when

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\* *The Monitor and New Era*, London, April 13, proves that this suspicion is correct [Editor.]

they teach a doctrine which goes even to the point of being denominated atheistical, they went on, professing exteriorly to belong to the Catholic community, and meanwhile infecting as much as they could with the virus of their errors every branch of the social organism, and especially—a point particularly deserving of being noticed—all those whose influence could make their teaching penetrate into the mass of the whole people. They did not succeed in making the common people Jansenists, but they did succeed in destroying faith in the upper classes of society, which loss of faith and accompanying corruption of morals did indeed penetrate into the body of the French people and brought on that Revolution, of whose sad effects, after more than a hundred years, we are to-day the witnesses.

A singular instance of the skilful working of the Jansenists in acquiring proselytes is the way that they got hold of the French parliaments and secured their active sympathy. These French parliaments were not legislative bodies, but a sort of high courts which gradually obtained a very extensive jurisdiction. The parliament of Paris was the most important. In 1750, this court committed a priest to prison for the crime of having refused the sacraments to a Jansenistic heretic. The ecclesiastical authorities had obliged persons in danger of death, before obtaining the last rites of the Church, to present a certificate that they had received absolution from a priest recognized as being really in communion with the Catholic Church. The reason was that the sectarians were in the habit of calling in Jansenist priests, who did not oblige them to consider it a sin to refuse interior submission to the Holy See, whose decrees they accepted in outward silence. Silence, always silence, was the trump play of these great gamblers. The next thing this wonderful parliament, a body of laymen, did, was to accuse one of the Catholic bishops of being a schismatic.

Then they fined the Bishop of Orleans 6,000 livres for his opposition to the prevailing ideas and sent one of his priests into perpetual exile. The most venerable and admirable Archbishop of Paris, Christopher de Beaumont, they banished three times from his diocese. When the archbishop published a pastoral letter in his defence, they had it publicly burned by the hands of the common hangman. And when the Holy Father himself came to the rescue of the archbishop, they suppressed the publication of his brief. Verily some of the French administrative ways are hard for outlanders to understand, but I do not believe they are innate to the French people. They have been forced on them by the kind of military and legal dictatorship under which they have always lived. The form, or name rather, of their government may vary, but it is always a despotism. However, if the actual ever-varying ministries of the present so-called republic persecute the Church, and, to our disgust, threaten to punish its bishops, when they show a little independence, by a withdrawal of their stipend, and in other ways show themselves vexatious and meddlesome, at least they do not give themselves out as Catholics, and undertake to teach the Pope and clergy both what they are to believe and how to execute their functions.

There was now a pretty bad state of things. But the parliament went further. They forbade, when he was canonized, the celebration of the feast of St. Gregory VIII., Hildebrand, the great defender of the liberties of the Church—and of the people—against the tyranny of kings. And, what is still more wonderful, they would not accept an addition to the calendar of their saints in the person of the man of whom modern France has most reason to be proud, St. Vincent de Paul. Why not? Because he was not the friend of their friends, the Jansenists.

This interference with the liturgy of

the Church was perhaps the cunningest device ever invented to shake the allegiance of people from the centre of religious authority. By a decree of the Council of Trent the whole Latin Church was obliged to adopt a common Missal and Breviary. In 1568, Pope St. Pius V. ordered the Roman Breviary to be substituted for all local ones not two hundred years old; and three years later he made the Roman Missal obligatory under the same conditions. Besides unity of doctrine and government, uniformity in the administration of the sacraments is one of the proofs of the divinity of our holy religion. With uniformity in the sacraments goes naturally uniformity in public prayer. No wonder then that the liturgy, as well as the ritual of the Church, should have been the work of the Popes themselves, from St. Damasus and St. Gregory the Great, down. Nevertheless, in the beginning of the 18th century the French Bishops began to publish and impose new fresh breviaries and missals of their own brand. Soon nearly every diocese had its new form of worship, drawn up by Jansenists; and the religious orders followed suit. Fifty years ago the then thoroughly Catholic Bishops of France came back with a kind of rush to conformity with Rome; and I remember that they were blamed for their haste by some of the younger men, who regretted the loss of the beautiful lessons and pretty hymns to which they were accustomed. Therefore I say this was one of the most insidious of all the efforts of the most cunning of sects to introduce discord into the Church. Here is the reflection of a writer of those days on the subject: "All these new breviaries profess to follow the pattern set in the Paris Breviary; it is the centre of Gallican unity, instead of Rome, which name is now hardly ever uttered, and which is only (!) the centre of Catholic unity. The Pope may reign in the Vatican, but here his laws, his censures, his rubrics, his prayers, his missal and his ritual will be de-

spised." Little then did some of the young ecclesiastics of fifty years ago realize the *motive* for introducing these new forms, the animus and object of their contrivers.

St. Vincent de Paul fought against Jansenism energetically when it was but an infant giant. Apparently he fought without success, for Jansenism spread and thrived for generations after he had gone to heaven. The Jesuits wrestled with it. Whatever their enemies may have said, no one has dared to call in question the orthodoxy of the Jesuits, no more than their morality, learning and indomitable perseverance, whether in the universities of Europe or in North or South America, or among the Mongolians of China, Japan and the Philippine Islands. God seems to have given the Society an instinct, similar to that of some physicians, for detecting error, and no doctrine adopted by the Order has ever been shown to be deserving of theological censure—whatever certain modern writers may opine. But the Jesuits also got the worst of it, it would seem, for they themselves were simply squeezed out of existence. With the help of the parliaments, the *litterateurs*, the king's mistresses, infidel philosophers and conscienceless statesmen, they were driven from France and from the other Catholic countries of Europe, and finally had their heads cut off by the hand of the reluctant Father of the faithful himself; nor were they resurrected till Napoleon Bonaparte had retired from his bloody business of God's executioner to the isle of Elba. A hundred years after St. Vincent de Paul, however, another saint and doctor of the Church rose up and finally succeeded in driving the nails well into the coffin of Jansenism, though even then it appeared to be buried more alive than dead. This was St. Alphonsus Liguori.

Between St. Vincent and St. Alphonsus there arose in the Church of France a bishop, not canonized, but who of all uncanonized Catholic bishops is, even by those outside the visible communion

of the Church, deservedly the most appreciated and esteemed, Francis de la Motte Fenelon. Fenelon, unlike his more brilliant contemporary, Bossuet, used no gloves with Jansenism. He fought it vigorously, openly. He saw in it a dragon and a monster. He was very outspoken, and in the presence of this terrible enemy of the true faith he thought he had no right to minimize thoughts or words. Thus he wrote to the Holy Father, Clement XI., in the year 1705, in a letter which must have been painful reading:

"The experience of sixty-five years clearly proves that the Jansenist sect is not to be brought back by gentle means. Unless vigorous measures are used, there is no danger that the Church may not fear. Never, not even in the home of its most rapid growth, had Calvinism so many partisans and defenders. In Belgium there is hardly any theologian of repute, if we except the Regulars, who does not hold to the Jansenistic teaching, or who could be trusted with any important diocesan employment. Most of the doctors at Louvain, and even Douai, would be ashamed to call themselves upholders of any teaching but that which they call the Augustinian, that is, the teaching of Luther and Calvin, condemned by the Council of Trent. The Elector of Bavaria, governor of the Low Countries, inclines that way. In Holland, where Quesnel has taken refuge, the clergy is so affected with Jansenism that numbers are openly inclined to schism. As to the Elector of Cologne, his principal adviser, who rules him at his pleasure, is entirely given over to Quesnel and the other leaders of the party. The Prince of Islay, former governor of the emperor, is an ardent propagator of the sect. The Duke of Medina-Coeli favors the introduction of Jansenistic works into Naples. The doctrine has reached as far as Spain; even in Rome, Cardinal Casanate is understood to encourage this new teaching. In France, Cardinal de Noailles is so completely in the pow-

er of its leaders that, for the past ten years, it has been impossible to free him from their snares: he hears, sees, approves only what is suggested to him by M. Boileau, or Duguet, or Père de la Tour, superior of the Oratorians, or M. Lenoir, or the Abbé Renaudot, or others whom everybody knows to be infected with Jansenism. The Cardinal de Coislin, grand almoner of France, acts with more caution; but so far, from want of knowledge, he has intrusted the administration of his diocese of Orleans only to Jansenists. Cardinal Le Camus, although he has expressed himself satisfactorily in a private letter, has always openly shown himself the friend of the Jansenistic doctrine and party. Both are favored by the Archbishops of Rheims and Rouen. To these you can add a great number of bishops, Riez, Saint-Pons, Montpellier, Mirepoix, Chalons-sur-Saone, Auxerre, Chalons-sur-Marne, Seez, Nantes, Rennes, Tournay, Arras. The majority of the others, in a state of floating incertitude, blindly plunge in the direction to which the King inclines, which is not surprising; they know the King, by whose favor they have obtained dignity, authority, and riches, and, in the present state of things, they realize that there is nothing to fear or hope from the Apostolic See. They see the whole economy of ecclesiastical affairs in the hands of the King, and they say they can neither condemn nor approve, even in questions of dogma, unless the breath of the court blows in their favor."

Fenelon was not afraid of the King. Ten years before this date, he had addressed Louis XIV., then in his prime, in these bold words: "You have an archbishop who is corrupt, scandalous, incorrigible, crafty, cunning, an enemy of all virtue, who makes all good men groan. You accommodate yourself to him because he seeks only to please you by his flattery. For twenty years he has enjoyed your confidence by prostituting his own honor. You give him power

over good men, you allow him to tyrannize over the Church, and no virtuous prelate is treated so well as he." This was not Noailles, but De Harlay, his predecessor.

Fenelon continues his letter to the Pope, "What shall I say of the religious orders? Nearly all the Dominicans go beyond the limits assigned by the Congregation *De Auxiliis*, and conspire with the Jansenists to maintain the theory of compulsory grace." Little, perhaps, did these good Fathers suspect that they were influenced by the dominating ideas of the day.

Who will venture to say that this sad story of Jansenism contains no instructions for succeeding times? Of course, it finally failed. Of course, it has disappeared, or nearly so, as Arianism disappeared; but what havoc meanwhile it wrought! Of course, the gates of hell will never prevail in the end against the Lord. But the Lord permits the devil to work a great deal of evil. The bark of Peter will never founder; but, in a gale many poor hands may be swept from its deck. God permits evil, St. Augustine says, in order to draw greater good out of it. Until we get to heaven, we must be satisfied with that explanation. For we cannot, like the Calvinists and Jansenists, accuse our benevolent Creator of being an unreasonable tyrant. Neither can we, for the sake of truckling to ideas which are the fashion of the hour, admit that He is a careless imbecile who is indifferent to the observance or non-observance of His law, natural or revealed. If heaven permits, then, a blizzard of liberalism to sweep over the surface of the globe to inaugurate the twentieth century of the Christian era, why, of course, the Church will not be blown down, but many windows may be cracked and some chimneys fall. It is astonishing how we are influenced by our surroundings, how obscure very simple principles become in our minds at times. The strongest-minded men are subject to these impressions. It will

be well then to prepare for war in time of peace. For men of good will, however, there is not so much to fear. Those of us, who are old enough to have had some personal experience, can remember how the fog of doubt was instantly removed from the horizon of their intelligence, when that ray of light broke out which dispels all vapors and all miasmata of the unhealthy earth; how immediately the whole landscape loomed up in clear, distant relief, and they wondered how they could not have seen what was evident to the naked eye. What ray of light do I mean? A ray of light that will never fail. But men must not shut their eyes, nor put their hands before them, nor turn their backs. That ray of light is the voice of Peter. Peter will always speak; and then we know. This is our peace, this is our consolation. To the humble and docile mind this is happiness itself. We all may err, and we should all err, if left to our own blind selves. But God has given us a beacon to look at, a bell which can be heard distinctly by every ear. To men of good will, therefore, peace. "Oh Roman Church! Oh holy city!" exclaimed the great and good Fenelon. "Oh, dear common country of all Christians! There is in Jesus Christ neither Greek nor Scythian, nor barbarian, nor Jew nor Gentile. All are one people in your bosom; all are citizens of Rome, and every Catholic is a Roman. Behold that stem planted by the hand of Jesus Christ. Any branch detached from it fades, withers and falls. Oh, Mother! whoever is a child of God is thine also. After so many years thou art still fruitful. Oh, spouse, thou givest children to thy husband in every end of the world. Oh, Church! where Peter will forever strengthen his brethren. May my right hand forget itself, if it ever forgets thee! May my tongue dry up in my mouth, and may it never move, if thou art not to the last breath of my life the great subject of my joy and my song! 'If thou perceive that



there may be among you a hard and doubtful matter in judgment, and that the words of the judges within thy gates do vary, arise and go up to the place which the Lord thy God shall choose. And thou shalt come to the priests of the Levitical race, and to the judge that shall be at that time; and thou shalt seek of them, and they shall show thee the truth of the judgment. And thou shalt do whatsoever they shall say, that shall preside in the place which the Lord shall choose, and what they shall teach thee according to his law, and thou shalt follow their sentence; neither shalt thou decline to the right hand nor to the left hand. But he that will be proud and refuse to obey the commandment of the priest, who ministereth at the time to the Lord thy God, and the decree of the judge, that man shall die, and thou shalt take away the evil from Israel.' Deut. xvii., 8-12."

When Luther first made a noise in Germany, people said it was a quarrel of monks. When Jansenism first created a commotion in France and the Netherlands, folks thought it was a dispute of theologians. Thank God for the Council of the Vatican! No Catholic will now dare to refuse to listen to the voice of authority. Liberalism fills the air. It is at present a vague, nebulous spectre. It may resolve itself into as defined a form as Jansenism or Lutheranism. If

so, then PETER will strike that form. Then the eyes of all good men will be opened, and, so far at least as men of good-will are concerned, the threatening monster will be dead before it can do great harm. So long as human nature is corrupt, proud and sensual, we may expect schisms and heresies. Humility and repentance are the cure of all things.

To conclude this article, Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, the celebrated preacher, has been rightly judged to have been influenced himself by the atmosphere of Jansenism in which he was obliged to live; but he was a good man. His testimony, therefore, is unexceptionable. "One of the greatest harms done to religion," says he, "by Jansenism, is to have delivered into the mouths of women and simple laymen the highest and most incomprehensible mysteries, to be talked over, discussed, and disputed about. This is what has spread irreligion. It does not take long for lay people to go from dispute to doubt, and from doubt to disbelief." A profound and weighty remark; and a true one. For let any kind of disorderly wave spread over the surface of the Church, and you will see female devotees and ignorant laymen beginning forthwith to talk theology. At the present moment, besides Mr. St. George Mivart, we have now Marie Corelli!

## MISSION TO THE EMPEROR OF PISCATAWAY.

*By J. Edwin Coad.*

**I**T is good history and should be above question, that Leonard Calvert's party of adventurers landed on St. Clement's Island, March 25, 1634, and took formal possession of the territory assigned them, which they named Maryland, in honor of Queen Henrietta Maria, "for our Saviour and for our Sovereign Lord," the King of England. But I think it very bad history to give one's faith to the generally received opinion of the

present day, that the landing at St. Mary's was on the 27th of March, two days only after that at St. Clement's. Let us take some extracts from the old "narration" and we shall see from the light they cast about us that much more was done while the pilgrims were domiciled at St. Clement's than could possibly have been performed in forty-eight hours.

"Here the Governor had good ad-

vice given him not to land for good and all, before he had been with the Emperor of Piscataway and had declared unto him the cause of our coming, which was to learn them a divine doctrine which would lead their souls to a place of happiness after this life was ended, and also to enrich them with such ornaments of civil life wherewith our country doth abound, and this Emperor being satisfied, none of the inferior kings would stir. In conformity to this advice, he took two pinnaces, his own and another hired at Virginia, and leaving the ship before St. Clement's, at anchor, went up the river and landed on the south side and finding the Indians flew for fear, came to Potomac Town, where the King, being a child, Archihan his uncle governed both him and his country for him. He gave all the company good welcome and one of the company having entered into a little discourse with him touching the errors of their religion, he seemed well pleased therewith, and at his going away desired him to return to him again, telling him he should live at his table, his men should hunt for him, and he would divide all with him. From there they went to Piscataway; all were here armed. Five hundred bowmen came to the water side. The Emperor, more fearless than the rest, came privately aboard, where he was courteously entertained, and understanding we came in a peaceable manner, bade us welcome and gave us leave to sit down in what place in his kingdom we pleased. In this journey the governor entertained Capt. Henry Fleet and his three barges who accepted a proportion in the beaver trade to serve us, being skillful in tongue and well beloved by the natives."

The narrative goes on to speak of the "court's guard" which was kept night and day on St. Clement's, for the double purpose of protecting the workmen who were putting together a barge brought in pieces from England, and those who were felling trees to build palisades. When the governor returned from the

trip to Piscataway, which was at least forty miles, they descended the river nine leagues to St. Mary's river, which they went up about six miles to their place of final location. All this could not have possibly been done in two days, in barges and old-fashioned, sluggish sailing craft. And why should they have felled timber and erected palisades on Clement's Island, if their stay was only two days or something less? They certainly had no idea of making it the place of their first permanent settlement. As was mentioned in a former paper, an old letter written by one of the early Fathers, thirty days after the landing at St. Mary's, goes on to relate "we have planted, since we came, as much maize or Indian wheat as will suffice, if God prosper it, much more company than we have. It is up about knee-high above the ground already." Supposing they settled down at St. Mary's on March 27, one month later would have been near the end of April, and it is very certain that no one ever saw corn in this latitude anything like knee-high at that season of the year. I will add that no one ever saw corn that high thirty days after it was planted, anywhere in this wide world, always excepting the magical soil of Kentucky, which I say out of love and reverence for my young friend, Father Harry Spalding, of Bardstown. The early settlers were doubtless guided by the experience of the native Indians in the time and method of planting their corn, and it is well known that their accepted time was when the oak leaves were as large as the ears of squirrels. It must not be supposed that the corn in question had already been planted by the natives and given or sold to the new comers, for the old letter distinctly says "*we* have planted *since* we came." All the facts in connection with this case lead me to the belief that they spent some weeks up the Potomac, on Clement's Island, at Potomac Town and on their visit to the Emperor at Piscataway, which is forty miles above the first spot

where they took land in their new home. Unquestionably the accounts of their early movements were entirely correct, as they were written home to their superior, but they were written in Latin, had to be translated from musty, faded old papers, no little to be guessed at, and it is not to be wondered at that mistakes have occurred. If they had possessed steam barges and ships they could scarcely have gone up the Potomac forty miles to Piscataway, calling, by the way, on the Virginia side, where they held a conference with the acting King of the place, discussed some religious matters with him and the advantages of civilization, held talks with the Emperor, returned to St. Clement's, and thence to St. Mary's, where they landed, all in the space of two days! *Non Credo*. If my indulgent reader will not be indignant, I will give him or her just here a little paraphrastic ebullition that clamors for ventilation :

When can their glory fade ?

Oh, the wild plunge they made !

The grand two hundred.

Honor their brave crusade,

Though in the dates arrayed,

Someone has blundered !

Yes, it is not important whether they were two days, two weeks, or two months negotiating with Archihian or at Kittamaquindi, the capital of the Emperor of Piscataway; they succeeded in their undertaking and established a government and free opinion in matters of conscience, and challenged thereby the enduring admiration of the world and the gratitude of all good men.

Father Altham accompanied Governor Calvert in his expedition to Piscataway, while Father White was in charge of the main body of colonists, who awaited at St. Clement's Island the return of the Governor and his exploiting party. To show the unreliability of old records which are copied from others, worn and faded, the following is a sample and was given by the distinguished wit and scholar, B. N. Campbell, in an address

before the Historical Society of Baltimore many years ago, I think in 1846. "Some old records, in the possession of the Jesuits in this State, mention his name (Rev. Thos. Copley), and in an ancient manuscript book at the Novitiate in Frederick, the following is the first entry : '*Catalogus Paternam Anglorum etc. Pater White Andreas primus Marylandiae Missionarius advenit huc Circo 1630 ante Dominus Baltimori : Sacellum in White Neck, at non habet domum : Obiit in Anglia 27 Sept. 1655. Vide Tanner Confess. Soc., pag. 803 et Faste. Soc in hanc diem.*'" The date here given, 1630, is four years ahead of the arrival of Leonard Calvert's party, and doubtless occurred by someone's misreading the real figures. If Father White really preceded Leonard Calvert's expedition, the world has been strangely ignorant of the fact. The names given in the old record at Frederick of the very early missionaries are more than likely entirely correct, as follows : Pater Starkey, Copley, Ferret, Fulton. Fathers White and Altham had with them, as assistants, two lay brothers, John Knowles and Thomas Gervase.

Father White was born in London, about the year 1579. Owing to the severe laws of the period, Catholics could not be educated in England, as such, and he was sent to the English College of Douay in Flanders, where he is supposed to have been ordained as a secular priest. It is certain he went back to England and devoted the best energies of his young manhood to his sacred calling, for his name is to be found with forty-six others who had been incarcerated at different points in England, and were sent out of the country, with the condemnation upon them of eternal banishment. A year after this event, he made application for admission into the Jesuit Order, and went through a novitiate of two years at Louvain. Nothing daunted by the penalty of death, which hung over every priest, who, being banished, was found again

on the soil of England, he went back to his native land, and ministered to the spiritual wants of the people; but his superior, thinking the risk was too great, recalled him from his field of danger. He was next sent to Spain, where he taught English to the divinity students, and afterwards was professor of Scripture, Scholastic Theology and Hebrew. Subsequent to this, he taught divinity at Louvain, and at Liège. All his contemporary writers have mentioned him as a man of beautiful talents, splendid attainments, indomitable will power, and dominated by a desire to serve his God earnestly and honestly, unsurpassed by any one of his many zealous co-laborers. He wrote a grammar of the Indian language, a dictionary of the same, a catechism, a history of Maryland and an account of their voyage to the land of the sanctuary. There is little known of the early years of Father Altham, but it is a well-established fact, that he was a most zealous priest in the early years of the infant Colony. He attended Governor Calvert on his visit to the Emperor of Piscataway, and some time after the settlement of St. Mary's, was located on the isle of Kent, where Claiborne, the notorious, had established a trading post, for the purpose of purchasing furs from the Indians.

The settlement of Kent Island antedated that of St. Mary's several years, when it was a part of Virginia, and his prior occupancy, under license from that colony, led up to his difficulties with Governor Calvert, to whose authority he flatly refused to submit, and resisted, even to the extent of fitting out an armed boat and firing upon a force sent by Governor Calvert to assert and maintain his authority. The captain of Claiborne's boat was killed and the crew all taken prisoners, while the chief offender took refuge in England. The charge is made and generally believed, that Claiborne was advised to pursue the course he took, in resisting Lord Baltimore's claim, by the authorities of

Virginia, who had never become satisfied with the detaching of Maryland from their dominion. Certain it is, he was the evil genius of Maryland, whether from a natural instinct of depravity, or under the inspiration of the leading spirits of Virginia, or the abode of Satan. Even as early as 1635, he had aroused the suspicions of the hitherto friendly Indians, and Governor Calvert thought it prudent to call the missionaries in from their stations, and they remained at St. Mary's until such time as the deluded natives were satisfied that they had been deceived as to the friendly intentions of the English settlers.

The credit is due to Father Altham or having been the first man to hint at Christianity, as exemplified by the Apostolic Church of Rome, among the Indians, which he did at Potomac Town, according to Father White's "Relation," when on the voyage with the Governor, to pay his respects to the Emperor of Piscataway. In their conference with this great chief, it is highly probable that the most important of all questions, the true faith, was not forgotten, or ignored, and I doubt not, the first time the Emperor heard of the great God of all things was from the lips of Father Altham. Five years after this, Father White visited him at his capital, Kittamaquundi, and succeeded in converting him, his whole family and many of his chief men to the orthodox faith. This leading chief, Chilomaccon, visited St. Mary's with Father White, which station was then in charge of Father Fisher. He was most anxious to receive baptism on this visit, but Father White preferred that the ceremony should take place at his own capital, where it would be more imposing and have the effect of inducing others to follow his example. Father Brock, who had been lately made the chief of the Maryland mission, gives this account of the proceedings at Kittamaquundi:

"Since my last letter, written in the course of the preceding year, it has

pleased Divine Goodness to open the way of conversion to many, I trust thousands of souls, by calling to the orthodox faith the Emperor or great King of Piscataway, for he has many kings subject to his power. He was baptized on 5th of July, 1640, and his Queen was baptized at the same time. The ceremonies were performed in the presence of the Governor, Secretary, and Father Altham and many others of the English colony, by Father White." The health of Fathers White and Altham became so impaired, that they were obliged to leave Piscataway, and retired to St. Mary's, where Father Altham died on the 5th of November. His loss was a severe one, but his faithful services must have gained him an immortal crown. Not many months after the Emperor was regenerated by the waters of baptism, he sent his daughter, the heiress of his dominions, to St. Mary's to be educated and prepared for baptism. Father Brock became very uneasy about Father White and expressed in one of his letters great fear that he would not long survive, his years and severe duties, privations and exposure, having told palpably on his constitution. Only a very few months after the writing of this letter, Father Brock, whose real name was Morgan, expired, and Maryland's great

Apostle lived many years longer, and experienced much hardship and persecution at the hands of vindictive enemies of his faith. That infamous pair of outlaws, Claiborne and Ingle, when they upset the government of Maryland and drove Leonard Calvert to Virginia in 1645, seized all the priests of the province and sent them prisoners to London, where they underwent extreme punishment. After the lapse of considerable time and untold misery, they were banished, and after many efforts had failed to revisit his dear Maryland, Father White returned to England, where he remained about ten years, and died according to some authorities, September 29, 1655, nearly eighty years of age. From all that has been handed down to us regarding this remarkable man, there has been no more faithful Apostle, since Christ's own selected ones passed into the other world for their promised reward, than was Father Andrew White. He followed closely in the footsteps of Peter and Paul and the other primitive disciples of the God-man who died for man, and if he is not a saint in heaven at this time, then there are millions who would like to know the reason why, and millions I fear who would despair of ever reaching and entering the Golden Gate, if the fact were but known.



## DEVOTION TO THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.*

**H**OWSOEVER men may differ about Christ, all who know Him are agreed that His life on this earth was one of pure benevolence, and that His influence over men was deservedly won by His love for them and by His absolute devotion to their interests.

Though every word of Christ is so plain that the rudest mind can understand it, and withal so profound that unaided human genius cannot fathom its full depth of meaning, it is not His teaching which arrests our attention, as we read His life in the New Testament, but the image of His goodness which stands out on every page. It is not any special endowment of His mind we first learn to admire and love, but one or other of the qualities which reveal to us the surpassing goodness of His heart. We have no authentic image of His face, and few men comparatively have any accurate memory of His words; but the story of His tender love for men need be heard but once to brand itself on our imagination and abide forever in our memory. To show how His words prove His divinity, the unity of Three Persons in one Godhead, or any other dogma of faith may require careful reasoning and lengthy discourse; but the deeds of His heart speak their own story which he who runs may read, and no human soul needs teacher or interpreter

when reading that Jesus "went about doing good and healing all that were oppressed by the devil;" (1) that He cast His lot with the poor and those who were reputed as sinners; that He suffered little children to come to Him; that He wept for His friend Lazarus, and bewailed the very prospect of the destruction of the city of Jerusalem; that He pardoned and pitied Mary Magdalene when others were shunning her and execrating Him for permitting her to lie prostrate in sorrow at His feet. It is not too much to say that the one passage in the New Testament which settles most doubts and calms most perplexities is not doctrinal at all but purely figurative, the parable of the Good Shepherd, the message from His Heart to those who wander apart from His fold. Surely the one part of the sacred narrative which draws us after Him and holds us all transfixed, is the scene on Calvary in which the proof of His love for mankind transcends all our conception and compels all our love.

Since, therefore, it is chiefly by the devotion of His Heart to our welfare that Christ wins our love, it is natural that we should show our devotion to Him by studying in a special manner the ex-

(1) Acts 10, 38.

cellent qualities of His Heart and by venerating above all others the love which is its greatest perfection. This is the motive of devotion to the Heart of Jesus.

This word devotion was originally used in a religious sense only, but so well did it express its object that men have begun to apply it to every quality and pursuit they hold sacred; and, fortunately, some of their applications enable us to appreciate its higher meaning in a religious sense. Thus, patriotism the past three hundred years has been defined as devotion to one's country; loyalty, as devotion to a person or cause to which one is attached; industry, as devotion to one or other of the mechanical arts, sciences, labors. These meanings help us to appreciate the stronger attachment and the greater earnestness and steadfastness implied by the term devotion in its religious sense; since it really means to give ourselves entirely by binding promise or vow to some holy person, object or cause.

Devotion to the Heart of Jesus is, therefore, not merely some concrete form of worship by which we venerate His Sacred Heart, but it is also an habitual readiness to serve Christ, in other ways as well as by worship, chiefly because of the devotion of His Heart to ourselves. It is any act of religion by which we offer to Jesus Christ a special veneration having for its *object* the physical Heart of Christ, as inflamed with love of men, and as affected by their ingratitude; and for its *end*, the honor of this same Heart to be procured by love and reparation. This special veneration is the adoration which is due to Christ on account of His infinite dignity as the Word Incarnate. It is due alike to His person and His human nature, to His soul, and to His body and every portion thereof; and it is fitting not only that this adoration should be due, but also that it should be paid, by all the faithful, particularly to that part of His Sacred Body which, like the Heart, is commonly considered the seat and symbol of the greatest of all His perfections. The love, or charity of

Christ, which "presseth us," as St. Paul says (1), could not have been greater than it was: "Greater love no man hath;" (2) it was divine: "As the Father hath loved me, so I also love you;" (3) it embraced all men: "And Christ died for all;" (4) it extends to all time: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" (5) and it surpasses all conception, as St. Paul terms it; "The charity of Christ which surpasseth all knowledge." (6)

Now, it is proper that we should venerate with special worship the Heart of Christ, which is commonly considered as the seat and symbol of His love for us. Whatever physiologists may discover, it will always remain true that in many languages the word "heart" stands for love, the affectionate traits of character, and even for the character of a man's life. We speak of a "man of heart," and from *cor*, the Latin word for heart, we have "cordial;" we are familiar with "kind-hearted," "noble-hearted," "pure-hearted," "iron-hearted," "soft-hearted," and, what most of all shows its important functions, "broken-hearted." Instances of this usage are frequent in Holy Scripture: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God with all thy heart." (7) "I shall raise me up a faithful priest, who shall do according to my heart;" (8) "The heart of a man changeth his countenance for good or evil;" (9) "Wash thy heart from wickedness;" (10) "From the heart come forth evil thoughts;" (11) "The charity of God is poured forth in our hearts;" (12) "With the heart we be-

(1) 2 Cor. 5, 14.

(2) St. John 15, 13.

(3) Ibid. v. 9.

(4) 2 Cor. 5, 15.

(5) Jeremias 31, 3.

(6) Ephesians 3, 19.

(7) Deut. 6, 5.

(8) 1 Kings 2, 35.

(9) Eccli. 13, 31.

(10) Jeremias 4, 14.

(11) St. Matthew 15, 19.

(12) Romans 5, 5.

lieve unto justice." (1) Finally, the Church uses the very same language: "May God enkindle the fire of love in our hearts;" "fill the hearts of Thy faithful and enkindle in them the fire of Thy love;" "that our hearts may be submissive to Thy commandments;" "O Holy Spirit purify our hearts with fire that we may serve Thee with clean heart."

There is a strong natural reason for this symbolism of the heart. It is the organ which responds with the greatest sympathy to the emotions of the soul. It expands in joy and contracts in grief, indeed, under vehement movements of the affections, it is utterly broken. These movements doubtlessly affect the brain and nervous system, but their influence is felt most keenly and manifested most rapidly in the heart, which is therefore commonly regarded as their centre and most proper symbol. It was not without purpose, therefore, that Christ permitted His side to be opened and His Heart to be pierced by a lance; He wished to shed for us the last drop of His Blood; but He wished also to open to us the Heart with which He had so loved men. (2)

It is so natural to honor the Heart of Christ that from the earliest ages of the Church the faithful have paid it the tribute of their veneration. Origen (254), St. Chrysostom (406), St. Augustin (430), St. Peter of Nola (431), St. Peter Damian (1071), St. Anselm (1109), St. Bernard (1153), St. Richard of St. Victor (1173), St. Bonaventure (1274), Suarez, St. Lawrence Justinian, St. Francis Assisi, St. Francis de Sales, St. Aloysius, Ven. Landsberger, B. Peter Canisius, Ven. Eudes, St. Lutgard, St. Mechtilde, St. Catherine of Sienna, St. Teresa, St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, St. Gertrude, St. Rose of Lima,

St. Catharine de Ricci, all bear testimony to this fact in their writings. But with the spirit of individual liberty fostered by the Church they cultivated their devotion privately, for the time had not yet come when Almighty God wished to use this devotion, not only to quicken the fervor of His chosen ones, but to keep alive the spirit of faith among less devoted children. When, under the mask of a more rigid and timely Christianity, traitorous members of the Church, men and women, leagued together as Jansenists to inculcate the deadly teachings of Calvin in the heart of Catholic France, a simple nun, shut off from the world by her cloister, misunderstood by her superiors and sisters in religion, altogether unaware of the disastrous results of Jansenist teachings, was inspired by our Lord to make known to the world how much He loved men, how keenly He felt their ingratitude, how He longed for their love, and would be pleased by their reparation of the coldness, indifference, ingratitude, outrages with which His love was repaid.

Her mission seemed hopeless. The faithful were learning to give up the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion; priests, and even some bishops, were preaching that it was heroic to die without the Viaticum; religious affected to worship from afar the God of the Eucharist whom they hypocritically declined to receive; new catechisms of Christian doctrine were in vogue, which taught that Christ did not die for all; that some of God's precepts are altogether beyond human powers, and that no sufficient aid is given to fulfil them; that man never resists interior grace; that he can merit even if his will is not free in its action; that he cannot resist, should the grace which is necessary for conversion to the faith be offered to him. Yet Margaret Mary Alacoque did not lose hope, but in spite of every obstacle she found means through her Director, by correspondence, and, greatest of her triumphs, by the aid of the superiors and religious of her Congregation, to make

(1) Ibid. 10, 10.

(2) See "The Heart of Man and the Heart of God," by Rev. Dennis Lynch, S. J., *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, March, 1894, p. 216.



known far and wide that devotion to the Heart of Jesus, rightly understood, would be a remedy for the errors and evils of her day.

The story of her apostleship has often been related in the pages of this magazine, and it would be impossible to treat it adequately here ; nor is it necessary, any more than it is necessary to dwell on the history of this devotion from her death until the past year when it received from Leo XIII., the highest and most solemn approval that the Church can give to a devotion of this kind. Incidentally this history is interesting as showing how slow and cautious the Church is to adopt what some consider novelties, and how freely it permits us to indulge our proper natural tastes and inclinations in matters of piety, provided we do not strive to impose our individual views or practices on others. For our purpose in this instruction, the history is important as showing how natural this devotion is to souls really Christian, and how manifestly it has been blessed by heaven in the fruits of faith and piety which it has produced everywhere in the Catholic Church the past two centuries. (1)

No man of intelligence can review the history of this great devotion without marvelling at the impulse it has given to Christian faith and piety. Its progress during the past half century has silenced the carping criticism even of many Catholics, who either persisted in ignoring the true character of this devotion, or were incapable of grasping its true object and aims. Now and then some thoughtless scrivener affects to be alarmed at the injury done to Christ by selecting His Heart for special veneration, as if the selection meant anatomical separation, or as if the physical heart were considered apart from His Divine Person and the infinite charity with which He loves

us. Then some cannot take kindly to setting apart certain days, such as the First Friday of the month, for special exercises of this devotion, and they deprecate especially the practice of the nine First Fridays, even so far as to question a devotion which is associated with such an observance, especially when it is said that the observance was recommended to the holy woman, who first instituted it, by special heavenly communication. Worse still, some few of little faith allow themselves to be overawed by the ridicule of anti-Catholic editors and other publicists, and join in the protest against the use of images, pious emblems and other visible means by which the faithful are enabled to know the invisible beauties of this devotion. Finally, the strong and liberal-minded, as some deem themselves, are good enough to tolerate devotion to the Sacred Heart as well suited for women and children and even for men of sentimental natures.

Men who are really strong-minded enough to think for themselves and liberal enough to devote as much attention to a study of the claims of this devotion as they give to the thoughtless and sneering taunts of its enemies, would no more depreciate it for being sentimental than they would prize Christ less for His truly sentimental devotion to mankind. No practical man will be uneasy about the right use of pious images for this as well as for other devotions, just as no sensible person fears any loss to patriotism by the proper use of national emblems. It is altogether puerile to complain about the First Friday and similar observances, or to call in question the heavenly origin of these. Such complaints are never made by men who either seriously investigate the nature and origin of these observances, or, better, who in true Christian simplicity adopt and practise them. They emanate from worldly-minded men, who, because of their ignorance of, or lack of serious interest in, such sacred matters, cannot give to their worldly friends a reasonable

(1) See "Promoters and Enemies of Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," by Rev. P. Chopin, S.J., MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, 1898, pp. 698, 801, 915.

account of our views and practices, and must needs therefore justify themselves by traitorously denouncing them.

Under the attractive symbol of the Heart of Christ, this devotion raises our vision from the plane of human, to that of divine love. It makes us lift our eyes from a world which is ruled by love, base and ignoble as often as it is pure and noble, to a Kingdom in which the ruler sways the hearts of His subjects by the highest and holiest love. His court and throne are beyond our gaze; His face we may not look upon and live; but we cannot but feel the influence of His love, which is boundless, so that every human being can cry out with St. Paul, "He loved *me* and delivered himself for *me*." Flesh as well as spirit yearns for the embrace of this love. "For thee my soul hath thirsted; for thee my flesh, O how many ways!" (1)—thirsted for the sound of His voice, for the light of His face, for the blessing of His hands, for the embrace of His Heart. We have the testament of His written word; we have the living Church to witness to His goodness; we have the august sacrifice as a memorial of Calvary; but all these justify and encourage our yearning for a more familiar, direct and personal union or intercourse with Christ, who is ever living to make intercession for us. They make us realize that He is not of the past, not afar from us as if on a journey or gone to sleep, but that "no other nation hath its gods so near as our God is to us." With the simplicity of Catholic faith, with the boldness of a consistency which, with all reverence, takes Christ at His word, we approach him as friend to friend, we exchange confidences with Him, and we choose as the symbol of our relations with Him, a symbol so perfect that our choice must needs have been inspired by Him, His Heart so inflamed with love for us and pained by our ingratitude as to compel our love and reparation in return.

(1) Psalm 62, 2.

Far from dividing or dissolving Christ, this devotion, better than any other means, enables us to study Him in all His fullness. It keeps before us the humanity of Christ, by its most attractive and unmistakable symbol; it impresses us with some sense of the infinite perfection of His love; it invites and compels us not only to love One who condescends to let us know the secret yearning of His Heart for our affection, but also to repair the ingratitude of those who deny Him the consolation of their love. (1) It is a devotion for all, presenting Christ to our eyes as well as to our hearts in such a way that every one can learn something of His goodness, that no one can master the lesson perfectly. It is for all time, since men may change their knowledge and their manners but the nature of their hearts they never change. It has a remedy for every human evil, and it supplies every human need. (2) It alone can "set in order the charity in us," the ruling passion of love, by attaching our hearts to the Heart of Christ, as the source of all good, and subordinating to this pure affection the love we bestow on every other creature.

As we are aware, a great impulse has been given to this devotion during the past year. Last May the Holy Father decreed that the world should be consecrated to the Sacred Heart as the crowning perfection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Sacred Heart, and to satisfy the devotion of the faithful he has graciously permitted the bishops and clergy to renew this consecration solemnly this present year. This is the highest tribute we can pay to Christ, and only the devotion to His Heart can dispose us properly to

(1) See on this subject, "Reparation," by Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J., MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, April, 1898, p. 305.

(2) "The Sacred Heart and the Evils of Our Times," by Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J., MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, June, 1898, p. 503.

make it with full affection and submission to Him as the Immortal King of ages, the King who rules by love.

As members of an association whose special aim it has ever been to practise and promote devotion to the Heart of

Jesus, we need not be urged to pray that it may be for all men, within or without the fold of Christ, a means of knowing Him better and of loving Him in return for the love His Heart has lavished upon us.

## OUR HONEYMOON.

DISILLUSIONS.

*By D. Gresham.*

THAT afternoon Father Paul was interviewed on the plan of retreating into the mountains. At first he was dubious but then thought it amusing, that is, if we could find a comfortable house. Lucy was satisfied, and at once set to work. Her "rustic" friend Brian Doherty was interviewed, and between them, the matter was settled before a week. The country house of a senator was at our disposal, servants were doubtful and shops there were none; solitude to our hearts' content, and mountain scenes and mountain barbarism to last for a life time, all for the modest sum of fifty dollars a month. I was a silent, but wrathful partner in this venture, but it was my honeymoon, and of course it was bliss, and if not, more shame for me. The most charming wife in the world, whose only desire was to bury herself in the mountains, so as properly to enjoy the delights of my fascinating society alone!

The rain came down all the morning in gentle showers, not mountain torrents, but "just to make things fresh and sweet on the road," Lucy said. Just to disgust one, and make me more gloomy than ever, at the prospect of this honeymoon, I thought. However we were packed, and strapped, and ready for the

journey, and off we must go. The sky was sullen, the mountains sulked against the clouds, the river foamed and roared, as we wound along its banks, while Lucy sparkled, and chattered in her most delightful way, as if to prove that her bliss rose superior to nature's moods and tenses, and my prognostications of disappointment and woe. The train pulled up now and then at little wooden cabins answering to the names of stations; a few lean mules in the background, out with their masters, to see the event of the day—the local train. Unpicturesque-looking mountain women peeped from the open doors and battered windows, and I could not refrain from drawing Lucy's attention to the charming society with which she was to commingle during the coming months of solitude and idealism. "The poor dears, what sad eyes that girl has, I am dying to know them; what sketches you can make—you always look at the worst side; a few weeks and you will change all your ideas, or," with a twinkle, "I will change them for you." "Perhaps," with a scornful laugh.

We followed curves, rounded corners, rushed under overhanging cliffs and all at once were landed on a platform—and our honeymoon had begun. It was all done in due form, for we were absolutely

alone, not a soul to meet us, nothing to be seen save huge mountain ridges, rising almost at our feet, surrounding a narrow valley, with scarce room for the river, and a dancing little brook to scurry by as if glad to escape the solitude and hoary dignity of this weird, wild, deserted valley. The unquenchable Lucy gave one hasty look at my forlorn figure, then at the grand old peaks looming through the mist, and the rain, the water with its dark shadows, the sodden fields, the giant trees listless and dripping, the peach blossoms, the only bit of color in the whole uninviting scenc. A deep sigh at my side and—"Jack, you know it is beautiful, what a fine Rembrandt background for your pictures. I am so glad I brought you!" Was she? Had her spirits flown, or was she too womanly to let me see she was crushed? There were our traps lying recklessly at our feet, and how we, and they, were to reach our destination, only the mountains knew. The brook chuckled at our ignorance, for it gave a very merry gurgle as it jumped over a boulder, carried down by the winter's storm, and dashed playfully onward, glad that it was not *its* honeymoon. Lucy looked at me solemnly and in an inquiring tone demanded: "Why do you not call an express man to see to our traps?" "Why, of course, how stupid of me. Would you not prefer Phaeton and his chariot; only his fiery steeds would suit this spot."

The country road wound up through the hills, but it looked at this moment like a trail deserted for years, so desolate it seemed this evening hour. Suddenly from out the woods came the sound of carriage wheels, and a surrey came rattling down the road and pulled up hastily at the station. A smiling negro jumped off with an air of importance, not to say excitement, and strode towards us all smiles and bows: 'De train done got ahead o' me. Sorry to keep you waitin, sah, but if you an de lady will jest step in, I'll fetch you in less n' half hour to Burnside.'

"And our boxes here," I asked, pointing to our belongings. "All right, sah, a white gen'man will be here toreckly, and you will have them up to the house right away." Lucy looked on hopefully and silently while I tucked her into the surrey, and then set off to interview the authorities at the station. "Jack," she called pleadingly, and bending down whispered, "Do not be sarcastic with the poor things. I am sure they are very nice if you only knew them." "Of course, it was not their fault that we sought their society, but our misfortune. I am the one to be amiable, since I am the invader." She looked hurt, but let me go forward without further comment. Emerging five minutes later with a smiling countenance, I announced cheerily, "Delightful officials, daily paper flung from the Washington Express, if one cares to walk two miles to catch it. Post once a day, and chickens, and fish for the asking." "Why did you go in there?" Lucy says in an injured tone. "To telegraph our arrival in Elysium, and to announce that you are enchanted with the place, and people—was not that an excellent idea?" "Did you really?" "Yes, it might be wise to be called home suddenly through the week."

As I spoke a miserable contrivance graced the scene, an ox cart drew up beside us in charge of a mountaineer. It was "the white gentleman" for our belongings. The ox put his head down with a weary air, as if another step would be his last. The "white gentleman" stood beside the steed, a most pitiable figure, the matted beard and jeans were familiar, but the feet showing through the tattered shoes, were something painfully new. The small "white gentleman" beside his father was a picture I have never forgotten. We all stood looking at each other, our brisk Jehu alone capable of wrestling with the circumstances. Seizing the ox by the head he turned the wagon so that the things might be got under way. Then the "white gentleman," and the young "white gentleman," seeming to

have admired us sufficiently, turned their stolid stupid stare at the boxes. The work began and we left them at the task, as we went our way up the steep road.

Lucy remained ominously silent for some time, but finally broke out sadly, "Are all the people like that man and his son?" "Waal, yes ma'am, more nor less, hits been a hard winter, in these yere mountings, an the people's about played out, jest now." "What do you do?" she goes on, looking at Jehu's warm comfortable appearance. "I drives livery, I owns dese hosses, an picks up all I gets from visitors when dey come along. I'll be right glad to drive you-all, ma'am, while you stays at de Senator's. Mighty fine views round here. When de Senator is here, he has his horses, but jest now he sends em away, or takes em to Washington or somewheres. My name's Roland, and whenever you want me, I'll be there to take you all over the country. Dare's de house through the trees, way up de hill."

We had turned the road, and still through the woods were climbing in the rain. The mountains and the views had to be taken for granted, for a thick mist had enveloped everything. We came on the village, a cluster of cabins, with small orchards, and gardens in the rear, "We's near de house now," loquacious Roland informs us, "and Laura de cook, and Freddie, dats her nephew, will be a looking for you; they's awful proud you-all's a comin. Laura lives with her mother and never cooks for nobody, but when de Senator done wrote how you was coming, sah, and wanted her to cook, she said how she would go suah. Laura's mighty fine cook, when she gets anything to cook, but sometimes hits hard to git things here." "The garden of Eden"—smiles Lucy. "Laura done said I was to stop and let her know when you come, case she wanted to send for de cream for you-all's coffee." Another turn in the road and we crossed a bridge that spanned the brook—"branch," as Roland had it. Following its windings and gambols we

came on Laura's cabin built veritably on the rocks, with the water roaring beneath the kitchen, raised above the torrent on stilts. The roof of the pretty little home is hidden in trees and at the door sat the cleanest, prettiest old mammy you ever saw.

"Good evening, Aunt Nancy," sang out Roland. "You's always at work." The old body was absorbed in her mending, but raising her eyes and seeing us she rose with a most beaming countenance and courtseyed again and again. "You right well, mum?" catching Lucy's bright smile. "My daughter Laura is awaitin' at the house and one of the chilun will run right off for de cream. You see, we was fearin' as how de rain would be preventin' of your comin'. We uns is po'ful glad to see you, mum."

"You are very busy, are you not?" Lucy asked with interest. "Yes, mum, de chiluns is po'ful hard on clo'es," and she looks back proudly at the four little heads framed in the doorway, and a racy picture they make as we drive on. Under an arch of trees that border the road, with the song of the brook in our ears, the horses turn in a gate and by a rocky precipitous avenue overhanging the "branch" we reach "Burnside Lodge" in profound silence. Up the wide steps Lucy runs lightly, and as I join her on the piazza she cries roguishly, "Welcome home, Jack!"

We both laugh unrestrainedly. It is a relief after our long pent-up silence. The aforementioned Laura, hearing the strange voices, appears as Roland's horses and himself sweep round the circle of the handsome lawn and are immediately lost in the sudden dip in the drive. The new cook, like her mother, is a pleasant sight; she is all smiles and "toofens," and they sparkle, if I may say so, in contrast to the gloom of the outside world. She ushers us into the library, where a bright log fire crackles a welcome never more appreciated. Lucy is down on her knees adoring it as if it

were some nice, warm, living thing speaking of future happiness and comfort.

"How lovely it is; and how kind of you, Laura, to think of it. Nothing could be more delightful." Laura, standing in the doorway, shows more toofens than ever. "So glad you is pleased, mum; the rain is so distressin' when you comes in it, and a fire is mighty pleasant in a storm." It is so very pleasant that we spend the evening before it. Laura's supper, with the interesting cream, which, by the way, must feel its importance; it does, as I have afterwards reason to know—well, it arrived with the viands, and is enjoyed before the fire. The blinds down, the mist and gloom shut out, we laugh over the day's disappointments and grow almost hilarious over our delusions and dismay. We are too cozy to look over the house, time enough for that when the sun shines. The library is small but very luxurious. At one end a bow window, deep seated and picturesque, looks out on the orchard, gravel walks and a rustic gate leading down to the brook. The books are very inviting, and if all comes to all,

one can never mope with such friends. Laura comes to announce her departure; she and Freddie bid us good night with many injunctions about doors and keys, and how we are to "toot the horn," in case their services are required before seven next morning. Freddie listens to all his aunt's instructions stolidly. He is tall and bare-legged, but clean and substantial, his knickerbockers adding to his rotundity. He is butler, and valet, postman, and cream man, of which you may hear more later—in fact, many and all things to the establishment. Freddie seems a boy of silence and of great efficiency; he is invaluable, as we soon discover, and values his services accordingly, as valuable men should. Lucy is rather anxious when she discovers that we are to be abandoned through the silent watches of the night, but Laura impresses her with the reassuring intelligence that she protects her mother, the five nephews and herself, quite delightfully—with a pistol beneath her pillow. "Never no feer, mum, no how, but I just like to be ready."

(*To be continued.*)

## THE PASSING AGE.

*By O. P.*

POOR corypheus of the passing Age!  
 World spirit! steeped in 'wildering whirl and glare,  
 Thee, Time, relentless, calls and bids prepare  
 Thy speedy exit from life's glittering stage.  
 Thy daily public worship,—self-applause;  
 Thy cherished household deity,—success.  
 Thus nurtured, will the Age's heir confess  
 Thy peerless fame, or analyze thy flaws?

Be wise! depend not on posterity,  
 Erect thy stately tomb now, in advance,  
 See that is graven 'neath memorial bust—  
*Hic jacet Lucifer*, till, pitying, we,  
 Pleading for thee thy *naïve* ignorance,  
 Write, softly, *Requiescat* in its dust.



## EDITORIAL.

### PAINFUL BUT SCREAMY.

"A most painful though rather screammy account of the treatment of orphan girls by French nuns," is the best word the sober *Spectator*, of April 7, has for the second instalment of the article, "Monastic Orders up to Date," in the April *Contemporary Review*, by Saint-Genix, who, by the way, does not style himself Roman Catholic in this number. Screammy as it is, the *Literary Digest*, of April 21, and the *Independent*, of May 3, reprint some of its screammiest sentiments from the March as well as from the April instalments. As the writer in the *Contemporary* is of the Margaret Shepherd or Edith O'Gorman type, we are not surprised that these two periodicals, which are only too ready to believe and publish what they deem hurtful to the Catholic Church, should reprint his words. We are, however, surprised at the assurance with which they treat the Genix charges as some thing brand-new. The *Literary Digest* is not so bad. It reprints the charges of worldliness, money-getting, idolatrous and debasing devotions, etc., etc. Our May editorial on this point shows how cleverly Genix has deceived certain Protestant editors and two editors of weekly papers which are published for Catholics. The *Independent* is bad enough for the bias it shows in its readiness to believe such questionable statements as M. Genix makes. But, from an editorial standpoint, it is altogether unpardonable. It is five months, and in some things six years, behind time when it says: "We do not give all the worst of the Bishop's

letter. Its publication raised a storm and now France is full of the scandal. The bishop stands bravely by what he said. The escaped victims are reporting their stories in the papers, etc., etc."

The *Analecta Ecclesiastica* published the case between the Bishop of Nancy and the Monastery of the Good Shepherd, in that city, as far back as April, 1896, and the *Acta Sanctæ Sedis*, in October, 1896, Volume 28, page 622. When on November 28 and 30, 1899, M. Fournière, socialist Deputy from l'Aisne, and others tried to make political capital out of the Bishop's charges, they were answered promptly by M. Abbé Lemire, Deputy from d'Hazebrouck. Among other things worthy of the consideration of the *Independent*, Abbé Lemire makes clear that the decision of the Roman Congregation of Bishops and Regulars did not pronounce on the charges brought by the Bishop, but merely denied his claim of right to examine the accounts of the monastery, since this is the right of the Bishop of Angers, in whose diocese the Sisters in question have their principal house; and against the obligation of the Sisters to provide for those who leave their monasteries.

It seems that, in 1894, with the repeated advice of their house physicians, the Good Shepherd Sisters of Nancy had begun to reconstruct their monastery, precisely to provide better quarters for the inmates under their charge. The work was well advanced before the Bishop interposed. As the Sisters disputed his

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authority in the matter, the case was referred to Rome in March, 1894. In justification of his course the Bishop represented that the Sisters should spend their money in giving dowry to those who were leaving the monastery instead of constructing new buildings. It was only when the Sisters had protested against what is described as the vexatious action of the Bishop that, on March 31, 1894, he wrote again to Rome, accusing the Sisters of overworking the children and other impositions; but his complaints were based on the testimony of the dismissed inmates, never very reliable, or on statements which have not been officially substantiated. The Roman Congregation simply denied his right to examine the accounts of the monastery, and his representations that they should give the inmates a salary or dowry. The result was the Sisters could proceed with their buildings, and improve the conditions of their inmates from that year, as will appear from a testimony which in this case should convince even the *Independent*, since it is no other than that of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, President of the Council, whose anti-clerical ministry is in sympathy with MM. Fournière's and Brisson's endeavor to laicize the religious institutions of France. The following vindication of the Sisters comes from this man (and M. Genix and the *Independent* should not have ignored it), in the Chamber, November 30, 1899, in response to M. l'Abbé Lemire's demand for an inquiry into the charges of M. Fournière.

"It is necessary, in order to understand what follows, that the Chamber should keep in mind that certain charges of the Bishop of Nancy refer to a period which was not contemporaneous with the publication of his letter. This said, it is a duty of impartiality, and, I shall willingly say, of administrative integrity, to lay before the Chamber, very rapidly and by means of short quotations, the result of the inquiry. I repeat once more that I draw from this inquiry only what it contains, the reflections which it suggests, but I do not prejudice anything of the result of a more thorough inquiry. We have a capital means of knowing what is tak-

ing place in the establishment at Nancy. This establishment receives, in fact, those who are called, at the *assistance publique*, undisciplined girls—the Chamber understands the meaning of the expression. The *assistance* had entrusted a certain number of pupils to the establishment at Nancy; consequently it had the right and the obligation to examine how things went on there. I gave the order that the departmental, and not the divisional inspector, against whom some have spoken, should unexpectedly visit the establishment, and that he should give a true report of what he found there. In the report which he made out, and which bears the date October 24, 1899, I read as follows:

"Admitted without the least delay into the interior of the establishment, we found that those of our girls who are employed in sewing occupied an immense gallery, lighted up by large windows opening on a veritable park and admitting a profusion of light.

"The ventilation of this room, which has neither the appearance nor the characteristics of a work-room, is perfect, and it is impossible to obtain in a place of this kind an interior arrangement more favorable to the health of the pupils who live there."

"Other information and details follow. You will allow me to acquaint you with the conclusion, and it is this conclusion which justifies the government in not having at once taken in hand measures which they are reproached with having left aside.

"We have just got proof that it is impossible for us to combine for the profit of our undisciplined and our delicate girls an *ensemble* of conditions material and moral, more favorable than those which they find at the Good Shepherd."

"I have made a reservation before the Chamber; my motive for doing so was the following. This happened in the month of October, 1899. There was one other measure at the disposal of the government, since people work there, and since it is at the same time a work-room, and this measure was an examination by the divisional inspector of labor. This examination has been made; I have the report before me; it, likewise, concludes by exonerating from all blame the establishment at Nancy; but it contains certain expressions which have attracted my attention and which I now make known to you. After having made a recapitulation of what he had observed, and of the details which he had noticed, the inspector adds: 'In a word, the facts pointed out, if they are correct, belong to the distant past, and it can be affirmed at the present time, with the supervision which has been exercised, that the law is strictly observed in all these religious houses. During his visits to the work-rooms, the inspector has never met children under the age of thirteen. Formerly,



when he presented himself, he had to wait before being admitted, but, for several years past, as a consequence of his complaints, the door is open to him the moment he presents himself, and he goes straight to the work-room before any one has had time to announce his arrival, and so he is able to make all useful observations.' These expressions 'formerly,' 'at a time more or less distant,' should necessarily have attracted my attention, and I wished to have a more thorough inquiry. This inquiry has been made by order of the Minister of the Interior, by the commissary of police of the 3d District of Nancy and under the control of the prefect of Meurthe-et-Moselle. This inquiry I have perused line by line. The Chamber well understands that I do not wish to trouble them with this report. It will believe me when I shall sum up this inquiry in bringing forward the principal items; and these are precisely the ones which allow of a reconciliation between very serious accusations and reproaches and the results of an examination which was perfectly satisfactory in 1899. At our demand, two classes of witnesses, taken from among the children and young girls who have left the establishment, have been examined. Of both these classes, those who left before 1896 made depositions unfavorable, and very seriously unfavorable, to the institution. They complained, in a word, of the diet, of the absence of fires in the dormitories, and of cruel punishments in some cases. They complained of having frequently to remain up very late. In terms more brief and perfectly exact, the accusations, in the general order in which M. Fournière has placed them prior to 1896, seem sufficiently proved. What makes the examination still more decisive is that the evidence of boarders who have left the house since 1896 was also taken. Here again we have two classes of witnesses: The children who entered after 1896 have made no complaint; and those who were in the establishment both before 1896 and after, declared that before 1896 they had reason to complain, that they were made to suffer, but that, after 1896, the situation was changed. In a word, I believe that the exact truth was got at from the precise information sent me by the prefect. 'It appears certain,' concluded he, in his report, 'that the errors of the old system have been abandoned, and that more solicitude, more justice, and more charity are exercised to-day in the education and maintenance of the young girls who are brought up at the Good Shepherd.' "

#### IGNORANCE, OR—WORSE.

We have given this long extract from Waldeck-Rousseau's reply, because his animus against the religious Congregations in France is so well-known. We

should prefer to give at length the letter of the Bishop of Angers to the Sisters, November 21, 1899, but space is wanting. Extracts from it were printed in our February number, page 175. What is most unpardonable in this matter is not the anti-Catholic bias of papers like the *Independent* and *Literary Digest*, but their ignorance of what is going on in a world they pretend to know. Every week the *Independent* opens with a "Survey of the World," and the *Literary Digest* is according to its sub-title, "a weekly compendium of the contemporaneous thought of the world." Now, all this outcry against the religious Congregations began last October, and the French daily newspapers for November and December were full of it. In January it was an outworn topic, even for the anti-clerical *Aurore* and *Lanterne*. Genix was compiling his articles for the great British *Contemporary*, which is quite as ignorant of the actual state of things in France as our pretentious weeklies are. It took some time to translate his articles; they appeared in March and April, and at length (in May) the *Independent* and *Literary Digest* arrogantly tell us what is actually going on, though it never happened at all as they describe it, and what did happen was reported in the French press over five months ago, as an exaggerated statement of what occurred, if it occurred at all, fully six years ago.

We have not paid any attention to the screamy utterances of Genix. His method is clear from such sentences as, "speaking *a priori*, [*i.e.* without facts] it is possible there may be truth in the statement," viz.: that some of the Congregations in France treat their wards as grist in their mill. "One would gladly see the charge withdrawn as a mistake or a calumny. . The wish may possibly be fulfilled;" "it is asserted;" "the alleged facts almost transcend belief. And yet we are powerless to set them aside as false." This testimony is newspaper statements of M. Guinaudeau, in the *Aurore*, a newspaper

whose character may be known from the scurrilous article its editor, M. Gohier, contributed to the *Independent* of April 26. Half-way through his screamy article Genix coolly tells us "the evidence in support of these heart rending narratives is overwhelming in quantity. . . The quality of that evidence has yet to be sifted and classified by a court of justice." The *italics* are ours. Precisely, quantity tells with men like Genix, and with editors like those of the *Contemporary*, *Independent* and *Literary Digest*. One hundred witnesses may be liars, but their testimony against anything Catholic is credible, even before it has been "sifted and classified by a court of justice," even though the witnesses are interested parties, even though they are for the most part women who have forfeited their right to public respect or credence!

#### OFFICIAL REPORTS VS. M. GENIX.

Some passages of M. l'Abbé Lemire's reply are too pertinent to omit here. In one he makes mention of our own Good Shepherd houses!

"The Congregation is sixty-six years in existence, it numbers 7,000 religious divided among 221 houses, of which half are in Europe, and the other half in the remaining four divisions of the globe, principally in the United States, where the State allows them every year considerable sums for the poor children whom it entrusts to them. It does not stop at the consideration that these religious are Catholics; it sees only that their houses are well conducted, that the persons there are very good, very humane, and it is satisfied."

The other is more pertinent still and quite enough to belie M. Genix's generalizations.

"As for Nancy even, since it is this place which is in question, I take notice of what follows: 'Among benevolent societies a silver gilt medal and special mention of recognition was accorded in 1898 to the house of the religious of the Good Shepherd of Nancy. It receives, says one official report, young girls of every age, teaches them the various duties of laundry and housekeeping, it places a great number of them in business, or in private houses; during the sixty-three years that it has been in existence, it has ensured existence to more than a thousand young girls; very great merits in every respect.'

"After these contradictions, Gentlemen, a word of refutation. First reproach: Speculation in the work of children. Now, listen to the rule

followed in all the houses of the Good Shepherd. The older women have a maximum of ten hours' work; the preservative classes only nine hours. As for the children under the age of thirteen, they have, as in all the schools, the regular class hours, and are employed in the work-rooms, to form them, only two hours and a half each day. The daily routine comprises four meals a day, two hours and a half of recreation, and eight or nine hours of sleep according to their age.

"The rule is there, you will tell me, but is it followed? Here is the answer, gentlemen. The examination was made in all these houses, and I lay before you what I read in the official report, entitled, 'Inspection of the special establishments.' Under 'Benevolent establishments,' we read, 'The control of the benevolent establishments as a rule, meets with no difficulties. Those which are reported are the rare exceptions.' It is a document of the Minister of Commerce, it is the official report of the inspection.

"M. Gustave Rouanet.—Of Nancy?

"M. Lemire.—Of all the houses of the Good Shepherd, and not alone of all the houses of the Good Shepherd, but of all the special benevolent establishments which are much more numerous than was stated in the statistics which have been used at this tribunal, since there are 1487 of them which are submitted to regular inspection.

"M. Paschal Grousset.—They are badly inspected; that is what that means.

"M. Lemire.—It is not my business to prosecute the administration. I continue my reading: The inspectors state that among those interested there is a great eagerness to have everything in keeping with the law. A simple observation of a defect suffices to have everything put in order. The most frequent infractions are those which result from default in carrying out the items on the schedule indicating the different kinds of work and employment of the day, or which arise from the irregular hours of the inmates of the establishment. The question then, gentlemen, is not of cruelties; but only an exceptional case for infractions of the laws on labor."

#### THE CASE APART FROM POLITICS.

The Bishop must have been amazed to find his letter cited in support of the screamy allegation of Saint Genix. The letter was written in 1894. It was given with a view to asserting his jurisdiction over the nuns, to require of them a statement of their accounts, and a copy of the plan of their building in course of reconstruction. The complaint about their treatment of the girls under their charge was introduced only to urge the importance of his suit. He wanted to know how much money they had in order to force them to give a dowry to those who were leaving their institutions; he tried to stop them from building on this same pre-

text ; he claimed the girls deserved such a dowry because they had to work excessively while in the institution ; he charged that for want of some money the girls were in danger of adopting a life of shame. His complaints were mild compared with those of M. Genix : they were by no means screaming, and the only fault one can find with them is that they were too general and vague to be considered by any court, whether ecclesiastical or civil. He did not make them as charges against the Sisters ; he alleged them as motives for obtaining his suit, recognition of his right to inspect the accounts of the monastery. Rome was called upon only to decide whether he had that right or not. The abuses he could have corrected by his own authority, and the civil authorities would have gladly aided him ; in fact, he has since been censured for not having informed the civil power of such abuses as excessive hours of labor and others, the exact truth of which they could have ascertained and corrected.

#### MORE IGNORANCE—OR WORSE ?

The *Independent* is wrong in saying that "it was not intended that the Bishop's letter should see the light." Documents of this kind are regularly published in the *Analecta* and *Acta* both with perfect candor, so that fair-minded men may recognize the justice of the decisions given by the much-abused Roman Congregations. The fact is that, owing to the Bishop's own dilatory tactics, the final decision in the case was not given until March 27, 1896, and it was published *not four years later*, as the *Independent* says, but *immediately*, in the *Analecta* for April, 1896. Could even the *Independent* be more up to date ?

Both M. Genix and the periodicals which repose such blind trust in him might have published more of the letter. It is not pleasant reading, but we respectfully refer those who wish to know the full value of M. Genix's chief document to the

*Analecta*, to be satisfied that it discredits none so much as its author.

As for requiring the nuns to give an allowance of money to the girls who leave them, Rome declared that there was no such obligation. The nuns were doing a great deal by sheltering the inmates. They had debts to pay, they are supported by charity, and are taxed beyond measure by the French government. The reconstruction of their buildings was an imperative necessity, and how wisely and well it was done appears from the speech of M. Waldeck Rousseau just quoted and from a letter of the present Superior, dated December 12, 1899, and published in *L'Univers* December 17, stating that not one case of typhoid had occurred since they entered their new buildings, whereas religious and inmates had died in epidemics of the disease every year from 1875 to 1886.

#### THE REAL ANIMUS.

With these facts before us it is fair to conclude that the *Contemporary*, *Independent*, *Literary Digest*, and as we noted last month, the *New York Tribune*, and *omne id genus*, are much more interested in the exposure than in the redress of what they groundlessly impute as criminal to the Catholic Church in France. All of them sneer at *La Croix*, though we may well doubt if they have ever read it, any more than they have ever read or even seen the *Analecta Ecclesiastica* or *Acta Sanctæ Sedis*, whose titles they jumble together into *Analecta Sanctæ Sedis*. But *La Croix* was never accused, even by its enemies, of such editorial ignorance or dishonesty as we have just exposed above. Nor is this all. Their eagerness to believe any charge against Catholics is only equaled by their readiness to generalize what is at most local, or temporary, into something universal and permanent. Thus the *Independent* takes for granted that all the religious establishments are what the Good Shepherd monastery was falsely accused of being; and then,

without any ground whatever, that in the whole Catholic Church in France "there is something more, we fear, behind." Indeed, this something more behind, in the mind of the *Independent*, provokes the present French ministry into "the Satanic hostility which a vicious atheism displays toward the idea of God." Then, "The Catholic Church in France hates the Republic," etc., etc.

The *Independent* does not stop to consider that some others in France, as well as Catholics hate, not the Republic, but the "Satanic hostility," which the "vicious atheism" of the present French ministry, "displays toward the idea of God." Witness the results of the election yesterday, May 6, a decided Nationalist, as well as Monarchist victory.

Now, we know what to think of the "respectful hearing," which, according to the *Northwestern Chronicle* for April 13, this *Independent* gives to Catholics on subjects of vital importance to them!

#### LA CROIX NOT SUPPRESSED.

It will not surprise our readers that *La Croix* comes in for a share of M. Genix's screaming abuse. Whatever may have been its defects, this newspaper must have been a thorn in the side of the men who are trying to rob France of her religion. After having dissolved the Congregation which published it, they tried to suppress the paper itself and to make the world believe that they had induced the Holy See to suppress it. *La Croix* holds its counsel and goes on as ever, announcing simply that the dissolved community would no longer conduct it, that they would devote themselves to their other publications, such as *Les Contemporaines* and *Questions Actuelles*, which, by the way, we commend to editors of Catholic newspapers in this country, since it gives every important Church and State document, as well as the speeches and addresses of public interest in France. A wealthy Catholic, M. Féron-Vrau, has purchased *La Croix* and all its editions, retaining the entire

staff of the paper. To judge from its latest numbers it has lost nothing of its active and aggressive spirit.

#### EDITORS NOT BISHOPS.

The editors of Catholic newspapers should not take things second-hand, nor should they allow themselves to be overawed by secular newspapers and magazines manifestly hostile to the Church. Least of all should they follow in the way of Protestant organs which thrive by constant outcry for the reform of alleged abuses. That is their way, because they have no authority constituted to legislate or reform, and must impotently appeal to public opinion. We have a very active and potent authority, and we need not add sin to sin when something is wrong or really calls for change. But first of all, the wrong must be clear and widespread enough to call for correction or repression. It is too bad that Protestants find difficulties at every turn when they begin to examine our religion, and it is annoying as well as amusing to hear them ask questions which show the strange views they form of our faith. But the stranger their views the easier it is usually to point out to them what is really of faith and what is purely devotional. For everyone who holds back for a while because of some fancied objection to our devotional practices, another is drawn to like or to examine the faith by these same devotions. What reasonable man can object to "St. Anthony's bread" as a proper means of helping the poor in a spirit of Christian charity? Is it not strictly scriptural to believe that one's prayers are reinforced by alms deeds? Why should not prayers and alms promised be as potent with the saints, if we believe they intercede for us at all, as similar promises are with men? Why may not lights and flowers be used as expressions of devotion and incentives thereto? Who will decry the use of poor boxes, and of altar society, and church debt fund boxes, in this free land where so many boast that the Church

is supported by the alms of the poor and not dependent on the State? If now and then some one fosters these devotions of the faithful out of a mean and sordid spirit, that is his loss, not theirs. If in their simplicity and trustfulness, they speak out what they believe, why should those who have not their childlike faith join in the ridicule of the coarse unbeliever, or at least not stand forward to shield the little ones of Christ? Why be so quick to re-echo the jeers of anti-Catholic writers who at heart despise our dogmas of faith: the dogma of the Real Presence, for instance, and above all what we consider most sacred in our devotions, devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Virgin Mother of God, quite as heartily as they despise the simple confidence of true Catholics in St. Joseph, St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Expeditus? There may be excess, or rather Catholics of other nations may, for being better instructed in their faith, or dwelling in a Catholic atmosphere, or inspired with the traditional belief and custom of ages, display their devotion in ways which we cannot appreciate or imitate. Irresponsible parties may print and circulate statements, prayers, petitions, promises of Masses, special spiritual favors and a host of devotional articles. Even so. The Church looks to its Bishops, not to editors of Catholic papers, to correct whatever is wrong. The Bishops have the grace of state which makes them respect the action of the Holy Spirit in every soul, and guides them when to encourage and when to forbid a devotional practice as improper or dangerous; and thank God, they have too much wisdom to be misled by the outcries of men like M. Genix or the editors of the *Contemporary*, *Independent* or *Literary Digest*, to magnify a local or individual or temporary abuse into something widespread, universal or permanent.

#### STILL AT AMERICANISM.

The *North American* is dealing in "Americanism." It will scarcely pay

to reopen the controversy. It was always a tiresome one, and if we are only to begin at its "Genesis," as the writer, Mr. Etheridge, would have us do, we shall never hear the end of it. "The Genesis of Americanism" is not the correct name for his article. It did not begin with M. l'Abbé G. Peries nor with M. l'Abbé Maignen. They had much to do with its condemnation, but little, if anything, to do with its genesis, save to narrate the facts which when properly investigated fully justified the letter *Testem Benevolentiae*. One might have some patience with the subject were it less a conflict of persons than of ideas. Unfortunately, the personal element has overshadowed whatever light might have come from discussion of the principles involved, and if the writer for the *North American* and others sincerely wish to reopen the controversy on points still left in question by the letter of Leo XIII., we beg of them to observe the calm, impersonal tone of that document as a model for this and all similar disputes.

#### LIBERAL AND ORIGINAL.

"A Liberal Catholic View of the Case of Dr. Mivart," by Mr. Dell, which appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1900, is that Jesuits are responsible for his defection, if defection it really was. They taught him rationalism in matters of faith. How they can do so is a mystery, since Lamennais declared in 1832 that thought itself is, "with the Jesuits, subject matter of obedience, and of an obedience which is absolute." But that matters not. Mr. Dell has a theory, and he is a liberal Catholic, too! It may be hard for some to see how a Jesuit can be a rationalist, but it can easily be detected by "anyone who reads Latin, has a fairly trained intellect, and will recognize the need of mastering the preliminary technicalities." This is all one requires. This puts a premium on Latin, and our freshmen should consider, when electing their college courses, how useful Latin will be one day when

they wish to know what a Jesuit's secret influence is: how he can be Moslem, as Charbonel, and after him, Eliot, lately asserted, and a Free Mason, as some of our New England papers charged not many months ago. Seriously, Jesuits did not lead Mivart away. From latest accounts, the poor man did not fall away at all; but egged on by his so-called liberal Catholic friends he broke out, counted on them to support him, and no doubt their desertion helped to aggravate the physical trouble which caused his death.

#### WELL WORTH READING.

What a relief it is to turn from such writings as we have been examining to an article like Wilfrid Ward's "Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man," in the *Fortnightly*, for April, 1900; "Three Great Biologists—Theodor Schwann," by James J. Walsh, M. D., Ph. D., in the *Catholic World* for May; "Les Projets de Loi sur les Associations," by Rev. P. H. Prélôt, in the *Études* for April 20. "The Courses Leading to the Baccalaureate in Harvard College and Boston College," by Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., reprinted in the *Sacred Heart Review* for April 28, which will be published in pamphlet form. Then there is the address of Father McHale, C. M., on "Religious Instruction in Colleges," delivered, like Father Brosnahan's, at the Conference of Catholic Colleges, held in Chicago, Easter week, and Father Campbell's spirited plea for Jesuit education made before the alumni of St. John's College, Fordham, at their banquet at Delmonico's.

All these writers have the quality which invariably connotes scholarship. Their aim is truth and to this all their powers, and passions as well, are unswervingly directed. They never waste energy abusing, much less calumniating, an op-

ponent. Hence the courteous tone of what they write, even though in framing almost every paragraph they must have found provocation to say bitter things. Before leaving the magazines we must not fail to call the attention of our readers to President Thwing's words in the *Century* for May on "Significant Ignorance about the Bible," as shown among college students, which is but another instance of what has been discovered lately about ignorance in profane studies in Chicago and Washington. W. D. Sedgwick, Jr., writes on "Nations and the Decalogue" in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, in which he treats a self-evident, but sadly ignored principle, in a novel and interesting way. Hugo Munsterberg's "School Reform," in the same magazine, is well worth reading.

#### A GROWING MOVEMENT.

The various Catholic societies of Cincinnati have effected a local union, preliminary to federation, putting forward the subjoined as a declaration of principles and purposes by which they shall be governed.

1. To establish a bond of close friendship among the Catholic societies of Cincinnati and vicinity.
2. To work for the general welfare of Catholic interests apart from the special object of each organization—leaving each society with its own government and officers, but establishing a central board for the purpose of better carrying out the principles of fraternity and fellowship advocated by all.
3. To vindicate the rights of Catholics as citizens.
4. To support the Catholic press and diffuse Catholic literature.
5. To defend Catholic principles, and protest against all measures antagonizing them. — *The Midland Review*, Louisville, Ky.



## INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

Nearly all the French bishops in their Lenten pastorals urge the faithful to renewal of fervor along the lines of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. *L'Univers* in an able and edifying article, contributed by Francis Veuillot, comments most beautifully on the fact and aptly inserts not a few of the splendid expressions employed in certain of the pastorals. "For years past," the article in question says, "devotion to the Sacred Heart has grown amazingly. In France, the basilica at Montmartre, the thanks-offering of a nation, by rallying Catholics of every condition round a gigantic enterprise meant for homage to the Heart of Jesus, has awakened this devotion to new life and given it an impetus destined to gather new strength as it grows. This basilica operates as an agency for wider development of the devotion and for guarantee of a solid footing, inasmuch as it furnishes Catholicity in France with a common point of vantage, a common centre and a home. Another circumstance auguring well for the devotion is the unspeakable favor lately displayed by our Holy Father the Pope in its regard. During the year just passed he graciously vouchsafed to, as it were, set it on the pinnacle of the universe, to scatter far and wide its rays of light and love. His conduct in consecrating the entire world to the Sacred Heart of Jesus can have no other meaning. From one point of view this sublimely grand act of the Sovereign Pontiff can be regarded the glowing sunset that comes to crown a long day of labor in the history of the devotion; from another point of view it is the dawn of a new and more glorious day of triumph fingering at the

horizon. It closes one period in the devotion's history with a splendor that dazzles the eye; it opens another with a radiance as fair and soft as the hope from which it borrows being. The day of preparation is over. The struggle with hesitancy and indifference is at an end. Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has at last vindicated to itself the conspicuous place it ought to occupy in the Church's liturgy and in the esteem of the Church's children. The Sacred Heart, if we be allowed the figure, has won a throne in men's hearts. It is on the eve of beginning Its reign. It has acquired a fame, as conspicuous as the sun; It is on the eve of flooding the world with Its light. Devotion to the Sacred Heart, from the slender thread of water it was at Paray two centuries ago, is now become a limitless ocean girdling the whole round earth. A dawn so auspicious is omen of no unlovely day."

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Most Reverend Archbishop Corrigan closes the pastoral letter issued prior to his departure for Rome with this recommendation. "Last year, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, this diocese with its clergy and its people was solemnly consecrated to the Heart of our Divine Redeemer. The Holy Father, for reasons mentioned in the subjoined Decree of the S. Congregation of Rites, exhorts Ordinaries of Dioceses to renew the consecration this year; granting to that end, even in this year of Jubilee, when nearly all the indulgences for the living are suspended, a special plenary indulgence to all who renew the aforesaid consecration. It is to be hoped

that every parish in the diocese will gladly avail itself of the bounty of the Holy Father, and renew in that intention the solemn act of love and devotion made last year. If the consecration cannot take place on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, which falls this year on June 22, it may be made on the following Sunday. The formula prescribed to be used will be found appended to this letter. While the clergy and people renew their consecration here, I hope to represent the diocese in the International Pilgrimage, which will take place on the Feast of the Sacred Heart in Paray-le-Monial, at the Sanctuary of the Apparition of our Divine Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary."

M. Brisson lately introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies a measure that brands him an unprincipled robber and entitles him to no gentler treatment at the hands of justice than was accorded in our early history to horse-thieves on the plains. Briefly, he wants the property of all the religious Congregations, now under the ban of Waldeck-Rousseau's godless government, confiscated and diverted to public use or sold for the public exchequer. He rests his contention on the following flimsy argument: "In our code of law the right of ownership belongs only to individuals and corporations. These last are bodies of men enjoying the privileges of individuals by favor of the government." Certain religious Congregations have lost caste with those who rule the destinies of France, and the aforesaid Congregations by the very fact forfeit all claims to legal existence, and their property, like that of citizens dying without heirs, passes forthwith into the public treasury. The principle, it may be remarked in passing, is very convenient for political thieves, putting as it does every enterprise in France, whether commercial or educational, at the mercy of a few conscienceless despots. The Brisson measure is given in *L'Univers*, March 27.

Here is, perhaps, the latest instance of governmental tyranny perpetrated in wretched France. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, Minister of Worship, has addressed the following letter to the Bishops:

"For some time past a custom has grown up, in a certain number of dioceses, of having recourse to the assistance of members of unauthorized Congregations for the organization of missions and special sermons in the various parishes. This is a state of things, which has the grave inconvenience of removing an important part of parish work from the direct action of the secular clergy, for the purpose of handing it over to certain associations, which are either illegal or have been legally dissolved. It therefore becomes my duty to remind your Lordship of the prescriptions of the legislation of the Concordat. Article I. of the Decree of September, 1809, forbids in the most formal manner missions at home, and the Council of State has frequently declared the necessity of obedience to this order, which has never been abrogated. It will not escape you, therefore, that the cases of disobedience to it, which have happened in your diocese, are of a kind to involve your own personal responsibility, as well as that of the priest of the parish and the fabrics committee. I have, therefore, the honor of calling your attention to the necessity of insisting on the enforcement of the legal regulations, and of putting an end to the missions and special sermons, which can only impair the organization of the parish, even where they are not a cause of actual disturbance to public order."

The proposed Irish Catholic University was lately a topic of absorbing interest in England and Ireland. It got as far as the House of Commons, only to be mercilessly killed by men, who always have knives up their sleeves for Irish measures. Though ably supported by the very leaders of the present Government, it was defeated by the overwhelming vote of 177 to 91. We quote some



extracts from different English journals bearing on the question.

Very Rev. Canon Holder, in the *Monitor and New Era*, says: "Here is the grievance. Ireland is a country in which the Catholic and Protestant populations stand as four to one, and in that country the public moneys, devoted to the higher education of the people, are so disbursed that the dominant and privileged minority monopolizes the means of education to the exclusion and wrong of the vast majority of the people."

From the *Weekly Register* of March 30: "The Present Provision for Higher Education in Ireland Plainly Stated.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE.

(Income, £7,000 a Year).

"The Royal College of Science in Dublin, though intended for Ireland—for Irish professors and Irish students—has never been really employed in the work it was founded to promote. The revenues are mainly spent on students who come over from England, Scotland and Wales to enjoy this little pittance granted for an Irish college. The true reason of the failure of this college, as of every other, to become a national institution is that it has never yet been intelligently adapted to its purpose, so that it might benefit the class to which it properly belongs. A college, to be utilized by the Catholic population of Ireland, must be subjected to those reasonable conditions which have been so often explained as prerequisite. Such a college an intelligent home-supervision could alone originate and develop to be an Irish college in a real sense, not an English college planted in Ireland. Hitherto the College of Science has been managed from London, and to this arrangement its present condition is mainly due.

THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.

"In 1845 an Act was passed establishing the Queen's University, with the three affiliated colleges of Belfast, Cork and Galway, and a central Examining Board in Dublin. The population of Connaught is almost exclusively Catholic,

and one of the Queen's Colleges was placed at Galway, to become a centre of higher education for the west of Ireland. In that it has signally failed, from the cause which doomed the College of Science to a like fate. Both the President and the Professor of Philosophy are Protestants; the proportion of Protestant to Catholic on the teaching staff is about five to one, and the students for the most part come from Ulster. In Belfast the college has become entirely Presbyterian. The charters of these colleges were originally framed so that no Presbyterian or Protestant could conscientiously object to them. Catholics could not avail themselves of them, and they were soon formally condemned by the Synod of Thurles. In Cork College the proportion of Protestant to Catholic teachers is almost seven to one.

THE ROYAL UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

"Grant £600,000, with a present income of about £20,000 a year. The Royal University was founded April 27, 1880. Since 1882 it has superseded the Queen's University in Ireland. A mutual understanding, rather than anything in the charter, has so far maintained an equal division, on the Senate and amongst the Fellows, of Catholic and Protestant representation. The Royal University suffers at present from the same cause which has paralyzed the work of the College of Science and the Colleges of Cork and Galway. Our experience leads us to the conclusion that a better adjustment would be to permit one portion of the present Senate of the Royal University to work for higher education, with Belfast as their centre of operation; and the other portion to continue their labors at Dublin. No new money grant, no new legislation would be required. The only requisite would be the simple substitution of the Queen's College, Belfast, for the old Queen's University, leaving the Royal University to become for Catholics of Dublin and Ireland what a newly constituted Queen's University in Belfast

would be to the Presbyterians of Ulster. And if the Catholics of Connaught and Munster are to be treated on equality with the Presbyterians of Ulster, steps must be taken to bring the Colleges of Galway and Cork into harmony with their surroundings.

"The discussion of the Irish Catholic University question last week completely absorbed the interest of the Catholics of Ireland. The debate in the House of Commons was in no sense disappointing, but the decision was a cruel blow to the Catholic hope of educational justice from the Imperial Parliament. Justice, argument, eloquence, were all on one side. But unfortunately there was a smashing majority on the other. The Member for Oxford's only objection seemed to be that the Catholics were too moderate in their demands. Mr. Dillon's powerful speech disposed of the pretence that this is an Episcopal or clerical question in Ireland. But undoubtedly the speech of the debate was delivered by the leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Morley was not less strong than Mr. Balfour in favor of the Irish Catholic claims. But they preached to deaf ears; the decision was taken and educational justice peremptorily denied to Ireland by a majority of 177 to 91."

From the *Spectator*: "We shall be told of course that the Irish Roman Catholic can go to the Protestant University, if he pleases, but the assertion is in all but form untrue. He can go, just as an English Evangelical can go to be educated at Stonyhurst. Nothing stops him except his conscience. That conscience may be unenlightened, but of its potency in causing Irish Catholics to reject the means of instruction there can be no doubt whatever. Perhaps of all mankind the Irish Catholic is most desirous of education, if only because it will help him up in the world, and he craves to rise; yet of 3,200,000 Irish Catholics only 300 have become graduates. Is not that proof sufficient that he demands a different university?" The

entire leader is reprinted in *Littell's Living Age* for May 5, and is worth keeping for reference.

From *The Church Times*: "Irish Catholics may have a University education at Trinity College, Dublin, it is true, but they obstinately refuse to go there on religious grounds. And they say with truth, deny it as you may, that there is a distinctive religious atmosphere about the Elizabethan foundation. Is it fair to refuse to the vast majority of Irishmen the advantages enjoyed by the minority?"

Mr. J. L. Wanklyn, M. P., in *The Standard*: "I venture to suggest that the proposal for the creation and endowment of universities in Ireland, one in the north for the Protestants and Presbyterians, and one in the south for the Roman Catholics (put forward by Mr. A. J. Balfour in 1899), presents to us the opportunity we are seeking for. It is not the establishment of a mediæval institution devised to strengthen the hold of the Hierarchy on that country; it is the creation and endowment of a university to meet the aspirations and requirements of a people, three-fourths of whom are Roman Catholics and will remain so, whether we like it or not."

From *The Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion*: "The vexation caused by the injustice with which the Catholics of Ireland are treated must not produce any slackness in the agitation for fair play. We believe that, in case the Catholics of England heartily support their Irish co-religionists in this matter, they can speedily secure the redress of the grievance. If at the elections, as his Eminence Cardinal Logue suggested last week, they oppose every candidate who refuses to accept the views of Mr. Balfour and Mr. Morley in this matter, we shall soon see the majority of members accepting a scheme of university education for Ireland which will meet the wishes of the people."

The Alumnae Auxiliary Association, which is now entering upon its third

year of prosperous existence, has for its twofold object to make better known to the Catholics of the United States the Summer School and its work, and to provide a fund whereby the services of eminent lecturers on literature, history or science may be secured during its recurring sessions. Its membership has now reached 240, and efforts are being made to still further increase the number of names on the rolls. The moderator is the Very Rev. James P. Kiernan, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Rochester. Membership is open to all zealous Catholic women who are interested in educational and literary work.

All who are interested in the work of converting the negroes of our Southern States—and who of us should not be so interested?—will look with favor upon the attempt of the Josephite Father, Rev. J. M. Kellogg, to raise a fund sufficient to endow the Epiphany Apostolic College at Baltimore, an institution devoted to the education of candidates for the priesthood in this field of arduous labor.

Among the works of zeal and charity commended by Archbishop Corrigan in his recent Pastoral is the St. Rose's Settlement at 364 E. Sixty-ninth Street, New York City. Its purpose is "to improve the social, intellectual and religious condition of the poor by organizing and directing the energies of Catholics of leisure in their personal service, thus promoting fellowship between Catholics of different social grade." A recent public conference, presided over by the Spiritual Director, Rt. Rev. J. M. Farley, D.D., has brought the work into general notice, and a Year Book, just published, makes clear the value and extent of the influence for good exercised by the Settlement.

The Easter edition of the *New World* is a handsome folio volume of nearly 200 pages. It contains a very elaborate illustrated history of the Church in the province of Chicago. It is a splendid

souvenir of the early days of Catholicity and Illinois and is well worth preserving. It is the finest edition we have ever seen issued by an American Catholic newspaper.

This year the French Minister of Marine, M. de Lanessan, forbade the officers and men of the French navy to fly their flags at half mast and hang their rigging with black in memory of the death of our Lord at that hour on Calvary. He waited until the Chamber of Deputies had adjourned before issuing this order, as he feared their opposition. The expression of disapprobation was general even in the radical journals, and the following spirited letter of Count de Mun voices the popular feeling:

"The papers announce that yesterday, Good Friday, quite contrary to traditional custom, the vessels of our national fleet now in port did not show the marks of mourning prescribed by the regulations. It is said that at Brest the ships had already set their yards apeak and lowered their flags when they were ordered to stop the movement by a telegram from your office. The Chamber had adjourned some hours before, and you had doubtless deferred taking such a decision till the last minute. You thought, perhaps, that, in spite of the anti-Christian sentiments of many of its members, it would have refused to approve of such a rude break in a custom so long established, and which all your predecessors without exception had respected. Public opinion will readily appreciate at its true value such a method of government. For myself, having the honor of being one of the representatives of the sea-going people whom this measure has stricken, I do not doubt, to the depths of their hearts, I account it my duty to express to you in their name the sentiments of indignation which I cannot now utter from the tribune.

"The custom of commemorating on the ships of our navy in so touching a way that highest and holiest of Christian memories could be a cause of offense to no one except those who are animated by passionate sectarianism against it and every manifestation of Catholic faith. Those are the people whom you have obeyed. Freemasonry, well satisfied, will award you the sort of praise you deserve. But Christian France will be deeply moved, and with her the many here who still preserve feelings of respect for the old faith of our fathers, though they may no longer observe its precepts. The people who give their children to the fatherland for the rough work of the sea will feel more keenly

than others the insult which has been flung at the belief which most of them hold in highest honor. They know that for sailors who are amid the perils of long voyages faith is the support of their souls and the bond which links them to their distant country. In many a home will mothers' tears be shed on hearing of the order which acquaints their sons of the contempt with which their rulers regard it.

"Discipline does not allow our naval officers to give expression to the feelings of their outraged conscience. But I am assured that the majority of them will approve of my protest. They are too well aware of the worth, in their difficult calling, of the great lessons of sacrifice preached from the Cross not to be deeply concerned at seeing them despised by him whom the chance of politics has placed at their head. We are told that whilst our men-of-war were at anchorage in the ports, the merchant vessels beside them hung out the customary signs of mourning. If this be so, more than one of our commanders must have felt their hearts saddened at the spectacle of the flags of the steamers being lowered before the majesty of Christ, whilst theirs had to be hoisted up again as if in involuntary mutiny.

"By a strange coincidence the contempt shown yesterday for the greatest of God's works is set side to-day with the outward pomp in honor of the works of man. One will bring no success to the other. The world will be astonished at the contrast. But France ought not to be held responsible for it, and those who know her will not be deceived. It was well, however, that a public protest of this sort should be made, and that is the reason why, as far as I could, and as a Christian man and a representative of the country, I protest with all my strength against this public act of irreligion which you have forced on the French Navy."

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This is the answer of the New York State Superintendent of Schools to the request of the Ministerial Association to have the Bible read in our common schools.

"DEAR SIR : I am in receipt of your communication of April 12th. I do not know whether the Syracuse charter contains any provision in regard to the reading of the Bible in the public schools or not. I have an impression that it does. The charter of Greater New York for more than fifty years, has provided that the Bible might be read in the public schools of that city, and it has been read there during all that time. There is no such provision of law in the

State generally, although some other cities have a provision to the same effect.

"Two years ago, when the school law was being revised, the statutory revision commission inserted a general proposition in the school law that the Bible might be read in the public schools without note or comment. This proposition aroused a strong protest, and copies of that bill were sent to all the religious press of the United States. But there is no one who took enough interest in the proposition to even write a letter to the statutory revision commission or to this department in favor of retaining that proposition while the Catholic Church, through its organizations, retained counsel who appeared for them. The commission took the view that if nobody wanted it, and it was distasteful to their denomination, they should take it out. They did so, and the law at present does not permit the reading of the Bible in the State at large.

"I send you a copy of a pamphlet containing the decision of my predecessors upon the question which I follow;

"Permit me to add I have always believed there ought to be a common ground upon which all denominations could unite, providing for the reading of a portion of the Scripture without note or comment in the public schools. I think no one's education is complete who does not know something about the Bible, and, aside from any religious training, as a matter of literature it ought to be read in the public schools. But I have never found enough sentiment in the State about it to prompt people to even write a letter while the proposition was pending and creating a great deal of discussion in the legislature.

"Yours respectfully,

"CHARLES R. SKINNER,  
"State Superintendent."

"Catholics do not find fault," says the Rt. Rev. Bishop Ludden, in an interview published in the *Syracuse Sun* of May 6, "with the Ministerial Association because its members want to teach their children their Bible, even with 'Higher Criticism' added, but Catholics do protest that they should force on them and their children their Protestant Bible or any shade of religious opinion in the public schools, which people of all religions and of no religion are heavily taxed to maintain.

"They are secular and State schools. The State cannot teach religion, and no sect or association of sects have a shadow of right to introduce in them their peculiar Bible or peculiar tenets of religion."

"Our present most pressing duty," writes His Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, in his letter to his clergy on the eve of his departure *ad limina*, "is: first, to bring our Catholic Schools—primary, intermediate and higher—to the greatest attainable efficiency; secondly, to cause all the instruction given therein to be permeated and ruled by the spirit of religion. Without Christian doctrine one may as reasonably look for Christian morality as for a superstructure unsustained by a foundation. The interests of the State as well as of the Church call for training in morality through religion. Washington, in his last public utterance, calls religion and morality 'indispensable supports of political prosperity, the two great pillars of human happiness, and the firmest props of men and citizens;' thirdly, we must go on adding to the number of our schools till every Catholic pupil may find place therein, since every child has the natural and inalienable right to what is, by common consent, regarded as an elementary, physical, mental and moral education, and since experience teaches, so far as religious instruction is concerned, the inadequacy of the training of the ordinary home and Sunday school.

"As to other schools for which we are taxed, and to which, though not approving, because of their necessary exclusion of religious tenets—equivalent, Daniel Webster says, to teaching deism and infidelity—many of us, through paucity of numbers in certain districts, or poverty, must send our children, let us, as good Christian citizens, see that in them the rights of conscience and of the parent are infringed neither by usurping educational faddists, nor by the encroachments of State socialism. Nor is this 'eternal vigilance, which,' Patrick Henry says, 'is the price of liberty,' uncalled for. The tendency of the day is towards State monopoly of the teaching function, the crowding out of the parent and private teacher, and the prostration of everything before a Juggernaut State. As our country glories in freedom of speech and freedom of the press, it is difficult to conceive why we should not also enjoy their logical extension—freedom of education. We call your attention to the invasion of parental rights frequently attempted of late years by our lawmakers, who would base legislation on the assumption, philosophically absurd, and historically false, that the child belongs first to the State and afterwards to the parent; and on the un-American and socialistic theory that the State exists not by and for the citizen, but the citizen for the State. Using the words of Danton, they dare to call our children 'the children of the State.' They would have us call the schools 'free,' whilst making the introduction of their own fads compulsory; would unduly lengthen the term of compulsory

attendance (from the sixth to the sixteenth year) without profit to the pupil and often to the detriment of the parent. In fine, they would have us view the people, to use the words of Nathan Matthews of Boston, 'not as the creators of the government, but as its creatures; and the government itself is magnified as the 'State' into something superior to religion, to the family, to the rights of property, and to all the other institutions of civilized society.'

"Regarding our educational duties, hear the authoritative utterance of him to whom I am about to report the work of the Archdiocese during the past decade, addressed to the Archbishops and Bishops of Austria, Germany and Switzerland, on the occasion of the Tercentenary of Blessed Peter Canisius, S.J.

"'In this' matter (of education) these things are chiefly to be provided: first, that Catholics everywhere have not mixed, but their own schools, especially for children, and conducted by teachers most excellent and approved. That education is fraught with danger in which a corrupted religion, or none, as often happens in mixed schools, is taught. If in no period of life, nor in matters public or private, may the duty of religion be neglected, much less in that in which judgment is most lacking, impulses are strongest and enticement to sin most numerous. Wherefore he, who so regulates instruction that it has no association with religion, corrupts the very germs of the Good and the Beautiful, and prepares not a defense for his country, but a plague and the ruin of the human race. For what, without God, can keep youth within the bounds of duty, recall those that have strayed from virtue's paths, or who have plunged headlong into an abyss of vice?

"Hence it is necessary that youth be taught religion not only at certain hours, but all the instruction it receives should savor of Christian piety. If this be wanting, if this religious spirit do not animate nor strengthen the minds of both teacher and pupil, from whatsoever learning little good, and not seldom, much evil will flow. All systems of education have their dangers, which youth can scarcely avoid unless upon mind and heart be placed a sort of divine restraint. Great care must be taken lest that which is first in importance, that is, the fostering of uprightness and piety, be given the second place; lest youth, restricted to those things which appeal to the senses, be shorn of all of virtue's strength; lest preceptors, whilst giving the finishing touch to learning's work, even in its smallest details, prove not at all solicitous about that true wisdom, whose beginning is the fear of the Lord, and to whose precepts must be conformed, in all its details, the whole conduct of life."

## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

LEAFLET 18.—TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.—(ST. LUKE XIX, 28-48.)

And having said these things, He went before, going to Jerusalem.

And it came to pass when He was come nigh to Bethphage and Bethania unto the mount called Olivet, He sent two of His disciples,

Saying : Go into the town which is over against you ; at your entering into which, you shall find the colt of an ass that is tied, on which no man ever hath sitten ; loose him and bring him hither.

And if any man shall ask you : Why do you loose him? you shall say thus to him : Because the Lord hath need of his service.

And they that were sent went their way and found the colt standing as He had said unto them.

And as they were loosing the colt, the owners thereof said to them, Why loose you the colt?

But they said : Because the Lord hath need of him.

And they brought him to Jesus. And casting their garments on the colt they set Jesus thereon.

And as He went, they spread their clothes underneath in the way.

And when He was now coming near the descent of Mount Olivet, the whole multitude of His disciples began with joy to praise God with a loud voice, for all the mighty works they had seen,

Saying: Blessed be the king who cometh in the name of the Lord, peace in heaven, and glory on high.

(201)

And some of the Pharisees from amongst them said to Him : Master, rebuke Thy disciples.

To whom He said : I say to you that if these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out.

And when He drew near, seeing the city, he wept over it saying :

If thou also hadst known, and that in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace, but now they are hidden from thy eyes.

For the days shall come upon thee : and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round : and straiten thee on every side :

And beat thee flat to the ground, and thy children who are in thee, and they shall not leave in thee a stone upon a stone : because thou hast not known the time of thy visitation.

And entering into the temple, He began to cast out them that sold therein and them that



bought,

Saying to them : It is written, My house is the house of prayer. But you have made it a den of thieves.

And He was teaching daily in the temple. And the chief priests and the Scribes and the rulers of the people sought to destroy Him.

And they found not what to do to Him. For all the people was very attentive to hear Him.

## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

To enable Promoters to practise devotion to the Sacred Heart, we have printed on their special pages of the *Leaflets* the Acts of Consecration issued a year ago by His Holiness Leo XIII. and the Litany of the Sacred Heart now in use for public devotions. Directors will remember that the Holy Father has recommended the recital of both these prayers at the First Friday services. As the time for consecrating parishes, schools, and other organizations to the Sacred Heart, or for renewing the consecration already made has been extended to June of this year, Directors and Promoters should see that preparation be made in time for this great ceremony.

As we cannot issue the two-page *Leaflets* at second class postage rates, without changing their name and observing other formalities which would be the occasion of much confusion, and as so few comparatively call for them, we have decided to make use of the space of the first cover page to reprint from the four-page *Leaflets* a résumé of the General Intention. In this way every Promoter will have a copy of it. We regret that every Associate cannot have the same advantage; but this is impossible.

**THE VOTIVE MASS OF THE SACRED HEART.**—The following query and response taken from the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for March, 1900, will prove of interest and instruction to all our Centres of the Apostleship of Prayer:

“REV. DEAR SIR: Lately, it was

made optional to say a Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart on the first Friday of each month when doubles, on condition of performing some devotion to the Sacred Heart. Would the recitation of the new Litany of the Sacred Heart and the form of Consecration, now ordered by the Pope for that day, when said, after Mass, adequately meet this requirement, and justify your saying a Votive Mass on double feasts?”

To entitle a priest to the privilege of celebrating a Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart on the first Friday of the month, when the feast of the day is of higher than semi-double rite, it is only necessary that some form of prayers in honor of the Sacred Heart, having the requisite approval, should be publicly recited in connection with his Mass. The Litany recently approved of by the Holy See, together with the Act of Consecration, are most suitable prayers for this occasion; and if they are recited publicly, as the public monthly devotion of the parish, district or community in honor of the Sacred Heart, the priest who celebrates the Mass in connection with this devotion may say the Votive Mass of the Sacred Heart on the days allowed. It is, however, a question for priests who have charge of these devotions whether a longer and more elaborate ceremony than the mere recital of the prayers just mentioned would not be necessary to induce the people to attend on the mornings of the first Fridays.

### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

**ST. JOHN'S CENTRE, CANTON, OHIO.**—“For some years past the Promoters and Associates of this Centre have kept guard in bands before the Blessed Sacrament the entire day of Holy Thursday. Once

during each hour the Litany of the Sacred Heart and an Act of Reparation were recited to obtain the grace for every member of the parish to make the Easter Communion. Certainly the large num-

ber who approached the Holy Table on Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday was most edifying, and we hope still greater things from the devotion to the Sacred Heart."

CANADA.—An English section of the Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial is being organized by the Rev. I. J. Kavanagh, S. J., who will act as Chaplain. This item of news may be of interest to Catholics in the States whose thoughts are turned towards the City of the Sacred Heart, and whose means will allow them to satisfy their devotion. The complete program of the Canadian pilgrimage shows two itineraries, the first simply to Paray and returning, leaving Quebec on June 2, and starting home from Paray on the 23d, the second consisting of those who wish to go on to Lourdes, Loretto and Rome. The shorter pilgrimage allows of visiting London, Paris and Rouen, the longer adds to these and its three further objective points, Toulouse, Marseilles, Assisi, Padua, Venice, and Milan.

HOME OF THE LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR, — Indiana, April 18, 1900.

REV. DEAR FATHER: I enclose a list of Intentions. If you will be so kind as to recommend them, I shall be very grateful to you. Here I wish to say that I am highly pleased with the *Messenger*, and although I had to make a sacrifice to renew my subscription this time, I do not regret it, as I don't know how I could get along without it. I was delighted with the premium picture of the Holy Father. I had it framed and it holds an honored place in our sitting room, along with pictures of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, and we can easily imagine that the smile on his face is natural, and we can almost hear the words of benediction he pronounces, and from our hearts arises the invocation, "God bless our Pope, the great, the good." I venture to say that there are no hearts more loyal to the Holy Father than those of the poor, for is he not one of us? Has he not been robbed of rightful possessions

by a sacrilegious government? Yes, we love our Holy Father. May God preserve him and give him life and deliver him out of the hands of his enemies!

#### OBITUARY.

CARDINAL CAMILLO MAZZELLA, S. J.,  
BISHOP OF PALESTRINA.

By the death of His Eminence, Cardinal Camillo Mazzella, S. J., our Apostleship of Prayer and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart which it has been so largely instrumental in propagating, has lost a warm friend and an active supporter. It seems but yesterday, so vivid is the impression left on our minds, that we read his glowing words, expressive of the Pope's joy and satisfaction on the impulse given to devotion to the Sacred Heart by his decree consecrating to It the whole world, and extending the privilege of repeating this act of consecration on the Feast of the Sacred Heart of this year. His Eminence wrote in the name of His Holiness, but it was not hard to discern that he was at the same time giving vent to his personal views and feelings, and that no object sat closer to his own heart than the spread of the devotion made known to the world through Blessed Margaret Mary and the Venerable Father de la Colombiere.

Camillo Mazzella, twin brother to Ernesto Mazzella, who died a short time ago Archbishop of Bari, was born February 10, 1833, at Vitulano, near Benevento, in Italy. After completing a brilliant course of studies at the Jesuit College and Seminary of Benevento, he was by papal dispensation raised to the priesthood in September, 1855, when scarcely twenty-two years of age. Two years later, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate of the Province of Naples, and so great was his reputation for learning and solid virtue that at the end of his novitiate in 1859, he was sent to fill the chair of Philosophy, first at the College of Cosenza and afterwards in the Seminary of Andria. In 1860, the Jesuits were expelled from the Kingdom of Naples.



Father Mazzella found refuge in Lyons, where he applied himself to reviewing privately his theological studies, and was given the great honor of publicly defending theses *de Universa Theologia*—from the whole field of theology and philosophy. So clear was his exposition of the various subjects brought up in this disputation, so thorough and profound his solution of the difficulties of the learned theologians present, that he was at once named Professor, first of Dogmatic, then of Moral, Theology to the young religious of the Society.

In 1868, we find him Professor of Moral Theology at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., and the following year, on the opening of the General House of Jesuit higher studies at Woodstock, Md., he was appointed Professor of Dogmatic Theology and Prefect of Studies. In this charge he continued till November, 1878, when the invitation equivalent to a command from Leo XIII. placed him in a similar position in the famous Gregorian University of Rome. During his stay in the United States, Father Mazzella had endeared himself to all. He had grown much attached to the country of his adoption of which he became a citizen, and it was with genuine regret that he set out to receive the higher honors that awaited him in the Eternal City. His volumes on Scholastic Theology, printed first in the United States, and afterwards republished in Rome, have gone through several editions. An enthusiastic follower of St. Thomas, he threw himself eagerly into the revival of Scholastic Theology so strongly insisted upon and so greatly favored by the present Pope. He was one of the best known associates of the illustrious Academia di San Tommaso.

Father Mazzella's first official appointment in the Roman Curia was that of consultor in the Congregations on Studies and the Holy Office. On June 7, 1886, much against his will and despite his earnest protest, he was named

Cardinal Deacon, under the title of St. Adrian. How sincere was his desire to avoid this dignity is evidenced by the fact that he always lived in a house of the Society of Jesus and followed as far as compatible with his Cardinalial duties, the rules and customs of community life. Even the short respite from work which he allowed himself during the extreme heat of summer was passed in the Neapolitan Novitiate of Villa Melecrinis.

Cardinal Mazzella was engaged in many important employments entrusted to him by the Holy Father. He took an active part in the deliberations and decisions of the Congregations of the Holy Office and the Propaganda; the Propaganda for Eastern rites, and the Special Commission for the examination and correction of the liturgical books of the Eastern Church. He was president of the commission to examine the constitutions of new Religious Institutes depending on the Propaganda, and he held at various times the prefecture of the Congregations of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, of the Index, of Studies and of Sacred Rites. Besides this, he was the Cardinal Protector of many Religious Institutes, an office he discharged with loving care and exactness. On May 9, 1897, he was consecrated Bishop of the suburban See of Palestrina, and he set himself to work to furnish the faithful whose chief pastor he was with every spiritual and temporal aid. He organized and increased in number ecclesiastical studies. He restored the Seminary and Episcopal Residence. He generously contributed towards the rebuilding of several churches in his diocese, and to beautifying and adorning his splendid Cathedral.

A worthier death was the crown of his worthy life. He had already for sometime felt his strength declining, and with calm and tranquil soul he made his preparations for his approaching end. The Father General of the Society brought him the Viaticum, and Father Floeck, his confessor, administered extreme unc-

tion. Mgr. Rinaldo Angelo, Private Chaplain to the Pope, came personally to convey to him Leo XIII.'s affectionate blessing, and surely if any dying man had merited this favor, it was Cardinal Mazzella, since he had ever corresponded to the marks of esteem and fatherly affection of the Pope by a devotedness that was filial, courageous and without limit. This did not, however, lessen, but rather increased his love for the Society of Jesus, whence he had drawn his piety and learning. Perceiving standing around his bedside his Father General, the Very Rev. Felix Martin, and other Fathers of the Society, a smile of consolation lighted up his countenance as he declared he felt himself happy in dying surrounded by his brothers in religion. A few minutes later he expired, shortly after the noon of March 26.

We may fitly conclude this abridgement of the account of Cardinal Mazzella's life and death from the pen of one who had been his friend and companion both in this country and in Europe, with the simple, touching tribute paid by the Holy Father himself at the close of a session of the Congregation of Rites, on March 27.

"Antequam hodierno conventui finem imponamus, temperare non possumus quin vobis significemus acerbam ægritudinem qua animus Noster afficitur ex immaturo obitu dilecti filii Nostri Cardinalis Camilli Mazzellæ, hujusce S. Congregationis Præfecti. Cujus doloris Nostri probe scimus habere vos omnes ex corde participes. Si enim in eo Nos amissimus consiliarium prudentia et fidelitate eximium, Ordo vester præclarum item amisit ornamentum, virum, scilicet pietate, doctrina et laboribus de Ecclesia optime meritum. Animæ carissimæ et pientissimæ tribuat Christus pacem dignumque in cœlo præmium!

"Before we close to day's session, we cannot refrain from manifesting to you the bitter grief with which our heart is affected by the untimely death of our beloved

son, Cardinal Camillo Mazzella, Prefect of this Sacred Congregation, and we well know that you are all heartfelt sharers in this our sorrow. If we have lost in him a counsellor remarkable for his prudence and fidelity, your Order has also lost a distinguished ornament, a man deserving most highly of the Church by his piety, learning and labors. May Christ grant to his most dear and pious soul peace and fit reward in heaven!"

#### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Rt. Rev. Tobias Mullen, Erie, Pa.; Rev. William E. Bartlett, St. Ann's Centre, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. P. S. Zorn, Mercy Hospital, Big Rapids, Mich.; Rev. Joseph H. Bigley, Holy Trinity Centre, New York City; Annie McGann, St. Patrick's Centre, Weston, W. Va.; Ellen Holden, Immaculate Conception Centre, Cleveland, Ohio; B. Joseph Lancaster, St. Mary's Centre, Newport, Md.; Mathilda Hart White, Caroline D. Gareschè, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Theresa Kroeger, St. John's Centre, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Julia Horan, St. Ignatius' Centre, New York City.

Bishop Mullen was born in Ireland, March 4, 1818, and on September 1, 1844, was ordained priest by Bishop O'Connor of Pittsburgh, in the Cathedral of that city, where he at once entered upon the work of the ministry as assistant pastor. In 1846 he was transferred to the rectorship of Johnstown, Pa., a parish which gave ample scope for his zeal and energy. He was in 1854 appointed Vicar-General of the diocese and pastor of St. Peter's, Allegheny City, where he remained until consecrated Bishop of Erie, August 2, 1868. To narrate the story of his life from that date is to tell the history of the Diocese of Erie for the last thirty years. Very much of the territory then allotted to his jurisdiction was little more than a wilderness. Churches had to be built, congregations formed, scattered Catholics visited, schools erected, and to all these matters Bishop Mullen gave his personal

attention, so that to-day, to cite only the instance of the City of Erie, there are ten churches, a hospital, an academy, a college, an Orphans' Asylum, an Old People's Home, many parochial schools, and crowning glory of them all, the magnificent St. Peter's Cathedral. On February 24, 1898, the Rt. Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, D.D., was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Erie, and Bishop Mullen, loved and revered by all, lingered on in sickness and suffering until his death on April 23d.

Father Bartlett was for many years an active League Director, and evinced the greatest interest in the work of the Apostleship of Prayer. He was a convert from Quakerism at the early age of fifteen, and after his ordination to the priesthood in 1872, he was appointed to organize the present St. Ann's Parish, Baltimore, of which he continued pastor up to his death on April 6th.

*May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 97,006,460.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes. v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.*—HARRISON-VILLE, MD.—"In compliance with promise we wish to make public acknowledgment of a signal favor received through the medium of the Apostleship of Prayer. A relative, who in his younger days had been a devout Catholic, fell away from his religion on account of family trouble, and for fourteen years failed to approach the Sacraments. Last fall, he had a severe attack of nervous prostration, and it was then that the aid of the Apostleship of Prayer was invoked in his behalf. Many prayers were offered, and several of us recommended this intention to the prayers of Associates each month. In November last he suffered a severe stroke of paralysis, and our prayers were redoubled. Three times the patient called for the priest, but each time failed to make his confession. A second stroke of paralysis followed in March last, and we again renewed our efforts to bring about his conversion, promising publication in the MESSENGER if our prayers were heard. Our petition was soon granted, and in a measure surpassing our most sanguine expectations. We had the happiness of learning that the

patient had obtained the strength and grace to make his confession, and likewise the consolation to receive the Viaticum and Extreme Unction. Moreover, he has somewhat recovered from the stroke of paralysis, and now receives Holy Communion once a week with great devotion."

——, CONN.—In fulfilment of a promise made to the Sacred Heart I wish to have the following published in the MESSENGER: "My sister, when quite young, married a Protestant and became very careless with regard to her religious duties. For several years past she had not approached the sacraments at all, nor would she listen to a word on the subject. Latterly her health has been failing until over a week ago her condition became alarming, the doctor fearing death from heart failure. Still, she expressed no desire to see a priest, and our anxiety regarding her was extreme. On Wednesday of last week a priest called on her and to his surprise was received kindly. She made a general confession and that same evening was anointed and received the Holy Viaticum, the priest said, "in very good dispositions." Millions of thanks

to the dear Sacred Heart. She had been recommended to the prayers of the League for years. Now we ask for her the grace of a happy death.

"We desire to return most heartfelt thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the MESSENGER, for the conversion of a Protestant gentleman to the Catholic faith. Many years ago two of his sisters became converts and entered the Order of Mercy. Ever since their prayers were offered daily, and especially with greater earnestness on the first Friday of each month, that their dear brother would not die without baptism, as he was never baptized in any church, and they felt confident that the Sacred Heart of our dear Lord would grant their prayer. Some time ago he called upon one of his sisters, and in the course of conversation she suggested to him, in case of illness, to go to a Catholic hospital, as he would get better treatment than at a hotel. He promised to do so, and a few months later he was taken ill with typhoid fever, and requested to be taken at once to the Sisters' Hospital, where he was baptized, and received the last Sacraments of the Catholic Church on the 2d of February, being the first Friday and Feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He died on Saturday morning, being conscious until the last moment of his life."

——, Mo.—"Two weeks ago, a friend of ours, a bookkeeper, while at work on her books, lost the sight of her right eye. Her mother is dependent on her. She went at once to an oculist, who gave her no encouragement at all; he knew of only one case in a hundred where the sight returned. Monday night, the limit having expired, he said she would never see again. During this time we made a novena to St. Ignatius, and she used St. Ignatius water. I took over my Promoter's Cross and had her apply it frequently to the eye. Monday night the novena closed. Tuesday, the sight returned. The doctor,

a non-Catholic, says it was simply a miracle, and takes no credit at all to himself."

PORTLAND, MAINE.—"Two religious wish to return sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and the Souls in Purgatory, for the wonderful conversion of a brother, who for thirty-one years has lived in complete neglect of Church and Sacraments. Many novenas of First Friday Communions have been offered for him, and the desire of loving, anxious hearts has been granted, for after a fervent preparation he received Holy Communion Christmas morning beside his happy mother, who is in her seventy-ninth year."

——, MD.—"In accordance with a promise made the Sacred Heart, I beg to relate the details of a mother's conversion. On the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, 1885, the Sisters of Mercy admitted into the novitiate a young lady who thereby incurred her mother's displeasure. Repeatedly did she exert her influence to have the daughter return home, but in vain. She indignantly refused to be present either at the ceremony of the daughter's reception of the religious habit or the pronouncing of her vows. When the novice was summoned home to her brother's sick-bed, the mother would not consent to see her. More than this. Although previous to her daughter's entrance into the convent, the mother had been a most exemplary Catholic, she now in her rage and bitterness took the unholy resolution of never going to a Catholic church and any mention of religious topics in her presence would only elicit sarcastic remarks. All this time many prayers were offered up for her conversion. In March of this year the mother was taken seriously ill and her life despaired of, but she still remained obdurate. On April 6th, the First Friday and Feast of the Seven Dolors, four Masses were offered in honor of the Sacred Heart for her conversion, and one of the Fathers who had said a Mass for this

intention went immediately afterwards to make a final attempt to win her over to God. Grace had triumphed. She made her confession and received Extreme Unction and the Viaticum with every sentiment of repentance and devotion. Her physical condition is now much improved, and the Sister now wishes to bear testimony to the efficacy of her fifteen years of perseverance in prayer to the Sacred Heart."

*Spiritual Favors.*—The preventing of publicity being given to a scandal which would have been hurtful to religion; the grace of a return of an ex-religious to his Order after seven years of disappointment and trial; the conversion and happy death of a young man twenty-four years of age, who, although baptized a Catholic, had never practised his religion; the thorough reform of a man addicted to drink for forty years; a reconciliation; return home of an erring brother; grace to overcome violent temptations; a brother's return to his religious duties; grace to conquer fear of going to confession; deathbed repentance of a young man who had at first refused the services of a priest; receptions of the sacraments after forty years' neglect of them.

*Temporal Favors.*—Employment for nine; success in examinations for four;

cure of a broken arm through the intercession of St. Paul of the Cross; recovery from nervous trouble and insomnia; escape from injury in a severe storm when the umbrella in my hand was shattered by lightning; recovery of an entire family from serious illness; three return thanks for the restoration of their mothers to health; the finding of some valuable papers that had been mislaid; the restoration to health of a father of a large family and his return to work; the election of a school board favorable to Catholic interests; an increase of salary; reappointment to the position of school teacher; the cure of a child; recovery of health for three; the cure of a child afflicted with meningitis; means for a young orphan girl to become established in her chosen profession; amicable settlement of differences in a business firm; the recovery of a father and a husband, both seriously ill; escape from threatened attack of diphtheria and preservation from a prevalent contagious disease; success of a business matter under most difficult circumstances; employment for a young man upon whom an aged mother was depending for support; sale of a piece of property; cure of a severe cold; the safe return of a young man from Manila.

# THE READER

*The Room of the Rose.* By Sara Trainer Smith. Cloth. Pages, 266. \$1.25. John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia.

The value of this volume is much enhanced by an exquisite piece of writing for Preface from the gifted pen of Mr. P. J. Coleman. He pays to the memory of the late lamented authoress a tribute of praise couched in language as sweet as it is laudatory. Miss Smith lived as she wrote, and, with the pages at present open before us for index of her character, her life was beyond praise. "*The Room of the Rose*" is only one of fourteen short stories gathered into this volume. All are excellently well told and betray everywhere the mind of a philosopher and a Christian, skilled in the use of language and happy in artistic comparisons. Her characters are made to speak in a sprightly and winning way, and she had the rare knack of putting into their mouths pithy, religious and common-sense sayings, brimful of that suddenness which is true literature's chiefest charm. We were especially pleased with the judicious intermingling of piety and pathos everywhere evident, and commend to the attention of readers these six stories in particular: *Strung on a Silver Chain*, *A Boy and a Balcony*, *The Story Told to Me*, *A Little Fair Soul*, *Miss Maria's Little Maid*, *One of the Family*. The last is a love story done in dialect and, apart from the heroine's self-murder, full of merit.

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*Michael O'Donnell, or The Fortunes of a Little Irish Emigrant.* By Mary E. Mannix. Cloth. Pages, 269. 75 cents. Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

A tale with a moral. The story itself is told with an energy and dash that cannot fail of approving votes with young

readers. The moral is already badly worn from use, but can still stand a great deal of handling. Michael's fortunes, and they are in the main what we should denominate golden, are woven into a convincing proof that God never deserts His friends, and that innocence, as well as murder, will out. A good-hearted policeman shelters the little orphan at the opening of his career, and with the deftness of a detective saves him from harm at the story's close. The honest lad has varied experiences in the employ of a ship-chandler, culminating with a night behind the bars of a culprit's cell. But his misfortunes serve to merely strengthen his good qualities, eventually winning for him the favor of a rich patron and opportunity for a college education that he puts to best advantage.

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*New Footsteps in Well-Trodden Ways.* By Katherine E. Conway. Cloth. Pages, 253. \$1.25. Pilot Publishing Company, Boston.

This is a second edition, and our faith in the taste of the general reader encourages us to hope that this truly meritorious work will yet see many a successive edition. Italy, England and Ireland, with Rome, London and Dublin for central settings, are briefly but graphically and beautifully discussed. Nor is the book a mere catalogue of places visited and worthies interviewed, like the usual book of travel. The march of events pauses at nearly every step to let in a flood of light on the history of religion and art and best of all on the interesting and lovable characters. Miss Conway had the good fortune to meet and the rare gift of discernment to appreciate. An atmosphere of refinement, patriotism and religiousness permeates the whole environ-

ment and the effect is wonderfully refreshing. Faults disgustingly prominent in other books of the same sort are conspicuously absent from this. In many, with which we have made acquaintance, the reader's mind is unkindly forced to stumble on harassing pictures of squalor, filth and wretchedness at every turn of a page. The average tourist would seem to have an inborn gift for carrying away only such impressions as are unpleasant. Some people of education are afflicted from birth with a certain bad taste in their mouth, and travel instead of curing only serves to aggravate the disease. They keep a sharp eye out for beggars, unsanitary conditions and dirt; and as every corner of God's universe has enough of these elements and to spare, they never run short of material. Their coats or skirts are soiled by contact with the crowd, their noses take offence and their gentle spirits take alarm at the dense ignorance and annoying degradation everywhere obtruded. Look for no such revelations in "New Footsteps." Only the pleasantest of recollections are recorded. Whatever disagreeable incidents had place are forgotten or mercifully crowded into the night of kind silence. When the writer pauses to depict the outdoor life of a people she chooses a village in Switzerland almost ideally neat and clean, where "are doll-cows to match the doll-people, where you cannot carry the dust of the wayside over the spotless floors of the churches." The friends she makes and introduces to her readers are fit company for the most fastidious, and much of the work's merit is due to her keen appreciation of truly great characters along with her blessed prerogative of conveying her correspondingly grand impressions to paper.

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*Episodes of Catholic History.* Cloth. Pages, 265. \$1.00. Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston.

This is a very handy volume for the solution of vexed questions often brought

to the fore-front of controversy with an air of empty triumph and flourish of trumpets by enemies of the faith. The essay entitled "Controverted Points," deserves careful study, and furnishes friends of the truth with ready and apt answers to the false charges current even among men who make vain pretense of learning and erudition. Catholicity holds a proud place in history, and Catholics ought to store their minds with the splendid facts and events of a past that ranks their venerable religion the grandest and most glorious institution of Christianity.

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*Led by a Dream.* By Katharine Tynan. Cloth. Pages, 190. 1s. Catholic Truth Society, London.

In the December MESSENGER, we had occasion to notice a volume, in many respects like the present, from the pen of the same gifted writer, and entitled "The Land I Love Best." The seven stories in this collection are uniformly pitched to the same tune, and deal largely with affairs of the heart in the humbler walks of life. One of them, *An Irish Peasant Woman*, serves for excuse to introduce some quaint and at the same time harsh ballads. The woman in question is burdened with an appetite for drink, and, as the world knows nothing more unlovely, literature eschews characters of the sort. Of all seven stories we like "Two Sisters" the best.

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*The Bible and Its Interpreter.* By Rev. P. H. Casey, S.J. Paper, 25 cents. Cloth, 50 cents. John Jos. McVey, Philadelphia.

New York City is a place of surprises. Even when singularly free from the invasion of outside hordes, it crowds into a single day's history enough incident to thoroughly wake up a whole sleepy republic in the Old World. It missed the privilege of entertaining delegates to the two great political conventions booked for the summer. But it cherishes no feelings of jealousy toward more

fortunate rivals on this account. It is merely sorry for the delegates. Just now, we are in the last week of April, the city has for guests representatives from the missionary societies of the world, men and women preachers, who rest from their other labors to hold what they call an Ecumenical Conference. Whatever the word means in their mouths, it is a high sounding and distinctively ecclesiastical term. It carries us back to the days of Jerusalem, Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon; but there is very little in this variegated meeting save the name to remind us of those august assemblages of the early Church. Those early Ecumenical Councils met to define dogma and safeguard the unity and integrity of the Church by declaring, in the name of God, what the nations had to believe and do to be saved. With unsparing hand they whipped from the ranks of the faithful whatever rebellious and stubborn intellects endeavored to introduce disorder and dissension into the Church, and their first concern was to draw hard and sharp the line of demarcation between heresy and orthodoxy. But now, forsooth, we are in another age, the age fast settling down to contentment with a religion that has no dogma. And so we are presented with the rare spectacle of men and women, who, in spite of creeds diametrically opposed, succeed one another on the platform, and without any apparent want of harmony discuss religion before vast audiences, made up, no doubt, of listeners as motley in their belief as the speakers. The whole business certainly argues a large measure of political astuteness on the part of the managers, and their ability to keep differences out of the discussion, is abundantly worth whatever harvest of money the enterprise reaps. Perhaps, though, this task of silencing dissentient voices, or keying the multitude to a common pitch, is attended with less difficulty than we imagine because of the extreme care everybody concerned takes to avoid disaster. In ques-

tions of dogma Protestantism is weak as water, and Protestants, knowing only too well that their very life depends on concerted opposition to the truth, are supremely glad to bury differences and rally around some common cause, even though their conduct puts logic to the blush. The missions are such a topic, always, however, with the proviso that not a word be uttered about the principles to be inculcated in the course of missionary work. The dark night encircling the heathen appeals powerfully to the charity of the enlightened, and some good people, bless their tender hearts! are of opinion that any old light, colored in any old way, can lift the gloom and must be sent post-haste at whatever cost. Charity, indeed, covers a multitude of sins; but her mantle is hardly ample enough to hide the crime once denounced by Christ as without pardon in this life and in the next, that sin against the Holy Ghost, shutting the eyes to the known truth. We sincerely pity the heathen on whom the charity of false doctrine is forced, and feel satisfied, from our small knowledge of God's just providence, that the calamity is in every instance deserved by forward and gross moral disorder. We have no voice in the deliberations of the Ecumenical Conference, but we would respectfully submit that missionary work is nothing if not teaching, and that teaching is inconceivable without dogma. Any system of teaching that professes, either openly or covertly, harmony between essentially contradictory tenets is self destructive and several degrees worse than the propagation of ignorance. We know that our separated brethren have a hard task set them these two coming weeks and we would not spoil the love-feast by any jangling words of what they frowningly style a theological battle. They are walking on an inactive volcano and any jar might rouse the Titan asleep in its depths. We cannot, however, help thinking what a marked favor it would be on the part of God, if He inspired some members of the Conference to set apart



a day or two for the discussion and settlement of precisely what lessons they are going to carry from civilized Christianity to the souls perishing in China, India and Africa. The thing would, no doubt, stir up a lot of trouble ; but the result would perhaps be ample compensation. Right-minded and sincere men among these missionaries would come to recognize that they stood in sore need themselves of instruction, and would shudder at the tremendous burden of responsibility shouldered by teachers, who undertake to carry God's message without any valid commission and without having first learned from proper sources the contents of that message. It is decidedly unfair and a heavy wrong to humanity for Presbyterians, for instance, and Episcopalians and Baptists, Methodists and Quakers to meet together and lay plans for the conversion of the world, when they are not yet agreed among themselves in questions of so vital importance as baptism and future punishment. The advance sheets of a very scholarly essay from the pen of Father Casey, S.J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology at Woodstock, Md., now in press and forwarded to us for review, are responsible for these scattered thoughts in connection with the Ecumenical Conference, now convened in New York in the interest of Protestant Missions. To judge from the lists of subjects posted for discussion and printed in last Sunday's papers, every day of the two weeks is full to suffocation; but it would be a merciful intervention of grace if some of the statements, contained in Father Casey's work, could be forced on the attention of the Conference members and provision could be somehow or other made for their public reading and calm examination. From material at our disposal we surmise that the book is divided into two parts, one having "The Right of Private Judgment" for title; the other, "The Right of Infallibility." The first part very lucidly defines the due bounds of that bugbear to Protestantism, the right of private

judgment, and effectually shatters its mad pretensions to monopoly in the overwhelmingly important business of settling creeds. "We claim," the author says, "that, whatever the true Rule of Faith may be, the Bible as interpreted by private judgment is not the Rule of Faith that Christ appointed. The grounds on which we rest our contention may be briefly summarized as follows:

1. The abolition of the living Rule of Faith first established by Christ is not proved.

2. The right of private judgment to be the interpreter of Scripture is not found in Scripture.

3. The theory of private judgment destroys the fundamental Protestant belief as to the inspiration of the whole Bible.

4. The Scripture is too obscure to be made a Rule of Faith for all believers.

5. The Scripture, obscure in itself, is rendered far obscurer by prejudice and passion.

6. The Protestant Rule of Faith begets a destructive liberty of thought.

7. It begets a religion without dogma.

8. It is the parent of disunion.

9. It subjects the highest of all laws to a method of interpretation unknown in the history of law.

10. It leaves the majority of Christians, up to the time when printing was invented, without any Rule of Faith.

11. It was the Rule of Faith employed by the heretics in the first years of Christianity, but rejected and reprobated by the Saints."

Speaking to No. 4, he says: "A Rule of Faith ought to be clear in its statements.

"It is intended for all, for the ignorant as well as the learned. The number of denominations into which the Protestant Church is divided ought to convince Protestants that, no matter what the Bible may be, it is not clear for all in its doctrinal statements. Indeed, if we take up half a dozen commentaries on any book of Scripture, we find a variety of

interpretations for nearly every important text. If the punishment of hell is said to last 'forever,' the meaning of the word 'forever' is disputed. When we come to the words, 'This is my body,' the sentence is so explained that it turns out to mean, 'This is not my body.' Protestants sometimes tell us that, though the Bible is obscure in places, it is sufficiently clear in *fundamentals*. But no one can assert that it is clear in fundamentals unless he first knows what the fundamentals are. Now, who will enlighten a man on this important question? The Bible nowhere lays down a list of fundamentals, and since the authority of the Church is rejected, there is only one possible solution of the difficulty and that is to have recourse to the Holy Ghost. Well, then, if our inquirer be a true Baptist, he draws up a list of fundamentals and places among them Baptism by immersion; if he be a devout Episcopalian, the Holy Ghost tells him to take Baptism by immersion off the list. If he be an orthodox Lutheran, the Holy Ghost inspires him to put down the Real Presence as a fundamental; if he be a fervent Presbyterian, the Holy Spirit teaches him that the doctrine of the Real Presence is a most pernicious heresy. If he be a loyal Methodist, the Holy Ghost directs him to insert the divinity of Christ; if he be a Unitarian, the Holy Ghost informs him that the Arians were right and that Christ was a mere man.

"Now, the validity or invalidity of Baptism, the presence or absence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, the divinity or mere human character of our Blessed Lord are certainly fundamental questions if the word 'fundamental' has any real meaning at all. Yet what a density of opinions even among Protestants on these very questions!"

Speaking to Number 6, he introduces and answers a difficulty raised by Dr. Hodge, a scholar of great authority and high standing among Protestants. "But," says Dr. Hodge, "The right of

private judgment is the great safeguard of civil and religious liberty. If the Bible be admitted to be the infallible rule of faith and practice, and if there be a set of men who have the exclusive right of interpreting the Scriptures and who are authorized to impose their interpretations on the people as of divine authority, then they may impose on them what conditions of salvation they see fit."

"Now, this difficulty, which we have heard time after time, is a singular fallacy. It attacks infallibility for abuses that infallibility precludes. If the Church is not infallible, then of course she can put any interpretation on Holy Scriptures that she pleases, and impose on men what conditions of salvation she thinks fit. But if she be infallible she cannot act in this way; her interpretation of Scripture will be given under the Holy Ghost's guidance, and the ways of salvation she lays down for men will be according to the mind of Him who is always with her. To argue against the Church's infallibility from the strange things she would do if she were not infallible is a freak of logic well worth remembering. As to the conflict between infallibility and civil liberty there is little to be said. The conflict is a mere fancy. Infallibility did not interfere with the civil liberty of our Catholic soldiers and sailors in the late war with Spain. It has never interfered in our national, state or municipal elections. We doubt if the right of private judgment has such a clear record. What about the Penal Laws in England and Ireland and the three dreary centuries during which Catholics were deprived of their civil liberties? There is nothing like this in the history of infallibility." Of the profane uses to which the unregenerate heathen puts the Bible so zealously emulated by the Protestant missionary with scant explanation, he says: "Dr. T. W. Marshall in his 'Christian Mission' quotes witnesses to prove that when Bibles distributed among the pagans are not put on a top

shelf, they are used for wrapping up bacon and fruit, and for other servile purposes for which a heathen would not think of using one of his own books. The same writer tells us of a Protestant missionary who found an opium eater stretched out at full length with his head propped up, not by a vulgar translation of the Bible, but by a volume of Dean Alford's Greek Testament. This, however, might not be so bad. We have recently seen it stated in the papers that the Chinese are manufacturing sky-rockets and fire-crackers out of the leaves of

their Protestant Bibles. It is said that English and American Bible paper is highly esteemed for this purpose. Really there is something here that looks like the irony of fate. Persons in no way in love with Rome sent their Bibles to China, and they came back to them done up as Roman-Candles." In conclusion the whole question of the Bible and infallibility is learnedly, tersely, and satisfactorily treated in this volume, and it is a double-edged sword in controversy with Protestants.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

##### FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS. New York.

- "Christian Philosophy—God." By Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L. Cloth. Pages, 337. \$1.25.
- "Pauline Archer." By Anna T. Sadlier. Paper. Pages, 167. 40 cents.
- "An Every Day Girl." By Mary C. Crowley. Paper. Pages, 189. 40 cents.
- "Jack-O-Lantern." By Mary T. Waggaman. Paper. Pages, 164. 40 cents.
- "Meditations for Retreats." From the Writings of St. Francis De Sales. Cloth. Pages, 202. 75 cents.
- "Oxford Conferences." By Fr. Raphael M. Moss, O. P. Paper. Pages, 109. 60 cents.

##### FROM AVE MARIA PRESS. Notre Dame, Indiana.

- "Helpful Thoughts." Pages, 46. Paper, 5 cents. Cloth, 25 cents.

##### FROM M. AND S. EATON. Dublin.

- "The Little Treasury of Leaflets." Vol. IV. Morocco 200 Leaflets. 70 cents.

##### FROM M. H. GILL AND SON. Dublin.

- "Lourdes in 1899." By Rev. James Hughes. Paper. Pages, 48. 6d.
- "Altar Flowers." By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 103. 1s.

##### FROM H. AND L. CASTERMAN. Tournai, Belgium.

- "The Art of Being Happy." From the French. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. Paper. Pages, 63.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, April 1 to 30, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Belleville . . . . .	East St. Louis, Ill. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	Apr. 14
Concordia . . . . .	Delphos, Kans. . . . .	St. Paul's . . . . . " "	Apr. 16
Duluth . . . . .	Proctorknott, Minn. . . . .	St. Rose of Lima . . . . . " "	Apr. 14
Grand Rapids . . . . .	Fosco, Mich. . . . .	St. Casimir's . . . . . " "	Apr. 16
*Green Bay . . . . .	Oshkosh, Wis. . . . .	St. Josaphat's . . . . . " "	Apr. 10
*Leavenworth . . . . .	Olpe, Kans. . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . . " "	Apr. 23
Ogdensburg . . . . .	Malone, N. Y. . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . . Convent	Apr. 30
Oregon City . . . . .	Astoria, Ore. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	Apr. 14
Rochester . . . . .	Brockport, N. Y. . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . . Convent	Feb. 12
San Francisco . . . . .	Boulder Creek, Cal. . . . .	St. Michael's . . . . . Church	Mar. 22
Scranton . . . . .	Pleasant Mount, Pa. . . . .	St. James' . . . . . " "	Apr. 9
Sioux Falls . . . . .	Sisseton City, S. Dak. . . . .	St. Andrew's Mission . . . . . School	Apr. 5

Aggregations, 12; churches, 9; convents, 2; school, 1. \*German-speaking Centres.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of April, 1900, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Alton . . . . .	Carrollton, Ill. . . . .	St. John's . . . . . Church	11
Baltimore . . . . .	Emmitsburg, Md. . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . . " "	3
" . . . . .	Forest Glen, " . . . . .	St. John's . . . . . " "	8
Boise . . . . .	Hailey, Idaho . . . . .	St. Charles . . . . . " "	20
Brooklyn . . . . .	Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . .	St. Agnes . . . . . " "	18
Cincinnati . . . . .	Cincinnati, Ohio . . . . .	Good Shepherd . . . . . Convent	1
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Peter's . . . . . Cathedral	1
Milwaukee . . . . .	Madison, Wis. . . . .	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	7
Nesqueilly . . . . .	Olympia, Wash. . . . .	St. Michael's . . . . . " "	5
Newark . . . . .	Jersey City, N. J. . . . .	" . . . . . " "	10
" . . . . .	Orange . . . . .	St. John's . . . . . " "	1
New Orleans . . . . .	New Orleans, La. . . . .	Immaculate Conception . . . . . College	15
" . . . . .	" . . . . .	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	2
New York . . . . .	New York, N. Y. . . . .	" . . . . . " "	50
Philadelphia . . . . .	Villa Maria, Pa. . . . .	Villa Maria . . . . . Convent	1
Portland . . . . .	Old Town, Maine . . . . .	St. Joseph . . . . . " "	9
St. Louis . . . . .	Glencoe, Mo. . . . .	La Salle . . . . . Novitiate	3
St. Paul . . . . .	K Ikenney, Minn. . . . .	St. Canice's . . . . . Church	8
Tucson . . . . .	Phoenix, Ariz. . . . .	St. Mary's . . . . . " "	1
Wilmington . . . . .	Chestertown, Md. . . . .	Sacred Heart of Jesus . . . . . " "	6

Total Number of Receptions, 20.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 280.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JUNE, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for Devotion to the Heart of Jesus.

1	F.	<b>First Friday.</b> —St. Caprasius, Ab.C. (430.) —1st D., A.C.	Love of Prayer.	1,116,759 for thanksgivings.
2	S.	<b>Vigil.</b> —SS. Marcellinus and Companions, M.M. (304).—B. Mary Ann of Jesus, V. (1645).	Penance.	90,681 for those in affliction.
3	S.	<b>Pentecost.</b> —Whitsunday.—St. Clothilda, W.Q. (France, 543).—Pr. A.I.	Devotion to Holy Ghost	90,520 for the sick, infirm.
4	M.	<b>Whit-Monday.</b> —St. Francis Carraciolo, C.P. (1608)	Visits to Bl. Sacrament	109,387 for dead associates.
5	T.	<b>Whit-Tuesday.</b> —St. Boniface. Bp. M (Apostle of Germany, 754).	Unwearied labor.	133,358 for Local Centres.
6	W.	<b>Ember Day.</b> —St. Norbert, Bp. C.F. (Premonstratensians, 1134).	Heed God's warnings.	33,663 for Directors.
7	Th.	St. Robert, Ab.C. (1139).—H.H.	Avoidance of honors.	94,985 for Promoters.
8	F.	<b>Ember Day.</b> —St. Medard, Bp. C. (545).—A.C.	Encourage the young.	505,953 for the departed.
9	S.	<b>Ember Day.</b> —SS. Primus and Felician, M.M. (about 303).	Resignation.	216,546 for perseverance.
10	S.	<b>Trinity Sunday.</b> —St. Margaret, W.Q. (Scotland, 1093).—A.I.	Unworldliness.	277,232 for the young.
11	M.	St. Barnabas, Ap. (61).	Gentleness.	122,941 for 1st Communions.
12	T.	St. John of St. Pacundus, C. (O.S.A., 1479)	Peacemaking.	155,463 for parents.
13	W.	St. Anthony of Padua, C. (O.F.M., 1231).	Devot'n to Infant Jesus	177,665 for families.
14	Th.	<b>Corpus Christi.</b> —St. Basil the Great, Bp. C.D. (379) (this year, June 23).—H.H., A.I.	Divine worship.	82,155 for reconciliations.
15	F.	St. Vitus and Companions, M.M. (303)—A.C.	Fearlessness of Faith.	153,023 for work, means.
16	S.	St. John Francis Regis, C. (S.J., 1640).	Teaching the ignorant	126,889 for the Clergy.
17	S.	<b>2d after Pentecost.</b> —St. Avitus, Ab.C. (530).—C.R.	Christian affection.	253,577 for religious.
18	M.	SS. Mark and Marcellian, M.M. (286).	Love of relatives.	67,720 for seminarists, novices.
19	T.	St. Juliana Falconieri, V.F. ("Mantellate," 1340).	Horror of sin.	102,400 for vocations.
20	W.	St. Silverius, P.M. (528).	Steadfastness in right.	58,191 for parishes.
21	Th.	St. Aloysius, C. (S.J., Patron of Youth, 1591).—H.H.	Purity.	73,157 for schools.
22	F.	<b>Sacred Heart of Jesus.</b> —1st D., A.C.	Reparation.	52,370 for superiors.
23	S.	<b>Vigil.</b> —St. Etheldreda, V. Q. (England, 679).	Continence.	55,229 for missions, retreats.
24	S.	<b>3d after Pentecost.</b> —Nativity of St. John the Baptist.—A.I.	Recollection before action.	94,367 for societies, works.
25	M.	St. William, Ab.C. (1142).	Control of the passions	757,426 for conversions.
26	T.	SS. John and Paul, M.M. (286).	Contempt of human	455,338 for sinners.
27	W.	St. Ladislaus, C.K. (Hungary, 1095).	Frugality. [respect.	143,719 for intemperate.
28	Th.	<b>Vigil.</b> —St. Irenæus, Bp.M. (205).	Reconciliation.	743,563 for spiritual favors.
29	F.	SS. Peter and Paul, Apostles.—A.I., Pr. A.S., A.C.	Following Christ.	198,511 for temporal favors.
30	S.	Commemoration of St. Paul, the Apostle.	Fervor.	195,222 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship, (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C.R.—Communion of Rebarbation, H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I., B. I.—Apostolic, Bridgettine Indulgence; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	13,135,359	11. Masses heard . . . . .	443,584
2. Beads . . . . .	473,011	12. Mortifications . . . . .	10,985,514
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	162,762	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	6,555,956
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	102,714	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	100,578,765
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	717,413	15. Prayers . . . . .	16,188,067
6. Examinations of Conscience . . . . .	670,569	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,759,510
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	2,324,658	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	197,507
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	419,261	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	452,543
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	135,781	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	768,192
10. Masses read . . . . .	17,329	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	3,064,587
		Total, 145,935,125.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our MESSENGER Calendar, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.





ST. TERESA OF JESUS.

*See Editorial Note.*

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

JULY, 1900.

No. 7.

### THE SWEETEST NAME.

[*Inscribed to his Godmother, Frederica de Benavides, by the Author.*]

SWEET is the fragrance of the summer rose,  
The flower of all the flowers,  
Which flings its fragrance far and wide,  
At morn and noon and eventide,  
While light and shade alternate glide  
Around its blushing bowers;  
But sweeter than the rose's breath,  
The Name that lives in life and death,  
The Name of Jesus.

*Alleluia !*

Sweet is the music of the wild-bird's song,  
That tunes the heart to gladness,  
When first the magic days of spring,  
Fair Southland copses conjuring,  
The warbler's swift, true minstrels, bring,  
To chase the winter sadness ;  
But sweeter than the wild-bird's voice,  
When Spring time blooms and fields rejoice,  
The Name of Jesus.

*Alleluia !*

Sweet is the ozone of the summer sea,  
Distilled by waves of ocean,  
That white-capped move, an ordered band,  
In swan-like beauty toward the land,  
To comb and break on golden sand,  
In jubilant commotion ;  
But sweeter than all ozone rare  
The ocean's buoyant breezes bear,  
The Name of Jesus.

*Alleluia !*



Sweet is the incense of the summer morn,  
 Amid the waking mountains,  
 When all the earth in beauty gleams  
 Bathed in the joyous sun's rich beams  
 That glad the rushing, sparkling streams,  
 And gild the brimming fountains ;  
 But sweeter than the perfumed air  
 Of morn amid the mountains fair,  
 The Name of Jesus.

*Alleluia !*

Aye, sweet the odor of the summer rose,  
 The ozone of the ocean,  
 The balmy air of pine-clad hill,  
 And wild-bird's dulcet matin trill,  
 That moves the soul as sweet bells thrill,  
 When calling to devotion ;  
 But sweeter than earth's sweetest thing,  
 The Name enraptured angels sing,  
 The Name of *Jesus*.

*Alleluia, Amen !*

B. F. DE COSTA.

Feast of the Holy Name, 1900.

## ERIN'S SAINTS AND MONKS IN GERMANY.

*By M. R. Taylor.*

"Let us now praise men of renown and our fathers in their generation."—EccI. xlv: 1.

"From the Queen Island of the West,  
 As from a source of light,  
 Went forth the Gospel messengers  
 That chased the old world's night.  
 Nay, God's good Providence decreed  
 That o'er the world's wide face,  
 Her exiles still should sow Faith's seed,  
 An apostolic race."

IN April, 1844, the immortal Daniel O'Connell received from the distinguished heads of German Universities an address of sympathy, in which Germany's debt to ancient Ireland is acknowledged in the following graceful language: "We entertain towards the ill-treated people of your beloved isle the deepest and sincerest sympathy. A land sighing under the yoke of bondage, a land red with the blood of martyred patriots, necessarily enlists the pity of men not yet dead to human instincts. Indifference to misfortune of this sort would argue total loss of nature's finer feelings. Want of sympathy in the present crisis would besides render us guilty of another and a deeper crime—that of the blackest ingratitude. We can never forget that your fond country is our mother in the Faith. From the remotest period of the Christian era she commiserated our people. To rescue our pagan ancestors from idolatry and

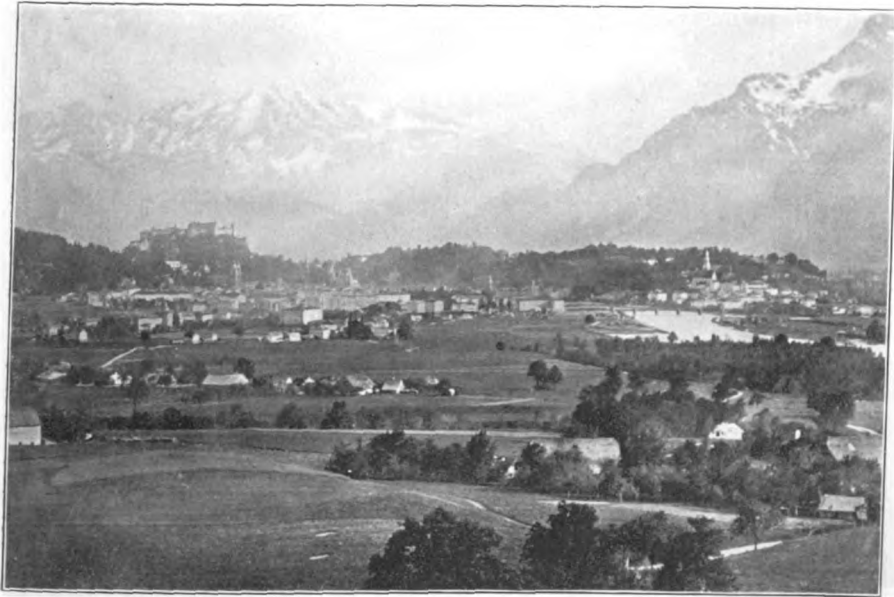
secure to them the blessings of the true Faith she generously sent forth her heroic sons, sacrificing her own wealth and her children's blood. Along with a rich store of merit for the people of Ireland, Catholicity in Germany is the result of their labors, and we can never, but by the basest kind of indifference, lose memory of the fact. When we behold the native land of these faithful apostles delivered over to undeserved misfortune, the fact rises all the more vividly to our mind."

This affectionate expression of gratitude to Erin, voiced by the learned men

When St. Patrick preached to her roving inhabitants the truths of salvation, imparting to them belief in the Triune God, Erin saw the dawn of her golden age, and for centuries after she was great and glorious among the nations of the world. Schools and monasteries arose, towns and cities were built. Universities attracted the flower of Europe's youth, who, like St. Fulgentius,

"Exemplo patrum, commotus amore legendi

Ivit ad Hilernos, sophia mirabile claros"



SALZBURG, CITY OF SS. RUPERT AND VIRGIL.

of Germany, must make every true Irish heart throb with new emotions of pleasure. Faith and civilization are of a truth God's highest gifts to man. Hence the propriety of forever holding sacred the memory of such holy missionaries as heralded the advent of these heavenly blessings among a people. The Church has already raised the greater number of them to her altars, to receive, as saints, the homage and veneration due their heroic lives of virtue, self-sacrifice and Godlike love.

"What way in search of lore his fathers went,  
To Erin, wisdom's shrine, his steps he bent."

That was a period of peace and prosperity, when liberty stamped the golden harp upon the emerald banner, an age of fervent simplicity, alive in the one true Faith upon which the happiness of heart and mind centred.

In this golden age Ireland stretched a merciful hand across the wide waters, sent her sons to distant lands to lavish

upon others the abundant blessings she enjoyed, to bring to tribes submerged in barbarism the light of salvation, true religion allied with civilization.

Strange, too, that in those portions of Germany where Irish saints planted the tree of Christianity it has neither withered nor died, while in other parts it has bent, broken and fallen, and only scattered fragments suggest its early existence. There are indeed few lands as thoroughly Catholic as little Bavaria, once St. Rupert's spiritual field; as Tyrol, in whose towering mountains a St. Virgil (Feargal) scattered the seed of religion; as Southern Baden, or beyond the lake in northern Switzerland, where a St. Fintan, a St. Gall, a St. Fridolin, brought heaven's grace to the Teutonic tribe inhabiting the region.

St. Columban is rightly termed "The Father of Ireland's Foreign Missions." Born in 539, he was reared a monk, and learning the science of true asceticism became the lawgiver of a host of spiritual disciples.

He set out in 589 for the continent, selecting for himself twelve companions. The fact that Irish apostles invariably chose that number of disciples is another proof, that in every particular they followed the example of the God-Man, who with twelve followers began the world's christianization.

Northern Europe was then sitting in the "shadow of death;" in Italy and France, from the Alps to the Baltic, paganism reigned supreme.

Landing in France, they founded the monasteries at Aurgray and Luxeuil, piously aided by Sigebert, King of Austrasia and Burgundy. But their stay here was of short duration. Theodoric, Sigebert's successor, ordered their expulsion from his dominions. They travelled to Germany and settled in a place called Tucconia, near Lake Turicin, now known as Zurich, in Switzerland.

The great apostle was not alone in his misfortune. Devoted followers shared his exile, and foremost among them was

the zealous St. Gall. He was the son of parents possessing a goodly store of blessings spiritual and temporal, and as conspicuous for piety and charity as for riches. To God, the giver of all good things, who had manifested so many unmistakable signs of favor towards them, they offered Gall in the days of his infancy and sent him at an early age to the monastery of Bangor to be educated under the tutelage of the holy Abbots Comgal and Columban. Within this hallowed abode sacred learning flourished, and Gall made rapid progress in the study of Holy Scripture, the liberal arts and in the observance of regular discipline.

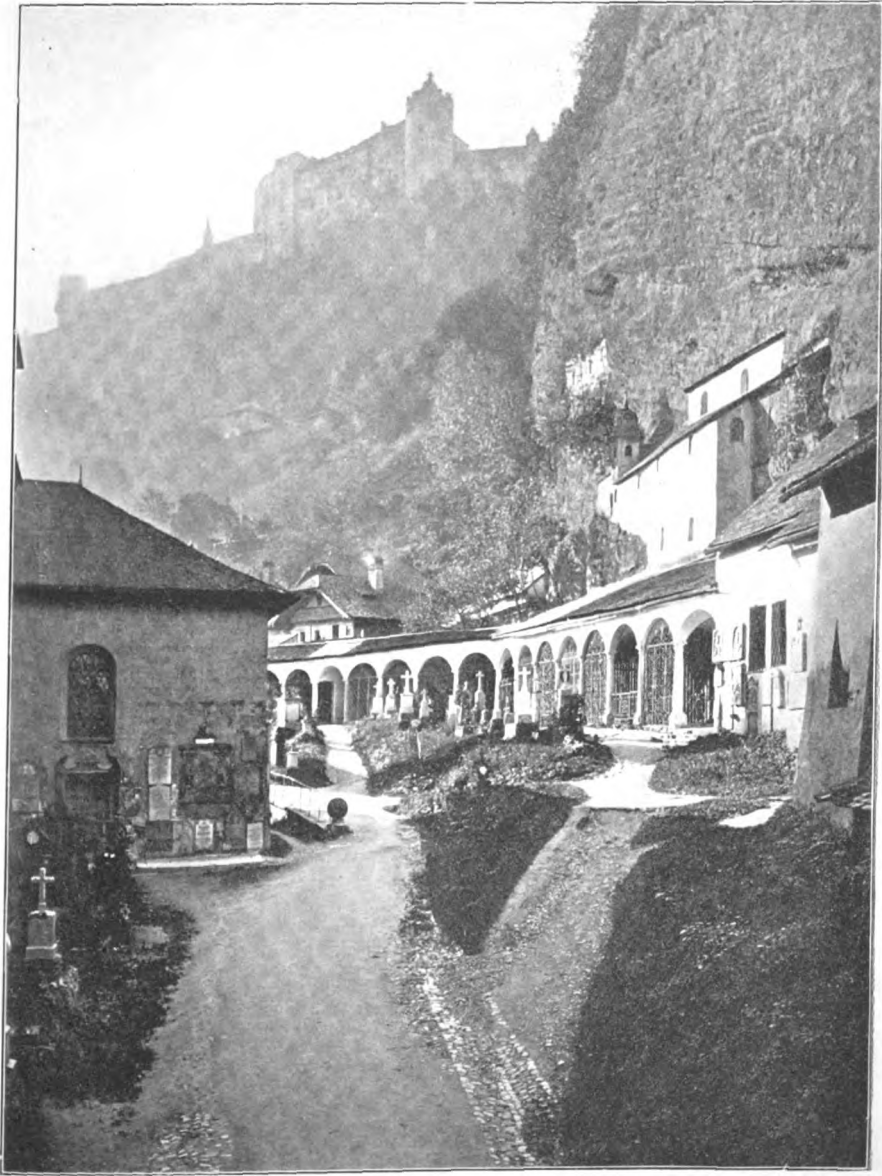
Abandoning his native land, he shared St. Columban's apostolic labors and trials.

Together they reached Tucconia, where St. Gall set fire to a pagan temple and caused the offerings to be thrown into a neighboring lake. The idolaters, exasperated at this conduct, resolved to put the missionary to death, but he had the good fortune to escape from their hands with St. Columban. Reaching the castle of Arbona, situated on a river of that name which flows into Lake Constance, both were hospitably detained seven days by a holy priest, Willimar. During this time plans were discussed for a place of retreat in the interior.

They learned from their host of an old building called Bregantium in Rhaetia, later known as Bregent in the country of the Grisons, and thither they journeyed.

St. Gall preached the Gospel to the inhabitants of the canton, converting many. Those who remained obdurate persecuted the monks and slew two of their number. Gunzo, governor of the country, declared himself their enemy and Theodoric, by the death of Theodebert, becoming master of Austrasia, St. Columban was forced to abandon his undertakings in this territory and seek refuge in Italy.

Gall determined to go with him, but a



SALZBURG, MONASTERY OF ST. PATRICK, FIRST INHABITED BY IRISH MONKS

serious fever prevented his departure and forced a separation. St. Columban left for Italy and Gall returned to Willimar, with whom he remained until his complete recovery. The desire of leading a solitary life induced him to return to the desert. Here he built cells which were the foundation of the famous abbey bearing his name.

Becoming acquainted with the language of the natives, St. Gall made so many converts among the idolaters that he may be justly regarded the "Apostle of the Alemanni." A beautiful daughter of Gunzo, the governor, possessed by a devil, was delivered by the saint and acting on his advice, consecrated her virginity to God, in the monastery of St. Peter at Metz.



CONSTANCE, CITY AND LAKE.

At the time of this miracle the Bishopric of Constance was vacant. Constance bears the distinction of being one of the most ancient cities of Germany, and its splendid cathedral is a model of medieval architecture. In 1417-18 a council assembled in this venerable town to settle a dispute as to the lawful successor of St. Peter.

Gunzo wrote to our hermit begging his assistance at a synod, held for the purpose of electing a prelate for the afore-said Bishopric. The duke, bishops, clergy and people, earnestly desired to put the saint in this exalted position. He repaired thither at their urgent request, attended by a deacon named John, who for three years had been his disciple. St. Gall refused the honor and desired the clergy and people to make John, his companion and a descendant of a royal family of Ireland, their bishop, and his election followed. At the consecration St. Gall delivered the sermon, considered a model of ancient Irish oratory. On October 16, 646, St. Gall departed this life at the age of ninety-five.

The abbey known by his name changed the rule of St. Columban for that of St. Benedict in the eighth century. It was

enriched by the liberality of Charles Martel, Louis Debonnaire and Louis the Large. The estates and civil jurisdiction possessed by the monastery became so considerable that Henry I. raised it to a principality of the empire. Its domain was curtailed during the civil wars, waged by the Calvinists. The town of St. Gall, by embracing the religion of the insurgents, deprived the abbot of what rights he before enjoyed. These were the rank of prince, the right of suffrage in the general Diet, an extensive jurisdiction and an annual income of one hundred thousand ducats. He had, besides, a mint, and when the Helvetic Diet required auxiliaries, could raise an army of twelve thousand men.

St. Gall's Abbey, one of the most striking of the primitive foundations, is famous for the galaxy of learned men it produced, and for its library, which abounded in valuable manuscripts and printed books. A great number of these, however, were stolen and lost in the civil wars.

Of the writings of St. Gall extant we have the sermon before mentioned; a discourse upon Church Government, and a Psalter, of which Joachim Vadianus

## Erin's Saints and Monks in Germany.



CATHEDRAL AT WORMS, FIRST SEE OF ST. RUPERT.

speaks in his treatise on colleges and monasteries. To-day this abbey is almost a ruin. Like Ireland, the holy house had its age of blessings and prosperity when its influence was felt from sea to sea.

The monasteries founded by the monks of St. Gall's were numerous and distinguished, notably Richeman, on a little island in Lake Constance, which like the first institution, was one of the most influential abbeys of the Empire. It, too, has fallen into decay. A portion of the abbey is reserved for the residence of the Bishop, who administers the affairs of the still flourishing see of St. Gall's.

As the apostle of Bavaria and German Austria, the Church venerates St. Rupert, also called Rudbert or Robert. Irish historians declare him their countryman, though the French deny this claim. However, the deepest research rather favors the former.

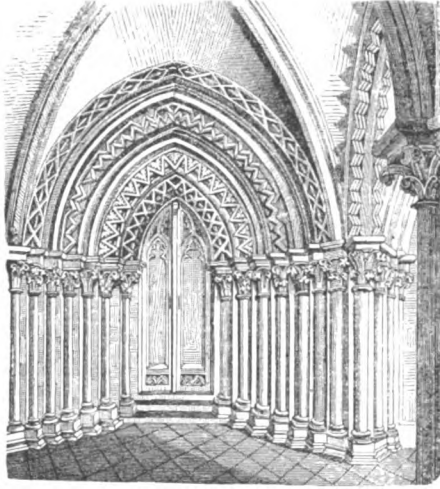
Son of the Hy-king of Hibernia, he was born in the year 537 and baptized by a nephew of St. Patrick. Early in life he dedicated himself to the service of religion, making a compact with his brother Trudbertus and sister Erentrude

to forsake home and labor for souls in a pagan land. They reached Rome by way of the Alps. While in the Eternal City, Rupert was enlightened by the Holy Spirit to make that portion of Europe later known as Germany the scene of his labors. Trudbertus separated from his companions, proceeding to the territory of the Rauraci. Rupert with Erentrude finally arrived at Worms, celebrated in the civil and ecclesiastical vicissitudes of central Europe.

Childebert, son of Sigebert, was king of Austrasia, one of the three divisions of "Greater Gaul." He bade Rupert welcome, and he straightway set to work. Numbers, hearing of his miracles and teachings, came to receive instruction and baptism at his hands.

So filled with admiration for the saint were princes and people that Rupert was, shortly after his arrival, elevated to the dignity of Bishop of Worms. The rebukes of the prelate provoking the hatred of a tyrant, named Borcharius, a deputy governor of the province, he was assailed by the vilest calumnies and ultimately driven from his Bishopric in 580.

Worms, in the Middle Ages, was glorious as a residence of Charlemagne,

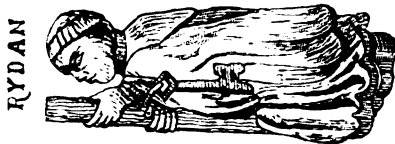


ABBEY ENTRANCE, RATISBON.

who called Irish monks to construct its venerable cathedral, as well as that of Aix-la-Chapelle. The famous round towers awaken pleasant recollections of similar architectural adornment in Ireland. "*Salvete Turres*" we may say to-day; but alas! Catholic voices and prayers have ceased within. Worms expelled the Irish saint, her faith fell a victim to the Reformation and the city is now Protestant.

For many months the meek and holy Rupert lingered near the confines of Austrasia, hoping his persecutors would relent, but in vain. Then the prelate returned to Rome. Again he was admonished to select Germany as the field of his endeavors, and obedient to the Heaven-sent command, departed in 582 for Bavaria.

At this time Theodore the Elder was duke of that district. Although a pagan, through the influence of his wife Regintrude, a fervent Christian, his heart was favorably disposed to receive the coun-



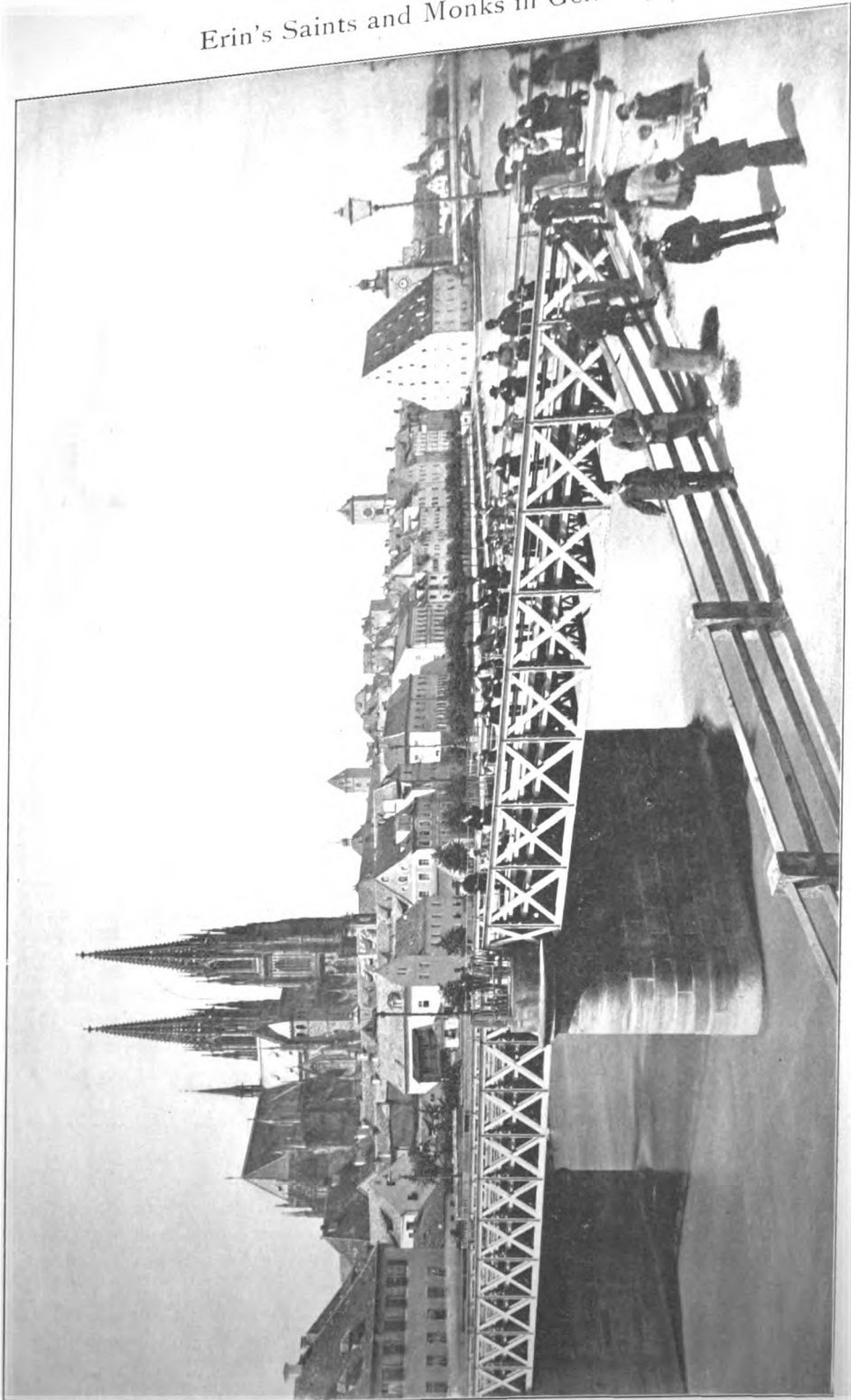
PROSTRATE FIGURE OF MONK, SCOTCH-IRISH  
ABBEY, RATISBON.

sels of the zealous Rupert, and he summoned him to Ratisbon. The saint was welcomed with all possible marks of honor, and invited to preach the truths of the Gospel to the people. The old Roman city of Reginium, now called Ratisbon, was then the capital, and thither the Bishop journeyed to appear before the ducal court. Theodore and his courtiers acted as escort and the saint's entry was a signal triumph.

The inhabitants of Bavaria had previously received the tenets of Christianity from St. Severin; but had entirely fallen away from his teachings. The work of evangelizing had therefore to be begun anew. Rupert turned his first attention to the ruling classes. Within a brief period his eloquence, learning and versatile genius so captivated the hearts of the nobles, that they straightway determined to embrace the religion taught by the wonderful Irish missionary.

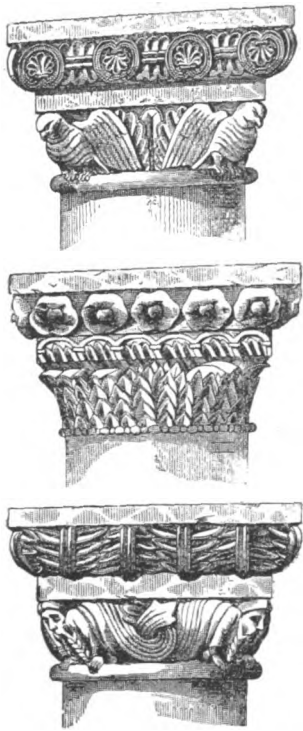
The baptism of Duke Theodore and his court was attended with the greatest impressiveness and splendor. He became the prelate's most enthusiastic co-operator, accompanying him on his visits to the villages, town and castles of the nobles, and, at the solicitation of the prince, Rupert traversed the whole extent of his dominions, paganism fleeing at his approach.

Ratisbon claims St. Rupert as its first bishop. There he commenced his apostolic labors in Southern Germany, and for nearly forty years his work was an uninterrupted success. This city, retaining much of its medieval character, is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Danube, while the first hill of the Bohemian forest almost touches its gate. German Emperors, in the Middle Ages, made it their residence and it became a centre of learning and religion, as well as of political and commercial influence. The magnificent cathedral, a counterpart of Cologne's famous cathedral, was begun in the thirteenth century, the present illustrious Bishop accomplishing the work of its completion. It is dedicated to the



KATSBRO, HANNOVER.





WORK OF IRISH MONKS,  
SCOTCH-IRISH ABBEY CHURCH, RATISBON.

Prince of the Apostles, but a beautiful Gothic altar is consecrated to St. Rupert, and his statue surmounts the smaller tower. No city of the continent is richer than Ratisbon in monuments of the Irish saints and monks. One of the parish churches contains the tomb and relics of St. Mercherdach, who came from Erin in 1040, with twelve companions. Blessed Marianus founded a renowned monastery, under the Rule of St. Benedict, exclusively for Irish monks. To-day its life is extinguished, though the buildings and handsome church remain. This abbey is usually known among the natives as the Scots' church. That it was an Irish institution, as were other grand establishments at Vienna, Wurzburg, etc., no historian doubts. The ancient Irish were called Scots. Witness the following couplet:

*"Pheni o Phenius adhbhearta brighan  
dochta.  
Gavidhel o Gavidhal-glas garta, Scuit  
o Scott."*

Beyond question we are called Phœnians from Phœnius, Gadelians from Gadelglas, and Scots from Scota.

In the British Museum there is an ancient German manuscript, dating probably from the eleventh century, which describes in a quaint way, the ecclesiastical foundation in Ratisbon, by pious men from Hibernia:

*"Darnach ze Kurtzer zeit geschach,  
Daz man trolich chomen sach,  
Manich schar guter manne vil,  
Als ich evch beshaiden wil.  
Sie furen von yberina  
In pilgreins weise dort und da,  
Ze Rome wollten sie gahen  
Und gutlichen da empfahren  
Von gots genad päbstlichen segan."*

"Soon afterwards it happened that many a band of good men came, joyful and glad, as I wish to relate. They came from Hibernia in pilgrims' garb on their way to Rome. They desired then to receive God's grace and the Pope's blessing." These were heartily welcomed in St. Rupert's city, and in 1120 the monastery and church of St. James were built. At this time Prince Connor, of Ireland, spared neither money nor labor to render the abbey worthy of his countrymen. Old chronicles say, "The erection of so spacious a cloister, of such remarkable workmanship, abounding in stately turrets, walls, pillars and vaults, so expeditiously constructed, must be wholly attributed to the immense sums of money appropriated for that pious purpose by the King of Ireland and by other nobles of the realm."

St. James' is still a stately monument of medieval Irish architecture. The massive interior columns are surmounted with capitals, carved to represent angels, birds, oak leaves, vines, and figures innumerable. The windows bear images of the principal Irish saints, Patrick, Columban, Bridget and Gertrude. The grand entrance has a cornice ornamented with the shamrock, or, as a German sculptor expresses it, "St. Patrick's

leaf." Letters of the Irish alphabet are chiseled in many stones of the edifice, on some also the cross. The same workmanship is displayed on the Irish church at Göcking, Bavaria : and the portal of St. Emerari's Abbey, in Ratisbon, dating from this period, reminds one of Cormac's Chapel, in Ireland.

Let us now return to St. Rupert and his labors.

A splendidly equipped vessel was placed at his disposal by Duke Theodore, and he with his missionary companions sailed down the Danube, preaching at every port. On this auspicious voyage lower Pannonia was reached, and a wonderful harvest of souls reaped.

Later he founded a mission at Lauricum, now called Lorch, and the Alpine region of Carinthia was also blessed with the presence of the saint. It was on this journey St. Rupert established the famous shrine of Our Blessed Lady at Alt Öttingen. It is to Southern Bavaria what Loretto is to Italy and Lourdes to France. Venerable with age, the chapel, once a pagan temple, contains the image which tradition says he brought with him. Perhaps it was the sacred Palladium conveyed from Ireland. Ireland's love for Mary is part of history, and many of her most beautiful titles, such as Gate of Heaven, Morning Star, Queen of Angels, had their origin in the loyal hearts of Erin. Even to the present Alt Öttingen has preserved its ancient glory. Thousands of pilgrims visit annually St. Rupert's Madonna, 'black yet beautiful,' "*Nigra sed formosa*."

The Duke desiring the Bishop to found a monastery in his kingdom, he again

set out and passing the lake shore of the Waller-zee, entered Juvavia. A rude cross was planted on one of the slopes called Mönchsberg, and a church was erected. The church in due time was consecrated under the invocation of St. Peter. On its completion the prelate sailed for the country of his birth. He visited Ireland's great centres of learning and from them chose twelve able scholars who returned with him to Germany. The monastery was built for them with all possible haste, and received its name from the rushing torrent of the Salz. Before many months a city began to grow about those hallowed walls, and Salzburg, under the administration of its first Bishop, St. Rupert, became populous and renowned. It is the present capital of Upper Austria, and is said to have the most beautiful



CATHEDRAL AT RATISBON, REAR VIEW.



ST. RUPERT'S ALTAR, CATHEDRAL, RATISBON.

situation in Europe. In grandeur of environment it stands unrivaled, and abounds in interesting recollections.

The holy Bishop built his sister Erentrude a convent at Nunberg, of which she became abbess. She died in the odor of sanctity and is venerated throughout Bavaria as a saint. Duke Theodore enriched the monastic church of Salzburg with donations of royal munificence, and it was through his intervention with the Holy See that Rupert was named its Bishop.

Our saint was miraculously warned of his approaching end and with prophetic lips foretold the day of his death. Clergy, religious and people heard the announcement with unfeigned sorrow. He appointed Vitalis his successor, and on the morning of Easter day asked for the Holy Viaticum.

Recommending his monks to be faithful to their vows, bequeathing the welfare of his flock to God's Providence, his pure soul took its flight to the realm of eternity, March 27, 623, in his eighty-sixth year. He lived to see the entire Bavarian nation converted to the Faith,

and ruled the Sees of Salzburg and Ratisbon for forty years.

The remains of St. Rupert were interred in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, where his tomb may still be seen. In the adjoining cemetery his rock-hewn cell is shown, enclosed within a little chapel. Monks of the Benedictine Order now occupy the abbey founded by St. Rupert. It is rich in manuscripts and literary treasures, its library comprising one hundred thousand volumes.

St. Rupert was more than a spiritual benefactor to Southern Germany. On the mountain sides, near Ratisbon, he planted vines, brought from the province of the Rhine, reopened the salt springs at Reichenhall, organized commerce on the Danube, commenced the working of gold and silver mines in the south, encouraged agriculture in the lowlands and on the Alps, and laid out the public highway at Noreja and the famous Kaernter road.

(One of the most celebrated successors of St. Rupert was Virgil, a native of Ireland and a man distinguished for learning and virtue. His true name is Feargall. Adamnanus of the race of Couall Gulban, and house of O'Donnell, elected in 679 abbot of Hay, was his kinsman.

Animated with a desire of visiting the Holy Land and seeing the places described by his august relative, Virgil travelled in company with seven bishops to France. The need of reform and the abject state of Christianity in the kingdom induced him to remain among the Gauls, for a brief period at least.



TOMBSTONE OF ST. MERCHERDACH, RATISBON.

Childeric III. was titular king, with Pepin, the Short, major domo for the entire kingdom, at the advent of St. Virgil in Gaul. All writers are loud in their praise of Pepin's princely virtues. His zeal for religion and love of the Church were equalled only by his consummate wisdom and valor. This prince accorded to Virgil a most courteous reception, making him the recipient of his confidence and bestowing upon him the post of confessor. At the expiration of two years Virgil was sent by Pepin on a mission to Bavaria, bearing letters of recommendation to Duke Odilo, a friend and brother-in-law. Here he labored with unremitting zeal for the conversion of souls.

In this short sketch, I shall pass over the controversy between St. Boniface and St. Virgil. Able historians have freed the apostle of Germany from wicked imputations cast upon his character by Protestants and other enemies of the Church. Virgil certainly possessed deeper knowledge and a more thorough acquaintance with science. We ascribe to him the theory that "the earth is spherical, instead of flat, and we have our antipodes," a marvelous doctrine in that early age. It was nevertheless taught by this distinguished scholar, the fearless exponent of secular and religious tenets, and a living proof that Irish universities of the Middle Ages deserved their widespread reputation for learning.

On Pepin's recommendation, Virgil was named for the vacant See of Salzburg. Reluctant to accept the appointment, he for two years commissioned Dobba, a bishop whom he had brought from Ireland, to perform the episcopal functions, reserving for himself the office of preaching and instructing, until compelled by his colleagues to receive the episcopal consecration in 766.

Childeric the Third, surnamed the Stupid, after enjoying an empty title for nine years was deposed and consigned to St. Bertin's Abbey, where he became a monk in 752. Dying in 755, he ended



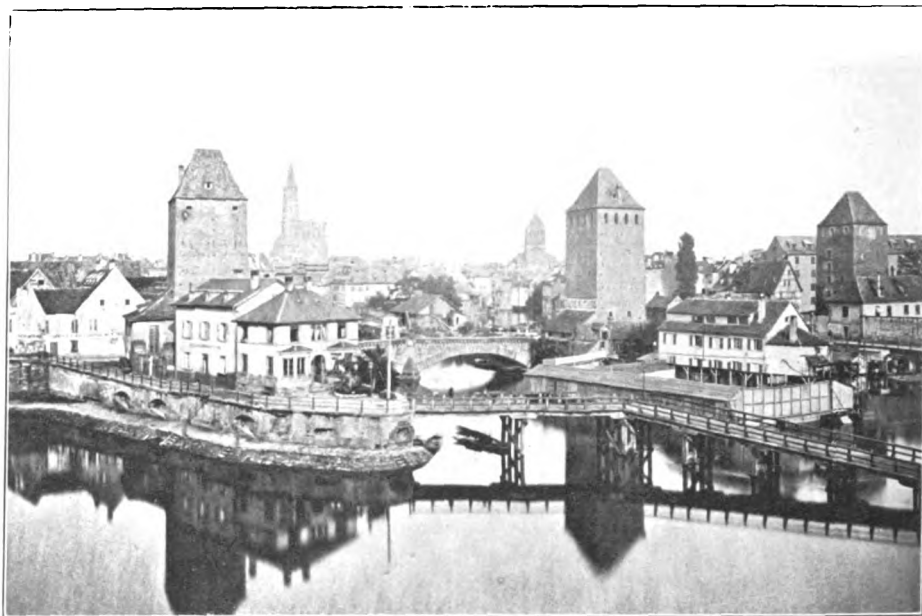
THE MADONNA, ALT-ÖTTINGEN.

the Merovingian line of kings. Pepin in 751 was unanimously chosen sovereign and crowned at Soissons by St. Boniface. This is the first instance of the use of royal anointing in France, and the practice was suggested by St. Virgil.

The Metropolitan rebuilt on a scale of magnificence the monastery of St. Peter, at Salzburg, and translated thither the body of St. Rupert. On his return from an apostolic journey to Carinthia he was seized with a slow fever, and, after a fervent preparation, cheerfully departed this life on November 27, 784. Many and great saints have governed the diocese of Salzburg, but none to whom the Church is so deeply indebted as to St. Virgil.

The city of Wurzburg, on the Main, one of the most distinctively ecclesiastical towns of medieval Europe, was for more than a thousand years the capital of an ecclesiastical principality, ruled over by eighty-two bishops who were princes of the empire, and exercised great influence in the affairs of Germany.

Its cathedral in the Domstrasse was erected on the spot where St. Kilian suf-



STRASBURG, SEE OF ST. ARBOGAST, 646.

ferred martyrdom. He was the city's first bishop and an Irish missionary, the apostle and patron of Franconia.

The annalists tell us little of the early life of Kilian. He was of noble descent, and, after years of study in a famous school, received Holy Orders. Entering the monastery of Iona, he subsequently sailed for France.

We next find him in the Irish monastery of Florentius, on the banks of the Moselle and later in Rome. Kilian made known to the Holy Father his desire to preach the Gospel in Germany. The Sovereign Pontiff, joyfully acceding to his request, invested him with the episcopal dignity. He at the same time conferred full power for the prosecution of his work and commissioned him to proceed to Wurzburg in Franconia. From the outset his efforts were successful.

Gosbert, a learned prince, occupied the ducal throne of Wurzburg. Inviting Kilian to visit him, he became a docile candidate for baptism and the saint's devoted friend. Prior to his conversion he married Geliana, the wife of a deceased brother, and learning that the union was illicit, he determined to break down the barrier to eternal happiness.

From the moment Geliana learned of Gosbert's resolution, she sought a way to be revenged upon his holy preceptor. The Duke was suddenly summoned to war. Geliana decided to rid herself in her lord's absence of the interfering Bishop and his two companions. For this purpose she bribed two wretches to carry out the heinous project. But the vile conspiracy was made known to Kilian. It is related that in his sleep a venerable form appeared to him saying :

"Beloved Kilian, a little longer shalt thou labor, to then be victor with me." Immediately the saint arose and calling his brethren addressed them :

"Let us watch and pray. In a little while the Lord will knock at the gate. Let us take heed lest we be found sleeping."

Before many hours, the assassins broke into the place, where the Bishop and his companions were kneeling, wrapt in prayer's ecstatic joys.

"Friends," he said, turning to the miscreants, "what do you want? And yet you are only obeying commands, and must accomplish your work." These were his last words. With drawn swords

the murderers rushed on their victims and soon had them weltering in their blood. A grave was hastily dug and the corpses, together with books and sacred vestments, cast in. The perpetrators of the horrible deed vainly imagined that the crime would remain forever hidden. They deceived themselves. The unholy deed was revealed to a pious virgin, inhabiting a cell near by, and she was often seen near the martyrs' graves. Geliana, fearing detection, had the remains of her victims removed and buried in a stable.

Gosbert returned, and seeking the Bishop made inquiries of her as to his whereabouts. She professed innocent ignorance. Soon, however, one of the assassins was seized with madness and made away with himself. The woman also became a raving maniac, dying in horrible agony.

Fifty years after the death of St. Kilian, in 689, Burchard, Bishop of Wurzburg, removed the relics of the murdered prelate and his two companions to the beautiful church he erected for their reception, and here their tombs may now be seen. The monastery of Wurzburg long continued to preserve its connection with Ireland.

Few shrines on the Continent have undergone so little change as that of St. Kilian. Save for the deepening shadows time has thrown around the old church, it remains as it was when the martyr was laid in the Neue Minster, twelve hundred years ago.

\* \* \*

St. Arbogast was a native of Ireland, according to the chronicles of that country, and was the son of a noble family. Traveling into Alsace, in 630, he led an anchorite's life in the Sacred Forest, the interpretation of the Teutonic name Heiligesforst. Charity sometimes induced him to leave his retreat, to instruct the people in knowledge and fear of God. His conduct attracted the attention of King Dagobert II., who frequently invited the pious hermit to his court

and secured his succession to St. Amand in the See of Strasburg, 646.

After Arbogast's elevation to the episcopacy, he raised to life Dagobert's son, killed by falling from a horse. Assisted by the liberality of his royal friend, the Bishop enriched the church of Strasburg with several large estates and Dagobert, filled with affection for the humble Metropolitan, bestowed upon his See the manor and town of Rufach, with an extensive domain situated on the River Alse or Elle, in conjunction with the royal palace of Isenburg.

St. Arbogast endowed several monasteries, the principal being Surburg and Shutterau. Having occupied the episcopal See for twelve years he died, according to Bosch, the Bollandist, in 678. In his will he ordered his body to be interred in the place of public execution, called Mount Michael, in imitation of his great model, Jesus Christ, who suffered outside the walls of Jerusalem. His wishes were respected and subsequently a monastery was founded over the spot and dedicated to his memory. The magnificent church of Strasburg was erected at no great distance. To St. Arbogast are ascribed a book of homilies and learned commentaries on the epistles of St. Paul.

Of St. Findan, another of those noble missionaries, we know only a few facts from his life, published in 795 by Melchior Goldastus. He was son to a Prince of Leinster, and when the Danes invaded Ireland, was made prisoner. Escaping in a miraculous manner, he went to Rome. From Rome he traveled to Germany, remaining in that country twenty-seven years. For years he lived as a hermit. Later on he became abbot of the monastery of Richnaw, erected by himself on a peninsula in the Rhine, where he died 827.

In the calendar of saints, a fact, remarkable in these latter days, may have been noted, viz.: the prominent part the sons of kings and scions of noble families played in the Christianization of Europe.

That Ireland furnished her quota to the service of Heaven's Sovereign is obvious. Another prince of blood royal, who labored in Germany, was St. Fridolin, sometimes known as "The Traveler." His father was one of the rulers of Ireland, but the glamor of the court failed to attract the youth and he dedicated his life to Christ in the solitude of the cloister.

Advancing years brought him the preferment of abbot. He resigned the honor and abandoned his native land to found monasteries in various portions of Burgundy, Austrasia and Helvetia. The Abbey of Sekingen, located on an isle in the Rhine, afterwards one of the four forest towns belonging to the house of Austria, was the culmination of his heroic achievements. Here he died venerable in God's service.

Fridolin flourished at the close of the seventh and commencement of the eighth century, and his memory has been preserved with veneration in many parts of the Continent. He was the titular patron of the Swiss canton of Glavis, whose inhabitants carried his picture on their coat of arms. He is clad in the Benedictine habit, though he was not of that order.

Albuin, an Irish monk, filled with

zeal for the propagation of the faith, left his country in 742 and went to Thuringia, a portion of Upper Saxony, where the mildness of his preaching and persuasive eloquence, converted numbers of Gentiles to Catholicity. The Pope nominated him Bishop of Fritslar, or rather Bura-burgh. He is appropriately named the Apostle of the Thuringians.

When considering the lives of the founders of German monasteries, we observe that houses following the Rule of St. Columba gradually adopted that of the Father of Western Monasticism, St. Benedict. This supplantation may be accounted for by the fact, that the Rule of the Irish saint was rigid, allowing no concessions, no mitigations, while St. Benedict's was milder.

For centuries, and in many ways, Ireland has been glorious, but more resplendently does she shine by the reflected light of sanctity, which emblazons the names of numbers of her sons, upon the pages where are perpetuated the lives of Erin's saints. These, then, are some of the renowned men whom the Church and the world may well praise.

"Their bodies are buried in peace and their names liveth unto generation and generation."—Eccl. xlv: 14.

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(Continued.)

I AM not sure of the exact form of the saying which tells us that the happiest reign has the shortest history. In like manner a uniformly holy and useful life does not furnish the vicissitudes which make a biography interesting. Some poet has summarized in a couplet a career that was in reality more praiseworthy than many a one full of the most striking incidents:—

"That he was born, it cannot be denied—  
He ate, drank, slept, wrote deathless  
works, and died."

In the case of our Sister of Mercy "wrought" should be substituted for "wrote." She nearly completed her threescore years and ten, each day of all these years full of good solid work for God and His poor human creatures; but one day was like another, and the beauty of her life lay rather in the perfection with which she fulfilled her duties and the quiet cheerful perseverance with which she gave herself to the realization of her high ideals from childhood till her latest breath. As Mother Columba, her

successor, says : "Her life was simple in the extreme. It was her beautiful way of doing things that constituted their worth. Her deeds of charity and kindness will never be numbered in this world."

Even as a child, she had shown special love for the aged and for the poor. I distinctly remember, through a vista of nearly sixty years, the positive delight and affection that shone upon her face as she looked at a poor old mendicant and his wife, to whom she had given a bowl of good soup. Her girlish theory and practice in those primeval days had a large share in inspiring twenty years afterward "The Poor Man's Knock," of which the first stanzas may be quoted

'Tis many a year, a score and more,

Since a little boy in blue frock  
Would run to open the great hall-door,  
Whose latch he scarce could reach from the floor—

"It is only a poor man's knock."

The harsh word "beggar" was under ban  
In that quaint old house by the sea ;  
And little Blue Frock's announcement ran :  
"'Tis a poor little girl—'tis a poor blind man—

Poor woman with children three."

And when our little boy would say,

"There's a poor person at the door,"  
The sister who carried the keys that day  
From a willing mother leave would pray  
To give to him of her store.

The "poor person" fared none the worse if the little housekeeper for the week happened to be the future Mother Baptist.

So was it from the beginning ; and till the end her grief was that she had not enough to give to the poor, that she was unable to relieve their wants as generously as her heart yearned to do. In her visitation of the sick there were thousands and thousands of scenes like this, reported as follows by one of her young Sisters :—

"I accompanied Reverend Mother on a visit to a poor sick woman who had four young children ; we found the poor

creature lying on the floor, unable to help herself in any way. The room she occupied was almost destitute of furniture, but there was a rickety old bed and mattress. Reverend Mother asked the sick woman why she did not occupy the bed ? Was it not better than the bare floor ? She answered that her husband, a drunken, worthless fellow, had dragged her from it the previous night. The dear Mother went into the little adjoining room which served for kitchen, living room and all, got a little water and washed the poor woman's face ; then called in a child from the street and told her to borrow a night gown from the next neighbor, which the said neighbor kindly gave (often we meet charity among the poor which is frequently wanting among the better class). Reverend Mother changed the creature's clothes, tied up the old bed with the help of her companion, placed the mattress on it and helped the sick woman into it. The poor woman blessed her and God who sent her to minister to her wants. This blessing of the poor the good Mother valued highly, and she herself frequently made use of the prayer when anything was done for her, 'May God bless you.'

"Reverend Mother then went into the kitchen and out into the yard and collected sticks and paper, cleaned the little stove, made the fire and put on the kettle to boil, while at the same time she directed me to tidy the apartment. The good Mother made a cup of tea, she herself had brought all the necessaries. She took it to the sick creature who had had nothing of the kind for days. (The dear Mother, who was always only too ready to excuse faults in all, said that it was the want of little comforts when ailing, tired, overworked, etc., that caused many of the poor to have recourse to intoxicating drinks.)

"While Reverend Mother was giving the poor woman the drink, I was cleaning the kitchen and found scraps of onions, small pieces of potatoes, etc., on



a soiled plate and in order to wash this I threw the scraps away. Reverend Mother went into the yard again to hunt up more wood, etc., and found what I had thrown out. She picked it up, found also a few small pieces of meat, placed all in a saucepan on the fire, and in a few minutes she had a nice little stew ready for the four children's supper, with the addition of some bread and tea."

I shall let another Sister describe some other sick-calls made in company with Mother Baptist; and I expect to be more than forgiven for not suppressing some very simple details:

"I well remember my first visitation with her. We went to one of the small alleys, up a rickety stairs. The patient was in bed (a querulous old maid). Reverend Mother spoke to her in a soothing tone for a few minutes, and asked her how she was since her recent visit. Then Mother pinned up her cloak, and she had a pair of sheets pinned around her, one in front and the other across and fastened behind, and a pillow-case pinned on each arm. The poor creature's bed was in a bad condition. Reverend Mother made it up fresh, while she directed me to tidy the room. Her prayers for the sick were soothing and consoling. Indeed, she fulfilled the precept of the Apostle; she became all to all to gain them to Christ. On another occasion she went to visit a Protestant, whose wife and children were good Catholics. This man had been very ill for some time. It happened to be the feast of the Holy Name. Mother spoke to him of the goodness of God, of heaven, etc. Mr. W. answered rather sharply, 'he was quite satisfied as he was, that he never prevented his wife and children from following their religion,' etc. Mother said: 'Well, Mr. W., you will have no objection if we say a prayer for you?' 'Oh, no,' he answered. She knelt and recited the Litany of Jesus, oh! with what unction! Shortly after Mr. W. asked to be admitted into the Church, and died a most

edifying death after a long and trying illness.

"On another occasion Mother was looking for a house on one of the small streets, where a poor man was sick. Some children saw her looking for the number and said 'The sick man lives there, Sister!' She entered, and a nice woman met her in the hall and said, 'I think you must be making a mistake.' Mother said the children told us he lived here. The woman answered: 'It is true there is a very sick man here, but I am afraid that he would not see you; he is a bigoted Protestant. I am a Catholic, Sister, but I have very little education, and I do not know how to argue; I simply pray for him.' Mother went in, and she saw by the man that he was black (not in color, but in heart), and very ill. She spoke a few words; the tone of her voice was as a note of a well-tuned instrument; she said nothing of religion, she mentioned God and His goodness. This man was in comfortable circumstances and a Freemason. When leaving, Mother said, 'We have a call in this neighborhood; would you like us to come in again?' He said yes, but it meant, 'I do not care.' Several times again Mother called, and had the pleasure of seeing him die a holy death. He suffered intensely, and could not suffer enough to atone for the past; he renounced Masonry and offered his life's sufferings and death to God.

"Another of her calls was an old woman, a convert, 85 years old, who was suffering for years from internal cancer. She was refined, but very poor. She could have every comfort if she renounced her religion. Her daughter, a woman about 40 years old, took care of her. They had two rooms, kept scrupulously clean. Mother was a frequent visitor there. The smell from the disease was very offensive. Nothing consoled Mrs. J. so much as a visit from Mother and one of her lovely prayers; she used to say so impressively for her the offering of suffering, 'O my God, I

offer to you all I have suffered, all I am now suffering, and all I have yet to suffer in atonement for my sins,' etc. When any of the other Sisters called on Mrs. J. she would say, 'Mother Russell's daughters are welcome, very welcome; but no one's visit is like hers.' Many a time she would slip off her under-skirt and give it to some poor needy creature, take out her handkerchief and wipe the sweat off their brow. Her charity was Godlike and her patience was like to that of the Spouse whom she served so long and faithfully. She listened and appeared so interested in the tales and sorrows of the poor; she loved them in and for God; she denied herself in order to help and give to them. She frequently told me that, no matter what she gave, God sent her its equivalent or gave it on the double. No matter how disagreeable the subject was, or tale confided to her, she never showed disgust or appeared wearied. I never saw her impatient or angry, and no matter how often one would go to her she never showed any displeasure; one was always welcome to her time and advice. I remember being on eight visitations with her on one Good Friday in the early 80's; she was fasting, of course; all very poor people except one. This exception was a very wealthy gentleman, who was very ill, and his most devoted wife was his nurse. Mother's manner to the seven poor cases was as respectful and attentive as to the rich; she really

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loved the poor of Christ."

The following example of her thoughtful charity seems to deserve the preference before countless others that must be passed over:

"She was a very poor beggar for herself and her works, but quite eloquent when writing for others. I remember the case of a woman who was in good circumstances in the early days of San Francisco. This person had a daughter who was to be married, and the mother had not means to procure the outfit; she came as usual to our dear Mother, and

that good Mother wrote a touching letter to a very wealthy lady, whose only daughter was about to be married, saying what a blessing the mother's charity would bring on the future bride, if she (Mrs. W.) helped to make a fellow-creature happy, and how probably she knew the mother of the one for whom she was begging, when she was in very different circumstances, &c.

"I made the remark to her, 'Would she stop at nothing? Was it in marriages she was now taking part?' When the good lady responded generously with quite an elegant outfit, even three pairs of lovely kid gloves, the good, dear Mother took the greatest pleasure in displaying them to all the Sisters and asking their prayers for the kind, generous donor, and for her daughter, who was soon to be a bride. The bridegroom was not a Catholic, but she had the happiness of seeing him a good, practical one in a short time. I am sorry to say that he was not spared for this world, but trust that he now enjoys the happiness of Heaven. R. I. P."

Mother Austin Carroll, of Mobile, thinks that her friend's "greatest quality was perhaps her inexhaustible charity and compassion for those who needed help and sympathy." Another illustration of this tenderness of heart may be found in an extract from one of Mother Baptist's letters:

"The Hospital keeps pretty well filled, notwithstanding the open opposition from many quarters. A young woman died here some time ago of consumption; death was at hand when she came, but the good priest who sent her said it was a charity to take her, though nothing could be done, if it were only to give her a few hours' quiet before death. The poor soul had close quarters, and her two children were pulling and pulling her all day long, and their noisy plays were distressing to her. She lived only a couple of days. When the poor, desolate husband brought the little ones to the funeral, she looked so nice in her coffin, the children

did not seem to know she was dead; the eldest, about five years old, said to her father: 'Mamma's not coughing now. She's not sick now;' and she kept going from the coffin to the father, evidently puzzled; but when the last prayers were said and the undertakers put the lid on, she burst into tears and threw herself into her father's arms, 'Why did you let my mamma die? I did not wish her to die. O, papa, why did you do it?' The poor man could do nothing but cry; and indeed many present were also moved to tears. It was as touching a scene as I would care to witness, and we see many such. What a sad thing was the wreck of the 'Drummond Castle!' No wonder the bed of the ocean is called the largest cemetery in the world."

As another revelation of this tender heart, I will give a letter written in one of her last years to a young girl who was confined to bed by a disease of the spine:

MY DEAREST GUSSIE:

I think you must have made the prayer of St. Augustine your own—"Here burn, here cut, here do not spare, but spare me for eternity." Your mother tells me your sufferings are greater than ever. God's will be done. He promises to fit the back to the burden, and I am sure He will not fail to increase His grace and strength in your soul as He increases your pains, and then, dear Gussie, a moment of pain will be followed by an eternity of joy.

Your dear mother, father and sister suffer at the sight of your sufferings, but do not let that grieve you. God will sustain them, and even reward them for all they suffer, and by being conformed to His will you will draw down many blessings on them. I do not fail to place you daily in the tender care of the Mother of Sorrows, but you know it was not God's will that she should have the consolation of assuaging the pains of her Divine Son, and it may be that she sees it is more for God's glory, and your real good that you suffer more, and knowing

you desire only God's will, she does not relieve you. But never fear, she will support and strengthen you; so, dear Gussie, do not lose courage. What you have gone through is past forever, but the merit of it is before you.

I missed your letters, and I am glad Mother has broken the ice. I know she will write again, hurried though she be. To-morrow will be the feast of St. Joseph. I give you special prayers on that day and during his octave. I don't ask you to pray for me, just one aspiration. May God continue to bless you, my dearest Gussie.

Ever yours affectionately in J. C.,  
Sr. M. B. RUSSELL.

To a younger sister of this good girl, Mother Baptist wrote as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, April 24, 1896.

MY DEAR LITTLE NAMESAKE:

I was very much pleased to get your little note, but it had one great defect—you never mentioned Gussie. How came such an omission? Now you have to write soon again, and tell me all about her, for I am always anxious to hear of her. Had you signed your letter Jean Redman, I would know very well who you are, but don't you think as you are a little girl, you would better make it feminine and write Jeanne Baptiste? That is the way little Jeanne Fottrell writes her name. Both her grandmas are Jane, and to distinguish her she is called Jeanne.

It will be very useful to learn German, so I hope you will avail yourself of the opportunity you now enjoy with the German Sisters, and learn to speak it. I suppose Eva knows last Sunday was the feast of St. Expedit, to whom she introduced us. We had never heard of him until she sent his litany. Tell her we all said a Novena in his honor, and think he did hurry up some matters for us, but much is needed, so let her continue to remind him of our needs. He did something good for a poor little orphan who invoked his aid, and the

child sent me word that she will be "Sister Expedit" when she is grown.

Your good Bishop Montgomery called to see Fr. McManus when he was sick in our hospital, and then came to see me. I was delighted to see him looking so well. I said the climate of Los Angeles must agree with him, and he replied, "Yes, indeed it does."

Now, dear Jeanne, I must bring this to a close, and wish you good-bye. Remember me in your prayers, and give my love to mother and all the family, but in a special manner to dear Gussie. I send a prayer to St. Joseph to keep in your prayer book to remind you to pray for me at Mass.

Ever, dear Jeanne, your affectionate

SR. M. B. RUSSELL,

Sister of Mercy.

Three years earlier she wrote to Gussie in a true Christmas spirit ten days before the feast.

SAN FRANCISCO, DEC. 14, 1893.

MY DEAR GUSSIE:

Knowing you have to act "Santa Claus" for the little people, I send you this box of different things to help to sustain the Saint's good name.

I trust, dear Gussie, you are a little easier, a little improved; still whatever God allows is for your good, so continue to say often, "God's holy will be done." One such act of conformity in time of trial is, according to St. Augustine, more meritorious than thousands of acts of love when all goes smoothly.

I hope your dear mamma is well. Give her my love and best wishes, and your papa, too, the same. Ask them to pray for me sometimes. I need not say a few lines, when you feel able to write, will give me pleasure. Wish all a happy, holy Christmas for me. Have you still a sister with the Sisters of the Holy Names? I hope Louis and Lander continue a comfort to their parents, and Joseph also.

Ever, dear Gussie, yours affectionately  
in J. C.,

SR. M. B. RUSSELL,

Sister of Mercy.

The following is a sample of hundreds of similar instances of Mother Baptist's wide-spreading influence that are known and of thousands that are unknown:

"A missionary priest, one very much interested in conversions, met while visiting San Francisco recently, a lady, whom he found to be a convert of many years. Having asked the cause which led her into the true fold, she replied, 'Several years ago while crossing the bay, in one of the ferry-boats, my attention was attracted by a crowd, talking quite excitedly. My curiosity being aroused I made some inquiries. The object of the scene was a small friendless girl who was travelling alone, she had no home in the city nor friends to whom she could go. A suggestion was made that she be taken to St. Mary's Hospital. The Superior of that Institution was known to be a kind lady, who would doubtless have pity on the poor waif. Feeling deeply moved with compassion for the homeless child, I offered to conduct her thereto. Never shall I forget the welcome that awaited us—the homeless one was received with open arms by Mother Baptist Russell. Immediately preparations were made to make her comfortable. No mother could have done more nor show more tender pity than this good Superior did for the poor forsaken child. This, I said to myself, is true Christian charity. It was then the seed of my conversion was sown, but it took many years and the cross to fructify it. At that time I had wealth at my disposal. Time and circumstances brought a change into my life. It was a trial bitter and hard to bear, particularly so for one without religion. In my desolation I sought comfort from my friends, but alas! in vain. It was then that the foregoing incident recurred to my mind. Serious thoughts took possession of me. I asked for instruction and was in a very short time received into the Fold, of which Mother Baptist had been to me the beacon light.'"

There was no dearth of objects for

Mother Baptist's charity even in that rich young land. Writing in March, 1894, she says :

"I think I mentioned the crowds of unemployed men in this city for the last five months ; 589 at our door for breakfast yesterday. We had to employ a second baker. Some good people send flour, coffee and sugar. It is going on since October. About Christmas the number was over six hundred for a few days."

And on the last day of that month, writing to her Sisters in Kinsale about the Golden Jubilee at their convent, she refers again to this less cheerful subject :

"You heard already of the hundreds who come to us daily for food. I regret to say the number is not lessened, but, thank God, we continue to get the where-withal to give them every morning a pint of coffee and dry bread. Thirty barrels of flour, 300 lbs. of sugar and 100 lbs. of coffee came to-day from the good man, James Carroll, who sent a similar supply two or three times already. Mrs. Peter Donahue sent fifty dollars, and young Peter Donahue a hundred dollars for the same purpose. Others helped, but these are the largest benefactors. The number of men this morning was 658."

One of her spiritual daughters, whose recollections go back to the year 1871, when the school of "Our Lady of Mercy" was opened, speaks of the manner in which Mother Baptist fascinated her young pupils in the class of religious instruction which she reserved to herself. "As a school girl, I revered her as a saint, and never changed my opinion. I never knew any one who so closely portrayed the life of our divine Lord. We loved her to give us our religious instructions, and this duty for many years she reserved to herself, although she had innumerable other calls on her time. The Bible stories she told in such a fascinating way and so earnestly that we were deeply impressed, and the Scriptural quotations were so often re-

peated, in appropriate places, in the course of her instructions that we learned them without any labor ; in fact, it was the lesson we most loved. Many of the early pupils of the above mentioned school became religious — some have already won their crown, some are still working for it ; but I feel all would unite with me in attesting that they owe their vocation, under God, to the beautiful 'Gospel lessons' she impressed on our young minds. We all loved her, she was so gentle, kind and interested in our sodalities, entertainments, etc., and gave us such encouragement."

This witness ends with an opinion which is supported by many of the extracts that we have given. "Her most remarkable virtue, I think, was charity ; and this she tried to impress deeply on our young minds. Her charity was unbounded. She loved the poor, and could not even read of their wrongs without shedding tears, she had such a tender heart for all in affliction."

One of the notes taken by Mother Baptist in one of her Retreats touches on this subject and some kindred topics :

"A true Sister of Mercy, a true child of our beloved Foundress, must have a very special love for the poor, as that is the spirit of our rules. Let us not forget His tenderness to sinners in our own necessary intercourse with the inmates of the Asylum, etc., etc., and in the schools above all, let us win the young hearts to God by our gentle kindness and interest to all, carefully avoiding favorites. We can scarcely understand the serious and evil consequences of unkindness to children, especially when accompanied, as it generally is, by a display of temper. It embitters the young mind, and does not convince it of the wrong it has done ; but rightly enough the child considers the religious is in fault. Often it drives the child to the public school, or, if not allowed by its parents to go there, it lessens the influence of the Sisters in general ; and, when the child is an old

woman, the sting too often remains. When she becomes a mother herself, can we expect her to impress her children's mind with esteem for religious or to make any effort to send her little ones to them for instruction? What a string of evils one person's want of the right spirit may entail! Above all, religious are under a certain obligation of praying for those under their care, which is but too little considered, I fear, by many. In this country and this century, when 'Liberty' is the cry in every mouth, the training of youth is a laborious charge; but when we see them so soon throw off the yoke of their parents, though the laws of God and man and even nature itself teach submission to them, we need not wonder that they rebel against us. Can I ever be sufficiently grateful for the blessings I enjoyed in childhood? Never, never. May God be praised!"

As this is one of the very few spiritual notes of Mother Baptist's that have come into our hands, we may join with it some of the others. Thus in the Triduum which closed the year 1886 she prayed this prayer:

"My God, I thank you for pardoning me so often. Give me grace to be faithful to You, inviolably faithful to You, hereafter. I do not ask for fervor nor delight in your service, but only the grace of fidelity to You in all things; this is all I ask, all I desire."

Here are three other very practical notes:

"We know this to be true, humility is not a solitary virtue, but includes many. For are not the really humble also meek, gentle, laborious, patient, docile, obedient, cheerful? In short, do they not possess every virtue? And why not? Does not the Scripture assure us 'God giveth His grace to the humble?'"

"Our nature inclines us to ease and comfort, and we must be on our guard lest under pretext of necessity we indulge it by unnecessary sleep, rest, etc. But, as it is an obligation to preserve our

health, it is best to be guided on this point as on all others by obedience, always mistrusting ourselves when we side with natural inclinations.

"Our rules are the expression of the Divine Will in our regard; can we then deceive ourselves by thinking we are fulfilling this obligation while we are negligent in the observance of the duties prescribed by our rules? Among our duties those regarding the immediate service of God are too often the very ones we are inclined to curtail or perhaps even neglect altogether. Considered in one sense, all the duties prescribed are of equal importance and our holy Foundress puts meals, recreation, etc., on a par with Mass, lecture, etc.; but as our own sanctification is our primary object, and as without God's help (which is chiefly obtained by prayer) we can do nothing meritorious, we must therefore see that our spirituals are to hold the first place, and Superiors will be accountable to God if they do not afford their subjects time to discharge the devotions that are of obligation. But it is, generally speaking, our tepidity and not real want of time prevents us giving the prescribed time to meditation, etc. If we yield to the suggestion of nature and the enemy of our perfection and remain in bed for every slight cause, we are necessarily hurried to get through with our duties and the personal one, 'Meditation,' is the one to suffer. Then again our infidelity (though we may excuse it) is sure to deprive us of the fervor and unction we might otherwise experience, and so the duty is irksome and we leave it sooner than absolutely obliged."

Internal evidence shows that it was before Sacramento ceased to belong to the Archdiocese of San Francisco that Mother Baptist wrote this undated letter to her "dearest Sister Mary Regis," who no doubt died several years before herself:

"Your letter this morning made me shed tears of holy joy. The sentiments

you express of entire and loving abandonment into the hands of God's providence are just what I most wish for you and for all of us. If it were God's will, we would no doubt be glad to have you stronger, so that you might continue longer to labor for His glory; but if He is pleased to call you from us, I trust it is that your appointed task is finished and the reward at hand. For we cannot doubt but that He who rewards the giving of a cup of water, which costs neither labor nor money, will amply reward the exertions you have made, in spite of weak lungs and a hot climate, to instruct His little ones in the right way. If we were more numerous, and if this climate was not evidently more trying on you than that of Sacramento, we would probably take you down; but, as it is, manage yourself as best you can, taking and asking for anything in the way of nourishment and rest that will help you to keep up, and arranging your duties with the same object. If you can change a duty with a Sister occasionally, ask her freely: for instance, though you had better for a time keep the management of the Children of Mary, spare your voice and don't instruct, but select a book for one of them to read while you are there, or get Sister Mary de Sales to give the instruction."

This letter is unfinished on the one leaf that has reached me. The page ends with no signature, and on the back of it the following verses are written in imitation of type:

Father, the cross Thou layest on me  
I Thy child most humbly kiss,  
Nor would I, though choice were given,  
Ask for any one but this.

Give me only grace to bear it  
Calmly, humbly, cheerfully;  
Then whatever Thou may'st send me  
Will be welcome unto me.

Blind, unworthy, faithless atom,  
How can I presume to choose?  
Or Thy gift, All-wise Creator,  
Venture madly to refuse?

I, who, if Thy grace direct not,  
Know not what to ask or shun—  
Oh! my tender, loving Father,  
Not my will, but Thine be done.

"Thy will be done" was the motto on Mother Baptist's profession-ring; and one of her favorite ejaculations was always, "May the most just, the most high, and the most amiable will of God be in all things done, praised, and exalted above all for ever!" Another was, "We praise and adore Thee, O divine Providence. We resign ourselves to Thy holy will."

One of her sisters in religion says that Mother Baptist could not speak of the Passion of our Divine Lord without being moved to tears; and she thinks that she shed tears every time that she prepared for Confession. It is needless to say that all through her life she was in a very special manner devoted to the Blessed Sacrament. Every new house she founded was a new home for our Sacramental Lord, where He was sure to be faithfully served and fervently adored. The Sister whom we have quoted several times says in a letter, "I have just been reading your little book, '*Close to the Altar Rails*,' and a passage about 'Jesus of Nazareth passing by' brings the dear Mother very near to me. For several years, perhaps twelve, it has been my very happy privilege to accompany the priest with bell and candle when he takes Holy Communion to any of the Sisters or patients in the hospital. I always told Reverend Mother beforehand on these occasions that Jesus of Nazareth would soon pass by. I can see her even now raise her calm, lovely eyes heavenward, and a moisture of love would gather in them; and then she would pray a silent prayer, and then a smile and a fervent 'God bless you,' would send me rejoicing on my duty of love."

An old pupil of Mother Baptist's spoke lately of her religious instructions, especially about Holy Communion, and her manner of reading the sixth chapter of St. John, which this lady still reads on

the eve of Holy Communion, while she recalls her beloved Mother's instructions and the very tones of her voice. We may pass on from this subject, after inserting one of Mother Baptist's notes of a certain Annual Retreat:

"No wonder the good Father expressed his appreciation of the beautiful instruction of our holy Foundress, on the Blessed Sacrament, contained in our Holy Rule. But he was especially struck with the wisdom of her words, 'In all their difficulties, troubles and temptations, the Sisters shall seek comfort and consolation at the foot of the altar.' Not (as nature too often would

incline and Satan always prompts us to do) from our Sisters, to whom we cannot confide our troubles, difficulties or temptations without almost certain injury to them as well as to ourselves. If we are wise, we will seldom, and better still, *never* open our minds on the trials we meet except to our Superior and Confessor, and not even to them until we have with filial confidence talked it all over to our sweet, loving Lord who awaits us day and night in the Tabernacle and says as He did in the Scripture: 'Come to Me all you who labor and are heavy burthened and I will refresh you.' "

## BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

*By the Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J.*

THE INSPIRED TEXT, PROFANE SCIENCE AND ECCLESIASTICAL AUTHORITY.

### II.

IN biblical exegesis the verdict of profane science cannot prevail against the clear testimony of the inspired text, or the unequivocal pronouncement of ecclesiastical authority on the meaning of a given passage; if, however, neither the text itself nor the teaching of the Church as to its meaning is clear, then the certain or probable results of profane science may lead us to the true explanation, at least in a negative way. We have illustrated this principle of exegesis in our last paper by applying it to the question of the local universality of the flood; seeing that neither the biblical account of the event nor the teaching of the Church as to its meaning necessitates the belief that the waters of the Deluge covered the whole face of the world, we concluded that we may safely limit the inundation to such an extent as not to interfere with the laws of nature. But in order to grasp the full bearing of the foregoing principle more thoroughly, and to appreciate the practical difficul-

ties which it, at times, entails, we shall in the present paper apply it to the question of the anthropological universality of the flood; in other words, we shall briefly state all the reasons advanced by profane science, by the inspired text, and by ecclesiastical authority, for and against the thesis that the whole human race, Noe and his family alone excepted, perished in the waters of the Deluge.

I. Profane science points out certain facts which may be explained naturally if the flood did not destroy the whole human race, but which appear more or less miraculous if all postdiluvial men spring from Noe. It is especially history, ethnology, philology, and mythology that must be heard on the present question.

1. History shows that the tribes which certainly sprang from Noe were preceded in their earliest settlements by other tribes wholly different from them; thus the Dravidic tribes preceded the



Aryans in India; the proto-Medians preceded the Medians; the Accadians preceded the Cushites and Semites in Chaldea; different tribes preceded the Chanaanites in Palestine.

2. Ethnology points out that the oldest Egyptian monuments present the negroes just as we find them to-day, so that they were even at that remote age wholly different from the Caucasian race. We need not remind the reader that such a differentiation is more easily explained, if it be extended over the period between Adam and early Egypt than if it be limited to the time between Noe and the first Egyptian dynasties.

3. Philology supposes that human language developed slowly and naturally from a monosyllabic condition into an agglutinative one, and from this into its inflectional state. Now the languages of all tribes of doubtful origin are in an agglutinative state, while the languages of all those tribes which admittedly spring from Noe are inflectional; the Egyptian alone forms an exception, since it is really in an agglutinative condition, though it has begun its inflectional formation. It is urged therefore that the time between the flood and the earliest known literary monuments of the different languages is not sufficient to account for such a natural development. The reader must have already perceived that this difficulty supposes that the change of language related in Gen. xi. 1-9 affected only certain nations.

4. Mythology points, in the first place, to traditions which restrict the flood to certain nations only: according to a Chinese tradition India and China were not affected by the Deluge, and Nicolaus, of Damascus, knows of a mountain, Beris in Armenia, on the top of which many were saved during the time of the flood. In the second place, though most nations have kept vestiges of the Deluge in their national traditions, the negroes are wholly ignorant of any such event. This lack of tradition is the more striking since it is common to the

negro tribes of both Africa and Oceania.

If the reader consider the foregoing data of science, he will perceive, first, that not one of them implies a difficulty which God cannot overcome by a miracle; and secondly, that the need of such a miraculous intervention of Divine Providence is not clearly proved even in case the whole human race should have been destroyed by the waters of the Deluge. On the other hand, in order to admit only a partial destruction of mankind by the flood, one must show that such a limitation is permitted not only by Sacred Scripture but also by the teaching of the Church.

II. The Inspired Text bears on the present question, first, in its *ex professo* account of the flood, contained in Gen. vi.-ix.; secondly, in several passages mentioning the event incidentally.

1. The *ex professo* account of the flood clearly states that all men on the face of the earth were destroyed by the Deluge. Gen. vi. 13 reads: "He said to Noe: The end of all flesh is come before Me, the earth is filled with iniquity through them, and I will destroy them with the earth." vi. 17: "Behold, I will bring the waters of a great flood upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life, under Heaven. All things that are in the earth shall be consumed." vii. 21: "And all flesh was destroyed that moved upon the earth, both of fowl . . . and all men." vii. 23: "And he destroyed all the substance that was upon the earth, from man even to beast . . ."

The patrons of a partial destruction of the human race evade the force of these passages by pointing out that the word earth corresponds to the Hebrew expressions *'erets* and *adamah*, and furthermore that these Hebrew expressions primarily signify land rather than earth. If we substitute this primary signification in the above passages, they express the universal destruction of man in a certain land or country only.

It is true that in some other passages

no room appears to be left for such a restriction of the flood's universality to a region or country. Thus we read in Gen. vii. 22: "And all things wherein there is the breath of life on the earth died."

Again, in vii. 23: "And Noe only remained, and they that were with him in the ark." Finally, in viii. 21: "I will no more destroy every living soul as I have done." But it will be noticed that these passages are intimately interwoven with the preceding class, so that they must be understood according to their context. Again, it is not certain *à priori* that the inspired writer does not use in these texts a rhetorical figure of speech as he admittedly does in other cases. Besides, there is always the possibility that the biblical account of the flood may be written in the language of Noe and his contemporaries, who handed down its history to their descendants; and keeping in mind the limited knowledge of the world and its inhabitants possessed by the early patriarchs, we easily understand how they mistook the inhabitants of their own country for the whole human race.

But the defendants of the thesis that the whole human race was destroyed by the Deluge urge other passages which appear to exclude the possibility of explaining the foregoing texts of a limited universality. For, according to these new passages, the destructive effect of the Deluge on human life appears to be co-extensive with God's creation of man. According to Gen. vi. 7, *i. g.*: "He said: I will destroy man, whom I have created, from the face of the earth, from man even to beasts . . ." And according to vii. 4: "And I will destroy every substance that I have made from the face of the earth." The patrons of a limited universality answer, first, that in these texts, too, land may be substituted instead of earth; secondly, that Gen. vi. 7 appears to demand the same co-extension of production by God and destruction by the flood for both the animal kingdom and the human race. If, then, in spite of this

text, recent theologians more commonly limit the flood to certain localities of the animal kingdom, why may we not in the same way limit the flood to certain races of mankind?

It is claimed that such a limitation of the deluge is excluded by the end for which God caused the event. The author of Genesis is quite explicit on this phase of the question; Gen. vi. 2-3 states: "The sons of God seeing the daughters of men, that they were fair, took to themselves wives of all which they chose. And God said: My spirit shall not remain in man for ever, because he is flesh, and his days shall be a hundred and twenty years." Again, vi. 5-6: "And God seeing that the wickedness of men was great on the earth, and that all the thought of their heart was bent upon evil at all times, it repented Him that He had made man on the earth." In vi. 12 the reason for the flood is stated again: "for all flesh had corrupted its way upon the earth." The opponents of the universal destruction of mankind by the deluge, first, again substitute land instead of earth in part of the foregoing passages. Secondly, they contend that neither the passage before the flood-account (Gen. iv. 16; vi. 4), nor that following it (Gen. x. 1; xi. 9) refers to the whole human race. Before the history of the flood the sacred text confines itself to the offspring of Seth and Cain, omitting all about the other children of Adam and their descendants; after the story of the deluge, it enumerates the families of the Caucasian race in Gen. x., and gives an account of the plain of Sennaar and its inmates in Gen. xi. 1-9. Does not therefore the author treat in his flood-account too of a particular race and country only? Such a limitation of the event appears to be implied in the fact that the sins causing the flood are the sins of the sons of God and the daughters of men, *i. e.*, of the descendants of Seth and Cain; why then assume that the descendants of all the other children of Adam were involved in the same guilt

and the same punishment, unless the sacred text obliges us to do so?

2. Thus far we have reviewed the biblical texts which treat *ex professo* of the flood, and we have found that in spite of their apparent explicitness as to the ruin of the whole human race in the waters of the deluge, they may be understood of a limited destruction of mankind. We must, in the next place, review those passages of Sacred Scripture which bear incidentally on the present question. In general, they may be reduced to two classes: first, those appealed to by the opponents of the anthropological universality of the flood; secondly, those advanced by its defenders.

(a.) The opponents of the anthropological universality of the flood appeal to Gen. xv. 19; Num. xxiv. 21 f.; Jud. iv. 11; xvii. 5; xxiv. 1; i. Ki. xxx. 29, etc., in which passages mention is made of the Cineans, or the Cinites, who were descendants of Cain according to the original text of Jud. iv. 11. It is urged, therefore, that part of Cain's descendants cannot have perished in the flood. Again, Gen. xxxvii. 20; Deut. 11, etc., mention several races wholly distinct from the Semites and the Chanaanites, dwelling in the southern parts of Palestine, the names of which are not found in the genealogical table of Gen. x. Therefore, it is assumed that in these races too we have men not springing from Noe. But a moment's reflection will show that these conclusions might be legitimate, if it were certain from other sources that the whole human race had not perished in the flood. In the present state of the question, the foregoing passages prove nothing at all, unless it be shown that the forefather of the Cineans is Cain, the first-born of Adam, and that Gen. x. really enumerates all the descendants of Noe.

(b) Those writers who defend the thesis that all men perished in the deluge appeal to Wisd. x. 4; xiv. 6; Eccles. xlv. 17 f.; Mt. xxiv. 37 ff.; i. Petr. iii. 20 f.; ii. Petr. ii. 4-9; iii. 5 ff., as prov-

ing or, at least, confirming their tenet. In order to lighten the labor of the reader we shall quote only the essential parts of the foregoing texts, and add a few words concerning the conclusiveness of each.

Wisd. x. 4: "For whose cause, when water destroyed the earth, wisdom healed it again, directing the course of the just by contemptible wood," *i. e.*, when water destroyed the earth by reason of Cain or his descendants, God's wisdom repaired it by means of Noe saved in the ark. A similar sentiment is expressed in Wisd. xiv. 6: "And from the beginning also, when the proud giants perished, the hope of the world fleeing to a vessel, which was governed by thy hand, left to the world seed of generation." That Noe alone was the hope of the world at the time of the flood, and that all seed of generation is derived from him appears to be still more emphasized in Eccles. xlv. 17 f.: "Noe was found perfect, just, and in the time of wrath he was made a reconciliation. Therefore was there a remnant left to the earth, when the flood came."

The opponents of the universal destruction of the human race by means of the waters of the flood give various answers to the preceding texts: First, the nature of a historical event should not be learned from poetical texts written long after the occurrence, but should be studied in the sober historical account dating from almost contemporaneous witnesses. Secondly, we must not imagine that the inspired writers of the Books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus received new revelations concerning the flood; they only expressed in poetical language what they had learned in the Book of Genesis. Thirdly, Noe was the remnant left, not to the whole earth, but to his own particular country and race. It must be confessed, indeed, that these answers would be most unsatisfactory if they did not concern passages from the Books of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus.

In Mt. xxiv. 37 ff., the second com-

ing of Christ is compared with the coming of the flood ; but in order to understand the passage properly, we must keep in mind that the unexpectedness of the event, and not its universality, forms the term of comparison. "As in the days before the flood they were eating and drinking; marrying and giving in marriage, even till that day in which Noe entered into the ark. And they knew not till the flood came, and took them all away : so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." Those therefore who appeal to these words as proving the universality of the deluge rather weaken than strengthen their position by their bad argument.

i. Petr. iii. 20 f., reads : "Which had been some time incredulous, when they waited for the patience of God in the days of Noe, when the ark was building ; wherein a few, that is, eight souls, were saved by water. Whereunto baptism being of the like form, now saveth you also ; not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the examination of a good conscience towards God by the resurrection of Jesus Christ." There are two points in this passage which the defenders of the universal destruction of the human race by means of the waters of the deluge urge against their opponents : First, only eight souls are said to have been saved from ruin at the time of the flood. The opponents retort that eight souls are said to have been saved in the ark, but that it is not stated how many lives were saved outside the ark. Secondly, the salvation in the ark is represented in the foregoing passage as a type of the salvation by baptism ; hence, there cannot have been any safety outside the ark as there is no salvation without baptism. In answering this difficulty the upholders of a partial flood freely grant that the saving water of the flood typifies the saving water of baptism, that the eight souls within the ark typify the faithful in the Church, that the ark typifies the Church, and, finally, that the former salvation typifies the

latter ; but they deny that type and antitype must resemble each other in every respect. The waters of the flood, *e. g.*, caused the destruction of many, while the water of baptism causes the ruin of none ; hence the waters are compared in as far as they cause salvation, not in so far as they cause death. It cannot therefore be maintained *à priori*, as it were, that the water of the flood must be the type of the water of baptism even in so far as the latter is the only and the necessary means of salvation.

And again, even if it be granted that the ark prefigured the Church in so far as the latter is the only means of salvation, it does not follow that, in order to do so, the ark must have been the necessary means of safety for all men ; its typical character is sufficiently well founded, if it was the only means of salvation for its inmates, or for Noe's countrymen. If this explanation does not satisfy, we may assume that the inspired writer's manner of presenting the flood offers a sufficient foundation for the ark's prefiguring the necessary intervention of the Church in order to obtain salvation. Does not St. Paul (Heb. vii. 3) represent Melchisedech as a type of Christ's eternal and superhuman priesthood simply because the author of Genesis does not mention the patriarch's parents, his birthday, and the day of his death ? In a similar manner, we may regard the history of the flood as a typical expression of the truth, that out of the Church there is no salvation, because the inspired writer does not state that there was any safety outside the ark.

For though it be true that this kind of type is rare in Sacred Scripture, and must not be admitted unless there be a solid foundation for it either in the Bible or in tradition, still there is nothing against the belief that God prevented the inspired writer from mentioning any persons saved outside the ark, solely to render the similitude between type and antitype more striking. Thus far we have considered the relation of the ark to the Church merely in as far as the inspired

text touches it; we shall have to return to this subject when we investigate the bearing of ecclesiastical authority on the same.

The passage contained in ii. Peter, ii. 4-9, seems indeed to show that the apostle believed the whole human race had been destroyed by the waters of the deluge: ". . . And spared not the original world, but preserved Noe, the eighth person, the preacher of justice, bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly . . ." But here again it is contended that St. Peter knew no other "original world," no other collection of "the ungodly" than he had learned in the inspired account of the flood. It follows, therefore, that the apostle's language must be read in the light of the history of the deluge as contained in Genesis. If then the words of Genesis do not teach that the whole human race, except Noe and his family, was destroyed by the waters of the flood, we cannot assume that the words of St. Peter maintain this thesis.

The last New Testament text appealed to in favor of the anthropological universality of the flood is found in ii. Peter, iii. 5 ff. "For this they are wilfully ignorant of, that the heavens were before, and the earth, out of water, and through water, consisting by the word of God; whereby the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished. But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of the ungodly men." It is argued on the one hand, that "the world that then was" is identical with "heavens and the earth" mentioned in the first and last parts of the passage; now the first and last parts of the passage treat of universal events, *i. e.*, of the creation and the last judgment; therefore the middle part, too, treating of the overflow of the "world that then was," must be regarded as an universal event. On the other hand, it is objected that this argument proves too much; for it implies a geographically

universal flood which is more commonly rejected by recent writers. As to the passage in question, it must be granted that its first and last parts are exactly parallel; as heaven and earth by the power of God's word proceeded out of the primeval waters, so will heaven and earth by the power of God's word perish by fire. But the middle part of the passage, treating of the destruction of the world by the waters of the deluge, must be regarded as a mere parenthesis; hence we must not lay too much stress on its parallelism to the preceding and following sentences. This is the more easily understood, since the universality of creation and of the final destruction extends even to the stars, while the destruction by the waters of the flood must, at any rate, be limited to the boundaries of our earth.

Thus far we have seen that the anthropological universality of the flood viewed in the light of science implies certain difficulties indeed, which, however, could have been overcome by God's omnipotence, and perhaps even by the ordinary forces of nature; that the same universality viewed in the light of the inspired text is not only admissible according to the language of Sacred Scripture, but so agrees with it that its *prima facie* meaning permits no other view. It is only on exegetically studying the inspired texts referring directly or indirectly to the deluge that one begins to doubt whether Sacred Scripture after all really demands the anthropological universality of the flood. Under these circumstances it is of supreme importance for the final settlement of this question to review what ecclesiastical authority has to say on the matter.

III. Ecclesiastical authority in the matter of our present question is almost entirely identical with the verdict of Catholic tradition and its value. Hence we may summarize the results in the following statements:

1. In past centuries there can be no doubt as to the universal belief in the universality of the deluge. It is true

that, according to the chronology of the Septuagint, Mathusala lived till fourteen years after the flood; but far from finding any adherents, this computation, whether it be an oversight on the part of the Seventy or a mistake of their transcribers, excited a good deal of wonder in the early Church. It was only in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that one or another writer began to maintain that not all men had perished in the waters of the flood.

2. The Fathers generally regarded the flood and the ark as types of baptism and of the Church. Whatever explanation, therefore, be given of the words of the Tridentine and the Vatican Councils, obliging the Catholic interpreter to follow the teaching of the Church "in matters of faith and of morals," the foregoing patristic view must be adhered to by Catholics, if all the other conditions of the conciliar decrees be verified. For its typical character connects the flood with the so-called matters of faith.

3. Moreover, the Fathers accepted the typical character of the flood and the ark not merely in their capacity as private teachers, but as a doctrine received by the Church. For it appears to be clear that the patristic teaching on this point is nothing but a development of the doctrine contained in i. Petr. iii. 20 f.; besides, the Fathers knew that the Church is Catholic, is necessary for salvation, and must be entered by means of baptism.

4. Not all the parallelisms between type and antitype which the Fathers mention are to be regarded as matters of

faith divine. Thus the Fathers compare the ark to Christ's sepulchre, the wood of the ark to the wood of the cross; they detect mysteries in the name of Noe, and in the dimensions of the ark. In order to establish what is of faith, we must inquire what belongs to the substantial relation between type and antitype; in other words, in the question now under discussion, we must inquire whether the universality of the Deluge belongs to the substantial marks of its typical character, or rather whether the Fathers regarded it as such.

5. St. Peter and all the Fathers who touched upon the present question suppose, at least implicitly, that the deluge was universal. But since there is a relative universality besides the absolute, we must now inquire whether such a relative universality of the flood sufficiently safeguards its typical character. And even if this should be the case, we must further inquire whether it can be admitted without rashness that the consensus of the Fathers is right in maintaining the typical character of the Deluge, while it is wrong in asserting the historical fact of the absolute universality of the event. The former of these two questions belongs to the introductory science of Sacred Scripture, and we may safely admit that the typical character of the flood would remain intact even if the event should have been only relatively universal; the latter question belongs to the dogmatic theologian rather than to the Scripture student, and an attempt to answer it would be out of place in a paper on a Scriptural subject.

# VANCOUVER ISLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

1874-1900.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. A. J. BRABANT.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.*

(Continued.)

WE had the first high Mass on the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph.

On June 5, following there was unusual excitement in the village. Early in the morning the news is brought that a dead whale is floating off the harbor. There is shouting and running about; paddles are got ready and all the large canoes pulled down to the beach. Not an able-bodied man is left on shore; even a number of women accompany the crowd. You can see the excitement at sea, you can hear the shouting and singing as the monster, of the deep is being towed toward the shore. At last shore is reached. The men stand up in their canoes, paddles in hands, and intone one of their old songs. . . . The women on shore stand alongside the houses, and taking part in the general rejoicings, beat a measure on the sides of the dwellings and their old Indian drums.

As the day is well advanced, it is decided that the cutting up of the whale shall be postponed till next morning. Meanwhile knives are prepared, and the chiefs and principal men, who alone are entitled to a share of the big fish, secure a number of inferior men to give them a hand next day.

June 6.—Long before daylight the whale is surrounded by half naked Indians; they all know the share they have a right to, but not one seems satisfied with what belongs to him—there is no end of quarreling and pushing each other about. In the disturbance a couple are wounded—one very seriously. After half a day of fighting and general disturbance, the whale being cut up, the Indians all retire to their houses, happy at the

prospect of enjoying the delicacies of whale blubber and whale oil for the next few months.

June 7.—In the heat of their happiness the chiefs decide to go to Ahousat and invite their friends of that tribe to come and have a share in the general festivities.

June 10.—Three Ahousat canoes arrive in Hesquiat, in all twenty-two men. All the Indians assemble to receive their guests on the beach; they walk in procession, one man behind the other, in white man's clothes, save two, whose heads are covered with feathers, and who dance the dances usual on such occasions. Meanwhile the Ahousats, appreciating the compliment, rise in their canoes, begin to beat a measure on the sides of the canoes and sing a song in response to a speech made by one of the Hesquiats.

It all finishes by the pulling up of the canoes of the visitors and leading them into the house of one of the chiefs, who at once entertains them at a meal of "whale meat."

The accidental floating on shore of this whale and the importance which the Indians attach to this event had caused them to talk a great deal about the subject. Apropos of this event, let me give a notion of their superstitions on this point.

A few months ago an old Indian chief called "Koninnah," and known all along the coast, died in Hesquiat. This man enjoyed the reputation of bringing dead whales, almost at will, to the shore of the Hesquiat land, and even now he gets the credit for the whale that floated on shore yesterday. For as the Indians say that their chiefs do not forget their friends and subjects when they reach the

other world, hence Koninnah, by his influence, sent them "a dead whale" as a token of good will.

This man, I am told, had here in the bush a small house made of cedar planks; to this house he would repair from time to time to visit his charms, which it contained, and go through his usual devotions, prayers and incantations. His charms mostly consisted of human skeletons, especially those of ancient chiefs and famous hunters.

To these skeletons he would speak as if they were alive and order them to give him a "whale." Each of the skeletons had its turn, and in addressing himself to them he would give due credit to those of their number who, he had reason to suspect, had been granting his request.

It is narrated that Koninnah one day was boasting of causing a dead whale to strand in Hesquiat harbor. As it happened, the flesh was tough and the oil not sweet. The Indians finding fault with their supposed good luck, he told them that he would get another one for them of better quality; when lo! a couple of days later his prediction was verified.

The Indians tell their yarns with such conviction of truth that it is almost painful to have to contradict them.

Koninnah, when desirous to be successful, led a life of strict continence. He also observed laws of fasting and bathing in salt water. Besides, he was never to taste of the flesh or blubber of

his whales under pain of losing his extraordinary powers. Whales are an article of immense importance in this locality and with all the tribes on the coast. They are considered the best and most wholesome food, and the oil is used with all kinds of dry fish.

June 23.—Up to this date it has rained a great deal; the weather now seems to break up and a rainbow is seen in the direction of Sydney inlet. All at once a



DINNER HOUR.

couple of Indians to whom I am talking, bow their heads and turn their backs on the rainbow. I learn from them that the Indians on the coast never look at a rainbow for fear that some harm befall them.

June 25.—A child was born to-day, and being the offspring of an important man, there is great rejoicing. According to an old custom a couple of men having the title of *Okhei*—beggars—covered with feathers and paint, go to the happy parents' house and there begin their pranks and dances



accompanied by singing and pleading, their only object being to induce the child's father to make presents to them and invite the tribe to a feast of food and amusements. Strange to say, the father of the newly born child is confined to the house as well as the mother—on no pretext can he go outside and look at the ocean or sky. Such conduct on his part would have the effect to scare away the fish and to anger the waves of the sea. In case of extreme need to go outside, the man must cover his eyes, look down to find his way; but under no pretext can he look up or walk along the beach.

Apart from the general rejoicings, the old women of the neighborhood must also have their turn. There they sit around the newly born with sticks in their hands, and striking up some of their usual songs begin to beat time on cedar boards or a worn-out tambourine. This they continue until the new mother or her nearest relatives make some suitable present to all the women visitors.

The name of the infant, given before birth, is that of a female dead relative or ancestor. In case the progeny belongs to the masculine gender another name is soon substituted.

Another peculiarity about the Indians is this: If any one dies his name dies with him; that is, no one will dare pronounce it again, especially in the presence of relatives, and if any one in the tribe has a name which sounds like that of the deceased he will change it at once.

There is something so ludicrous about this, that to-day you may know the names of all your people, and still six months later you are likely to know only one-half of them. Christian names are a great improvement, but in giving them one must be careful to make a proper choice, as the Indians cannot pronounce all our letters. A boy called "Damien" was the other day asked his name, to which he replied, without, however, showing any signs of anger, "Dam You," meaning, of course, to say "Damien," a French Christian name.

The names given by the Indians to their children are family names, that is, they belong especially to a certain clan of the whole tribe. Through intermarriage, however, many have passed into different clans, and in fact, as far as I can see, they now are pretty well spread all over the tribe. Inferior people, however, dare not give to their children certain names, which seem to be the property of the chiefs of the different tribes, nor do they, whatever their merits may be, apply them to themselves.

In general, the names of our Indians have some meaning, being mostly suggested by the doings of some big hunter or ancient warrior. Quite a number of them, though, have no meaning whatever, and are simply given as having been the name of some ancestor. As a rule, children take the name of their grandfather or grandmother, sometimes of other ancestors, but never those of their parents.

I gather from what I heard that respect for the dead and their (living) relatives seems to be the main reason for avoiding the adoption of their names or of having them pronounced within a certain period after their death.

June 26.—A canoe containing nine Ekoutl, Barclay Sound, Indians has just arrived. She attracted our attention from quite a distance at sea. Although the wind was favorable she took in her sail when we could hardly see her. She carried a flag at her stern and the Indians were paddling as hard as they could. Next we could hear them sing, and when they were quite near shore they stopped paddling, and one of the men, getting up, struck up a song in a loud, moaning tone; then, upon landing, he shouted something to our people, which I was afterwards told was the name of our chief, and gave him a couple of blankets as a present.

The Hesquiat Indians evidently knew the object of the visitors, for, as a rule, with all the tribes on the coast, when strangers arrive at a village, there are al-

ways a number of the people who run down to the beach, either to welcome them or to get the news.

In the present case, not one of our people went to meet the strangers, who were now at the landing place. Yet, when called upon to go and receive the blankets, the chief sent one of the young men to fetch them to him.

After this was done the same spokesman (of the strangers) got up again and in the same tone of voice called out the name of the second chief and made him also a present of a couple of blankets, which a messenger went down to the beach to take for the second chief.

This was repeated six times, so that all the principal chiefs received a present before the men put an end to their generosity.

Some of the Hesquiats, upon hearing the name of their sons called out by these strangers, got quite excited, and before inviting them into their houses also made presents to them, which were accepted with the usual expression of thanks: "*Tlako! tlako!*"

It struck me as strange that in all their feasts and meetings the parents are not mentioned; that is, if a man invites to a feast, if he has an heir he will always extend the invitation in the name of that heir, and also when presents are given they are always given to the heir, even if he were only one day old. The parent always disappears behind the heir, who in all cases comes or stands to the front in the estimation of all the Indians on this coast.

The Indians of Ekoutl, Barclay Sound, are here with the object of inviting the Hesquiats to a potlach, as the peculiar way of their landing here indicates. This is the first invitation to a potlach extended to my Indians since I came to the coast.

A potlach, as I understand it from the meaning of the word, is a feast where gifts or presents are made, a gift-feast. The priests and ministers of all denominations condemn the feast, and the

Dominion Government at their suggestion has passed a law prohibiting it under certain penalties. As for me, I cannot see any harm in it, although I would rather have it abolished. I had no reason therefore of my own, but giving due importance to the conduct of men longer in the ministry than myself, I used all my influence to keep my people from going to the present gift-feast in Barclay Sound.

As I understand it, a potlach simply consists in this: A man, say a chief of a certain tribe, after a season of prosperity has accumulated a large number of blankets—the Indians here have no money. He then resolves to invite a neighboring tribe to a feast and distribute to them according to their rank the fruit of his industry—his blankets. He privately warns the members of his own tribe to be prepared for the reception of the tribe which he singles out. This proposition is approved of, and his friends, the principal chiefs, secure the necessary provisions, so that when the feast is on they can entertain at a meal the invited guests.

The tribe to be invited are also warned in due time and afterwards formally notified that their presence is expected soon after the formal warning.

The occasion of starting is one of great excitement. All the able-bodied men as a rule and also a number of women go along, and are evidently intent upon having a good, enjoyable time.

The arrival at the village where they are invited, is also very exciting. They sing and dance in their canoes, the drums beat and the muskets are fired off. Meanwhile the people on shore are also doing their best to make a good show, and after many different ways of bidding welcome, the guests land and are invited by one of the chiefs to share his hospitality by taking a good meal.

Immediately after this meal, and more frequently before it, the visitors are divided, for their present quarters during the day when disengaged and for sleeping

at night, amongst the members of the tribe, who take pride in accommodating especially those to whom they are in any way related. There they are also welcome at meals ; but every day during their stay one or more of the chiefs or important men invite all the strangers to eat in their houses where singing, dancing and exchanging gifts and presents are freely indulged in.

A potlach or gift feast consists in exchanging presents either with the object of gain or of exciting the admiration of their fellow-Indians. Sometimes in the height of his savage pride an Indian makes presents, for doing which he is afterwards sorry, especially if an article far below the value of the one he has himself made a present of is returned. Every one seems to speculate either for gain or for glory!

On the fourth or fifth day the feast comes to a conclusion by the man who has invited the strangers making presents to all of them according to their rank or their importance; not, however, without losing sight of the probability that the one to whom the presents are made will sometime be able to make an equal return to the giver. Herein the potlach fails of good, for the old people are almost lost sight of and so are orphan children, especially those of the female gender. A potlach is not an expression of charity, but a pure piece of Indian speculation.

During the festivities, the Indians wear their best blankets and keep themselves cleaner than usual, but for their dances and games, they have resort to all means to make themselves look ugly or odd. Their faces painted, their heads covered with down, masks of different descriptions, bear skins are put on and even Chinese queues are worn by the younger class of people.

The festivities come to an end by a speech made by the one who invited the strangers. These pack their gifts to their canoes and the people at home resume their usual work and occupations.

The hospitality shown by our Indians

to visitors or strangers is quite noteworthy. As soon as a canoe of strangers arrive at a village they are at once invited by some of the residents to carry their belongings up to their house; a meal is prepared for them and lodgings are offered. When traveling our people take little or no provisions along, for they may always reckon upon receiving hospitality wherever they happen to go on shore near an Indian settlement, and whatever food is left after their meal, is taken to the canoe of the visitors. It is used by them on their voyage home and remnants are distributed to their friends at home, during the partaking of which all the news of interest is communicated.

In their own homes after a successful day or season at fishing or hunting invitations are often sent out to the tribe or a part thereof, to come and partake of a feast of food, the remnants in all cases being carried by the young people to the respective homes of the invited guests. Before retiring a speech is made by one of the principal men, and thanks are duly given to the host in the name of those who were invited. In all cases the invited guests occupy a place according to their rank. It reminds one very much of the customs of the Jews at the time of our Lord.

June 28.—To-day the first funeral according to the rites of the Catholic Church takes place. A funeral is never a very funny affair, still this one seems to be an exception, at least as far as I was concerned. The Indian died about midnight; as was customary he was put in a box or trunk at once, a fact of which I was warned by a messenger. I got up and told the Indian that the funeral could not take place before morning—however, that there was no objection to having the corpse put outside of the Indian house.

About three o'clock I was again aroused. Once more I told the messenger to have patience till Mass time. But about four o'clock there were quite a number of messengers. I got up again;



YOUNG SUBJECTS OF THE QUEEN. — THREE LITTLE GIRLS AT PLAY. — SCHOOL CHILDREN.  
A GROUP. — A FAMILIAR COMPANY.

by that time the primitive coffin was in evidence at the church door. Still, I thought it rather unusual to bury the dead at four o'clock in the morning, hence I postponed again; but when five o'clock came there was no use trying to put it off any longer. The funeral was to take place right then. Quite a number of people crowded into the church; the coffin was put in the centre, but every one faced the coffin, even those in front in the church turned their backs to the altar. When Mass was over I solemnly headed the funeral procession with cross and altar boys, reciting the prayers of the Ritual, when looking behind me I noticed that the savages had taken another road with the corpse, in fact they had put it into a canoe and were paddling across the small bay around which I was walking. Still, we arrived ultimately at the same spot, but to my dismay there was no grave dug. There we stood about to bury the dead chief and no grave. Shovel and pick were sent for. I took off my surplice, began the digging of a grave, got an Indian to continue and went home and had my breakfast. When everything was ready, I went back and blessed the grave, and the first Christian of this region was laid to rest in consecrated ground. R. I. P.

I am informed that this Christian funeral is quite a victory towards breaking up the old pagan customs and superstitions of the Indians of this coast in case of sickness and death. First of all, because the Indian was really dead when he was removed and put into the coffin. Many instances are narrated where people have been buried alive. A coasting trader told me that when he was stationed at Clayoquat a man was put on an island where there was a small trading post. During the night somebody rapped at his door, he got up and there stood a naked Indian, the man who had been buried the day before. He lived two years after his supposed death. The strangest part of the story was that the Indians who had buried him maintained

still that the man was dead, and that it was a bad spirit that now occupied the corpse, or rather the body of the new Lazarus.

Some time ago I was called to see an Indian supposed to be dying. What was my horror when coming in the house I found them tying together his arms and legs and actually preparing to bury him alive.

A young married woman had given birth to her first child. She took convulsions and fainted away. No time was lost in putting her in a box, and removing her into a cave close to the village. Next morning a man went bathing in the neighborhood and heard the poor girl cry for pity. She was alive . . . and, horrible to relate, she was left to die in her misery. Her new-born baby soon followed her in death, having starved for want of food. This happened at Nootka. I know a man whose son, the father of a small family, took suddenly sick through exposure; he seemed to have cramps all over his body and became speechless. After four or five days the old man ordered a coffin to be made and asked the services of three young men—they narrated this to me themselves with delight—to force the sick son into the box; they tied him hands and, feet and having him well secured they did as they were told by the heartless father, and took him out into the bush to perish of misery. During all this transaction, the unfortunate fellow groaned and seemed to ask them to have pity on him. They were inclined to comply with his wishes, but they were told: "Never mind, do as I tell you; my son is dead, the bad spirit has hold of him and makes all this resistance."

Another case came to my notice as reported by an eye witness: A middle-aged savage was cutting down a tree; it fell unexpectedly and crushed one of his legs very badly. He was carried home, bled a great deal and at last was pronounced dead by the "medicine men," although every other witness knew that

he was only in a faint. Next morning as my informant was walking along the beach he noticed that one leg stuck through the square box into which the body had been placed, an evident sign that the man had been buried alive, and that in order to free himself he had used the sound leg to break the side of the box, the injured one having been too far destroyed or too painful to be used for the purpose.

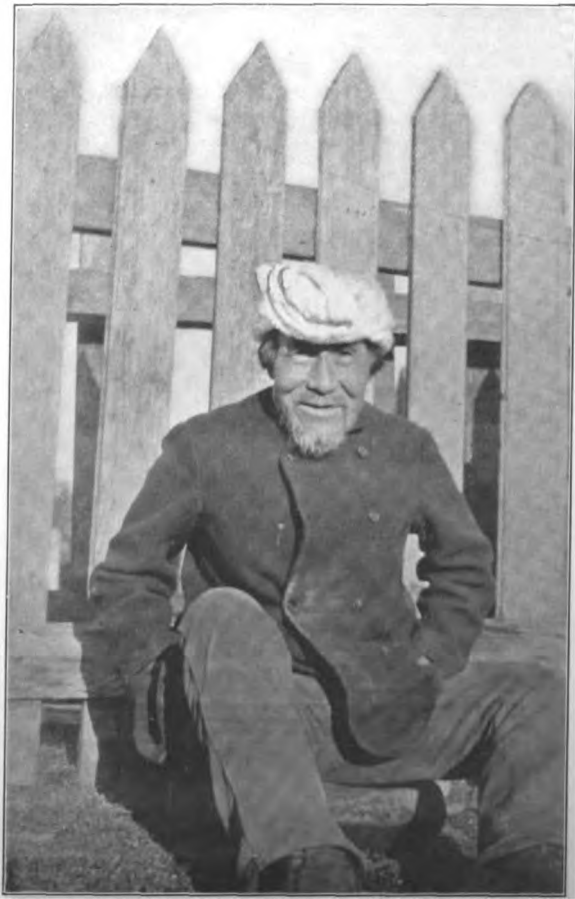
In rare instances the Indians mutilate the bodies of the dead before removing them. (One case came to my knowledge. A young couple had had several children, but they had all died soon after birth. This happened again, and the father of the dead child, upon the advice of the old people and with the object that such a misfortune should not happen to him again, literally broke every bone of the legs and arms of the dead infant before placing it into the coffin.

The Indians up to this had never buried their dead under ground. When it was time to remove a corpse, they made an opening in the side of the house—they never took a corpse through a door, especially on account of the children and younger people who, as the savages thought, would die in case they passed through the passage followed by people carrying out a corpse. They removed the dead through an opening made in the wall by removing a few of the side boards of their houses—then they walked if possible on the beach below high-water mark. If the body was placed in a canoe, that canoe was afterwards destroyed. The bodies were removed to only a small distance from the village and placed in a prominent place

on the limbs of trees ten or twenty feet from the ground. There they were fastened to the body of the trees with strong cords made of cedar bark; afterwards they were covered with blankets; then a display was made by hanging blankets all around. While this was going on, the people in the house, especially the old women, gathered everything that had belonged to the dead man or woman, made a fire outside, threw all the relics into it and destroyed whatever was not inflammable.

And now you could hear them in the houses cry and lament and utter the most unearthly wailings that one can listen to.

When men of importance die, the mourning is general and the scenes that



MY NURSE IN ILLNESS.

are enacted go beyond all limits. Those of a lower rank are mourned by only their own relatives and nearest friends.

A year later the relatives and friends of the deceased walk all in a body to the tree where the body has been placed; they open the box and taking out the skull they carry it to their house and there keep it as a relic.

The idea is, I am told, to keep it from desecration, for the skull of the dead is used as a "charm" to be successful as a hunter, a warrior or a "medicine man." Yet, notwithstanding all the precautions that are taken, you can find along the streams in the bush different constructions that have been put up by the natives where they used to go and pray for good luck or success, and there you invariably find the skull of some dead Indian!

July 10.—I arrived back from a trip along the coast with six of the best and strongest young men. We were well received by the different tribes and visited them all, the Chicklesats being met in a small bay near Cape Cook, the extreme limit of the Mission of the Sacred Heart of which I have charge.

On our way back we called on the Ehattisat Indians living near Tachu. There we found Chief Maquinna, being on his father's side the chief of this tribe and on his mother's side the chief of the Nootka or Mowachat people.

We were ushered into his lodge by the chief himself. His Indian wife, the sister of Matlahaw, the man who shot me, received us with evident signs of uneasiness and shame. However, I spoke to her kindly and my Indians also tried to make her feel at home. After giving Catechism instructions to all the Indians present I went outside with the object of saying my office, and having retired to a certain distance from the camp I felt annoyed to see Maquinna come and join me. I found an excuse to send him away for a few minutes, and availed myself of his absence to walk up a small creek where I could say my office without being

disturbed. When lo! I saw my Hesquiat guides run about evidently in a great state of excitement. They noticed me at last, and coming up they told me to quit my place of refuge and not to go out of their sight again. I knew not what they meant and followed their advice. When night came I prepared myself to lie down in the chief's house, who had acted, as it struck me then, in a very suspicious way in the latter part of the afternoon.

I went to sleep about 10 o'clock and expected to have a good night, for I was worn out with fatigue and the strong, thick smoke of the open fire had almost made me blind. Although I was lying on the bare boards I dozed off almost at once.

Suddenly I felt an oppression on the chest. I awoke and opening my eyes I saw the chief's face close to mine. His eyes were staring out of their sockets and his heavy breath was suffocating. What did he want? What was his intention or purpose?

Next morning, just at daylight, I was aroused from my couch by one of my crew; he told me to get up at once as quietly as possible and follow him out of the ranch. I followed his orders, but notwithstanding our precautions we were detected. We jumped into our canoe, the chief following us in a rage down the beach, and abusing my people in most insulting language.

However, no notice was taken. My men were at their paddles and they did not take a breath till we were several miles away; then looking behind and seeing that we were not followed, one of them told of our dangerous position the day before.

The chief was going to have me killed by one of his men if he could not succeed in doing it himself. Then he was going to accuse my guides of having committed the murder in order to get even with them, for one of the men with me had taken to Victoria and delivered to the police and authorities the father of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, and had

there accused the old man of having incited his son to do the shooting. In answer to a question, I was told that such a practice is very common with the savages of this coast, and that many a war has had its origin and cause in false accusations of this kind.

July 16.—Townissim, the father of Matlahaw, arrives in Hesquiat.

Townissim was the chief of Hesquiat and the father of Matlahaw, who was acting as his successor.

together, and to their horror they saw only a few paces away the body of a dead man at the foot of a large, hollow tree. There could be no mistake about it; it was he! He wore his uniform as chief, and a medal presented by the Dominion Government on his breast.

Horried, they all retired—gave the news to their friends and looked upon the spot as a place to be avoided. However, before making this search they had already arrested Townissim, the young



YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES.

A few days after the man-of-war had taken me to Victoria the Indians arranged a search party, and they had promised to take the young chief to the authorities of the police department, in case he could be found. All the able-bodied men took part in it, and having started from a certain point they meant to walk through the bush for miles around. However, they had hardly begun their work when one of the party uttered a cry of alarm. They gathered

chief's father, and taken him to Victoria. They accused him, and not without grave reason, that he was at the bottom of all the trouble, and that Matlahaw had only acted under orders from his father. Indeed, previous to the shooting, the old man had been seen for three successive mornings in close private conversation with his son; then on the morning of the shooting he had left the village, even before daylight, taking along his grandchild, and had not been seen



ever since ; from which the Indians concluded that the man knew what was going to take place, and kept out of the way till further developments.

Hence they had at once begun their search for him or for both, when one morning noticing the smoke of a camp fire at Entrance Point, they crossed in their canoes and arrested him.

He was six months in jail in Victoria, and then the news that Matlahaw was dead having reached the authorities, he was sent back with a caution, and in due time arrived in Hesquiat.

July 25.—Townissim came to my house to-day just as quite a number of Indians were in my house. I told them to be kind to him and at the same time told him to show no ill feelings against anybody.

August 23.—Notwithstanding my caution, Townissim is inciting the Indians against me. I hear that the poor man is in dread of being killed by his own subjects. Hence, whenever he goes outside of his dwelling, he always carries a knife concealed under his blanket.

September 25.—Good news to-day. The Bishop is on his way to this place and is accompanied by a priest.

September 29.—Right Rev. C. J. Seghers, accompanied by Rev. P. J. Nicolaye, arrives in Hesquiat a few minutes before midnight.

October 1.—Feast of the Holy Rosary. The Bishop blesses our new church, the first on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and places it under the patronage of St. Anthony. A procession is organized in which participate, besides all the Hesquiat Indians, all the Machelats, a number of Nootkas, Clayoquats and Ahousats.

October 8.—The Hesquiat chiefs are called together and a grant of land is made, on which, in the distant future, it is proposed to build a substantial church and to erect other buildings as circumstances may require. The ground may be taken up at once and cultivated.

October 10.—Reverend Father Nico-

laye received leave to stay with me during the winter. He is supposed to prepare himself to take charge of a portion of my mission next spring.

October 12.—The Bishop leaves on the schooner "Alert," G. Brown captain, and returns to Victoria, his visit to the Mission having created quite an excitement amongst the Indians as he has told them that they must prepare for baptism. I avail myself of the opportunity to commence preaching against their superstition with new zeal and determination.

But oh ! how far they are from having the least idea of Christianity and a Christian life. We have a mountain to remove which only God's grace can help us to do.

At this time of the year many of our Indians go up the inlets and rivers with the object of making new canoes. Up on the hillsides or on the lowlands they cut down a cedar tree and with a common axe cut off a length according to the size required for the purposes of the canoe, *i. e.*, sealing, fishing, sea otter hunting, or traveling. Then they put the proper shape to it, very roughly, first outside, then inside. Next they invite some friends and together they pull the clumsy frame to the stream or to the ocean and then float it and pull it on shore before their houses in the village. When otherwise unemployed, especially in the early morning and toward evening, they use a peculiar hand chisel or adze (in old times they used a chisel of stone or of horn of the antlers of elk), and with wonderful patience they cut off chip after chip, till the frame is reduced to the proper thickness—say one inch or more for the sides and double that much for the bottom. Then knot-holes are filled up, finishing pieces put in, and when all this is done a fire is made under the canoe, raised up from the ground on blocks, and the bottom is rendered perfectly smooth. All the work is done without instruments to go by or measure ; yet most of these Indian canoes are so true and so well shaped and pro-

portioned that not even an expert could detect the least flaw or imperfection.

October 22.—All the natives of the tribe have come to church to-day, even those living up the inlet and rivers.

I make a rule (in church) that all the people—men, women and children—must at least wear a shirt, and that no one will be admitted into my house except he wears a shirt under his blanket. After this I show them the absurdity of some of their superstitions.

As this is the "salmon season," the old people are as usual preaching to the tribe the propriety of conforming with the old established regulations lest this great article of food should leave the neighborhood and not come back again in the future. For instance, salmon should not be cut open with a knife; it should not be boiled in an iron pot, nor given as food to dogs or cats. The bones must be carefully collected and thrown into the sea, and under no consideration must it be given to any white man, including the priest, lest he prepare it in lard or a frying pan. It should not be taken to the houses in baskets, but carefully carried one in each hand. These and many other details will show what an amount of absurdities were in these people's minds. They were in utter darkness without the light of the Gospel.

It is almost humiliating to have to say that this and like matters formed to-day the subject of my sermon, and that it created quite a revolution in the camp. In fact, it had the effect of my presence here becoming a cause of alarm and a matter of regret on the part of the full grown men and women in the village.

November 1.—For some time the Indians in discussing with me their customs and beliefs have been talking about a mountain said to be inhabited by a ghost or spirit. It seems to be the main prop of their creed, and it struck me that if I could



FOND OF THE CAMERA.

not prove this to be a fraud, I could not hope to uproot the rest of their superstitions. Hence I resolved to visit the mountain so often spoken about, and show them that they had been deceived by their forefathers.

According to the legend, nine men have died on the top of that mountain through entering a cave, the home of the ghost, without having first made the requisite preparations. Some of those preparations are, to be fasting during ten days, and to abstain from all relations with the other sex during ten months. The natives here, be it noticed, have an immense idea of continence and they attribute to the fact of my vow of chastity that when their chief shot me I was not killed on the spot. Hence, in preparation for their wars, their hunting parties and every undertaking of great importance they keep or pretend to keep strictly continent.

The legend continues that only one man has entered the home of the ghost; and that he used to do so every year. In consequence of which he was most

successful in the whale hunt, an average catch being ten whales per season.

His nine brothers begged of him one day to be allowed to accompany him on the hazardous expedition. After using every means to dissuade them and seeing that still they would insist, he at last complied with their request and the ten travelled together to the top of the mountain. The hero of the expedition insisted that the brothers should enter first into the cave, the supposed home of the ghost. One after the other entered as he was told; the tenth was just about to do so, too, when all of a sudden the entrance closed up and remained closed till the nine unfortunate men had been torn to pieces and devoured by animals the size of a mink. The hero of the story reported what had happened upon his arrival in the camp and ever since that time, the cave on the mountain has been looked upon as a famous and sacred spot. The report adds that as soon as anybody approaches the top of the mountain pieces of rocks and pebbles are thrown at the visitor and the ghost is heard to groan from a distance. This it also does when a severe easterly storm approaches.

Having been obliged to manifest my plan in order to secure a crew to carry me to the foot of the famous mountain, and, if willing, to accompany me to the top thereof, I meet with general disapproval and probation from the tribe. All the important men put their strength together and are determined to prevent me from carrying out my plan. Consequently they come to my house and by violent gesticulations and with shouts declare that I cannot go; that no Indians shall accompany me; that if I do go I am sure not to come back alive. Two young men who had promised to accompany me are deterred from doing so. Only one intrepid fellow keeps his promise. The Indians threaten to kill him in case he does not bring me back alive. Seeing that all their efforts to prevent me are useless, the Indians retire full of dissatis-

faction and anger, assured that I will perish in the attempt, and subsequently that my fellow white men will blame them for having been indirectly the cause of my death.

Late in the evening an old man, in order to make up for the conduct of his son, who after having promised to accompany me, had afterwards backed out, brings word that he himself will be a member of our party—and adds that he will take along an axe to knock the ghost (poke) on the head!

November 2. —After offering up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass I warned the Indians that I would leave at once, and that I hoped that no further resistance would be made. I took along Father Nicolaye who was very anxious to accompany us.

We arrived at noon at the foot of the famous mountain (3,000 feet high), called by the natives, "Kwo-ah-all." We experienced very little or no difficulty in ascending it, for it is clear of brushwood and covered only thinly with cedar trees, some of which are remarkable for their size. At four o'clock we were at the foot of an immense bluff which crowns the mountain and which to the southeast is of a dark red color. According to the report of the Indians, this mysterious cave is southeast of the bluff. Without losing any time we wended our way in that direction. Meanwhile our guides began to make the remark that they heard no noise, that no pebbles or rocks were thrown at us; which gave them such courage that they were determined to find the cave, if there was any, even at the risk of their lives! But our search which lasted several hours was in vain; and after traveling till dark on and around the bluff without finding any mysterious opening or cave, we concluded that we would look for a good camping place, and return home next morning, and report that, as we knew beforehand, the story of the nine dead men and the ten whales is an Indian yarn. Just before

retiring for the night one of the Indians ascended to the summit of the mountain and fired off the two barrels of his gun to arouse as he said the ghost from his lethargy in case he should be asleep. The report of the gun was heard by several Hesquiat Indians who were camped three miles away from the foot of the mountain.

We enjoyed ourselves capitally on the top of the famous mountain. We spent a most pleasant night around a large fire which our guides had started and which they kept going till morning. However, we suffered considerably for the want of water as none can be found beyond midway of the large mountain.

November 3.—Our descent from the mountain, which we commenced at daylight, was very pleasant till we came within an hour's walk from the water's edge. Then we stood before precipices frightfully deep which delayed our return home for several hours, as we had repeatedly to return on our tracks and find other paths. At last we arrived at the spot where we had left our canoe the day before with no other mishap save that my Newfoundland dog, which we had taken along as a bodyguard, had fallen into one of the ravines mentioned above and could not be gotten out.

We arrived at the mission about dusk. Our mission flag was hoisted at the stern of our canoe as a sign of victory of the Cross over pagan superstitions. Upon

our landing no Indians could be seen outside of the houses; only one man came to meet us. He was a young fellow who had backed out of his promise to accompany us the day before, and upon seeing us come home alive the first remark which he made was to the effect that now he was convinced that the Indian belief and legends were pure inventions.

November 4.—Great excitement and confusion. I had no visitors to-day.

November 5.—This being Sunday quite a number were at Mass. I availed myself of the opportunity to speak again against their superstitions and bring in a few items about our trip to the mountain, and finished by exhorting them to abandon their old Indian, pagan belief.

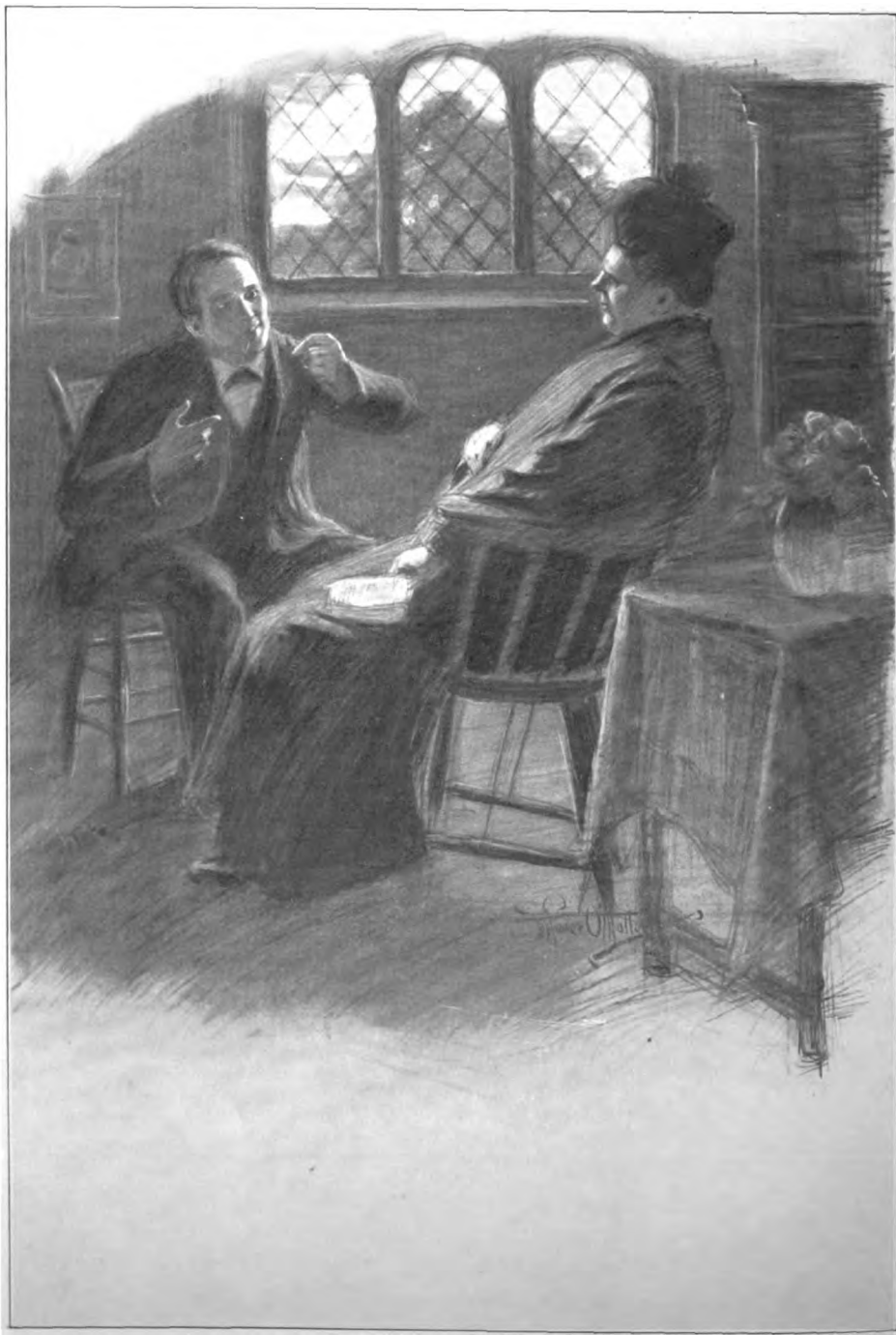
After Mass one of the chiefs invites the tribe to his house, where speeches are made by all the most influential men, who exhort their friends to hold on to the old faith and pagan customs. In proof of their being on the side of truth they give as a proof the loss of my Newfoundland dog. The priest was not hurt and came back alive because he is a bachelor and continent.

November 6.—Having sent a couple of Indians to look after my dog, with the promise of a pair of blankets in case they can bring him back alive, the brute is brought home in sound condition.

The Indians say very little, but I notice that their minds are not calm.

*(To be continued.)*





"I'M AFRAID MRS. CLIFFORD HAS GOT THE BETTER OF YOU, JERRY."

## THE RECTOR OF LYNSHABEG.

*By John J. O'Shea.*

BESIDE a sparkling stream which leaped giddily from a long stretch of green undulating hills, stood the Rectory. The stream is not marked on the Ordnance maps, but it was known to the aborigines as the Annamore. It was a deceitful creature. In summer it cooed and smiled very suavely and innocently, with many pretty eddies around smooth stones on its weed-woven bed, where the gray and speckled trout might be seen lurking, in wait for their prey, amid the shadows. When the inevitable autumn rains came, it threw off its placid visor and appeared in its genuine character. Then it raged between its banks like an ungovernable despot thwarted by circumstances against which his fury is impotent. If it did not grow purple in the face from passion, it made an attempt to get red by gulping down and whirling along deep draughts of the ruddy and tawny clay which lined the sides of its higher reaches. Sometimes it carried off sheep, and even young cattle, in its wild forays beyond its banks, and it was even known occasionally to bear down the wreckage of shielings built incautiously near its treacherous edges, as well as stacks of hay and straw, and household and farming utensils and instruments of husbandry carelessly left within its reach.

For all its wiles and caprices, the Annamore was, like a spoiled child, the delight of all around. Somehow a glamor seemed to linger around her banks. The strange impression that the river was flowing inland, while the current really ran toward the sea, was derived by those who stood at the landward battlement; while, on crossing to the opposite side of the structure, one was led to think his vision had been deceiving him and that the river ran, as all well-regulated streams should, away toward the vast unchainable.

Hence the structure gained from the people all around the significant title, "The Bridge of Doubt."

In two spans the bridge clasped the stream, at a point where a delightful old road swung down from the hilly land and met the opening of a wooded glade on the opposite bank, at the further end of which glittered the white walls and trim slated roof of the Rectory. It was a fair picture, framed in by a wide circle of noble trees. On the long stretch of lushy meadow which measured the space between house and bridge sleek kine, of dappled red and white, with here and there a neat, shapely little black Kerry, browsed or cogitated, wise-seeming and the embodiment of calm content. Away at the garden in front of the house the form of the Rector's wife might be seen moving about amidst her favorite flowers, tending, pruning, and watering, and directing the more onerous operations of the gardener who helped her to keep the floral embellishment of the place in good trim or stored carefully in the greenhouse when the frost came.

It may appear, at this stage, irrelevant to remark that the follower of Father Adam differed from the Rector's wife, as well as from the Rector, on one important matter, though he agreed with them on most other things of more pertinence to his own immediate calling. His name was Jerry Donovan, and he vindicated this very Hibernian patronymic by a steadfast devotion, in practice and precept, to the faith of his fathers. Mrs. Clifford—for this was the name of the gentle mistress of the Rectory—delighted to "draw him out," as she described the process, on knotty points in his theology, because of the amusement his earnestness afforded her, and the quaint, even almost absurd, figures of rhetoric and

illustration with which his exposition was at times seasoned.

The gentle bluff, crowned with trees, on the further side, and the dark mass of the structure itself against the sky, furnished the necessary elements for a symmetrical composition. Then the tall figure of the Rector himself, leaning on the parapet and chatting affectionately to his daughter, who sat on a campstool beside him, as he waited for a trout to rise to his fly, often gave a bit of more than ordinary human interest to the scene, such as your true landscape artist hungers and thirsts for. For these two were quite a striking pair of figures—quite enough, at ordinary times, to furnish matter for a picture in themselves.

A quaint, mediæval-looking frame was that of the Rev. Basil Clifford. Too tall for the best standard of proportion, and thin to correspond, very long of limb, and shrunken of chest, in connection with any other calling he would strike the beholder as ungainly. But a certain refinement in the cut of his never fresh-looking black garb, in the play of the long white hands, the sway of the delicate body, and the contour of the thin, pale face, prevented the formation of any such impression. That face was always smooth-shaven. It was lighted up by a pair of grayish-blue eyes of the mildest and most softly sympathetic kind possible to conceive. The wide mouth, thin-lipped though it was, and showing teeth of feminine regularity and purity of hue, matched the eyes in a constant mobility, tender at times in suggestiveness, frequently indicative of innocent pleasantry. Taken altogether, the face was weak, but singularly winning. It was intellectual, too, and there was a dignity about the high-reaching brow, crowned with a circlet of curls that in earlier life had been of chestnut hue, that was absent from the face so long as the wearer retained the low-crowned, wide-brimmed clerical hat that was so much affected by the rural clergy of a generation ago. Between the thin, swaying figure and the

gentle, undecided face there was the harmony of unfinish, the perfection in imperfection which one seems to realize when gazing at an ivy-grown building which had been left without a tower or gable or wing contemplated in the original plan; but in whose regard the hand of Time had softened the asperities of untoward fortune and made things seemly which should under other circumstances have been an eyesore.

Physiologists hold a theory regarding the particular type of the human kind known as albinos. The abnormal delicacy of complexion and whiteness of hair, they maintain, together with the pinkness of eyelid and weakness of milky pupil, spring from the touching of the extremest type of black in two different lines of descent. If the converse held good in fair northern types, Evelyn Clifford should have been a high-strung, ardent, restless, and imperious beauty of the brunette order; for between both her parents there was more resemblance, not only in physical but in moral qualities, than is usually found mated. Only that the lines in the figure of her mother were smaller and had acquired a little softness, her form presented many features of similarity; yet in her case those points which seemed awkward in him took on that feminine grace of which even the most unfavored of the gentler sex are not wholly destitute; the same sweetness of disposition, too, she possessed, and a good deal less decision of character. Problems of the household troubled her too much to permit problems of theology or ethics to hold any considerable sway; yet these at times intruded themselves unbidden, under the irresistible influence of Donovan's oftentimes odd application of such principles to the common things of daily life and the special environment of the Rectory. A childish mirth was the chief characteristic of this innocent soul; added to which was a childish credulity about mundane matters which made the Rector's wife the constant victim of clever wanderers with marvelous tales of woe to

tell. Among this species there is an ever-active intelligence department wherein notes and estimates of character are constantly exchanged for mutual benefit, and the weaknesses of the charitably disposed in every locality actively canvassed by the tribe of unscientific Lavaters with a keenness of untaught skill that suggests the possession of the sixth sense by the race of hardy nomads.

Among the particular horde who periodically visited every kitchen fireside in the country contiguous to the Annamore many a racy instance was related of the credulity of the Rector, but racier still of that of the Rector's wife. But all agreed that this easily beguiled pair were as marvels of caution and circumspection beside their daughter. "Miss Evelyn, alannah! She to disbelieve anything you'd tell her! Troth, an' if you only tould her you'd a pain in yer wooden leg, she wouldn't doubt in the laste, but run to the apothecary's to get somethin' for it." This was the summing-up of a comparison of the family traits one day between Paddy Timbertoe, the ballad-singer, and Maurya Ruadh, the professional keener, over a naggin of whisky, at a roadside shebeen not far from the Rectory. This was hardly an exaggeration. So far from being the antithesis of either of her parents, as all scientific propriety demanded she should, no lambkin playing in the meadows beside the Annamore was more guileless than Evelyn Clifford. Not one thought of deception ever could enter her head. Such a thing was as unknown to her as the "fourth dimension" in mathematics to beings cognizant of only three. She was an enthusiast for romance—a sort of feminine knight-errant, constantly on the lookout for instances of fortune's unkindness to the nobly unselfish.

When the Rev. Basil Clifford first came to Lynshabeg, he created a rather unfavorable impression upon many people—not excepting the parish priest, Father Clancy. The latter and the old Rector, the Rev. Clayton Forbes, had been

great friends, because, being one of the old easy-going school who took life pleasantly, he sought no additions to his congregation, dined with the gentry around, rode to the hounds, and spent his income in the neighborhood; and when the famine years came he worked heartily with the parish priest for the succor of the stricken population. But the newcomer was of a different temperament. He was then young, enthusiastic in his ministry, disliked the idea of preaching to empty pews, and seemed to be eager to make himself popular, especially among the poor. In Lynshabeg, strange to say, there was a considerable sprinkling of Protestant poor, because in order to make some sort of parochial showing the Ecclesiastical Commissioners had incorporated in the parish limits a portion of the northern suburb of the big city, whose spires and roofs could be seen above the breastwork of low hills that skirted the view from the Rectory window. Some of the people who lived there were factory hands brought from Ulster, and these were mostly of the Anglican or Presbyterian persuasion. To try to get these people to come to church on Sundays—by no means an easy matter—the Rev. Basil Clifford set to work earnestly. He got up little entertainments for them in the school-house, and his wife helped him in the work by bringing the children time and again to the Rectory, feasting them there, and taking them out for pleasant little excursions in the hills and glens. Father Clancy had been told by some super-zealous friends in the city that the Rector and his wife were not content with endeavoring to gather in their own particular sheep, but were found tampering even with the faith of poor Catholics. Being a very blunt and energetic pastor, and one, moreover, with "a bit of a temper," he determined to put an end to this intermeddling. But being also a man entirely just and straightforward, he would take no action until he had first ascertained the truth of the case; and he took the singular course



of calling upon the Rector himself, at his residence, for that very purpose.

With a frankness and cordiality, so unmistakably genuine as to carry immediate conviction to the priest's mind, the Rector welcomed his guest. He had no hesitation in admitting that a couple of poor persons, professing Catholics, had come to his church and subsequently called at the Rectory. But he had not invited them, nor did he wish them to come—he distrusted their sincerity. They belonged to an indeterminate, weak-kneed tribe who are sometimes found oscillating between the churches—idlers and ne'er-do-wells, whose motive is to get a little help; people not exactly mendicants, but casual dependents. Such persons hold their religious principles in much the same manner as the captains of the old "free companies" did their allegiance, "*pas d'argent, point de Suisse*." They astutely drew from the Protestant all they could get, in the comfortable belief that they could fall back on the old Church in the end, and atone for their cunning in imposing on the new one. He could not put anyone out of his church, he said, but he had taken no notice of these strangers. If Mrs. Clifford had given them a little help when they came to her, it was entirely in accordance with her rule of life. She gave to all applicants as far as she was able, without inquiring too closely into their history. If she were occasionally imposed upon, the discredit was not hers, and it was better, she thought, to be the victim of a little deceit at times than to harden her heart against the deserving poor, the only alternative she saw to an indiscriminating policy.

"I do not believe in applying the principles of political economy to the impulses of the heart," said the gentle Rector. "I cannot stand a pitiful tale from the helpless and the stricken. I know it is not scientific; I am often told, and I believe it, that it only encourages others to come; but if Nature did not furnish me with a carapace where I

wanted it most, the fault is not mine. Buckle and Ricardo are not my guides, but the lesson of the man who fell among thieves."

A broad smile lightened the ruddy, strong face of the priest. There was a comical mixture of pity with the admiration which his face plainly expressed. He knew the class of people who so easily got the ear of the guileless Rector. He had had visits from them—only one visit in each particular case. He could read the thoughts of such adventurers, and he was a man who kept his eyes and ears wide open. He was enabled by the proper use of his faculties to know the circumstances of most of the people about the neighborhood, and he was a keen physiognomist. The plausible suppliant, who pleaded for a sixpence or a shilling merely to finance a visit to the next shebeen, soon found out the power of the mind-reader, and the experiment was never repeated. But as for those whom the priest knew to be really in need of help, they should have the coat off his back, if there were naught else portable handy.

A dreadful source of trouble to his housekeeper, staid Widow Halloran, was the eleemosynary recklessness of Father Clancy. At times she was seriously embarrassed; "at an amplish," as she herself used to express it (a way of rendering the condition of being nonplussed), for want of ready money to carry on the domestic policy of the presbytery, and Father Clancy gave her to understand she would incur Anathema Maranatha, or at least the Minor Excommunication, if she ever ran any bills. Were it not for her nearest neighbor, Mrs. McCarthy, from whom she could borrow a fowl or a flitch of bacon at times, the good priest and his housekeeper would frequently have only Lenten entertainment at dinner-time. A hint or whisper of this never came to his ears, for well she knew that the establishment would have to subsist as best it could without such luxuries, if its master were aware of its straits.

So pleased was Father Clancy with his call upon the Rector that he would fain call again, but he knew that by doing so he might excite comment that might be awkward, perhaps, for the Rev. Mr. Clifford, whose position was already being made uncomfortable by reason of his method of conducting service. Flowers and lights began to appear on the altar table; thrice he bowed before beginning the service, and the number of genuflections he made during its progress exceeded the limit recognized by the orthodox. The vigilant among his congregation thought they detected in his sermons a tone of reverence for the communion service, to which they had been entirely unaccustomed. Mysterious hints at the necessity of being absolutely free from sin before approaching the sacrament seemed to them to point to the introduction of auricular confession. These symptoms had already spread alarm in a section of the congregation. They were a subject of gossip in the neighborhood, and Father Clancy soon became aware of the fact. Therefore he decided to refrain from possibly adding to the Rector's troubles by again visiting the house. But Jerry Donovan was one of his favorites, and he often called at the presbytery, after his day's work was over, to entertain Father Clancy with the story of his polemical tilts with the Rector's wife and other matters connected with the family which could be told, he thought, without any breach of confidence.

One evening during Advent Jerry made his appearance after supper time. There was something unusual to communicate, Father Clancy at once judged from the eager look in his merry blue eyes, peeping out from labyrinths of freckles and wrinkles below the brows and at the corners. The sun-tanned face, shrewd looking and full of suppressed humor, could scarcely keep down an explosion of risibility. But he must not laugh as yet, for Father Clancy was striding up and down, reading his breviary.

"Well, Jerry, what's the fun now?"

queried the priest, as he stopped and put aside his book. "Something unusual to-day, I know by your roguish look."

"Nothin' very unusual, troth, yer riverence; only one of our grand argyfications, the misthress an' meself. But for the first time, to tell the truth, she seemed to get the better of me, so she did. Honestly, she put me into what they call a doldhrum, yer riverence. I couldn't say 'yes' or 'no' to what she put before me, an' so I came to you to help me out on a fine p'int of theology."

Father Clancy took a generous pinch of snuff, and then smiled somewhat incredulously at the rustic casuist. "Come, come, Jerry," he said, "you must not pretend to me that you are finding more than your match on points of doctrine. You're not a hair-splitting schoolman, I know, but you're well grounded enough for a minister's wife, anyhow. I'm afraid you're getting conceited. Beware of the pride that apes humility."

"Oh, Father!" expostulated Jerry reproachfully, his face dropping its comical look instantaneously. "Don't imagine it's any such thing. No, indeed, yer riverence; I'm in downright airnest; she cornered me tight; and I'm come to ax you about the thrue tayching."

Father Clancy sat down and settled himself as if for an argument, fixing his penetrating gray eyes on the controversialist with a searching, yet half amused look. "Go on, Jerry," he said; "present your case both for and against, and don't leave a doubt for either side to rely on for the benefit."

"Well, the long an' the short of the story is this, yer riverence: This bein' Friday in Advint, the misthress comes to me and says: 'There's no fish to be had to-day, Jerry, an' so I'll have to put you on eggs for yer dinner,' says she. (It often happens that way, yer riverence, but this is the first *Advint* Friday it turned out so.) 'How many will I give you—six as usual?' she says. 'Yis, ma'am,' says I, 'six as usual'—you see, yer riverence, I have a pretty good

'sthroke' at dinner time—"but," says I, 'don't boil two of 'em, if you plaize, but put 'em aside an' give 'em to the first poor person that comes lookin' for a bit to ait.'

"The misthress opens her eyes like saucers, an' she says to me: 'Jerry,' she says, 'what do you mean by that? You're always able to ait six eggs when we haven't any fish. Now, why do you want to put away two of 'em for a beggar?'

"'Well, ma'am,' says I, 'if you must know, it's because this is Friday in Advint—not like other Fridays, barrin' the Fridays in Lint. I always make it a practice—as you'll have me tell it—to do some little work of shuperorogation on these days.'

"'Shuperorogation,' says she; 'what's that, pray, Jerry?'

"'Well, ma'am,' says I, 'it's a short word for doin' somethin' of yer own accord, that you're not obliged to do, just for the love of God, you know, ma'am.'

"'That's not good doctrine, Jerry,' says she. 'God doesn't ask us to do unraysonable things,' she says.

"'God redeemed us, ma'am, from purdition,' says I, 'be rayson of the same motive. He wasn't required to do it, but He did it out of love for us. That was a work of shuperorogation. Oughtn't we do something in our own poor way—even if 'tis ever so small—for the same rayson—to show our love for Him?'

"'An' d'ye mane,' says she, 'to keep up the same practice all through Advint and Lint?'

"'Yis, ma'am,' says I, 'if God spares me.'

"'Then, Jerry,' she says, 'you'll be doin' wrong to yerself an' me,' says she. 'You'll wayken your constitution,' she says, 'an' thin you can't do an honest day's work for me,' says she. 'Don't you know that you must be just before you're ginerous?' she says.

"I only laughed, yer riverence, but she insisted. 'Well, thin, ma'am,' says I, pushed to the wall like, 'sure God

will give me strength to work as well as ever, though I do deprive meself a little for His sake.' She shakes her head an' says, 'I'm afraid yer doctrine is all wrong, Jerry,' says she. 'When you do anythin' for the love of God, you expect to get a return for it in some shape?'

"'No, ma'am,' says I, 'that's where *you* make the mistake. Don't you know, ma'am,' says I, 'that a thrue Christian says in his heart, "God's will be done," whatever comes to him—health or sickness, poverty or the riches of Damer?'

"'I know this,' says she, 'that God's will *will* be done, anyway, an' whatever you or I may say or do, it can't be altered a hair's breadth.'

"'Oh, Lord save us, ma'am,' says I, 'if that's the case where's the use of us prayin' or goin' to Mass or meetin' at all at all?'

"She made no answer to this, yer riverence, but went straight away. I thought to meself at first that she had got the worst of the argyfication, but afther turnin' the whole subject over in my mind, I began to see that mebbe from her p'int of view I was in the wrong. If by not aitin' enough I wasn't able to keep up my strength, I'd be doin' an injustice to her, in the matther of the day's work—an' that's the p'int of theology I'd wish yer riverence to decide for me, in case the mistress minitions the matther again to me."

"I'm afraid Mrs. Clifford has got the better of you, Jerry," said Father Clancy, when he had heard the state of the case. "As she has hired your services she is entitled to take every material guarantee for getting full value. It makes no difference about her Calvinistic ideas; the matter for her is one of a simple labor contract. Your intention in regard to the sacrifice will, however, stand to your credit, as though you had been permitted to perform it."

"Oh, Calvinist or not," responded the casuist of the hoe and the watering-pot, "she's a good soul an' full o' charity. I believe she's only thryin' to

draw me out half the time when she starts these quare subjects. Himself often stands on the porch or takes a seat in the summer-house to hear the two of us argifying."

"Mr. Clifford is a different style of Protestant, Jerry. He's a High Churchman; what they call a Ritualist, I have been told."

"So the people outside tell me, yer reverence; an' he's likely to get into hot wather over the same thing. There's a few of his congregation as black as the ace o' spades; some of 'em, indeed, belongin' to the town side, have the name of bein' Orangemen. There's a little tailor o' the name of Sandy Maglone, from the black North, a sprissaun with a puss on him that would sour new milk, he's always goin' about makin' mischief. There was a disturbance in the church one day, an' he was one of those that was put out by the police, an' that night the windows were broke in the church; one lovely stained glass one in the gable end, with a picture of the Three Kings adornin' the Divine Infant on our Blessed Lady's knee. There was, furthermore, a threatenin' letter found nailed to the church gate, warnin' the Rector that there 'ud be mischief if he didn't alther his goin's on; an' I'm sartin sure that spalpeen of an Orange tailor was at the bottom of all this trouble."

Only half satisfied with the result of the interview, Jerry went back to his work in the garden.

Although Father Clancy did not again call at the Rectory, he frequently met the Rev. Basil Clifford after his visit there. These meetings came about sometimes as the result of arrangement, as when the names of both clergymen were placed upon some local relief committee or among a deputation to the grand jury for some scheme of public improvement; sometimes the meetings were accidental. Each found the conversation of the other full of deep interest. The priest's strong mental vision soon enabled him to penetrate below the

surface of his weaker brother's mind. All the polish of a Trinity College education, perceptible in every turn of phraseology and apt illustration, could not gloze the fact that it was not a calm current which flowed below, but a restless series of whirlpools and eddies of thought, chafing over a broken bed of doubt and vacillating opinion. To the priest's calm, settled, rock-rooted faith and certitude of thinking, this habit of mind was a curious contrast. A palpitating mass of quicksilver placed beside a block of adamant could show no greater difference in innate qualities. Father Clancy found his friend more than usually unsettled and perturbed at the close of an official "visitation." The Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Swavely, had been down to see how the spiritual affairs of Lynshabeg stood. He had heard rumors of disturbances and dissatisfaction. Being a Low Churchman, when he had to deal with Low Church people, he had found fault with some things which the Rev. Basil Clifford did. The use of lights and incense he condemned, in especial, as "unscriptural" and savoring of "Popery."

"How can these accessories be described as unscriptural," pleaded the Rector, "when you find them prescribed for the Divine worship among the Jews, even by angels sent from heaven? They have been used in the Christian Church from the days of the Apostles, there is good reason to believe. Do you not consider it highly probable that a great deal of the sacred ritual was settled by our Divine Lord Himself, in council with His disciples, in the period of His sojourn with them after the Resurrection?"

"Such a conjecture may be tenable, but it is not to the point," replied the diplomatic Bishop. "To-day men demand proof for everything; conjecture, however rational, will not do for argument. Though the reference to the Jewish ritual be incontrovertible, you must remember that the whole system

came to an end with the establishment of the new, and it was the policy of the Church to depart as much as possible from the old order in the arrangement of Christian worship."

"Still, the incense and the lights were preserved," stubbornly persisted the Rector. "We know that their use was universal down to the days of the reformers. And do we not claim that we are substantially the same Church that existed in England, save that we have thrown off certain Romish innovations?"

"My dear sir," replied the Bishop testily, "we are not arguing the subject from the apologists' side. We have the people to deal with, and we have a certain statutory code by which we must regulate our outward procedure at least, whatever we may privately think. As long as we had the Church connected with the State here, *your* method and views might be indulged in with absolute safety to yourself and the Church at large. The people then were powerless to effect anything; they could grumble as much as they pleased, but that was all. Now, you know, the case is altogether different. You are dependent on the people—on the wealthier portion of them; and if your practice be in conflict with their views they have the irresistible power that the House of Commons has over even the most powerful of governments: They can refuse to vote the supplies."

"We were led to believe," answered the Rector, "that when the Church was disestablished we should get rid of those shackles of statutory regulations. Are we not now the Church of Ireland?"

"Yes; but that fact does not dis sever us from our Anglican sister. We accept the same prayer-book, and the same legal decisions which regulate questions of ritual over there are morally binding upon us here."

"In my judgment we are treading a false path in so doing. Look at the recent decision of the Primate. He

speaks with two voices. He holds that the doctrine of transubstantiation is tenable in the Church, yet he accepts the restrictions of a parliamentary enactment to prevent the outward expressions of that belief by a suitable and decorous ritual. Who vested in Parliament the spiritual authority of the Church?"

"Why, the Crown, of course—and Parliament itself."

"And who these? But I am afraid we shall not arrive at any solution of our theological difficulties if we pursue this subject to its logical conclusion. I must only go on as best I can. If my views be the means of creating discord, I feel I should be working more harm than good by manifesting them in the service. But I may hope to induce a more commendable state of mind and a higher view of the sacred things of religion in the minds of the people, by a course of Scriptural exposition and appeal to historical prescription. They must be convinced that they are wrong in believing that religion is a thing entirely of the spirit, as so many of them certainly do. This is why so few of them can be got to come to church even on Sundays. Were they logical, there would be really no visible Church at all—and this is the line on which I intend to proceed in their awakening."

After this interview things went on a little more smoothly in Lynshabeg spirituals. Father Clancy, who had heard of the result vaguely, met the Rector soon afterwards, and though he refrained, of course, from any reference to so delicate a subject, he had no difficulty in concluding that his friend was in a very perturbed state over it.

"There is one thing in your Church, my friend," said the minister, "of whose possession we ought to envy her. I mean the existence of authority—authority which you cannot ignore—spiritual authority, not mundane."

"It is of the essence of our faith," replied the priest; "and what often makes me really wonder at the inability of even

the brightest intellects and the honestest minds in your communion to recognize the indispensableness of that principle. Any system setting itself up independently of it is as the arch minus the keystone."

"We have one authority at all events, my friend," replied the other, smiling. "We have, in the last resort, the appeal to Scripture."

"Yes," responded Father Clancy, no less good-humoredly, "the authority of your own view of its meaning, which generally happens to coincide with your own desire what that meaning should be. Every man is a Church unto himself, in this way. You flatter yourself there is homogeneity where there happens only to be accord in error for the time being, and the elements of entire disintegration amongst all the fortuitously aggregated atoms."

The Rev. Basil Clifford's submission to the behests of exigency as a spiritual policy did not long subsist. It could not, in the nature of things. The sea of mental debate is never still, no matter how serene its surface shows. An irresistible force impels it to movement, even though motion may be no more progress than the ambulation of a mill-horse in his circle is travel.

There was, one Sunday evening, a great commotion in Lynshabeg. The police had been sent for to quell a disturbance in the Protestant church, and several men, including the theological-minded knight of the thimble, had been removed forcibly to the lock-up. Next day they were driven off to the city for trial before the magistrates. Very much against his will, the Rector was obliged to give evidence in the case, and, despite his strong pleading for clemency and remission of punishment, Sandy Maglone, as the ringleader, was sent to jail for six months.

Deep was the Rector's distress over the transaction. He looked upon himself as a culprit, in bringing such trouble on a poor family. In this state of mind he was found by Father Clancy one day

on the bridge, endeavoring to dissipate gloomy thoughts by a little indulgence in his favorite pastime.

"I am luckless in everything, I fear," he said, smiling sadly. "This is the sixth fly I have tied on to-day, and I am no more a fisher of fish than I seem to be a fisher of men. The trout all seem to keep away, and there is a saucy pike about here who has a knack of getting off with my flies without any great danger to his integument."

"Your bait, probably, is not bright enough for the better fish, nor your hook strong enough for the coarser," said the priest. "Old-fashioned means will not do in these times; men and fish alike seem to demand novelty."

"I fear so, indeed, my friend," replied the other, with a sigh. "I fear, moreover, that there is something wanting in myself. Do you know what it is to be tormented with doubt about the gravest problems?"

The priest looked at the speaker keenly. He was evidently laboring under some great inward anxiety. His face was more than usually pale, and there were dark circles under the eyes. A painful twitching at the corners of the mouth, which he vainly tried to repress, spoke of a high nervous tension.

"Doubt!" said Father Clancy. "None whatever. In my college days, some shadows of such things used to cross my mind at times, but only to be dispelled by prayer and a turning of the light of reason on the point that seemed obscure. God permits such temptations to overtake us, only to prove our fortitude and the fibre of our faith. The season of trial with me has long since passed, and there is never a shadow of doubt on the true priest's mind, once he has satisfied himself of the security of the foundations on which his office is built up."

"But did you see this new work of Bishop Colenso's?" queried the Rector, helplessly. "Do you know that he proves, beyond yea or nay, to my mind,

that the Pentateuch was not written by Moses? In fact, he makes it appear doubtful that there is anything more than a myth in the legend of Moses himself."

"I have not seen the book," replied the priest, "nor do I care for his contention, whatever it be. I have no doubt about Moses—for the very good reason that our Lord often appealed to his authority, and just as frequently referred to Holy Writ as authoritative. What do I care what Dr. Colenso or any other sceptic says, when I have such an example before me?"

"But when it is made clear beyond the possibility of a denial that the books ascribed to Moses were written by different persons, ages apart, what are you then to think? If any one presented you with a book written half in the English of Chaucer's age and half in that of Addison's, and told you it was the work of the one hand and the one lifetime, what would you be inclined to think?"

"You may travel through Spain, and France, and Italy, and you may find that though you know Spanish, French and Italian you cannot make yourself understood in one province with the language wherewith you are intelligible in another. All this confusion may be synchronous—a matter of the one day's experience, so to speak. A man writing historically of Spain, or France, or Italy, a thousand years hence, on the basis of the literature now current in their several provinces, might refuse to believe that he was reading the chronicles of an identical age and people. In the transcription of the Mosaic books, some similar condition may have been experienced among the ancient Hebrews. The Hebrews themselves do not seem to have entertained any doubt of the genuineness of their sacred books—the best proof, in my mind, of their authenticity."

A new light seemed to break upon the Rector's mind. A gleam of pleasant surprise shone for a moment in his eyes, and his whole face lightened up with an

expression of relief. "Your illustration is felicitous, my dear sir," he said, "but still——"

"Still you are loth to accept it," said the priest, as the doubter paused until the hiatus required some break. "You sigh for authority, and yet, on the slightest temptation of the arch enemy, Doubt, you reject it when offered. Think you this Dr. Colenso, whoever he be, was the only Hebraist that ever lived? In the days when the Septuagint was prepared, the scholars who worked at it were closer to the classic Hebrew period and the days of cleavage and variation, immeasurably, than we. Knowing the care with which the sacred writings had been preserved, they did not question their authenticity, but allowed for provincialisms and other accidents in the text. Their work was not hurried; they were the ripest scholars of their age: how, then, can you reject their authority in favor of that of a modern speculator?"

"Your point, I own, is well taken," replied the Rector, with the air of one who, though conquered, was not wholly convinced. "I shall go over Colenso's arguments more carefully, so as to see does he anticipate such an explanation, and provide against it. But it is pleasant, at all events, to have a mind like yours to confide oneself to in such matters. If I can clear this up there may be others——"

Again he paused, and the serious change of face and drooping eyes told of a spasm of mental irresolution.

"Fear not to speak to me freely, my dear friend," put in Father Clancy, with fervent sympathy. "I can readily appreciate your position."

"Thank you, my friend; perhaps you have some idea, but you cannot see it as I do. It has a worldly side, alas! Were a man independent—but, then, what is the use of discussing the irreparable? Good-bye, and God bless you."

He held out his hand with the mien of one who wished no more to be said, and turned away towards the homeward path.

The priest looked after him with a deep sigh of commiseration and a gleam of pity in his kindly eye. The pathos of this revelation was profound. In the few parting words of the Rector there was a whole volume of family history and mental suffering. Were it not for those dependent on him, this poor gentleman would certainly seek a solution for his spiritual troubles in the only way others like him had found it. This was the cause of his doubts and his seeking excuse in the doubts raised by others. The mind ill at ease seeks refuge in the phantasms which seem to wear the slightest semblance of reality.

It was well known that the Rev. Basil Clifford was a poor man. Although his living was a comfortable one, the generosity of his own disposition and the unselfish charity of his wife and daughter rendered the possibility of any anxiety about the disposal of surplus revenue quite unlikely. The chief trouble of the ladies lay in the opposite direction. How to keep down expenditures so as to avoid embarrassment, was at times no easy problem, for running into debt was not for a moment to be thought of by people occupying their position, even if it were not abhorrent to all their principles. Father Clancy bethought him of all this as he looked commiseratingly at the retreating figure. He bethought him also of the deep attachment which subsisted between father and daughter. No two souls, it was well known, were ever more bound up in each other than these, wide as were the differences in their peculiarities. Here was the stumbling-block, he said to himself. The thought of his helpless girl reduced to poverty and privation by reason of any change of circumstances must be, he knew, unbearable to a man of such gentle and affectionate mould as he. The faith of Abraham, the devotion of Jephtha, never found lodgment in such tender breasts as his.

A month passed. Father Clancy had been summoned to Maynooth on special

ecclesiastical business, and left the parish in charge of a younger priest recently ordained. As he drove toward home one dull October evening his car overtook Jerry Donovan trudging wearily in the direction of the Rectory.

"Well, what's the best news, Jerry?" he asked cheerily, after the usual greetings. "How are all the people over at your place?"

"The news is bad, I'm sorry to say, yer riverence. Miss Clifford caught some terrible sickness, and her father is distracted. She went to town to help Sandy Maglone's wife, who was laid up with fever or something of that sort, and she came back shiverin' and shakin', an' had to get the doctor that same evenin'. That's a week ago, an' she's not better yet, yer riverence."

"This is bad news indeed, Jerry," commented the listener. His heart was profoundly moved as he recalled the feeling that bound those two. And this sweet girl to be stricken down through ministering to another's misery! It seemed hard indeed.

"I shall go over to-morrow to ask after the young lady, Jerry," he said, hoarsely. "Meantime, if you get a proper opportunity to say it, convey to your master and mistress my respectful sympathy."

On the morrow the priest set out in the direction of the Rectory. He had not gone far ere he saw Jerry Donovan coming from the opposite direction at as swift a pace as his stiff joints enabled him. Something in the old man's gait and air told him there was trouble, long before they had come within talking distance.

"What's the matter, Jerry?" cried the priest as he drew near. "Nothing bad, I hope."

"Bad, yer riverence! The worst in the world—oh, God help us! Our poor young lady is dead!"

"Dead!" echoed Father Clancy, profoundly shocked, "can it be possible?"



"Oh, it's too thrue, yer riverence—too awfully thrue. An' what's a thousand times worse—it was the poor father who killed her! He got up in the night when she called for help, an' gave her the wrong medicine. Some kind o' poison it must have been, for she died in a couple of hours afther. Sure the police are up at the house, an' the doctor, an' the coroner. An' as for the poor Masther—oh, I can't tell you how 'tis goin' to be with him. I think he's lost his raison."

"Merciful God," gasped Father Clancy. "This is horrible. Come along with me, Jerry; I must go to him at once."

It was six months after the tragedy at the Rectory. Father Clancy was walking slowly toward the Annamore bridge, in the centre of which might be easily discerned the tall figure of the Rev. Basil Clifford. It was his daily habit to walk down from the Rectory there, and take his station at the spot where he and his loved-one-lost had spent so many delightful hours in the past, she sitting on a campstool at his side, while he plied his rod and charmed her with the flow of thought from a mind more richly dowered than any she had ever known outside. There would he sit and muse over the swift-eddy current, and sometimes go through the form of tying on a fly, only to cast it into the stream and then forget it was there. Often did Father Clancy join him there, and endeavor to divert his mind from the deep, mute grief which had settled down upon it by all the conversational arts of which he was master. More especially was he anxious to discover whether the final change for which he hoped and prayed had come over his friend's mind as regarded the matter of faith. But he found that the process of metamorphosis had been arrested instead of hastened by the overpowering calamity which had darkened his life. The old doubts had grown again upon

him; despondency added its gnawing to the chill of irresolution. A keen anxiety mingled with the tender pity, which filled Father Clancy's heart over his friend's condition.

It was a balmy spring day. A sudden spell of warmth had followed a somewhat protracted winter. The hills were laughing with innumerable tears of joy, for the sun had melted the snow and they were hurrying down in rivulets to swell the Annamore. The river ran red and swollen under the bridge. The waters swirled angrily in their confined channel, and dashed madly against the one little pier that supported it in the centre.

Father Clancy looked at the raging torrent, and trembled. He called out to the Rector as he approached.

"Mr. Clifford, if I were you I would not stay there. The place is dangerous. That old pier is not very strong, you know."

He saw the Rector's face turn toward him, a sad smile lighting it up, the while he shook his head in refusal. "There is no place like this for me," he heard him say, above the roar of the torrent. "*She* loved to watch the river in such a mood."

"For God's sake, man, come over here!" cried the priest. "That pier is giving way, I tell you."

"Is there a God?" he laughed back. "What matters where I go when she is no longer here?"

Even as he spoke the crisis came. With one wild surge the triumphant waters bore the pier before them. The arches collapsed in ruin, burying the form of the unhappy father in its midst. The mad flood leaped over the spot where stood the bridge as it leaps over the rapids at Doonass, in turbulent whirling masses of spray and the eldritch glee of a thing unchainable, mocking at man for his weakness as it speeds along its way down to the illimitable ocean. There was now an end of doubt.

# How Lovely Are Thy Tabernacles.

Chorus, or Duet for Soprano and Alto, with Organ Accompaniment.

LUDWIG BONVIN, S. J. Op. 35a.

**SOPRANO SOLO.** *p*

How love-ly are Thy tab-er-na-cles, O

*Moderato.*

**ORGAN.** *p*

**Tutti.** *p*

Lord of hosts! How love-ly are Thy tab-er-na-cles, O

**SOLO.** *Piu lento*

Lord of hosts! My soul . . . long-eth and . . faint-eth for the

courts, the courts of the Lord, . . . for the courts of the Lord.

My soul . . . . . long - eth and  
 TUTTI. *p*  
 My soul . . . . . long - eth and

faint-eth for the courts,  
 faint - eth for the courts, the courts of the Lord, . . . for the courts

SOLO.  
*mf Poco più ritto.*  
 of the Lord. My heart and my flesh have re - joiced in the

*mf*

liv - ing God, my heart and my flesh have re -

*p*

How Lovely Are Thy Tabernacles.—2.

joiced, re - joiced . . . . . in the liv - ing God. My heart and my

*Tutti mf*

*mf*

heart and my

flesh have re - joiced in the liv - ing God, my heart . . and my

flesh have re-joined,

flesh . . have re-joined, re-joined . . . . . in the liv - - ing

*p* *f* *p* *f*

God, have re-joined in the liv - ing God. How

*rit.* *Tranquillo.* *p*

*rit.* *Tranquillo.* *p*

love - ly are, how love - ly are Thy tab - er - na - cles, O Lord of hosts!

*p* *p*

How Lovely Are Thy Tabernacles.—3.

*p String. poco a poco e cresc.*

Bless-ed are they, blessed are they that dwell in Thy house . . . O . . .

*String. poco a poco e cresc.*

*cresc.*

*Piu vivo.* *f*

Lord. . . . They shall praise Thee for - ev - -

*f Piu vivo.*

Lord. . . . They shall praise Thee for - ev - er, for - ev - -

*Piu vivo.* *f*

er and . . . . ev - er, they shall praise Thee

er and . . . . ev - er, they shall praise Thee, they

for - ev - er and . . . . . ev - - er.

*rit.*

shall praise . . . . . Thee for - ev - er and ev - - er.

*rit.*

How Lovely Are Thy Tabernacles.—4.



## CHRISTIAN DISINTERESTEDNESS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR JULY, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

WE cannot exist without some interest in life. There can be no aspiration, no endeavor, no achievement where there is no object, no pleasure or reward to excite our affections and stimulate our energies; and life is more perfect in proportion to the number of worthy interests which engage our activities.

It might seem strange, therefore, to speak of disinterestedness as a proper object of our prayers, unless we had qualified it as Christian. Since we must naturally be interested in something, it would not do to recommend a lack or loss of interest in all that our nature craves, without developing in it a longing for what we should seek as Christians,—the interests of Jesus Christ.

This is what most men mean when they praise so highly the quality or trait of disinterestedness. They praise it because it excludes every interest which is wrong or low, or purely selfish, and disposes a man to embrace in his desires everything that is good, lofty and benevolent. They do not mean that it destroys utterly all self-interest; for this would be wrong, even were it possible to neutralize our interest in everything which concerns our welfare without ceasing to exist. They mean that it leads us to seek only what is lawful and

really beneficial to us, and never let our interests stand in the way of our duty to God and our fellow-men.

It is quite common to hear this trait of character extolled to the skies, to see men practising it hypocritically when they do not possess it in reality, to notice how adept they are in protesting that they seek solely the good of others, regardless always of their own. This is the tribute all pay to a quality so precious, and it is sad that the tribute is not oftener more genuine, for of all things true disinterestedness would seem to be the most rare; "for all seek the things that are their own," as St. Paul wrote to the Philippians, "not the things that are Jesus Christ's" (1). It is the general rule; men live and labor for their own advantage, and in the very act of seeking it by all manner of means, fair and foul, protest glibly that they do not consider their own gain, provided they can uplift humanity, or promote the interests of civilization and religion.

Christian disinterestedness is as rare a thing as charity. The two are alike. Charity, as St. Paul tells us, "seeketh not her own," (2) and this is precisely the disinterestedness of which we are

(1) xi. 21.

(2) Corinthians xiii., 5.

treating. Indeed, it is the necessary condition of perfect charity, the love of benevolence, or of friendship, as it is called, which is not a barren affection, going no further than thought or speech, but constantly manifesting itself by seeking to give as well as to acquire, to sacrifice one's own interests for the sake of the one beloved. This is rare. Men write and speak of Christ and His kingdom; they esteem and love Him in some measure, but how few sacrifice the good things of this world to advance His interests among men! They need not leave home, nor forsake country and kindred, nor strip themselves of worldly fortune. Only the chosen few, who would be perfect, can do this. All they need do is use these and other gifts of God to recommend His doctrine and His example to men. Yet how few there are, who ever make one generous sacrifice for the sake of His interests on earth!

Christ is in quest of souls, and He went after them until He fell wearied and stricken by the wayside, and we are overjoyed that His fatigue was not wasted, and that *we* hope to be saved by Him; yet when asked to contribute a mite of our energy or of our money to the missions or to the work of saving a soul, how promptly we say, "I am not my brother's keeper!"

Christ loves His vicar upon earth as the apple of His eye, and the venerable Pontiff imprisoned in the Vatican, hungering and thirsting after justice, looks to the faithful for sympathy and assistance, and there are Catholics who wonder why he should demand his freedom, and the rights and privileges by which alone he can maintain his authority.

Christ loved the little ones of the flock. "Suffer little children to come unto Me." And because it costs a trifle to provide them with schools, and often because it pays to curry favor with a public which will have neither Christ nor God in its schools, then His interest in the little ones must be coldly ignored, and those who are responsible for their faith must

see them led away from Him to perish.

Christ came to preach the truth. He laid down His life in testimony of truth. He has left it as a precious deposit to His Church, and sent His Paraclete that all the faithful, clergy and laity alike, might have knowledge and understanding to know it and make it known. Yet indolence, curiosity and the vain distractions of life keep all but the few from studying it; while ignorance, and a craven respect for public opinion, make even its guardians at times liberal to a fault in yielding or suppressing some of His most salutary teachings.

Christ came on earth to unite all men in love. His last prayer for them was that they might be one as the Father and He are one. This unity is the mark of His Church which most impresses those who are outside of its fold. Yet how sad it is that so many Catholics should permit difference of nationality, of place, time, of social, commercial and political advantage, to stand as a barrier to their unity in questions and causes which are of vital importance to the interests of Christ!

We might continue enumerating the interests of Christ, but we are confident that every reader of these pages will think of many more than we could hope to mention. Not to extend our gaze too far or exclusively to the general interests we have just spoken of, we may well direct it to those which are more particular and which affect us personally. What selfish interest of our own stands between Christ and ourselves? Is it ease or pleasure, honor or wealth, or the credit which usually passes for wealth nowadays? In the words of St. Paul: "Who then shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? . . . For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from

the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (1)

This is Christian disinterestedness in its perfection, the indispensable condition of

true attachment to Christ, and of a fruitful zeal in working for His interests.

It is for this spirit of disinterestedness we are asked to pray for all who profess to believe in Him.

(1) Romans viii.: 35.

## OUR HONEYMOON.

DISILLUSIONS.

(Continued.)

By D. Gresham.

"WHEN the hour of peril arrives." Lucy murmurs, but Laura either does not hear, or thinks it wiser to take no notice. It is too suggestive. "Have you no one but Freddie to assist you?" Lucy asked in a surprised tone. "No mum, de chillen's father done went to de waw, and never come back yet. De Lawd is good, and we ain't sorry; mother she don't want no drinking man a-roostin' round de house, so de waw was a good thing fer sich men kind." "Then your brother-in-law left you to work for his children, while he went to win freedom for an oppressed people?" "Yes mam," answered Laura, "de waw was a good thing for some of our men. When they didn't know what to do with their sels, why, dey went to the waw." "And has Freddie's father never sent any of his pay for the children?" "No mam," with great emphasis. Lucy, roused to fierce indignation, cried: "And why did not the government insist on it? What has become of the soldiers' money?" "Dey done guv it to de starvin' Cubians, I reckon." And Laura's smile of scorn is too much for us, for we enjoy the joke, the moment our domestics have taken their departure. I wonder if those negroes ever do feel anything. Here is a woman, not overburdened with Christianity, if one may judge in so short a time, without a particle of resentment against this miserable husband of her dead sister, but is ready to laugh at the weakness and selfishness of the wretch. "Happy

race," Lucy soliloquizes. "I wish we could bear our trials as they. That is the spirit I will adopt in the mountains," and she settles herself with great zest in her chair, looking playfully into the great smouldering logs, with the handsome room at its best, glinting in the firelight.

\* \* \* \* \*

"My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing!"

The clear sweet voice of the castellan of Burnside rose above the song of the birds and the music of the brook, and caught my ear down below by the old mill. The sun was up, and changed the mountain-world into a scene of untold wonders. The trees are in leaf, the work of yesterday's downpour, blossoms by the roadside and in the meadows, the dogwood curtsying to the brook and pelting its snowy petals at the dancing waters below. Placidly the river flows at the foot of the mountains, which tower aloft like a mighty wall, guarding the valley from the outside world. They jutted out here, retreated there, rose pile upon pile farther off, rugged, pine-clad, dreamy, but never the same for one moment. They closed around so as to hide all outlets from this wild, wonderful valley, into which we had strayed so strangely, and unexpectedly. Lucy's happy voice awoke the echoes of the hills, and patriotism and enthusiasm rang through the valley. She was standing on an upper balcony, and struck



with the beauty of the scene, must have burst almost unconsciously into an outpouring of affection for her native land. It was a new phase of our rushing matter-of-fact America, this happy valley; and no explorer could be more alone, or more grateful at his first discovery. I signalled the singer far up like a white speck on the housetops, and gave back her notes in my best baritone, keeping up the duet till I had climbed the hill, and we met above the brook, with a grand finale. The house in the background does credit to the Senator's taste. It commands the whole valley, the river, and the brook, the ever changing effects on the mountains, and the village below in the trees. "This is my own, my native land," Lucy declaims, laying her hand gently on my shoulder. "Who said your wife was not a superior woman? You will live to praise my magnificent idea, and our ideal honeymoon."

"Don't be too sure, my lady. Time will show, and I may have a different tale to tell."

#### TWO TYPES.

It is a whole month since our arrival in the rain, and the sun has done its duty nobly by us since. Roland's horses are in daily demand, and we explore the valley religiously. Lucy has declared we must know all the disadvantages before coming to a conclusion, which tactfully means—flight. The air and scenes are unconsciously telling, for I notice each day some treasure is unpacked, and Lucy's touch and individuality are visible through the rooms. Before I know it, the whole house has assumed an inhabited air; doors stand wide open, and there is a bright, fresh daintiness everywhere. The vines are fast creeping up pillars and lattice, the piazza chairs have an inviting air, books and magazines are piled on a rustic table comfortably at hand, and the hours go by with amazing rapidity. Laura's voice sounds cheerily in the distance, the four nephews are generally in the neighborhood, pre-

sumably to see their aunt, in reality to pick up the crumbs of the ménage, and amuse us by the life and color of their demure, attractive presence. They are indispensable, or seem so to our domestic arrangements. Freddie is the man of business. Lizzie, another member of the family, came home from one of the large hotels in Asheville invalided, but was quite strong enough to offer her services as housemaid, and of course was engaged by Lucy forthwith. Henceforth we have the whole family by day, except old Aunt Nancy, whom they return to guard at night. No one has come to see us, and as the mountaineers will not come to Mahomet, why, Mahomet goes to the mountains. In our excursions we come across our neighbors, and generally stop to converse, visiting all sorts of cabins in the caves and in the highlands, and are received with proverbial hospitality. They give their all, which is meagre, but offered none the less as a prince with his best. Poverty cries aloud, as does apathy. There is nothing to work for but a mere subsistence. Generations of such living have made the race of to-day, and great will be the men, and marvellous the system, that can change all this. They know little of the outside world, and perhaps you will not believe that, in a long out-of-the-way ride, I came on an old man who asked me who was the President nowadays. McKinley was as strange a name to him as Aristotle. He remembered one Abe Lincoln, but he reckoned he was not there now. The experience was novel, and a study in its way, but who would change it? The mountaineers live to be comfortable, and, in their own stoical way, they are satisfied, which cannot be said of the rest of the world, who are striving, striving, and the profit not worth the toil. "The Book" they quote, even if they cannot read, but the teachings of the Bible are not so prominent in their lives. At whose door the fault must be laid I am not the one to judge, but I must say that the frailty of a poor mountain

girl is very small, compared with our civilized, cultured, religious men and women of the world, who are condoned and pardoned, if indeed, even blamed by our superfine, modern standards.

Riding slowly one evening down the mountains, a familiar figure came out of a by-path, and strode briskly on before me. It was a lonely wild spot, the dense woods, the blue peaks mingling with the clouds and the valley hidden far down below. The horse picked his way carefully, the road was rough and stony, a mere bridle path, and it was some time before I came up with the old man tramping sturdily down the road. As I passed him I looked intently, and at once pulled up, while a pair of blue eyes met mine, and a hearty "Well, sir, and how are you? And sure who in the world would expect to find you in this quare place? May be 'tis to lose your way you would up here." It was Lucy's Brian Doherty, and I was glad to meet him. The road was desolate, if beautiful; and Brian's merry eyes and cheery speech were a welcome and unexpected pleasure. "What a light step you have," I say, looking down with admiration. "I ought to have, many's the day's practice my feet had up and down these mountains." "How did you come here, Brian?" "Well, when the war broke out I was working in Kentucky and jined, ave coorse. Thin I had nothin when 'twas over till I got an offer of work up here when they were building the railroad. I am a mason, and made money that time, and drank some of it and lost the rest through the maneness of other people. I married a woman of this place and stayed here as long as there was work to get. Thin I took her to Kentucky, but she pined for her own place here and nothing would do her, but I must bring her back to her own people. We got along purty well till she died, and thin me and the childer went down to Alabama, where I heard they were building railroads. I did well there, but the boys were never healthy.

They missed this air, and the mountains, and I buried the last of thim three months ago, but the wan that's in the Klondyke. I wanted to bring him back, but he said we'd starve, and he'd be better in the Spring, but he wint out like a candle wan day I was working, and they came to tell me." The old man dashed his hand across his eyes, and walked on in silence for a few minutes. "God is good," he said, after some moments, "They are all gone before me, and now I can get along even if James don't come back to me for the few years that's left to me." I look down at him, and notice how old he looks, notwithstanding his seeming vigor and strength. Flinging myself off the horse, I walk beside him, and then propose he should mount while I indulge in a tramp. He scorns my suggestion, guessing my subterfuge, but finally gives way, and we gradually grow confidential. Brian has been on the mountains since daybreak in search of work, and has secured a contract on the additions to the hotel. The price was small, but it was better than nothing; labor is cheap in the mountains, and the long walk to and from the village is the worst part of the bargain. However, walking was easy, he was used to it, "and it never killed a man," he adds, his eyes twinkling. "When I was a gossoon I left Ireland, and I have done my day's work since, hot and could, wet and dry, and I'm nothin' the worse for it. If I had learnin' I might be rich, but I'm just as well off." As I look up at him I fully agree with his philosophy. He carries himself like a man who loves a horse and knows one when he is in the saddle. He is a fine old fellow and a credit to hard work, a rollicking, happy, natural and outdoor life. "I was thinking of goin' to see ye, sir, to-morrow," Brian breaks in on my meditations, "about a woman who lives on the mountain. She is a good Catholic, and was proud to hear about ye, though I tould her you were a Protestant yourself, sir." "Not much of

anything, Brian ; but I am sure Mrs. Dalrymple will be glad to meet you again and to know all about the people here."

We were nearing the village and descending the rocky pass at which the "creek" bursts from the mountain side, rushing along by the road, forming cascade after cascade in its mad race over the rocks. Hemmed in, it roared and fretted for its freedom, making one's spirit bound with delight at its fury. It was an old scene to Doherty, but it was my first impression of its wildness and isolation, hidden away by these dense woods and rocky embankment, with the blue line of the Tennessee ranges looming in the distance. "Brian, it is no wonder you came back to this place. I, too, would like to lay my bones here." "Well, sir, I don't want to lay me bones anywhere yet awhile." "Of course, there is that stone wall at the hotel to be finished," and the Irish laugh echoes merrily among the old hills at the matter-of-fact turn my outburst of romance had taken. He likes my admiration, though, for we grew more and more friendly as we went our way with the roystering creek. He insists on walking as we near the village, and leads the horse to the parting of our ways. "I'll be up in the morning, sir, and safe home to you."

He starts off in his bright sunny mood, placid and content at the prospect of the work at the hotel. Lucy is waiting for me by the brook. I come on her seated on a huge boulder singing softly to herself. The trees throw the waters into shadow, and

it is a restful spot to tarry and tell her all the day's adventures before climbing up the hill. Her pleasure at Brian's arrival is unmistakable, and her affection for the place is, I believe, sealed in that moment. We stroll slowly toward the Lodge and there is a pleasant home feeling as we enter the open door. Laura's voice sounds cheerily, with Lizzie's feeble alto, and the small nephew's shrill pipe. The hymn comes sweetly through the open windows and we catch a hasty refrain now and then.

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John  
Stop the train and let me on,  
For I'm gwine to ware  
De starry crown over thare."

And gloriously the chorus goes up:

"Over thare, over thare (bis),  
Dare's a land of beauty lying over thare!  
Death is a thing that runs on wheels,  
Death is a thing that every man feels,  
For I'm gwine to ware the starry crown  
over thare!"

If desire of the Eternal Home can be expressed in song, not even the patriarchs of old could sigh for it with more vigor and longing. The orchard is a mass of bloom and hides the singers who, thinking we are both away, give full vent to their musical souls. "Jack, is it not too delightful here? Do let us decide to stay for a few months, at least. You could run up to the city to-morrow for supplies and then"—seeing my unresponsive countenance—but of course I give up ungracefully, though truth to say I am a strangely willing victim.

*(To be continued).*



## EDITORIAL.

### WHY ROMeward ?

If the explanation of the Romeward movement of certain classes of literary men offered by Hans Fischer be correct, it is a wonder that the whole world has not long since sought refuge in the true fold. Why do men like Paul Verlain, he asks, Huysmans, Péladon, d'Aurévilly, Hanssen, Strindberg and others turn to Rome? His answer is that they first become physical and mental wrecks, and then seek rest and recuperation. They become Catholics not for religious, but for esthetic help! They find this in the cultus, the incense of the service, and inactivity of thought! They are "tired men," who want to sleep and dream and throw off that tired feeling so prevalent in our day, and merely choose to try the cloister in preference to the patent remedies which it may be presumed they have tried and found wanting. We read in Scripture that Job and Jesus, the son of Sirach, grew weary of life. St. Paul tells the Corinthians: "We were weary even of life. But we had in ourselves the answer of death, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God." Augustin came to Rome when tired of all that heresy had to offer, and disgusted with its sham and deceit and hypocrisy; but his true motive was that of every other soul coming into the Church of Christ, his eyes were opened to perceive the truth, and his heart was raised from the base love of creatures to the love of God, whose truth is found only in His Church.

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### CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

Nothing gives us more pleasure than the editorials and news reports about the federation of our Catholic Societies. Bishops and clergy are encouraging the laity to unite together, and to use the influence of their union effectively for Catholic interests. The Catholic newspapers, with but two exceptions, heartily support the movement. The two dissenting weeklies are usually opposed to what is best for Catholic interests. How little one of them can be relied upon is clear from its argument against this federation on the score that Catholics have no reason for uniting together, no grievance to redress, even though we pay a double school tax, no just ground of complaint in the treatment of our Indian schools, in the secularization of the schools of Cuba and Porto Rico, in the disposition of so many of our fellow citizens, if not of the authorities, to despoil the Church of its possessions in the Philippines! Bishop McFaul has sounded the cry, and it has been taken up by almost every Catholic Society in the land.

### PUERILITIES—EDITORIAL OR THEOLOGICAL ?

When the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART "tries to make it appear that petitions addressed to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord are more certain of response than those addressed merely to the Divine Personality, and when it skilfully intimates that a subscription to the MESSENGER is an important factor in attain-

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ing what is sought, one's suspicions are naturally aroused. Devotion to the Heart of Jesus is not against faith; to attribute infallibly to that devotion certain peculiar and definite results is not in keeping with Catholic belief." So far the *Northwestern Chronicle*.

To which we reply (1) that we have never dreamed, even in the days of our catechism, of addressing petitions to the *Divine Personality*, any more than we have ever taught our readers to address petitions to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, as apart from His *Divine Person*. (2) We have never intimated, skilfully or unskilfully, that a subscription to the MESSENGER is an important factor in attaining what is sought, though we have in mind the many texts in Holy Scripture which assure us that almsgiving, *i. e.*, contribution to any good work such as the MESSENGER, or any properly edited Catholic magazine or weekly, is a great help to prayer. Even if our readers do not think of this, they are quite content with the MESSENGER as being well worth the subscription price. (3) As for the statement "to attribute infallibly to that devotion [to the Sacred Heart] certain peculiar and definite results is not in keeping with Catholic belief," it is so vague that we might well overlook it, but so long as the "certain peculiar and definite results" are as we have always described them, it is strictly in keeping with Catholic belief to attribute them to devotion to the Sacred Heart, and it is puerile and altogether unworthy of any one who has studied theology to question this.

The *Chronicle* is worried about the part we take in *ecclesiastical* controversies. We avoid controversy. We do not spare error in religious or devotional questions, but we never touch on purely *ecclesiastical* topics. Last month we had an article on Jansenism, because, as our readers know, this heresy was the occasion of the propagation of devotion to the Sacred Heart throughout the world. It is, therefore, a most appropriate sub-

ject for the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. It is a timely one, now that the spirit of Jansenism has cropped up under the form, and mischievously assumed the name, of Americanism, or Anglo-Saxonism, as some are trying to call it now. Witness the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Fortnightly*, the *North American* and the *National Review*, since January, 1900, not to speak of the *Chronicle* itself, treating what it contemptuously called "Devotional Puerilities," in its issue of April 13th. The puerilities taken to task above are more serious, whether we look upon them as editorial or theological. Saint-Genix, the Roman Catholic, as he styled himself, who first attacked these "puerilities," whose charges the *Chronicle* repeated, could surely do no worse. Indeed, his method has been adopted by the *Chronicle*. For, after intimating that the MESSENGER teaches false doctrine, and misguides the piety of the faithful to increase its subscription list, instead of giving any reason for such insinuations, the editor of the *Chronicle*, in true Saint-Genix fashion, adds: "Whether or how far the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART has offended in this respect *must* be left to the honest judgment of its readers."

#### A BOOK FOR EVERY CATHOLIC.

It is good news to learn that a new and cheaper edition of Dom Gasquet's "Eve of the Reformation" will soon be issued. Except from the New York *Evening Post*, and its reprint *The Nation*, we have not heard one word of adverse criticism on the book, and this criticism is rather hostile than adverse. The *Athenæum* for February 3d, an authority by no means partial to Catholic writers, forestalls the *Post's* attack by saying: "Dr. Gasquet has set us all a new problem, and our old preconceived notions are put upon their defence. If it were conceivable that the masses and the classes of England in the first quarter of the sixteenth century could have been called on to express their opinions in the

shape of a plebiscite for or against the reformation of the Church, an overwhelming majority, it may be confidently asserted, would have cast their votes in favor of letting things go on as they were. . . . Dr. Gasquet has produced a book which will set many men thinking. He has done an excellent piece of work, and has offered to students of history a highly interesting problem. He writes as usual in a lucid and attractive style. The controversial element is so subordinated to the scholarly setting forth of simple facts, and the adroit marshalling of evidence, that one might read the volume without being tempted to ask what the author's creed is, or whether he has any, and when one gets to the end one is inclined to wish that there were a little more."

#### "EXCUSING EXCUSES IN SINS."

We have often tried to account for the *Churchman's* distortion of the known truth, but we were always at a loss until we recalled having read in its issue of February 10th, this clever justification of a Chinese lie.

" . . . The value of the truth as an absolute and unchanging standard seems not to be realized by the ordinary Chinese.

"As a natural result, their habits of speech are exceedingly loose, so that, even when not intending to prevaricate, they often seem almost incapable of telling the truth. It is to a certain extent a lack of training in careful observation, and in addition to this, as we have said, a failure to appreciate the necessity of representing exactly in words what one has seen or heard. Now, there is nothing more striking or more trying to the Christian teacher than this lax view of truth and truthfulness, and while our native clergy can be counted on to be truthful, yet sometimes they themselves feel the need of someone, who has been trained in the stricter and more unwavering adhesion to the truth, to lend them support when they are hard pressed by the importunities of their people or of outsiders. Thus, one of the important

functions of the foreign missionary in China is to brace up and strengthen the conscience of his native workers."

This passage from the Protestant Episcopalian organ makes us cry out with the prophet: "Incline not my heart to evil words, to make excuses in sins," or as the Vulgate has it, *ad excusandas excusationes in peccatis*. It accounts for every anti-Catholic editorial and item we have read in that weekly the past five years. *Mutatis mutandis* every word of it applies to the *Churchman*.

#### ENCORE LEA.

Henry Charles Lea, LL.D., is out again, this time with an essay on "The Dead Hand" (more properly *mortmain*), written with a view to developing a public sentiment in favor of depriving the friars in the Philippines, and the Church—the Catholic Church, of course—and the Religious Orders generally, of their lawful possessions. The Brisson Bill, now before the French Chamber, which was mentioned in our last issue, page 579, would quite suit H. B. Lea, though it might not be drastic enough. The essay is encyclopædic in its treatment, though it lacks the merit which the encyclopædias have of giving precise references to the sources from which the statements have been compiled, if the sources exist. The compiler has learned wisdom under the rod of Father Casey, (1) and prudently omits references which, we have no doubt, would betray him quite as badly as those he gave in his *History of Auricular Confession*. He has learned also that it is waste time to build a huge three-decker, to borrow the words of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, when Father Casey's little volume can, torpedo-like, utterly destroy it. So now he writes a pamphlet. The pamphlet will do little, if any, harm. It has been swallowed whole by *The Churchman*, but that is not surprising in

(1) See Notes on a History of Auricular Confession, etc. By the Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J. Philadelphia: John Joseph M'Vey.

view of our editorial on the tendency of this Episcopalian organ to prevaricate. All that Lea has to say against the Religious Orders may be applied with equal force to *every religious sect*, and to *every corporation, civil or social, possessing landed property*.

#### POTTER, LEA & CO.

Bishop Potter, addressing his fellow-Masons of Kane Lodge, in their meeting-room in the Masonic Temple, New York, on May 29th, advised, among other things, that: "The title to the land in the Philippines must be changed. But, I was told, the Treaty of Paris made that impossible. Still, though I am no lawyer, I would say give the United States the right of eminent domain, and the land question will be settled." Clearly he is no lawyer to suppose that the United States has not the right of eminent domain. But how will that change the title to property, or help to settle the land question there? We presume the Bishop has in view the land belonging to some of the friars in the Philippines, which he and others of his sect wish to see taken from them without proper indemnity.

#### TWELVE YEARS VS. ONE, AND FOUR DAYS.

"I most heartily endorse the article of the Rev. Joseph M. Algué, refuting the accusations made by Bishop Potter and the Rev. Percy S. Grant against the religious orders and the friars of the Philippines. I am confident that the Bishop cannot verify his statements. He could not have investigated these matters, even if he had had the inclination to do it, in the space of three or four days. His information was obtained from those who were only too eager to get an opportunity to condemn anything that savored of Catholicism, and who were not competent themselves to pass judgment. It takes rather more than a year, about the term of Chaplain Pierce's residence in the Island, to investigate the superficial life of a people; there are many habits and

customs to be studied, but to know the inner home life it requires years of careful observation and patient study, and to be in constant touch with them.

After an experience of twelve years in daily contact with them, both in a business and social way, I failed to discover the state of affairs brought to light by Bishop Potter after a "junket" of four days. One of the charges he brings against the friars is that they were the cause of the revolt, owing to their cruel impositions, extortions, etc.; he is entirely at sea, and only demonstrates how little he knows of the actual facts. The friars have been the "safety valve" that has kept the natives from rebellion for years. The friars have always had the full confidence of the natives, and their influence was invariably exerted in behalf of their welfare.

"The real instigators of the uprising were such men as Aguinaldo, (a Chinese Mestizo) the worst element in the islands, and others of his stamp, who urged the natives against the Spaniards, promising them emoluments in the way of money and official appointments. This state of affairs was brought about by the long continued tyranny and rascality of the Spanish authorities, who were cruel masters. Had our government got hold of Aguinaldo at the outset of the war, many lives would have been saved and our troubles brought to a close before this. Another very serious and unwarrantable charge is that the natives are forced to live in a state of concubinage on account of the extortionate fees exacted by the friars for celebrating the sacrament of marriage. This is without foundation, I may say untrue. There is a fixed fee, but not an oppressive one, to those who are able to pay. The poor people are not charged a fee, and this sacrament is constantly urged upon them by the friars. I am personally cognizant of the kindness and charity of these much-abused friars to the needy in their parishes. Many times I have known the fathers to distribute most of their stipend in caring

for the sick. It would be interesting to know if the Bishop had a house-to-house canvass made to prove his assertion that thousands are living in a state of concubinage.

"Without doubt there are cases there, as there are everywhere. Permit me to say, that I think the statement was rather unchristian-like, under any circumstances, but more so when no facts can be brought forward to substantiate it.

"There is proportionately less of that mode of life among the *natives* of the Philippines than in countries supposed to be in a high state of civilization. I think it would rather open our eyes, were it possible to ascertain how many of the respected citizens of New York were living in what is termed the "common law" system. Had the Bishop put his detective to work to find out who were actually living in an unlawful way, to put it mildly, he would have found, very much to his disgust, that the culprits were foreign residents. Such things are tolerated in tropical climes apparently by the foreign element. The worst feature of this custom, for it has become a custom, is the condition the poor women and children are left in when their lordships return to their own country. In some instances, to cover this dreadful iniquity, a so-called reparation or recompense is made in money, but in many cases, there is no provision made and they are left to struggle on as best they may. I think the Rev. Mr. Pierce might occupy his leisure moments to advantage in looking after the welfare of the souls of his own flock.

"The Roman Catholic is the religion best suited to the wants of the Filipinos, and if they appreciate what is best for their spiritual welfare, they had better hold tenaciously to it; if they let go they will be dashed to pieces on the sunken rocks of inconsistency.

"Another unjust charge has been made against the Filipinos, that of drunkenness. They, according to my many years of observation, are a very temper-

ate people. I rarely remember to have seen a native intoxicated. They are a very tractable race, and if properly handled and taught, they will realize that the Americans are their best friends, and will soon fall into line and become efficient citizens."

#### IN THE SAME VEIN.

The following letters tell their own story. From men who do not accept the truth we cannot expect veracity. Still, from the pride, which the Episcopalian clergy generally take in their education, we should hope to find them suspicious of newspaper reports, and painstaking enough to sift hearsay evidence, especially when there is question of preferring grave charges against others. In our May number we had occasion to blame Bishop Potter for his false statements about the friars in the Philippines; now it is Bishop Whipple's turn. These men would not charge even one of their own clergy with crimes on the strength of evidence, which they gladly accept against a whole body of men, whose purity and zeal they may well envy. They know but too well that a specific charge made even by an Episcopalian bishop against any Catholic clergyman here, or in Porto Rico, or in Manila, would be conscientiously investigated; but their purpose is not so much to redress as to publish crimes, which they falsely attribute to the Catholic priesthood, because it is a constant rebuke to their own clerical pretensions.

ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGE, Chicago, Ill.

In a recent article on Puerto Rico signed by H. B. Whipple, the Protestant Episcopal bishop of Minnesota, the following paragraph appears:

"Of the moral condition of the island I need not speak at length. Father Sherman and others have told me sad stories of the immorality of the priesthood and people. The marriage fees exacted by the Roman Catholic priests have prevented multitudes from Christian marriage, and this has led to much of the



awful demoralization which exists on the island."

In this connection I would like to remark that as I have never met the Right Reverend gentleman as far as I remember, it is, to say the least, misleading to state that I have told him any sad stories about anything. As for the clergy of Puerto Rico, not a few of them are so estimable and so zealous, such dear friends of mine, that I hasten to repudiate any such insinuation in their regard. Fr. Berrios, of Arecibo, Fr. Serbia, of Utuabo, Fr. Passalaga, of Coamo, may be mentioned among model pastors and men of blameless life. All the fathers of the Congregation of St. Vincent of Paul, all the Esculapian priests, and the Canons of the Cathedral, are men of holy life and fervent zeal, to say nothing of others scattered about the island. If I criticised some of the Spanish clergy who have departed, it was because I thought religion and politics were too closely connected in their minds, and because I felt that they left their posts of duty when their presence was most needed. This makes the conduct of those who remained, in spite of the loss of their salaries, the political revolution, the war and other difficulties, doubly creditable and honorable. These are the men who now constitute the clergy of Puerto Rico, and of them I have never spoken except in praise. In this connection I repudiate that part of a newspaper interview published on my return to the United States, from which the contrary might be inferred. The reporter told me afterwards he wished to rouse the ministers and use scare lines, he was not aiming to tell what I had said to him. As for the charge that the marriage fees exacted by priests have prevented marriage, I know this to be calumny, and am surprised that Bishop Whipple could voice so false a charge. I am convinced that he must have been misled, as he would not intentionally make a statement capable of such easy refutation. The poor are married free everywhere, in Puerto Rico as in the rest of the Catholic world.

The want of religious fervor in Puerto Rico is quite sufficiently explained by climatic and racial conditions, fully discussed by the Bishop in his article.

It is, of course, possible that I have met the Bishop and forgotten the fact, but the paragraph is none the less misleading and is substantially incorrect.

The clergy of Puerto Rico, of 1900, and Bishop Whipple writes from San Juan in 1900, are a zealous, pious, estimable body of men, many of them loved and revered with utmost devotion by their people, and I am sure they are well able to withstand the attacks of the sects and maintain the cause of truth among all who are willing to hear and heed.

Protestant missionaries in Puerto Rico will waste their time and money.

THOMAS EWING SHERMAN, S. J.

FARIBAUT, MINN., MAY 22, 1900.

In the *Pioneer Press* of to-day is a letter by Father Sherman, of the Roman Catholic Church, in which he tells the public that in my recent report on Puerto Rico I said: "Father Sherman and others have told *me* sad stories of the immorality of the priesthood and people." I have never made this statement. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the son of my old and dear friend, General Sherman.

Some months ago the leading papers of the country published an interview with Father Sherman, and it was to this interview which I referred (and which I have not seen denied by Father Sherman till now), when I said Father Sherman and others have already told the sad story.

Prominent residents of Puerto Rico have more than confirmed the statements of that published interview.

The fact that multitudes of people are living together without Christian marriage, owing to the poverty of the people and their inability to pay the marriage fees, was told me by one who knows better than any one else the social conditions of the island of Puerto Rico.

If the moral condition of the island and the Christian faithfulness of the Roman Catholic priests have been what Father Sherman's letter would imply, no one will rejoice more heartily than myself. Those who know me know that I have never in my Episcopate made an attack on any one who loves the Lord Jesus Christ. I alluded to the religious condition of Puerto Rico in order to show the grave responsibility which rests upon all Christian people of the United States, to do all in their power for the uplifting of these people who, in the providence of God, have been placed under our care.

At the recent election the condition of suffrage was that any male adult could vote who had paid a dollar tax the previous year, or could read and write. General Davis informed me that fifty thousand votes were cast, of which one-half belonged to each class. He estimated that over eight hundred thousand people could neither read nor write.

Yours faithfully,

H. B. WHIPPLE,  
Bishop of Minnesota.

#### ST. TERESA—FRONTISPIECE.

Of the frontispiece in this number Cardinal Wiseman wrote in the preface to the "Life of St. John of the Cross :"

"One day, the conversation turned on a remark in that deep writer's 'Philoso-

phy of Mysticism,' to the effect, that saints most remarkable for their mystical learning and piety were far from exhibiting, in their features and expression, the characteristics usually attributed to them. They are popularly considered, and by artists represented, as soft, fainting, and perhaps hysterical persons; whereas their portraits present to us countenances of men, or women, of a practical, business-like, working character.

"The author asked Görres if he had ever seen an original likeness of St. Teresa, in whom he thought these remarks were particularly exemplified. He replied that he never had; and the writer, on returning from Rome, fulfilled the promise which he had made the philosopher, by procuring the sketch of an authentic portrait of that saint, preserved with great care in the monastery of St. Sylvester, near Tusculum. It was painted for Philip II. by a concealed artist, while he was conversing with her.

"This portrait confirms most strongly the theory of Görres, as the author wrote to him with the drawing; for while no mystical saint has ever been more idealized by artists, or represented as living in a continual swoon, than St. Teresa, her true portraits all represent her with strong, firmly set, and almost masculine features, with forms and lines that denoted vigor, resolution, and strong sense. Her handwriting perfectly suggests the same conclusion."



A pavilion at the Paris Exposition will be fitted up for the display of work done on the various Catholic Missions. Scenes in the daily life of the missionaries will be enacted, and notable episodes in the history of the Missions will be represented with accuracy of detail. A corner in the pavilion will be devoted to Father Jean le Vacher, shot for the faith in Algiers, in the 17th century. He was a Lazarist priest, and touched the times of St. Vincent de Paul, the founder of that Congregation. What interest St. Vincent himself took in this hard and dangerous mission is evident from the fact that in his own lifetime he freed from Mussulman cruelty, at the expense of much labor and large sums of money, as many as 1,200 Christian captives. Father Vacher, whilst engaged in the same work of mercy, was seized in an uprising against the Christians, and cruelly blown from a cannon's mouth. At his execution, he was offered a turban and told that he could purchase liberty by renouncing the faith. His heroic answer is worthy of earlier and bloodier times in the Church. "Keep your turban," he said, "and may it perish with you. I am a Christian, and, priest as I am, have no fear of death. I abominate the law of Mahomet, and I recognize only one true religion—that of the Apostles and Rome. I here make open profession of the same, and in its defense I stand ready to pour out the last drop of my blood."

For the benefit of foreigners, a Catholic Bureau of Information has been established in connection with the Paris Exposition. Headquarters are at 7 rue Coetlogon, quarter of Saint-Sulpice. Strangers will be furnished with every

possible help to enjoy the Catholic features of the affair. Cards will be presented for admission to the leading Catholic exhibits, advice with regard to dates of the different Catholic Congresses given, and letters issued to institutions in Paris of interest to visiting Catholics. One of the features is a reading-room, where all the prominent newspapers and reviews issued in the different countries can be consulted. Its patrons will likewise be advertised of the hours for Mass and other religious functions in the neighbouring churches, of pilgrimages, of celebrated sanctuaries, of places where confession may be made in whatever tongue, and of a thousand other details that conspire to worry the average traveller.

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*L'Aurore*, a French paper deriving its inspiration from M. Urbain Gohier, a "godless and brutal writer," was severely punished the other day for libelling the nuns of the Assumption. *L'Univers*, commenting on the fact, says, "This vile sheet was evidently of opinion that it had the right of unlimited freedom to abuse others, and that the nuns, after patiently enduring all sorts of wrongs and outrages, had forfeited all claims on the law of self-defense. It is a good thing to remind these mad scribblers that there are still laws in France for the protection of men and women of honor." The first step of the new Minister of War, M. André, is to prosecute *L'Aurore* for its slanderous attacks on the French Army. Its editor was the writer of the scurrilous article which appeared in the *Independent* of April 26th, "The Attractions of the French Republic," showing how unreliable is this religious weekly.

Cardinal Logue is at the head of a movement to procure in the British Navy a larger representation of Catholic chaplains. In a late Pastoral he declared that, if no better provision were made for Catholic chaplains in the Navy, he would regard it a duty to warn young Irish Catholics against accepting service in the Navy. Young Mr. Chamberlain, the son of his father, actually threatened to withdraw the one training ship at Queenstown. The Cardinal, however, dared the threat, and his firmness is bearing fruit. Mr. Goschen has, at least, promised to take early steps towards a solution of the question more satisfactory to Catholics. We quote from *The Catholic Times and Catholic Opinion*, of Liverpool: "It may be said that Wesleyans and other Nonconformists do without such facilities, and that Catholics should not be more exacting. But the cases are quite different. The Nonconformists do not believe in the Sacraments, and are content with the ministrations of the Church of England chaplain or the good offices of an ordinary member of their own body. The Catholic holds that the Sacraments have an operative effect in cleansing the soul from sin when repentance is sincere."

The Protestant Archbishops of Canterbury and York, who would seem to constitute the Anglican Church's highest authority, or court of last resort—barring of course Parliament—have given their decision respecting the legality of the Reservation of the Sacrament. The Archbishop of Canterbury thus delivers sentence: "In conclusion, after weighing carefully all that has been put before us, I am obliged to decide that the Church of England does not at present allow Reservation in any form, and that those who think it ought to be allowed, though perfectly justified in endeavoring to get the proper authorities to alter the law, are not justified in practising Reservation until the law has been altered." The *Spectator* declares obedience to the decision of the Metropolitans a duty, in-

cumbent on the bishops and clergy of the Church of England. This new move puts many High Church members in annoying straits. They know enough to cling to the doctrine of the Real Presence and resent interference. *The Church Review*, their organ, thus advises them: "Make no protests, either public or private. Do not write to your Bishop. If your Bishop should issue a public pastoral, take no notice of it. Receive it in respectful silence. Wait until he writes to you as an individual, and demands that you give up Reservation. Then simply write and say, with all possible respect, that you are entirely unable to comply, that you are bound to obey the Church rather than an individual Bishop." Remark that every Anglican clergyman has promised that he will "reverently obey his Ordinary and other chief ministers unto whom are committed the charge and government over him; following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions, and submitting himself to their godly judgments." In the face of this promise the advice kindly proffered by *The Church Review* is bewildering, if not criminal. One thing is certain, that by this last acknowledgment of its visible heads the Church of England is no congenial home for any but such as are willing to subscribe to these four articles of faith: (1) The discontinuity of the true Church. (2) No appeal to the primitive Church. (3) No oneness or unity of the true Church. (4) No Objective Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. As is well proved in *The Tablet*, the two Archbishops, with the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles staring them in the face, could not in conscience and with a show of logic render any different decision. The acknowledgment must have gone hard with them, but they had the honesty to make it like men. And now the world knows, what we have been all along contending, that the Church of England is nothing short of Reformation Protestantism, covering the tenets of the Reformers

with a veneer of hypocrisy, not quite thin enough to be imperceptible. The Reformers were always afraid that the hold of the Real Presence on the instincts of the faithful would assert itself, and solicitously barred out whatever practices, like the reservation of the sacred species, threatened to promote the belief. Their English cousins caught the infection and from the beginning legislated against even remote danger. Witness the Twenty-eighth Article: "The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was not of Christ's ordinance carried about, lifted up, or worshipped. The body of Christ is given, taken and eaten in the Supper only after a heavenly and spiritual manner." Witness these plain and unequivocal words of the Anglican Communion Service: "The sacramental bread and wine remain still in their very natural substances and therefore may not be adored (for that were idolatry to be abhorred by all faithful Christians)." In conclusion we shall be pardoned the liberty of reminding honest Anglican thinkers that this stand of their Church is nothing short of another grace of God, another loud cry of the Lord God to children who, though situated in the darkness of error, are groping their way towards the light.

The late agitation for a Catholic University in Ireland is clearing the atmosphere, and making more evident than ever before England's uncompromising attitude of injustice to Ireland. Canada, Malta and Scotland have for years enjoyed educational privileges hitherto denied Ireland, and, to judge from the slow progress thus far made toward reparation, England's lawmakers are in no hurry to rid themselves of the shame attaching to this high crime against civilization. The Laval University at Quebec is a distinctively Catholic institution, founded under the auspices of the Government in 1852, with a Catholic Archbishop for head, with Catholic professors in every department, with Catholic supervision of the

entire course of studies. And Canada for a certainty is a no more distinctively Catholic country than Ireland. In Malta the instruction imparted in the University and in all Government institutions is based on Roman Catholic principles. Even though there is no direct connection between the Roman Catholic Episcopate and the University authorities, the wishes of His Grace the Archbishop of Rhodes, Bishop of Malta, are met to the extent that changes contemplated in the curriculum of the Faculty of Theology are submitted to him for approval before their adoption; and the professors and examiners are appointed by the Governor of Malta after communicating with His Grace. Public instruction in Scotland is, with the sanction of the Government, so vigorously Presbyterian, that not long ago a deputation of Scotch Episcopalians waited on Mr. Balfour to urge their conscientious scruples against the education dealt out to children in these schools and humbly praying a remedy.

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Here is another contrast between Catholic Ireland and Presbyterian Scotland from *The Tablet* of May 12th: "Scotland, with 1,000,000 inhabitants, has four Universities—St. Andrews, Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh; and to make the system of education acceptable to the people, the Act of Union, 1706, provides that no person can hold any office in any of those Universities except a Presbyterian. Presbyterianism was the religion of the great majority of the people. This law remained unaltered till 1853, when tests were abolished.

"Ireland, with a population of 5,000,000, had one University, and though Catholicism was the religion of the great majority of the people at the time of the Irish Act of Union, 1800—passed nearly 100 years after the Scottish Act—no person holding any office in that University could be a Catholic."

Their existence as a religious community having been declared illegal, the Paris Assumptionists have decided on quitting France and settling in Belgium. They have just purchased property in the neighborhood of Ciney, province of Namur, where, after necessary changes shall have been made, some thirty Fathers are to permanently reside.

We copy the Chinese Emperor's greeting to the Pope on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday: "Emperor of the Great Religion of the Great Kingdom of Rome: With the twelfth moon of this year comes the ninetieth anniversary of your birth. This longevity, prolonged bloom of the Kingdoms of Europe, is really wonderful. We believe that during the twenty years of your reign you have exhorted men to do good, which the entire universe enjoys, and for which it is grateful to you. That is why on the occasion of this happy event we desire, in a special manner, to present to you our very best wishes. We wish, first of all, that you may celebrate in robust health this happy anniversary and that you may reach the hundredth anniversary of your age. Finally, we sincerely desire that Christians and non-Christians in China and in every other country may live in mutual harmony, and that all may enjoy the blessings of peace and prosperity. In truth that is our firm hope."

The Second Annual Conference of Catholic Colleges was convened in Chicago during Easter week and all concerned express themselves as highly satisfied with the results of the work. Topics of unusual interest and paramount importance were discussed at each of the several sessions, and speakers of eminent ability and wide experience handled the subjects with intelligent effect. The whole Catholic Church in America owes these educators a debt of gratitude, and, whilst congratulating them on the progress already made, we sincerely hope that

their brethren, lay as well as clerical, may lighten their labors and assure them fuller fruit by extending to them a generous measure of sympathy and loyal support.

The *Bombay Catholic Examiner*, of April 21st, nails a lie derived from no smaller an authority than Edward Gibbon, historian of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." We quote it here, to furnish our readers with an estimate of what the testimony of even so trusted a witness is worth when the truth is to be told concerning Catholicity. In Vol. IV., Chapter 23 of his History, Gibbon writes: "The infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the Patron of Arms, of Chivalry and of the Garter." An obscure scribbler in a Bombay paper gives his readers the full benefit of his studies in manufactured history, and in words like these improves on his master in the art of lying: "Gibbon avers that the saintly man was born in a fuller's shop in Epiphania, Cilicia, and contrived to ingratiate himself with those above him by servilely flattering them, and so rose from his original obscurity. A lucrative contract for supplying the army with bacon proved, under his unscrupulous management, a mine of wealth; but as soon as he made his fortune, he was compelled to fly the country to escape the consequences of his dishonest practices. He joined the Arians and became Archbishop of Alexandria, being subsequently murdered and canonized." A pretty story, indeed; and all due to the simple fact that history is acquainted with a certain infamous George, an Arian and usurper of the See of Alexandria, the persecutor of St. Athanasius and the Catholics, murdered by the Gentiles during the reign of Julian. Pope Gelasius, in his famous Roman Council of 494, condemned these very tales of St. George.

## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

LEAFLET 19.—THE LAST SUPPER.—(ST. MATTHEW XXVI.: 26-30.)

And whilst they were at supper, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and broke, and gave to His disciples, and said : Take ye, and eat ; This is My Body.

And taking the chalice He gave thanks: and gave to them, saying : Drink ye all of this.

For this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto remission of sins.

And I say to you : I will not drink from henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it with you new in the kingdom of My Father.

And a hymn being said, they went out unto Mount Olivet.

ST. JOHN VI.:  
47-60.

Amen, amen I say unto you : He that believeth in me, hath everlasting life.

I am the Bread of Life.

Your fathers did eat manna in the desert, and are dead.

This is the Bread which cometh down from heaven : that if any man eat of it, he may not die.

I am the living Bread, which came down from heaven.

If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever : and the Bread that I will give, is My Flesh for the life of the world.

The Jews therefore strove among themselves, saying : How can this Man give us His flesh to eat ?

Then Jesus said to them : Amen, amen I say unto you : Except you eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, you shall not have life in you.

He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting life : and I will raise him up in the last day.

For My Flesh is meat indeed : and My Blood is drink indeed :

He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me, and I in him.

As the living Father hath sent me, and I live by the Father : so he that eateth of Me,

the same also shall live by Me.

This is the Bread that came down from heaven. Not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead. He that eateth this Bread, shall live forever.

These things He said teaching in the synagogue, in Capharnaum.



## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The heed we pay to the General Intention for the month, the attention with which we read or listen to the explanation of it, as published in the *MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART*, or preached at the first Friday evening services, the fervor with which we pray and the zeal with which we labor for objects set before us in these General Intentions, are the surest tests of our advancement in the true spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer. This is why we have introduced this new form of *Leaflets* which provide every Associate with a brief explanation of these Intentions from month to month, on a page which can be kept conveniently in a prayer-book and thus be a daily reminder to pray and labor for it.

We have tried to set an example of zeal for the objects recommended to us in these Intentions. Those who follow the *MESSENGER* will easily recall the attention we paid to educational topics since February, when the General Intention was, "Freedom of Education." In like manner, we have not failed since May, when the Intention was "Respect for Religious" to defend the Religious Orders and communities which are most slandered at the present time. For the June Intention, "Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus," we have thought best to send gratis to every priest in the United States and to every superior of a religious community, to the heads of all Catholic schools, a copy of the Encyclical of our Holy Father, Leo XIII., on the Consecration of the World to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Act of Consecration itself, the approved Litany of the Sacred Heart, together with a circular on June devotions, calling attention particularly to the recommendations of the Pope, through Cardinal Mazzella, late Prefect of the Congregation of Rites,

about devotions during the month of June, and the indulgences attached to them, first Friday services, the use of the Litany of the Sacred Heart and the Act of Consecration mentioned above, and the establishment of societies in honor of the Sacred Heart, especially among young men in schools and colleges.

Over 17,000 priests and religious should have received these messages on or before the first Friday of June, so that they have had ample time and information to prepare for the special June devotions which are usually held in our churches between the feasts of Corpus Christi and the Sacred Heart. We rely upon their cooperation to make this month of June one of the most fervent devotion among the Catholics of the United States. In one way or the other, by preaching on the Pope's Encyclical, by preparing solemnly for the Act of Consecration, by inaugurating first Friday or June devotions wherever they have not as yet been introduced, by establishing societies in honor of the Sacred Heart, by distributing the leaflets containing the Act of Consecration and Litany of the Sacred Heart, or in some of the many ways which will suggest themselves to our Directors and to all who are responsible for the devotion of the people, we hope to witness the fruits of a new spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. We are confident that our Promoters will be only too ready to assist in this good work.

Most of these leaflets will be distributed before the Feast of the Sacred Heart. Promoters, therefore, have time enough to help their Directors to make this Feast one of the greatest solemnity, to see that all their Associates attend the services on that day, and, if possible, attend the June devotions for the ten days necessary to gain the indulgences, to distribute the



leaflets containing the Act of Consecration and Litany of the Sacred Heart, to help reorganize or improve their Centres as the need may be; in a word, to make the most of all the resources of the Apostleship of Prayer, in order to extend devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; as

far as lies within their power to make the wish expressed in the last words of the Act of Consecration a reality, make the earth resound from pole to pole with one cry: Praise be to the Divine Heart that wrought our salvation; to It be glory and honor forever. Amen.

#### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

*Progress of the Apostleship of Prayer in Europe.*—We take from the French *Messenger* for June the following instructive details of the growth of the Apostleship of Prayer and the increase of devotion to the Sacred Heart in European countries.—Poland. Diocesan Directors, 13; Centres, 1,130; Promoters, about 40,000; Associates, more than a million and a half; monthly issue of the *Messenger*, 144,000 copies. A magnificent church in honor of the Sacred Heart is in course of construction at Leopold. There is scarcely a church in the country which has not an altar, or at least a statue or picture of the Sacred Heart.—Holland. There are thirteen churches dedicated to the Sacred Heart. The most remarkable are those of Maëstricht, due to the generosity of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, Rotterdam, built by the Dominicans, Oosterhout, in charge of the Jesuits, the Augustinian Church at Eindhoven, and that of Tilbourg, now being built through the efforts of a zealous secular priest.—Belgium. Berchem-lez-Anvers is the Montmartre of Belgium. Here take place all the special services in honor of the Sacred Heart, often presided over by the Primate, the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines. The number of Associates is about 250,000.—Great Britain has 71 churches under the patronage of the Sacred Heart. Many even of the Anglican chapels have statues and pictures of it, in some of which a kind of month of the Sacred Heart is observed during June. The Apostleship of Prayer is everywhere flourishing. A special branch is called the Apostleship of the Sea, and

has for object to enroll seamen in the Apostleship of Prayer and to supply them with good Catholic reading. One hundred and sixty ships are thus supplied.—Ireland. "It is impossible," writes Father Cullen, editor of the *Irish Messenger*, "to describe all the good the Apostleship is effecting in our country. The Nine Fridays fill the churches with communicants. The Holy Hour is practised in nearly all Centres. Daily Mass, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and other Eucharistic devotions are in high honor. Our *Messenger* circulation is 61,000."—Scandinavia. There is a Church of the Sacred Heart at Fronsheim which enjoys the distinction of being, perhaps, the most northern of all the churches under this invocation in Europe. All the Catholic chapels of Christiania have statues or pictures of the Sacred Heart, and a pious person has donated to each of the Norwegian churches, from Hammerfest to Fredrickshald, either a statue or a picture. The General Intention is published every month in the weekly paper, the *St. Olaf*. In Denmark, the Jesuit Church at Copenhagen, is the only one to the Sacred Heart. The most distinguished and zealous Promoter at that Centre is the well-known writer, Johannes Türgensen, a convert to the faith. He is the editor of a weekly paper, the *Katholikken*, in which the monthly Intention is regularly printed.—Spain. Father Hoyos, as is well known, was the great Apostle of the Sacred Heart in this country, and the steps taken last year to bring about his beatification have given fresh impetus to the devotion so dear to

him. The last session of the commission appointed to inquire into his virtues and miracles was held, under the presidency of Cardinal Cascajares, in the Scotch chapel at Valladolid on May 4th. It was in this same sanctuary on May 4, 1733, that Father Hoyos had been favored with an apparition of the Sacred Heart, and it was here also, two years later, that the first solemn novena to the Sacred Heart was made in the Iberian Peninsula. In the capital of Catalonia, a magnificent church crowns the summit of the mountain *Tibi dabo* in the suburbs of the city. There are also two flourishing centres of the Apostleship of Prayer in Barcelona, which show a total of 4,900 men associates. —Portugal. It was at Lisbon, in 1790, that the first national basilica to the Sacred Heart was erected at the expense of Queen Marie, and here each year on the feast of the Sacred Heart are gathered the King and his court and an immense concourse of the faithful to do solemn homage to the Divine Heart. Out of a population of less than five millions there are 2,338,000 associates of the Apostleship of Prayer. —Italy has two hundred and fifty churches of the Sacred Heart. The best known are the Church of the Franciscan Hermits of the Sacred Heart and the chapel of the Sacred Heart erected by the servant of God, Catherine Volpicelli, foundress of the Pious Handmaids of the Sacred Heart, both at Naples; the Jesuit chapel at Conocchia, the church of the Victims of the Sacred Heart at Vomero Nuevo, and a flourishing Centre composed largely of men, at the Church of the Sacred Heart at Casalnuovo. Italy has 200 Diocesan Directors of the Apostleship of Prayer, 3,000 Local Centres, 32,000 Promoters, and about 3,000,000 Associates, practising, at least, the third degree. —Austria. In crossing into Austria by the Tyrol, our attention is at once attracted by the magnificent basilica at Botzen, a monument of the national vow to the Sacred Heart made in 1796. The solemn ceremonies of its consecration on June 9,

1899 have been described at length in the MESSENGER. It is but an outward expression of the deep love of the Sacred Heart which obtains throughout the whole land. *Messengers* are published in German, Croatian, Slav, Albanian and Hungarian, and have rendered great service in keeping alive Christian fervor. Hungary alone has fifteen churches of the Sacred Heart, of which number eight are remarkable for their architecture and beauty. There are besides thirty public chapels under this title, 32 private chapels attached to various institutions and 140 altars. The Apostleship of Prayer has 180 Centres and 40,000 Associates. The Cathedral of the Sacred Heart at Sarejevo, the capital of Bosnia, was consecrated last year, and is one of the finest of modern churches in Europe. Other cities of Austria and Germany possessing churches erected in honor of the Sacred Heart are Vienna, Fribourg, Innsbruck, Munich, Köln, Berlin, and Bonn. —Greece. The Greek Catholics have not lagged behind in this general movement. In 1873, Mgr. Alberti, Bishop of Syra and Apostolic Delegate for Greece, consecrated his diocese to the Sacred Heart. He promised on that occasion that the first church he would build would be dedicated to this Divine Heart. This promise was fulfilled by his successor, Mgr. Masucci. The present Bishop of Syra, Mgr. Polito, has made it a duty to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors. When recently designating a Diocesan Director of the Apostleship of Prayer, he wrote as follows: "In thus rendering more easy for the faithful admission into this holy Society, which is so dear to the Heart of our Divine Saviour, I trust that all my subjects will hasten to become aggregated to it." —Albania. One supreme passion has hitherto dominated the lives of the Albanians, the desire of vengeance, and through it the country has been drenched in blood. One murder involved the commission of many others, and the *vendetta* has been per-

petuated in successive generations, often for centuries. What would be able to break the bloody bonds that held this people to such a barbarous custom? Devotion to the Sacred Heart has worked this miracle. The Jesuit missionaries render to its efficacy the strongest testimony, and kneeling before an image of the Sacred Heart exposed upon the altar, touched by the story of that Heart's love for men, thousands have become reconciled to their enemies, and forsworn their long cherished hatreds. The devotion to the Sacred Heart, introduced in Scutari about 1848, is to-day spread over the whole country, and is everywhere producing the most abundant fruits.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL.—The pilgrimages have already begun. May has witnessed two large pilgrimages from Holland and Posen, and others from Spain, Switzerland, Alsace and Lorraine, Rome and Canada are soon to follow. These are in addition to the large and pious pilgrimages from many of the French dioceses. The dates assigned for the general pilgrimages are June 6, 12, 14, 22 and 29; July 19 and 26; September 21, and October 17, Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary. June 22, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, will be the "Day of the Nations" when it is hoped that representatives from every quarter of the world will be present. Following the example set by Archbishop Corrigan of New York, many from the United States will doubtless take part in the solemn services on this occasion. We may instance the intention of a practical business man who, starting a few weeks ago to make a three months' European trip and visit the Exposition, Rome and Oberammergau, declared that first of all in his program was a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and that all else was secondary to the performance of this act of devotion. This same gentleman, we may add for the encouragement of others, has missed only two

First Friday Communion during the last nine years—once because the First Friday fell on Good Friday, and the second time because he was in mid-ocean on that day. June 26 has been set aside for the general pilgrimage of the Apostleship of Prayer.

VENEZUELA.—A new *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* has just appeared at Ciudad-Bolivar, and its initial number makes it clear what a hold the Apostleship of Prayer has obtained on the devotion of the inhabitants of the South American Republic.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The Holy Hour, at the Immaculate Conception Centre.—The church is crowded every Thursday evening at sunset by those who are anxious to take part in this practice of devotion, revealed by our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. The congregation is made up of all classes and all ages, rich and poor, young and old, and it is, indeed, a most edifying spectacle to witness this exhibition of piety. Hymns, prayers, a short, appropriate meditation on points explained by the Rev. Director, go to fill up the hour, which thus passed must bring our Lord some of that consolation He so earnestly craves. We have recently been going over the names of our associates, to place them in alphabetic order on our Register. We found that we had a membership of 11,100.

HOLY ANGELS CENTRE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Some months ago we commended the practice of New York Cathedral Centre in issuing a memorial card on the death of a Promoter, and calling for prayers and good works for the deceased's eternal repose. This idea has now been taken up by Holy Angels Centre. The notice, besides naming the day and time of requiem Mass, and begging a remembrance from Associates, takes the form of a letter of condolence to bereaved relatives and friends.

MORGAN CITY, LA.—"The League is doing much good since I have established

it in my parish. I have 150 Associates all full of zeal and nearly all making the weekly Communion."

CINCINNATI, O., MT. ST. MARY'S SEMINARY.—"Our Promoters' Reception was a great success. It was pronounced the grandest ceremony ever held in the chapel of Mt. St. Mary's."

CHICAGO, ILL.—"Kindly send us 2,000 Litanies and Acts of Consecration; also 1,000 of the Promises of our Lord to Blessed Margaret Mary. On the Feast of the Sacred Heart we shall have special services, and in the evening the Act of Consecration will be read. We are giving all the members a copy of the Act of Consecration and the Promises as they enter the church. Our chapel this month of June is beautifully decorated with flowers given by the Associates."

#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Ellen Holden, Immaculate Conception Centre, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. W. Daly, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ellen M. Hamill, St. Ignatius Loyola Centre, New York City; Catherine Budd, St. Catherine of Sienna Centre, New York City; Mrs. Gallicio, Sts. Peter and Paul Centre, New Orleans, La.; Donat Crowe, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. T. D. Lincoln, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, Cincinnati, Ohio; Rev. J. P. Kiernan, St. Mary's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. J. W. Kelly, St. John the Evangelist Centre, White Plains, N. Y.

*May their souls, and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen.*

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 2,523,021.

*"In all things give thanks." (1 Thes. v. 18.)*

*Special Thanksgivings.* BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Will you kindly allow me space to render thanks to the Sacred Heart, and to detail the history of a family's conversion to the faith? Emma C— was born in Maryland early in the sixties, of Protestant parents, and was one of a large family of children. Her father died when she was quite young, and upon a devoted and pious mother devolved the duty of bringing up the family. This lady was a Methodist, who impressed upon her children love of God and the observance of His Commandments. Many a time might tears be seen coursing down the cheeks of the little ones grouped around her, as she read to them from the family Bible of the sufferings of our Lord. Even in her earliest days Emma seems to have had an instinctive

love for the Blessed Virgin. She looked upon the Catholic Church as very much in error except on this one point: If God chose Mary for His mother, she must have been pure and worthy of reverence, and if He thus revered her, surely it were but right for us to follow His example.

Whilst still in her teens, Emma was engaged to be married to her cousin, a young man in every way worthy of her, and whom she dearly loved. But she herself tells that night after night she used to weep at the thought that by contracting marriage she would cease to be a virgin, and this thought in the end so mastered her that she broke off the engagement. Shortly after this she gave up going to church, and became, to her mother's great sorrow, little less than an

infidel. On coming to Philadelphia, she made the acquaintance of some enthusiastic Anglican young ladies, who attended St. Clement's Church in that city. A Protestant lady once asked Archbishop Ryan if he did not think St. Clement's very like a Roman Catholic Church, to which he replied, "Yes, it is our kindergarten." Emma soon became charmed with the services at St. Clement's, and was one of its most fervent members. For a time all was peace in her soul. Her warm Southern nature found so much to feed on in the new religion, so different from the cold forms of Methodism. She went frequently to confession to the celebrated "Father" Maturin, who has recently been ordained a Catholic priest for the Diocese of Westminster. For two years all went well, till a sermon of the Rev. Mr. Maturin on the Blessed Sacrament gave rise to grave doubts and perplexity. He had said that the Anglican Church believed in Transubstantiation, but not in the same manner as the Catholic Church believed it. After the sermon, she went to seek an explanation both for herself and for some of her friends who had been startled by this announcement. The minister told her that she would not understand the explanation, even if he were to give it. Indignant at this answer, she and four of her companions immediately sought a Catholic priest, through whose instructions they were all led to enter the Church. One year later she became a novice in a convent of the Good Shepherd.

Her youngest brother married a Catholic shortly after his sister's conversion, but so lax a one that the marriage ceremony was performed in the presence of a Protestant minister. To her great surprise and intense joy, Mr. C., without any previous intimation of his intention, became a Catholic, and is now a weekly communicant. The mother was satisfied with the childrens' change of religion, but, as for herself, she felt perfectly sure that she was all right in her own church.

Many were the prayers, sacrifices, etc., offered by the fervent religious for her dearly-loved mother, but, as fifteen years had passed without any sign of their being heard, she began to despair of obtaining the grace of the mother's conversion. Last December one of the Magdalens lay dying in the house where this sister was stationed, and she asked her to remember her mother before the throne of God. "The moment I see His face," answered the dying patient, "I shall ask for your mother's conversion." On December 7th, this holy and purified soul passed to her reward, and on the next day, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Mrs. C. placed herself under instruction. She was received into the Church on the first day of the year, surely a year of jubilee for her, and on the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25th, made her first Holy Communion. The petition of the Magdalen had availed before God, and a daughter's years of prayer and sacrifice had been crowned by a joy that surpasseth understanding in this world of sin and pleasure."

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—"Sincere thanks are returned for the cure of a young lady suffering from serious spinal trouble for nearly three years. Very many doctors had been consulted, and while some of them pronounced her case utterly hopeless, others asserted that it would be at least a long time before she could be cured. Her recovery was recommended to the prayers of a large League Centre, and she is now in the best of health and able to work."

——, MASS.—"My young brother was given quite a large sum of money to bring to a certain person. He was cautioned to be very careful and to go directly to his destination and then return home. Unfortunately, he became attracted by an open-air concert and lingered to see the performance. On the next day we learned that he had lost the money. As

its loss would necessitate replacing the amount, my parents were much distressed, and many prayers were addressed to the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony; mass of thanksgiving was promised and also publication in the MESSENGER. Two days afterwards a young boy came to our home with the full amount, having found it near the place where the concert was being given. We considered this a very remarkable favor, as at the time the money was lost there was a large gathering of people congregated on the spot, and it seemed very improbable that it would ever be recovered."

NEW YORK CITY.—"In accordance with promise, I ask you to kindly publish a special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for restoring health to a person who was dangerously sick with lung trouble. In April, 1899, the doctor said she could live only three weeks. On September 26th, she was able to resume her duties as a teacher, and since that date she has not been absent from her class-room."

NEW YORK CITY.—"Having been very unfortunate through circumstances beyond my control, I used every effort in my power to obtain employment—was willing to accept anything that would enable me to keep my head above water, but all my efforts proved futile. I prayed night and morning to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin Mary for their kind intercession in my behalf, but my prayers seemed to have no efficacy. I began to doubt, and was in despair, not knowing what to do, when to my great joy I secured, through the kindness of a dear friend, substantial relief. At last my prayers were answered, and I most humbly beg to return my sincere thanks to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin Mary for their kind intercession in my behalf."

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—"Happy death of one who by reason of his careless life had been long recommended to the League. When news of his serious illness, far away from means of grace, reached

his friends, prayers were redoubled, begging that he might reach home so as to be prepared to die. This was granted, and he prepared himself most carefully for the sacraments. When the last moments came the doctors were looking for a very painful agony. A Promoter's cross was put around his neck, and he died as if falling asleep."

"We wish to return thanks for a marked improvement in the conduct of a class of young children in an institution for the care and education of poor children. In vain had the Sister in charge endeavored to instill into them respect for authority and ordinary politeness and good behavior. Gentleness, rebuke and even correction were fruitless. At last she hit upon the following simple plan: Every morning at an appointed hour she gathered her little flock around her and led them to the chapel, there to make first an act of reparation, and then of consecration, to the Sacred Heart. They were of course too young to fully understand this religious exercise, but none the less it has worked a great change. They are now docile and well-behaved, and give Sister no further trouble or ground for anxiety."

SYRACUSE.—"I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for the successful issue of one of a series of law-suits which I have been obliged to institute to recover some mines of much value. Although decision has been given in my favor by all the courts, I have not yet obtained possession of the property, and I ask a continuance of the prayers of the League that a speedy settlement may be effected."

*Spiritual Favors.*—The great success of a League Centre; return to the Church of one who had been an avowed skeptic and had led a scandalous life for eight years; the conversion of an Episcopalian; return of a mother to the Sacraments after thirty-five years of neglect; of a father after sixteen years; the conversion of four bad Catholics, who for years had not

practised their religion ; recovery of consciousness so as to make confession ; reconciliation between friends at variance ; the reform of an intemperate man ; the grace and health to be able to enter a convent ; the first Communion of a man over fifty years of age ; the reconciliation of a brother to his sister's vocation to the religious life after ten years of coldness and opposition ; the return of a son to the practice of his religion.

*Temporal Favors.*—Cure of a child afflicted with spasms ; the recovery of a father from serious sickness ; successful passing of an examination upon which future career depended ; restoration of a mother to health ; cure of an obstinate sore throat ; recovery of hearing after medical treatment had failed ; cure of a young man afflicted with insanity ; a position as stenographer ; the restoration of a mother and her child to health ; protection of a young man from periodic attacks of fits ; a successful operation for the removal of a cancer from the nose ; the obtaining of an excellent position and the renting of a house long untenanted ; recovery from heart and stomach

troubles which physicians had pronounced incurable ; employment for three persons ; increase in salary ; recovery of one who was seriously ill for seven months ; money to pay a large bill ; escape from a surgical operation ; the retaining of two in their positions as teachers ; avoidance of threatened law suit ; cure of a person suffering from melancholia ; freedom for six months from nervous prostration and spasms ; successful issue of a law suit involving a considerable sum of money ; relief from violent vomiting ; the finding of a lost article through the intercession of Saint Anthony ; successful examination ; recovery of a child from contagious disease.

*Favors Ascribed to the Application of the Promoter's Cross or the Badge.*—Relief in skin trouble ; recovery from severe bodily pain ; restoration of one critically ill to health ; the going down of a painful swelling ; recovery of a child from diphtheria ; cure, without recourse to an operation, of a dangerously sore arm ; relief of a most painful sore throat.

## TO THE SACRED HEART.

*By A. E. Sullivan.*

HOPE of the Dying (for I love it best  
Of all the invocations that we pray),  
When we are dying and by pain oppressed,—  
The last faint breath of life to pass away,—  
Be Thou our refuge in that hour of dread,  
And pillow our tired heads upon Thy breast;  
And place Thine arm about us, Jesus, lest  
The tempter fill our souls with doubt and fear;  
In Thy sure haven may we sink to rest,  
To sleep and dream and wake,—to find Thee near;  
And in the waking, sin and anguish fled,  
Grant us to call Thee then, Joy of the Blessed.

# THE READER

*Saracinesca*. By F. Marion Crawford.  
2 vols. Sateen. Pages, 722. \$5.00.  
Macmillan Company, New York.

The thread running through this whole story is an unlawful love, heroically indeed and successfully combatted, but always dangerously near the dead-line of disaster. The topic seems to have an uncanny attraction for the genius of Mr. Crawford. It is the spectre in his *Via Crucis*, altogether too hideously prominent there, and offensive to eyes not yet purged clear of delicacy. Perhaps, the age in which we live calls for spiciness of the sort and tamer episodes would mean fewer editions. We are ourselves, however, far from entertaining even a suspicion that Mr. Crawford would lose in popularity if he adopted a change of tactics. The man has so wonderful a command of language, so instinctive a knack of hitting off in his descriptions what most appeals to human sympathy, so deep an insight into the mysteries of life, and withal so correct views of things, that whatever he writes must always get a crowded hearing. It must surely be within range of his genius to interest readers in a story, clean of even remotely unholy incidents, fuller of that health and glow native to loves of normal and quite usual development. Life is certainly no stranger to love stamped all over with the seal of God's approval, and there are still left in this old world of ours enough hearts tuned to the pure and the right to constitute for the author a satisfying circle of friends and admirers. In fact, as between the legitimate and the illegitimate, a student at all observant of his surroundings must feel persuaded that holy and thoroughly blameless loves are commoner, and on this very account perhaps less striking, than

passionate yearnings in which God, and virtue, and decency, have no part. Our wide faith in the residual and rooted goodness of mankind in general, drives us to the conviction that the average man and woman would borrow more genuine pleasure from the portrayal of what is honest and honorable than from lurid pictures always on the verge of going up in spontaneous combustion.

Briefly, the story of *Saracinesca* is set between the years 1865 and 1885, and runs somewhat as follows: Corona, fresh from a convent-school, to save her aged father from financial ruin, marries at the early age of seventeen, a rich old dandy, named Astrardente, of fifty or more. He is, of course, intensely fond of the girl and lavishes on her all the devotion of which his spent years are capable. A sense of duty and a very becoming measure of gratitude are the only bonds tying Corona to her husband, and they operate, with the native good qualities of her heart, to carry her safely through temptation. With Astrardente she mingles much in Rome's best society, and is the centre of all eyes. She has many admirers, but experiences no great trouble till Giovanni Saracinesca appears on the scene. He is a man of mature thirty, heart-free, and all that is noble till a mad and insane love for Corona takes him captive. Corona is not insensible to his charms, and makes the fatal mistake of at least tolerating his addresses. The mutual madness grows apace, till Corona, who is stronger than Giovanni, wins a dubious sort of half-victory. She waxes indignant and angry with herself and Giovanni, and valorously forbids him to ever again speak to her. This violent scene has place in a conservatory, to which the lovers had retired from the



ball-room in Frangipani's palace, and it is of a kind that does infinite harm to modern literature, of a kind that hurts the reputation and lessens the influence of authors as noble, grand and well meaning as even Mr. Crawford. It precipitates a duel between Giovanni and one Del Ferice, who, whilst spying, crashed through the glass roof of the conservatory. The duel tears an ugly gash in Giovanni's arm, sending him to bed for a few weeks, pushes Del Ferice, with a hole in his neck, close to the edge of the grave, and eventually kills old Astrardente, who, in a fit of anger at rumors concerning his wife, falls dead of his old enemy, heart-disease. With her rather inconvenient husband out of the way, Corona's fate is inevitable. She marries Giovanni within a year.

Of course other characters wander into the story. Del Ferice, a contemptible sneak, with absolutely no sense of principle, is meant for foil to Giovanni. To balance the personality of Corona, a certain Tullia Mayer is introduced. She is described as a noisy thing, desperately in love with Giovanni, and so full of conceit as to think he ought to be eternally grateful for the favor. The old prince, and father of Giovanni, the most out-and-out human being in the whole collection, and evidently intended as offset for the fop Astrardente, at first encourages the ambitious Tullia, and falls into a towering rage with his self-willed son for daring to oppose his wishes. But he is of the sort that, when face to face with a stone wall, walk around it; and, when he finds that argument is of no use, sits down and waits in gentle patience. Tullia is a good hater, and determined to at all hazards hinder marriage between Corona and Giovanni. Del Ferice is of one mind with her, and, to replenish his empty pockets, contrives to wring from her a promise of marriage, by the delivery of mysterious papers that threaten a world of harm to Giovanni and work none. But before the ceremony is performed, Del Ferice finds himself a fugi-

tive from the law in the disguise of a Capuchin friar, and escapes the country with assistance proffered by Giovanni. Incidentally, Cardinal Antonelli figures in a few scenes and always to superior advantage. A wild young artist, Gouache by name, takes part in conversations of a mildly revolutionary type, paints portraits of the Cardinal and Tullia, and puts a becoming period to his career by joining the Papal Zouaves. Pasquale and Temistocle are servants to Saracinesca and Del Ferice, respectively; and, near the end of the story, a distant relative of the old Prince puts in an appearance.

This, then, is a brief summary of *Saracinesca*. Much of a political nature, decidedly interesting and instructive, will be found between its pages. Places are described with all the accuracy and freedom of an old resident in Rome. A hunt, a ball, a duel, are set forth with magnificence and in lifelike detail. The reader will happen on frequent repetitions of situations and phases of mind, that enlarge the number of pages and hardly weary the head. But undoubtedly the chief charm of the work lies not so much in the plot as in the ease of diction everywhere apparent, the familiarity with human nature everywhere displayed, the nice discrimination of character and emotions, the writer's intimate acquaintance with the history of the period he describes, and the readiness with which his pen produces exquisite bits of conversation. We dislike the whole motive of the story. We unhesitatingly condemn the passages in which unholy love is, as it were, put on a pedestal, and we would warn young and impressionable readers against the danger of thinking the ordinary work-a-day world as wicked and romantic as it is painted. The right-minded can derive at least one useless lesson from the unfortunate and all but disgraceful passion of Giovanni for Corona; and that lesson is the old warning of Holy Writ and common-sense, to avoid temptation and escape disaster by fleeing oc-

casions, so winning the victory before the battle begins in earnest.

*"Principiis obsta : sero medicina paratur,*

*Quando per longas invaluere moras."*

*The Perfect Religious.* By Mons. De La Motte, Bishop of Amiens. Cloth. Pages, 242. \$1.00. Benziger Brothers, New York.

This series of edifying instructions is commended by its pious author to the special study of priests employed as chaplains and directors of nuns. It can furnish them with suggestions calculated to make their ministry fruitful and advantageous to everybody concerned. Nuns themselves will find in the holy bishop's words a spiritual unction, enhanced by the man's rare simplicity and practical appreciation of difficulties, scattered along the path to perfection. The language is of the simplest, disdains all literary ornament, and appeals directly to the mind and heart. The book's chiefest merit, perhaps, lies in the fact that it touches everything of practical importance in the life of a nun, and everywhere inculcates only the solidest kind of piety. Thus, some of the topics discussed are need of controlling the mind and imagination, facility in mental prayer, visits to parlor, importance of silence, spirit of recollection, poverty, obedience, mortification. The portrait of a good religious is finished in four masterful strokes, piety as manifested in prayer, recital of Holy Office and reception of Sacraments ; fidelity to Rule ; charity ; humility. The second half of the work contains an exhaustively full table of points for examen of conscience and sets of very becoming prayers for Mass.

*The Spirit of the Third Order of St. Francis.* By Very Rev. Fr. Peter Baptist, O. F. M. Cloth. Pages, 252. 2s. 6d. Catholic Truth Society, London.

This rarely precious volume ought to be in the hands of every member of the Third Order of St. Francis, and its wide perusal ought to swell the Order's ranks. At its head stands the Constitution

*Misericors Dei Filius* issued by Pope Leo XIII., May 30, 1883, commending the pious work to the faithful, prescribing its new rules and determining its privileges and indulgences. Then follows a series of unctuous chapters descriptive of the Order as a motive power against worldliness, luxurious ease, infidelity, impiety, moral weakness, and unkindness. Another part of the work traces resemblances between the Third Order and orders more strictly so-called. Lastly, the rules are taken up separately and explained in a thoroughly exhaustive and edifying way. The book teems with golden advice, and cannot but foster genuine and practical piety in its readers. The Catholic Social Union, Cardinal Vaughan's pet scheme, is here and there insisted on with much fervor. Our eyes took offense at an expression just now being bandied about considerably by Protestant periodicals and by a few Catholic journals, that are unwittingly playing into the hands of the enemy. We refer to the worn phrase, "petty devotions." Thus on page 19 we are regaled with this sapient remark, "It has been said that Christianity is being lost between infidelity and petty devotions, and it is only too true." We look for insidiously venomous statements of the kind in Protestant publications, but never run across them in Catholic writers without a shiver of fear and a certain amount of pity. Catholics can spend their time and talents to better purpose than in hunting down devotions. Faith, even of the kind evinced in these so-called petty devotions, has already received enough set-backs from the enemies of good. Catholics arrayed against it are in the wrong camp. St. Francis' life was as full of these petty devotions as it was of God-like simplicity. St. Antony's marvels shock modern incredulity, and the sooner we get back in our dealings with God to the golden age of faith, the days of St. Francis and St. Antony, the better for ourselves—the better for the world at large.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, May 1 to 31, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Baltimore	Forest Glen, Md.	St. John's . . . . . Church	May 13
Boston	Merrimac, Mass.	Nativity . . . . .	May 12
"	North Andover, Mass.	St. Michael's . . . . .	May 5
"	South Lawrence, Mass.	St. Patrick's . . . . .	May 5
Covington	Ashland, Ky.	Holy Family . . . . .	May 12
Galveston	Hitchcock, Texas.	St. Peter's . . . . .	May 18
Indian Terr'y (V. A.)	Krebe, Ind. Ter.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	May 21
Lincoln	Nebraska City, Neb.	St. Mary's . . . . .	May 21
New Orleans	Buras, La.	Our Lady of Harbor . . . . .	May 11
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Lucy's . . . . .	May 26
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	SS. Peter and Paul's . . . . .	May 29
Richmond	Berkeley Springs, W. Va.		May 12
Springfield	North Adams, Mass.	Notre Dame . . . . . Academy	May 5
"	Mittineague, Mass.	St. Thomas' . . . . . Church	May 5
"	Ware, Mass.	All Saints' . . . . .	May 28

Aggregations, 15; churches, 14; school, 1. \*German-speaking Centre.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of May, 1900, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Canajoharie, N. Y.	St. Peter and Paul's . . . . . Church	7
"	Granville, N. Y.	St. Mary's . . . . .	12
"	Kenwood, N. Y.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Academy	6
Alton	Taylorville, Ill.	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	2
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	St. Ignatius' . . . . .	22
"	"	Loyola . . . . . College	16
"	"	Notre Dame . . . . . Convent	14
"	Forest Glen, Md.	St. John's . . . . . Church	2
"	Oakland, Md.	St. Peter's . . . . .	15
"	Upper Marlboro, Md.	St. Mary's . . . . .	37
"	Waldorf, Md.	St. Peter's . . . . .	1
"	Washington, D. C.	St. Patrick's . . . . .	9
"	Woodstock, Md.	Sacred Heart . . . . . College	10
Boston	Boston, Mass.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	12
"	Brighton	St. Columbkil's . . . . .	21
"	Wakefield, Mass.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	10
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. John's . . . . . College	8
"	"	Our Lady of Victory . . . . . Church	11
"	"	Visitation . . . . .	4
"	Jamaica	St. Monica's . . . . .	10
"	Winfield Junction, N. Y.	St. Mary's . . . . .	7
Brownsville	Brownsville, Texas.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	3
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Mary's . . . . .	41
"	Olean, N. Y.	St. John's . . . . . Church	30
Burlington	Middleburg, Vt.	Assumption . . . . .	11
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Trinity . . . . .	3
"	"	Our Lady Mt. Carmel . . . . .	12
"	"	Sacred Heart . . . . . Convent	6
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	Holy Family . . . . .	5
"	"	St. Lawrence . . . . .	5
"	"	Mt. St. Mary's . . . . . Seminary	25
"	"	Sacred Heart . . . . . Academy	4
"	"	St. Peter's . . . . . Cathedral	8
Cleveland	Toledo, O.	La Salle . . . . . Study	19
Columbus	Zanesville, O.	St. Nicholas . . . . . Church	5
Concordia	Herndon, Kans.	Assumption . . . . .	3
"	Zurich	St. Ann's . . . . .	2
Denver	Denver, Colo.	Sacred Heart . . . . . College	7
Detroit	Detroit, Mich.	Our Lady of Rosary . . . . . Church	6
"	Monroe	St. Mary's . . . . . Academy	11
Dubuque	Cascade, Ia.	St. Martin's . . . . . Church	6
"	Dubuque	St. Patrick's . . . . .	5
"	Fort Dodge, Ia.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	8
Erie	Driftwood, Pa.	St. James' . . . . .	12
Fargo	Bismarck, N. D.	St. Mary's . . . . .	1
Fort Wayne	Kokomo, Ind.	St. Francis . . . . . Convent	10
"	Notre Dame, Ind.	St. Mary's . . . . . Academy	3
Grand Rapids	Muskegon, Mich.	St. Joseph's . . . . . School	1
Harrisburg	Bloomsburg, Pa.	St. Columba's . . . . .	15
Hartford	Manchester, Conn.	St. Bridget's . . . . . Church	6
Helena	Butte, Mont.	St. Patrick's . . . . .	35
Indianapolis	Richmond, Ind.	St. Mary's . . . . .	6
LaCrosse	Sparta, Wis.	St. Patrick's . . . . .	25
"	White Mound, Wis.	" . . . . .	6
Lincoln	Plattsmouth, Neb.	St. John Baptist . . . . .	8
Little Rock	Pine Bluff, Ark.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	13
Louisville	Adrian, Ky.	St. John's . . . . .	6
Manchester	Concord, N. H.	" . . . . .	2
"	Manchester, N. H.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	25

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Marquette.	Escanaba, Mich.	St. John's.	3
Milwaukee.	Elmo Grove, Wis.	Visitation.	8
"	Jefferson.	St. John Baptist.	5
"	Oconomowoc.	St. James.	10
Monterey and Los Angeles.	Racine.	St. Rose's.	7
Natchez.	Santa Barbara, Cal.	Our Lady of Sorrows.	4
Nesqually.	Ocean Spring, Miss.	St. Alphonsus.	1
"	Cheney, Wash.	St. Ann's.	5
Newark.	Spokane.	Gonzaga.	4
"	Hoboken, N. J.	Our Lady of Grace.	10
New Orleans.	Newark.	St. Benedict.	10
"	Baton Rouge, La.	St. Joseph's.	18
"	Morgan City.	Sacred Heart.	12
New York.	New Orleans.	St. Alphonsus.	12
"	Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y.	St. Vincent's.	5
"	New Rochelle.	St. Gabriel's.	4
"	New York.	St. Agnes.	17
"	"	St. Columba's.	5
"	"	St. Francis Xavier.	15
"	"	Guardian Angel.	11
"	"	St. Ignatius.	2
"	"	Our Lady Mt. Carmel.	10
"	"	Sacred Heart.	14
"	"	St. Patrick's.	1
"	"	St. Paul's.	39
"	"	St. Vincent de Paul's.	2
"	Poughkeepsie.	St. Peter's.	8
"	Saugerties.	St. Mary's.	10
Ogdensburg.	Rosier.	St. Vincent's.	12
Philadelphia.	West Chester, Pa.	St. Agnes.	6
Pittsburg.	Irwin, Pa.	Immaculate Conception.	10
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Mary's.	12
Providence.	Central Falls, R. I.	Holy Trinity.	9
St. Cloud.	Padua, Minn.	St. Anthony's.	7
St. Louis.	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Alphonsus.	2
"	"	St. Ann's.	6
St. Paul.	Montgomery, Minn.	St. Bridget's.	3
"	St. Paul, Minn.	Most Holy Redeemer.	11
San Francisco.	Alameda, Cal.	Good Shepherd.	4
"	E. Los Angeles, Cal.	St. Joseph's.	2
"	San Francisco.	Sacred Heart.	4
"	"	St. Francis.	10
"	"	St. Ignatius.	3
"	Santa Clara.	St. Clare's.	33
"	Vallejo.	St. Vincent Ferrer's.	29
Santa Fe.	Albuquerque, N. Mex.	St. Mary's.	6
Scranton.	Scranton, Pa.	St. Paul's.	6
Springfield.	Worcester, Mass.	Sacred Heart.	12
Syracuse.	Clinton, N. Y.	St. Mary's.	18
Wheeling.	Wheeling, W. Va.	Mt. de Chantal.	8
Total Number of Receptions, 110.		Total Number of Diplomas issued, 1103.	

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

## FROM BENZIGER BROTHERS.

New York.

"A Hostage of War." By Mary G. Bonesteel. Paper. Pages, 155. 40 cents.

"Pancho and Panchita." By Mary E. Mannix. Paper. Pages, 146. 40 cents.

"Fred's Little Daughter." By Sara Trainer Smith. Paper. Pages, 150. 40 cents.

"Jack Hildreth on the Nile." By Marion Ames Taggart. Cloth. Pages, 250. 85 cents.

"The Heiress of Cronenstein." By Countess Hahn-Hahn. Cloth. Pages, 223. \$1.25.

"General Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures." By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, S.S. Cloth. Pages, 606. \$2.00.

"Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament." From the German of Rev. J. B. Scheurer, D.D. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Cloth. Pages, 351. \$1.25.

"Ecclesiastical Dictionary." By Rev. John Thein. Half morocco. Pages, 749. \$5.00.

## FROM TEXT-BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY.

San Francisco, Cal.

"Text-Books of Religion—Third Grade." By Rev. P. C. Yorke. Cloth. Pages, 128. 25 cents.

## FROM B. HERDER.

St. Louis, Mo.

"The Church of Christ the Same Forever." By D. McErlane, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 163. 50 cents.

## FROM MARLIER, CALLANAN AND CO.

Boston.

"The People of our Parish." By Lelia Hardin Bugg. Cloth. Pages, 254. \$1.00.

## FROM CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION.

New York.

"Giovanni Battista de Rossi." By Very Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D. Paper. Pages, 78. 20 cents.

## FROM G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

New York.

"Christus Victor." By Henry Nehemiah Dodge. Calif. Pages, 186.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, JULY, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Disinterestedness**.

1	<b>S.</b>	<b>4th after Pentecost.</b> —Most Precious Blood	Abnegation	2,503,021 for thanksgivings.
2	<b>M.</b>	Visitation B. V. M.	Benignity.	328,520 for those in affliction.
3	<b>T.</b>	St. Leo II., P.C. (684)	Intrepidity.	130,690 for the sick, infirm.
4	<b>W.</b>	St. Bertha, W. (723).	Piety.	79,772 for dead associates.
5	<b>Th.</b>	St. Anthony Maria Zaccaria, C.F. (1539).—H.H.	Peacemaking.	24,667 for Local Centres.
6	<b>F.</b>	<b>First Friday.</b> —Octave of SS. Peter and Paul.—St. Romulus, Bp.M. (I. Century).—1st D., A.C.	Contrition.	30,137 for Directors.
7	<b>S.</b>	SS. Cyril and Methodius, Bpp.C.C. (900).—St. Pulcherin, V. (452).	Energy.	304,234 for Promoters.
8	<b>S.</b>	<b>5th after Pentecost.</b> —St. Elizabeth, Q.W. (Portugal, 1336).	Sweetness of character	781,004 for the departed.
9	<b>M.</b>	The Martyrs of Gorcum (1572).	Abstinence.	839,609 for perseverance.
10	<b>T.</b>	Seven Brothers, MM. (150).	Concord.	741,634 for the young.
11	<b>W.</b>	St. Pius I., P.M. (157).	Respect for holy places	360,886 for 1st Communions.
12	<b>Th.</b>	St. John Gualbert, Ab.C.F. (Vallombrosa, 1073).—H.H.	Forgiveness of enemies	270,144 for parents.
13	<b>F.</b>	St. Anacleto, P.M. (90)	Christian burial.	246,631 for families.
14	<b>S.</b>	St. Bonaventure, Bp.C.D. (O.F.M., 1274).	Uniting prayer with work	179,710 for reconciliations.
15	<b>S.</b>	<b>6th after Pentecost.</b> —St. Henry, C., Emperor (1024).—C.R.	Liberality.	250,600 for work, means.
16	<b>M.</b>	Our Lady of Mount Carmel,	Devotion to Scapular.	297,396 for the clergy.
17	<b>T.</b>	St. Alexius, C. (417).	Hidden Life.	1,267,404 for religious.
18	<b>W.</b>	St. Camillus de Lellis, C.F. (1604).	Care of the sick.	129,587 for seminarists, novices.
19	<b>Th.</b>	St. Vincent de Paul, C.F. (Lazarists and Sisters of Charity, 1660).—H.H.	Charity to the poor.	305,221 for vocations.
20	<b>F.</b>	St. Jerome Emiliani, C.F. (Congregation of Somoscha, 1537).	Care of orphans.	73,400 for parishes.
21	<b>S.</b>	St. Praxedes, V. (164).	Consoling the afflicted	69,466 for schools.
22	<b>S.</b>	<b>7th after Pentecost.</b> —St. Mary Magdalen.—Pr.	Sorrow for sin.	139,314 for superiors.
23	<b>M.</b>	St. Apollinaris, Bp.M. (79).	Discretion.	54,893 for missions, retreats.
24	<b>T.</b>	Vigil.—St. Francis Solano, C. (O.F.M., 1610).—St. Christina, V.M. (300).	Abstemiousness.	111,863 for societies, works.
25	<b>W.</b>	St. James the Greater, Ap. (44).—St. Christopher, M. (III. Century).—A.I.	Perseverance.	10,424,860 for conversions.
26	<b>Th.</b>	St. Ann, Mother B.V.M.—H.H.	Trust in God.	11,447,311 for sinners.
27	<b>F.</b>	St. Pantaleon, M. (303).	Earnestness.	10,337,481 for intemperate.
28	<b>S.</b>	St. Nazarius and Companions, M.M. (1st Century).	Encouragement.	984,120 for spiritual favors.
29	<b>S.</b>	<b>8th after Pentecost.</b> —St. Martha, V. (85).	Domestic Duties.	366,238 for temporal favors.
30	<b>M.</b>	SS. Abdon and Sennen, M.M. (250).	True nobility.	104,073 for special, various.
31	<b>T.</b>	St. Ignatius, C.F. (Jesuits, 1556).—Pr.	Zeal for God's glory.	For Messenger readers.

**PLENARY INDULGENCES:** Ap.—*Apostleship*; (D.—*Degrees*, Pr.—*Promoters*, C.R.—*Communion of Reparation*, H.H.—*Holy Hour*); A. I.—*Apostolic*; A. S.—*Apostleship of Study*.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

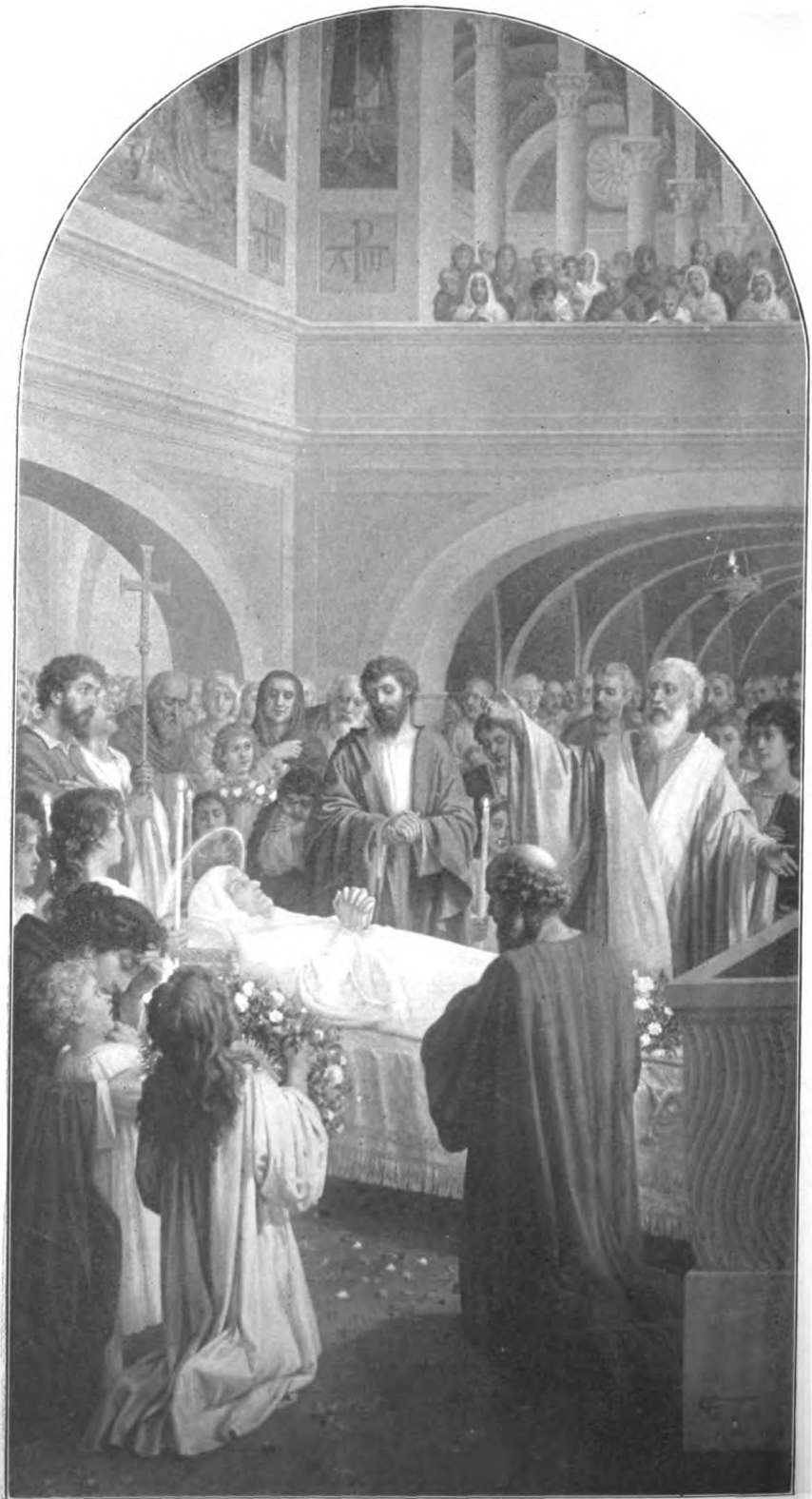
Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

*100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.*

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	5,802,473	11. Masses heard . . . . .	369,042
2. Beads . . . . .	1,715,359	12. Mortifications . . . . .	483,965
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	251,154	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	600,702
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	36,886	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	762,057
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	695,805	15. Prayers . . . . .	8,583,193
6. Examinations of Conscience . . . . .	682,900	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,908,394
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	1,185,742	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	119,269
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	511,929	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	394,557
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	256,441	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	449,438
10. Masses read . . . . .	16,249	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	1,414,504
		Total, 15,079,521.	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our **Calendar MESSANGER**, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.





ST. AUGUSTINE AT THE OBSEQUIES OF ST. MONICA.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

AUGUST, 1900.

No. 8.

### THE BIRTHPLACE AND FAMILY OF MARQUETTE.

*By Rev. H. S. Spalding, S. J.*

THE American tourist to the Old World finds a special interest and pleasure in visiting those cities and places which have been in the past connected with the history of his own country. Such is Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, and Palos, where he embarked on his voyage of discovery, and La Rabida, where he found assistance and encouragement, and which has offered him a last resting place; such is Plymouth, whence the Mayflower sailed, and Gravesend, from which the *Ark* and the *Dove* went forth on their mission of peace; such the old Chateau of Chavagnac, where Lafayette first saw the light of day; such the chamber in Paris where in 1783 the treaty of peace was signed which gave us our independence.

Among these places of special interest to us Americans must be numbered the city of Laon, the birthplace of Marquette. Sparks, Bancroft, Parkman and Shea have told the story of Marquette's labors as a missionary and of his discovery which won for him the lasting gratitude and public recognition of a nation. But in the pages of these historians we find but little of his illustrious family and of the old city of Laon; yet such a knowledge is indispensable

for us, if we wish to understand the true character of the great explorer. It is only when we have studied the environments of his youth, the position occupied by his distinguished family, the bright prospects that opened up before him, that we can appreciate the great sacrifice he made when he abandoned all and buried himself in the forests of the New World.

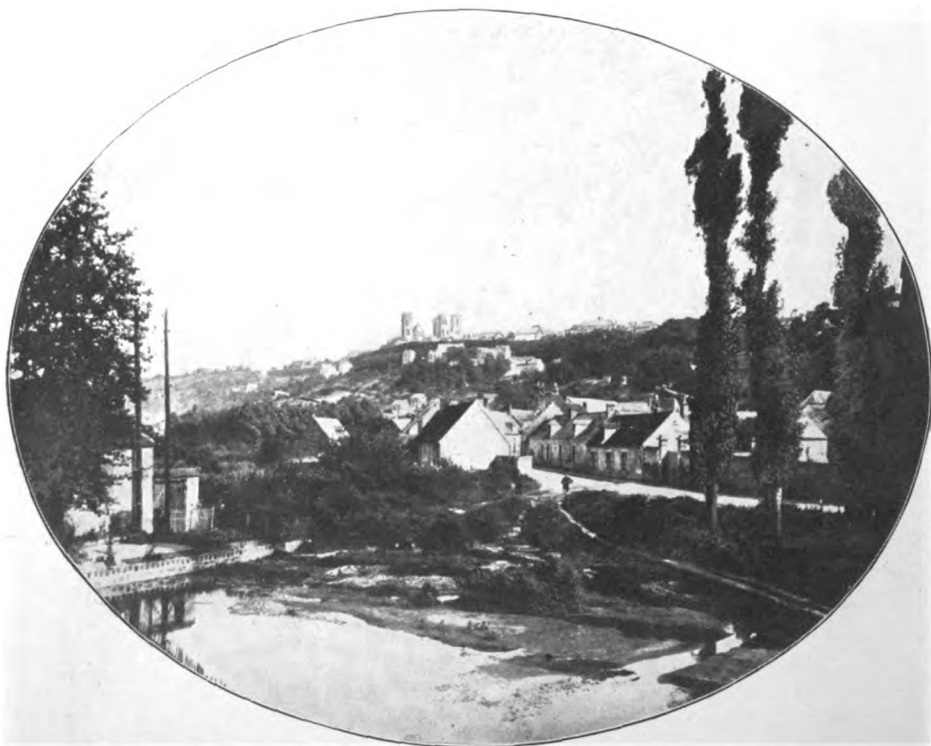
Even apart from the fact that it is the birthplace of Marquette, Laon can boast a history that few readers will not find interesting. In the province of Aisne, in north central France, upon an isolated and rugged plateau, far removed from the beaten route of the tourist and sightseer, stands the ancient city. As one leaves the little village of Ardon in the valley below and toils up the narrow road, truly magnificent is the view that opens up before him. The slopes are covered with vineyards, with here and there fields of grain and patches of artichoke. The white houses of the French peasants everywhere dot the sides of the hill, and the rich, green, and apparently limitless plain below. The gate of Ardon through which the visitor enters the city at once recalls to his mind the days of chivalry—there, is part



of the old wall; there, the round towers of massive stone as strong and defiant as when they frowned down on the mailed warriors of the Middle Ages. The city is irregularly built. The modern houses stand side by side with the decayed and crumbling structures of centuries. Such a spot would truly captivate the heart of the poet who wrote :

“Yes, give me the land where the  
ruins are spread,  
And the living tread light on the  
hearts of the dead;

and farther back until its origin is lost in the twilight of fable. During its long and checkered career it sustained thirty-one regular sieges. The first memorable siege was that of the Vandals. Mayence, Strasbourg, Rheims and other large and fortified cities had yielded to the invaders, who knocked at the gate of the mountain city (a name often applied to Laon), and demanded admission. But the Laonese defied the enemy. They defended their city so bravely that the Vandals were at last forced to retire.



DISTANT VIEW OF LAON.

Yes, give me the land that has legends  
and lays,  
That tell of the memories of long vanished  
days.”

Ruins the city has—many of them. It has legends, too, and “memories of long vanished days.” Its old chroniclers have kept for us a faithful record of events. Through them we can trace its history back to the time of Cæsar, when it bore the Latin name of Laudunum;

Then Attila came with his horde of barbarous Huns. The people of the entire province fled at his approach, and sought shelter within the strong fortifications of Laon. Surrounding the city, he battered against its walls. But at no point could he force an entrance. With his thousands of warriors he could accomplish nothing. The place was impregnable. One morning the Laonese were rejoiced to see the barbarous horde

retreating down the mountain side.  
This victory over Attila we find celebrated in old Latin hexameters, which have a truly Homeric ring.

“When came fierce Attila and when his horde

Poured o’er conquered Gaul with fire and sword,

Their onward march old Laon rose to check,

Scorning their rage—rebellious to their beck.

Sheltering all who fled before the foe,

through France. One division of the army was sent to storm and capture Laon, but failed in its attempt. So bravely and persistently did the Laonese defend their city that they merited special praise and many privileges from the sovereign, Charles V. In connection with this memorable siege we meet for the first time in the history of Laon the name of Marquette.

Her many victories in war form but a small portion of Laon’s claim to glory; to the Church is she indebted for her great-



LAON.—THE GATE OF ARDON.

She stood defiant, challenging overthrow.”

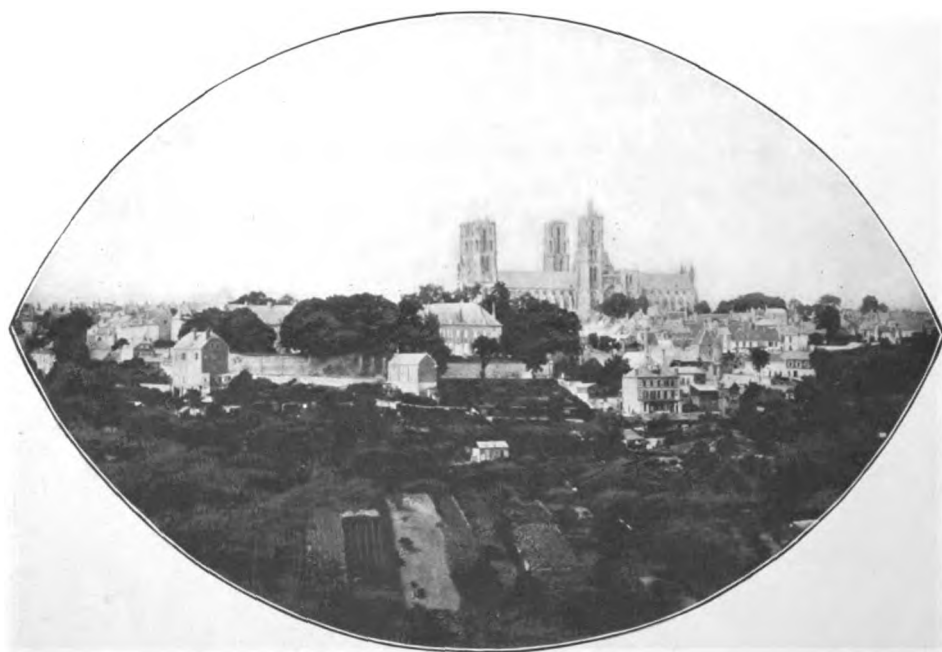
During the Middle Ages Laon saw many an army gathered around its walls. For nearly a century it was the abode of the French kings. These were often forced to do battle with their powerful subjects to retain their sovereignty. When it ceased to be a royal abode, baron fought with baron to get possession of its battlements. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century the victorious army of Edward III. swept

est renown. During the middle of the third century the inhabitants received the light of faith. About the year 500 Laon was the seat of a bishopric. From that date to the French Revolution, 87 bishops ruled the diocese. Their names and good deeds have been faithfully recorded for us by pious works, and by the religious of the abbey of St. Vincent. Four of these bishops are considered saints; St. Genebaud, St. Latro, St. Canoald and St. Serulph.

Laon gave to the church three popes,

the greatest of whom was Urban IV. As a boy he sang in the choir of the cathedral. His superiors recognized his great talents and sent him to the University of Paris where he received a doctor's degree. Accompanying St. Louis to the East, he shared the king's captivity at Damascus. He afterwards became Patriarch of Jerusalem, and in 1261 was made Pope. Proud that one of their city should be raised to so exalted a dignity, the citizens and Chapter of Laon sent to the new Pontiff words of congratulation. Urban responded in terms of deepest

its scholars. During the middle of the twelfth century, under the direction of Anselm, it reached the climax of its glory. Devisme in his history of Laon tells us that this school was then the most famous of Europe. So great was the concourse of students that they outnumbered the other inhabitants. Anselm attracted students from all parts of Europe. Among his scholars were Abelard and William of Champeaux. The proud and restless Abelard was far from being satisfied with the teaching of his master, but the fact that he left the schools of Paris and came



LAON.—CATHEDRAL.

affection: "This Church," said he, "has cherished me as a mother, has fed me as a nurse, has protected me as a tutor, has instructed me as a teacher, has enriched me as a benefactor. Oh, sweet remembrances! How far from our heart was the thought of this that has come to pass! Oh, wonderful change! This same Church which was our mother has become our child. We are the shepherds of those who nourished us."

For more than two centuries the school of Laon was justly noted for its saints and

to sit at the feet of Anselm shows the great reputation which the school of Laon must have then enjoyed.

Like many other cities, which were of considerable importance during the Middle Ages, but which gradually lost their influence and their power, Laon has long since been robbed of its ancient prestige; it has ceased to be a stronghold, the abode of kings, the home of scholars, the prize of envious and ambitious suzerains. Its towers have been overthrown, its walls have crumbled and

fallen away, its old abbeys of St. Vincent and St. Martin no longer stand—of all its claims to glory there remains but a single monument, its grand Gothic cathedral. During those ages of faith when so many truly magnificent temples were raised to the honor of God, the Laonese caught the religious enthusiasm of the times and were not content until they had erected the vast cathedral which to-day crowns the summit of the mountain. At the beginning of the twelfth century the edifice was partly destroyed by fire. Owing to the protracted wars which had impoverished the surrounding country it was found impossible to raise the necessary funds to repair the damage. Priests and laics undertook to collect alms throughout the kingdom, carrying with them the precious relics which pertained to the church and which had been miraculously saved during the conflagration, to invoke a blessing on their work. Some, too, went to England to solicit aid. So successful were these pious delegations that within a year

after the fire the work of rebuilding and repairing was resumed. Towards the close of the year 1114 divine services were solemnly resumed. "Two hundred thousand persons," says the old chronicler, "gathered within the city to witness the dedication. All were amazed at the sight of one of the finest

basilicas in France, rising as it did from its ruins in so short a time, and with a splendor far surpassing that of the ancient church. The cathedral of Laon is 320 feet in length. It is remarkable for that happy combination of strength and elegance, of grandeur and of delicacy so characteristic of Gothic architecture. Its two main towers are altogether unique



LAON. — CATHEDRAL.

in style, being unlike those of any other church in Europe.

Let us turn from this brief history and description of the city of Laon to that of its oldest and one of its most illustrious families. "The Marquette family still exists," writes Devisme in 1822. "It is one of the most honorable

and, without doubt, the most ancient of the city." This last statement is confirmed by Melville in his extensive history of Laon, as also by Shea in his "Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi." "The most ancient family in this renowned city," says Shea, "is that of Marquette, and in its long annals we find the highest civic honors borne almost constantly by members of that illustrious race. . . . A martial spirit has always characterized this citizen family, and its members have constantly figured in the dazzling wars of France. Our own republic is not without its obligations to the valor of the Marquettes, three of whom died here in the French army during the Revolutionary war.

"Yet not their high antiquity or their reckless valor would have given the name of Marquette to fame; the unsought tribute which it has acquired among us is due to the labors of one who renounced the enjoyments of country and home to devote his days to the civilization and conversion of our Indian tribes; who died in the bloom of youth, worn out by toil, in a lonely, neglected spot, whose name every effort was made to enshrine in oblivion, but who has been at last, by the hand of strangers, raised on a lofty pedestal among the great, the good, and the holy, who have honored our land; the family is known to us only as connected with Father James Marquette of the Society of Jesus, the first explorer of the Mississippi."

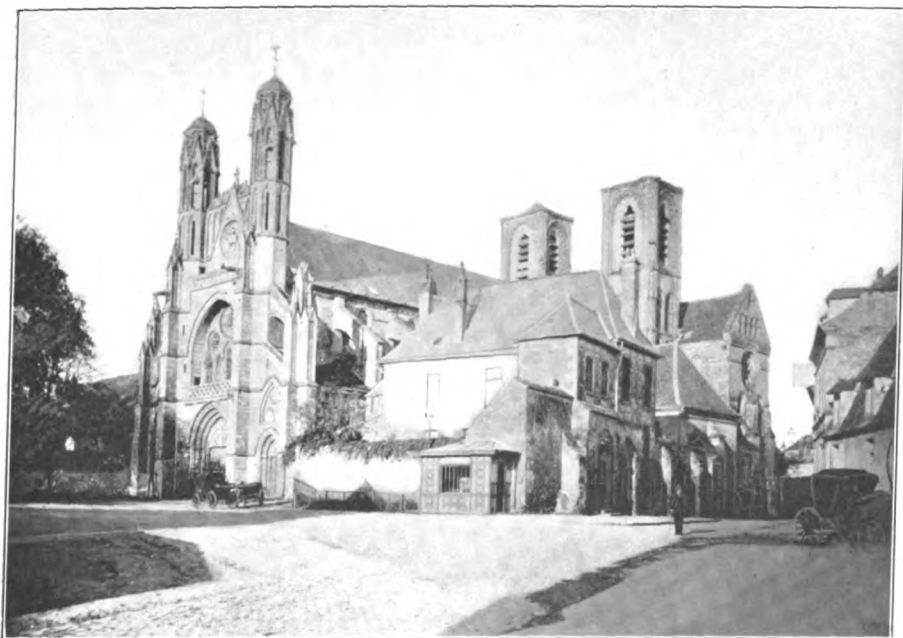
The Marquettes were not of noble blood, yet they were allied to several distinguished families, as has been proved by M. Brifotcaux in the April, 1900, number of the *Journal de l'Aisne*, published at Laon.

Vermand Marquette, the first of this name who is mentioned in the history of Laon, was one of the chief supporters of Louis-le-Jeune. His son Jacques of his own free choice followed his royal master into captivity. During the wars with England in the middle of the fourteenth century, not only were the

English victorious, but they obtained possession of the person of the French king. When peace had been declared the nation was forced to pay three million crowns of gold to ransom the royal personage. During the war the Laonese had distinguished themselves and had held their city against a besieging army; now when peace was declared they were equally loyal and devoted. Owing to a public appeal from the Mayor, James Marquette, and the solicitations of a prominent citizen, Jean de Lysaac, the city contributed 24,000 francs for the ransom of the king. As a recompense for their zeal both Marquette and Lysaac were authorized to add to their armorial shields the three martlets which the city had in its coat of arms. This recognition of the magistrate's public services was not, however, given immediately. It was Jean Charles Marquette, the nephew of Fr. Marquette, who received the royal sanction to insert the martlets.

When the city of Laon entered into the league against Henry IV., Nicolas Marquette, the father of the great discoverer, true to the traditions of his family, sided with the king. Nicolas was offered the alternative of submission or of exile from the city. He chose the latter. Henry IV., appreciating the sacrifice and devotion of the magistrate, restored him to his office and loaded him with honors. Thus for centuries do we see the members of this family supporting at any cost their lawful rulers.

But if the Marquettes were distinguished for their loyalty to the kings of France, they were equally zealous in their devotion to the Church. We need not repeat here what has so often been told of Father Marquette's zeal for the salvation of souls; how like another Xavier he yearned to carry the good tidings of the Gospel to those who were still in shadows of darkness, of his gentleness and kindness, his patience and resignation in suffering, his tender love for Mary Immaculate—all this has been rehearsed for us



LAON,—CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN.

during the last decade of years. Even the French atheist and apostate Raynal, the friend of Diderot and Voltaire, paused in his impious writings to pay a tribute to this gentle and loving soul.

"We could say much of the rare virtues of this generous missionary," writes his superior, Father Dablon, "of his zeal which made him carry the faith so far, and announce the Gospel to so many nations unknown to us; of his meekness which endeared him to every one, and which made him all to all—French with the French, Huron with the Hurons, Algonquin with the Algonquins—of his angelic purity and continual union with God. But his predominant virtue was a rare and singular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and especially to the mystery of the Immaculate Conception; it was a pleasure to hear him preach or speak on this subject. Every letter and conversation of his contained something about the Blessed Virgin Immaculate, as he always styled her. From the age of nine he fasted every Saturday; and from his tender youth began to recite daily the

little office of the Conception, and inspired all to adopt this devotion. . . .

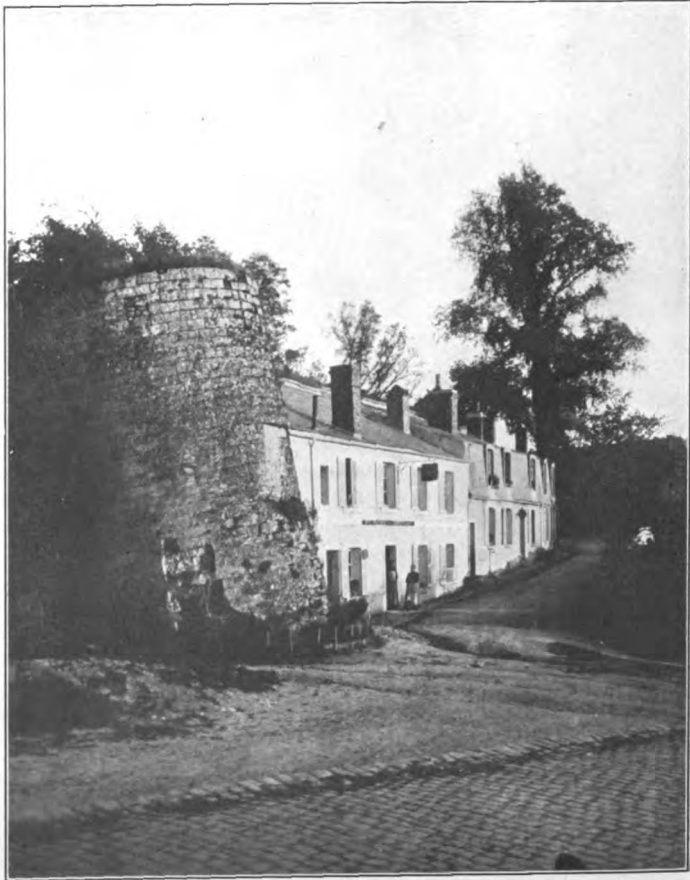
So tender a devotion to the Mother of God deserved some singular grace, and she accordingly granted him what he always asked, to die on a Saturday; and his two companions had no doubt that she appeared to him at the hour of his death when, after pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary, he suddenly raised his eyes above his crucifix, fixing them on an object which he regarded with such pleasure, and a joy that lit up his countenance; and they, from that moment, believed that he had surrendered his soul into the hands of his good Mother."

But Father Marquette was not the only one of the distinguished family to devote his life to the service of the Church. After his death his sister Frances founded a religious Congregation for the instruction of poor girls. Now that the Church has so many Sisterhoods scattered throughout the world instructing the little ones of Christ, it is hard for us to realize the sad neglect of former days. When Frances Marquette

gathered her small community around her there was the most urgent need of just such work as she proposed to undertake; for during the protracted wars, that had preceded this period, the poor of France had been left without pastors and without instructors, so that ignorance everywhere prevailed. This was the century that saw the rise of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd and the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, each with its distinct mission. But with the exception of the Ursulines there was no Congregation which made the teaching of poor children its distinctive aim. The object, therefore, of this new Sisterhood, which Frances Marquette founded and of which she became the first superioress, was altogether unique in the history of religious Congregations of women.

Frances devoted her entire fortune to the work which she had undertaken, and had the consolation of seeing it prosper not only in Laon but in many other cities of northern France. The religious were known as the "Sœurs Marquette," but about the year 1720 the name was changed to that of the Sisters of Providence. During the time of the French Revolution the nuns remained for a long time undisturbed, even when all the other convents of the land had been closed and the inmates dispersed. But finally they too were driven from their home, and their prop-

erty was confiscated. In 1806 Made-moiselle Eleonore Laurent resumed the labors of the "Sœurs Marquette" by establishing the community of the Sisters of Providence of Laon, and although this new Congregation was in no way affiliated with the old one, still its aims were the same and it was really the continuation of the work initiated by Frances Marquette 200 years before.



LAON.—BASE OF OLD LEANING TOWER.

While speaking of the piety and devotion of the Marquette family, we must not forget to mention the name of Jean Charles Marquette, who died towards the close of the last century with the reputation of a saint. He was by profession a lawyer. "The laws," writes his biographer, "had not a clearer expositor, nor the profession a more

eloquent speaker. Still it would be difficult to decide whether his virtue or his talent was more conspicuous. He was known and revered throughout the entire Province of Aisne. Families made him the arbiter of their contentions. His office was a temple of concord. Here all differences were adjusted. The most violent animosities yielded to the pacifying influence of this venerable mediator."

Father Marquette was through his mother, Rose de la Salle, related to St. John Baptist de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers. Adrien Nyel, a near kinsman of the Marquettes, was the first to suggest to the Abbé de la Salle the idea of a brotherhood for the instruction of youth. After the institute had been founded Laon was the second city to solicit and obtain the help of its members.

After the name of Marquette had been brought before the eyes of the world by the erection of his statue in

Washington, Rheims and Laon claimed to be his birthplace. But it was proved that to the latter belonged the honor. The controversy between the two cities brought to light certain documents hitherto unknown. A copy of one of these documents, the genealogical table of the Marquette family from the year 1580 to 1892, has lately been procured for the archives of Marquette College, Milwaukee. M. Edmund Lobzois, M. Brifontaux, the Abbé Palant, of Cilly, and others are still investigating the subject and searching for data in regard to the early life of the great Jesuit, not only in Laon, but in other cities of the Province of Aisne, where the descendants of the family have lived for the past two centuries. We may therefore justly hope that in the near future sufficient matter will have been collected to enable a biographer to supplement the excellent work of Sparks and Shea, and give to the reading public a fuller and more interesting life of the priest-explorer.

## ONE OF THE PHILIPPINE FRIARS.

LOOKING over the petitions to the Holy See, placed as an appendix to the decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, we find the assembled prelates begging Pope Pius IX. to insert in the catalogue of the saints the name of the Capuchin monk, Philip of Jesus. There was fittingness in such action. A native of Mexico, Philip, even in the wrongly restricted sense in which we have come to use the term, is more properly entitled to be called an American saint than Rose of Lima. But there is a special circumstance which gives to the career of this holy religious just at this time particular interest. It was in a convent of our new possessions, the Philippines, that he first entered in earnest upon the path of perfection, and his first exer-

cise of zeal, within the limits allowed to one not yet in Holy Orders, was in evangelizing and uplifting the natives of these islands. It is needless to add that if the people had remained faithful to his teaching, revolution and insurrection would not have had place among them, and the sad pages of history which tell of the loss of American lives, and vast expenditures of American money in a thankless task, would be still unwritten.

Felipe las Casas was born near the City of Mexico in the year 1572, and baptized in the Cathedral, as is testified by the following inscription on the baptismal font: "In this font was baptized the glorious Japanese martyr, St. Philip of Jesus, a native of this City of Mexico and its Patron." Philip's parents were



exemplary Catholics, and we may trace at every stage of their son's life the influence of their advice and counsel, their care in keeping him from the occasions of sin, and even find in their parental affection the indirect cause of his martyrdom. Unhappily, for a time at least, the boy did not respond to their pious wishes. Passing into early manhood, he was of a weak, irresolute character, not doing the good he willed, and too much given up to the enjoyments of the world. Again and again his mother besought him with tears to change his conduct. There was lapse not precisely into evil ways, but into a thoughtless, giddy, pleasure-seeking mode of life. Long and fervent prayer supplemented the mother's tears and entreaty, and at length won the day. Philip, to the joy of his parents, announced his determination to enter the Franciscan Novitiate at Puebla, there to expiate by penance his past irregularities. But their joy was short lived. We know nought of the motives or the occasion that led to his conversion, but it appears that ere long he tired of the daily carrying of the Cross, made none the lighter by the austere rule he had embraced, and applying to his soul the flattering unction that he could gain heaven with much less sacrifice, he returned after a few months to the parental roof. Once more he sought the company of his former companions, till his vigilant father, seeing the danger ahead, resolved on sending him to Manila where he had large commercial interests. He took the further precaution of furnishing him with a letter of introduction to a trusted friend, whom he charged to keep a watchful eye on his son.

But again his hopes were doomed to disappointment. Young, rich, in a foreign country, away from the protection and subjection of home, Philip's sole thought was enjoyment, and means were not wanting to realize this desire. Some two or three years were thus passed. It was the Gospel story, ever old and ever new, of the Prodigal. He had squandered his fortune, he had weakened his health by

his excesses, and now, deserted by his friends, his thoughts turned back upon himself, and with the strong resolve, "I will arise and go to my Father's house," he humbly craved admission into a Franciscan convent of the Strict Observance, called Santa Maria de los Angeles, in Manila.

We can picture the joy of Philip's pious parents when the letter reached them in distant Mexico, apprising them of this glad event, a joy, however, which must have had mingled with it something of well-founded fear for his perseverance. This fear was soon dispelled. Each letter from Philip brought news of his happiness in his new-found vocation. At this time the closest social and commercial relations existed between the Philippines and Mexico. It was from a Mexican port that the missionaries set sail for these distant islands, and it was to Mexico they returned when ill-health or the voice of obedience called them to other fields of labor. Some, then, of Philip's religious brethren must have come to tell the parents of their son's progress in perfection; how he was regarded as the model of the community, that he had to be checked in his practice of corporal austerities, his humility, his obedience, in a word, his possession of all those difficult virtues which enter into the daily life of a son of St. Francis of Assisi and St. Peter of Alcantara. Some, too, may have mentioned, without recking the pain that it would inflict on even the pious of the world, that Philip of Jesus' one great longing, the end of all his prayers, was that he might be permitted to lay down his life for Christ. And as the parents listened in gratitude to the recital of their son's virtues, there grew up within their hearts an overmastering desire to gaze upon his face once more before their eyes were closed in death, to be present at his ordination, soon to take place, to receive from his hands a parting blessing and from his freshly anointed fingers the Bread of Life, the saving Host conse-

crated by their own dear son. It was not a new or unusual feeling. It has stirred the hearts of parents from the early days of the Church, and shall continue to do so until the end of time. Only the priest and parents who have been thus privileged can know its joy. Only the priest and parents to whom death or obedience has denied it can understand its loss. And so they go, this pious, grateful couple, to the Commissary General of the Province of New Spain, then sojourning in the Capital, to beg that Philip may be granted permission to return at least for a visit to Mexico. Their request is granted, but this granting procured for the son the grace of martyrdom and the honor of being raised to God's altar.

Three full years had elapsed since the entrance of Philip of Jesus into the Convent of Our Lady of the Angels, when, on July 12, 1596, he embarked on the ship, called by a happy coincidence, the *St. Philip*, bound from the now far-famed Cavité to Acapulco, a port of Mexico. His companions in the voyage, besides the soldiers and sailors, were Fray Juan de Zamo, a Franciscan of advanced age, Fray Martin de Leon, and four Augustinians.

Seafaring in those days differed widely from the conditions that now obtain. Our military transports make the trip from San Francisco to the Philippines in something like three weeks, but at the end of the sixteenth century the trip to Mexico lasted several months, was made in sailing vessels of poor design and poorer structure, and with a rudder often unmanageable and not yet

reduced by modern mechanism to prompt obedience to the steersman's lightest touch. Then there were the cyclones, which buried so many a ship, with all its crew, in a watery grave. No signal service gave timely warning of their coming; no Jesuit observatory at Manila prognosticated their fury or their path with almost the certitude of prophetic vision. To venture out on the deep was to court death. And so after fourteen days of fair wind and prosperous voyage there arose the storm which drove the *St. Philip* from her course, and forced her finally, after many vicissitudes and trials, to put in for repairs at the Japanese port of Urando, in the Province of Tosa. Throughout the perilous voyage Philip had been the support and stay of all, the nurse of the sick, the comforter of the



MAIN ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PHILIP, CITY OF MEXICO.

afflicted, the gentle corrector of the rough sailors, whose fears and anger would find expression in oaths and blasphemies.

As they were nearing the Japanese coast a strange phenomenon startled the minds of all as a harbinger of ill. High up in the sky, clear and blue as if to mock their fate, there shone out a large cross about the size that the Japanese are wont to use in executing criminals. First it appeared white, then changed to a blood color, and after a quarter of an hour it was lost to sight in a black cloud. One face alone did not blanch in terror at the apparition. Philip of Jesus saw in this marvel a forecast and an intimation of the manner of his death, and he hailed it with heightened color and smiling face, as of a bridegroom going to meet his bride.

Scarcely had they landed when they discovered how perfidious was the promise of hospitality and assistance held out by the natives. Captain, crew and passengers were at once placed under arrest; but an embassy, sent in protest against this action to the Emperor Taicosama, secured an order for their release on condition of the confiscation of the *St. Philip's* cargo, and the immediate departure from the country of all on board. But the incident did not close here. The arrival of the ship was interpreted as another attempt on the part of the missionaries, acting as an advance guard, to subjugate Japan to the yoke of Spain, and furnished Taicosama with a pretext for ordering the arrest and execution of all the Franciscans in the convents of Ozaca and Meaco, with their novices and servants.

When the convent of Meaco was surrounded by Japanese soldiers, Philip of Jesus, who was there on a visit to Fray Pedro Bautista, the Superior of the Mission, was among the prisoners taken. All the Saint's fellow-religious insisted that he should be set at liberty, as he was exempted by the recent decree of the Emperor, and besides his presence in Japan was due to accident and not

the design of evangelizing the natives, which was charged against them as a crime. Philip put an end to the discussion by declaring that God did not will him to be set at liberty, while his brothers were condemned to suffering, and that their lot must be his. These courageous words decided his fate. He had trembled lest the crown of martyrdom might escape his grasp. His face beamed with joy when the decision of the military governor included his name in the list of the condemned.

This was on the ninth of December, 1596, but for some unknown reason the Franciscans were allowed to remain in their convent till the thirtieth of the month before being thrown into the common prison. They employed this respite in fervent preparation for their approaching death. All the observances of the religious life were carried out with the utmost regularity and exactness, the feasts of the Church, especially that of the Nativity, were celebrated with unwonted splendor and solemnity, and as if already to commence the martyrdom of which they were so desirous, they multiplied their fasts and corporal austerities. In all these exercises of piety Philip was conspicuous, and indeed it may be said of him, and in a special manner of nearly all the Japanese martyrs, that the sufferings which closed their lives were shorter and less severe than the voluntary self-inflicted penances by which they had striven to obtain this reward. Thus we read in the life of Blessed Charles Spinola and his companions, that in their love of suffering not content with the frequent and barbarous tortures to which they were subjected, nor the huddling together in a foul and reeking prison where they were served with scanty and most disgusting food, they performed with exactness all their spiritual duties, the recitation of the Divine Office, the hour of meditation, the two examinations of conscience, observing the fast of Lent, and always ending the day, except on

big feasts of the Church, with what Blessed Charles describes in his letter to the Father General of the Society of Jesus as "*bene longa corporum flagellatione*"—a long and severe scourging. Some will ask, why these self-imposed penances? Did they not suffer enough otherwise to allow them exemption from these practices, even when they were of rule? The answer will reveal God's providence in regard to those whom He deigns to clothe with the red robe of martyrdom. Rarely does this grace come to the ordinary, well-living Christian, but to those who have borne about in their bodies the mortification of Jesus Christ, "being made conformable to His image," to complete the resemblance to Him who laid down His life for souls.

On the afternoon of December 30, while the Community was reciting in choir the Vespers of the day, the welcome summons came. Fray Pedro Bautista, the Superior of the convent, taking the large crucifix from the altar for a standard, led his companions to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament to kneel a few moments in prayer. There, their joy and gratitude found expression in the solemn chanting of the *Te Deum* and the liturgical commemoration of St. Francis, and then they passed without the gates of their beloved convent to the prison, where they found waiting to greet them eleven other Franciscans from Ozaca. To this number were added the Jesuit Scholastic Paul Miki, and two servants, John de Soto and James Kisai, although their arrest had been in direct opposition to the Emperor's orders, which had excepted the Jesuits. In all there were twenty-seven, made up of five Franciscan priests, Philip of Jesus still a scholastic and a Franciscan lay brother, Garcia, the



ST. PHILIP OF JESUS.

three Jesuits and sixteen seculars. These latter were all members of the Third Order of St. Francis, three of them being mere boys, Luis, Antonio and Tomas, aged respectively eleven, thirteen and fourteen years.

It is a Japanese custom to first disgrace or degrade those who are condemned to capital punishment. This was done by publicly cutting off their ears and noses in the principal square of the city; but in the case of our martyrs, the Governor, Gibonoskio, who was not devoid of all sentiment of humanity, judged that he was sufficiently carrying out his orders by amputating the tip of the ears. A Christian named Victor gathered these precious relics dyed with the first blood shed for Christ in Japan, and presented

them to an old Jesuit missionary, who on receiving them, raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "I offer you, O my God, these first fruits of the Church in Japan."

This barbarous ceremony accomplished, our martyrs entered on that month of long and painful travelling which was to end at the hill of Nangazachi. Weeping crowds of Christians thronged all the roads along which they passed, and what was intended by the Emperor to inspire terror, became a real triumphal march and the most effective means of confirming the Christians in their faith. At Senoncho they were met by the Jesuit fathers, Pasio and Rodriguez, who had come in the hope of being allowed to administer the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist to the prisoners. This permission was for the present denied, but the meeting gave occasion to a touching act of charity, which will be better appreciated if we bear in mind that there existed at that time a difference of opinion between the Jesuits and Franciscans as to the advisability of public preaching of Christianity. It was, in fact, the too great zeal of the latter in this respect that had caused the Emperor to single them out for persecution, while, by a strange inconsistency, he permitted the two fathers just mentioned to assist the martyrs in their last agony. Father Pedro Bautista, kneeling humbly at the feet of Father Pasio, begs pardon of him, and through him of all the other members of the Society of Jesus, for any annoyance or scandal of which they may have been the occasion by word and deed, while Father Pasio, in his turn, kneels to ask from the Franciscan Superior the same forgiveness for himself and his Jesuit brethren.

Early the following morning the martyrs leave their prison to ascend the hill of Nangazachi. Fathers Pasio and Rodriguez accompany them and will remain to the end beneath the shadows of the crosses which they too would gladly have mounted. Half way up a

halt is called, in fulfilment of Tasamburo's promise the night before to allow them opportunity to go to confession. Paul Miki, after having renewed his own religious vows, receives into the Society and admits to their first vows his two companions. When all have finished confessing, Father Pedro Bautista imparts the general absolution customary in the Three Orders of St. Francis. The procession resumes its way, and as it emerges on the vast plain that crowns the summit of the hill, already filled by an immense crowd of spectators, the martyrs are brought in full view of their crosses and, standing hard by, the executioners armed with lances, and bearing in their hands the iron bands which passing about their arms and feet and waist would hold the victims fastened to the erstwhile wood of shame. To the surprise of the pagans and the admiration of the Christians, a general cry of joy bursts from the lips of the martyrs, while clear above them all may be distinguished the voice of Philip of Jesus repeating with outstretched hands, "Hail, precious cross, on which the Redeemer of the world died for me! O blessed seafaring, O fortunate vessel whose shipwreck has been for me the cause of such great gain!" It required no order from their murderers to have them stretch themselves upon the instruments of death. Of the two supports which further helped to hold the body in position, the one attached to the middle of St. Philip's cross had not been properly placed, and so when the crosses were raised on high the whole weight of his body was thrown on the band beneath his arms, into which his neck soon slipped, to make his death one of slow strangulation. "Jesus," he whispered as he felt his end approaching. "Jesus," he repeated in still lower accents, but scarcely had he breathed the Holy Name for a third time, when the lance of the executioner put a stop to his sufferings, and secured for him the honor of being the first

martyr on Japanese soil—a soil which was so soon to be bedewed by the blood of thousands of every class, age, sex, and condition.

As the present sketch is concerned only with St. Philip of Jesus, we need not describe how death came to each of this heroic troop, how the hill resounded with the strong, young voices of the three boys as they chanted the *Laudate Pueri* in imitation and emulation of the glorious trio of the Old Testament, how St. Paul Miki exhorted in words of burning eloquence the assembled crowd; or how, when death had closed the eyes of all his companions, there still remained hanging their glorious leader, Saint Peter Bautista. The story of the Japanese martyrs is familiar to all Catholics, and the briefest mention will recall to their minds these facts.

For nine full months their bodies hung upon these sanctified deathbeds, carefully guarded by the Japanese soldiery against repeated fearless attempts by the native Christians to obtain possession of them. At the end of that time, Taicosa-ma gave permission for the removal of the relics, including fragments of the crosses, to Manila, whence the relics of St. Philip were transferred to Mexico, and afterward distributed among the Cathedral of the Capital and several Franciscan convents. On September 14 and 15, 1627, St. Philip and his companions were declared Blessed by Pope Urban VIII., and on January 12, 1629, he was proclaimed Patron of the City of Mexico. The occasion was marked by the most solemn religious services and manifestations of popular joy. Amid the immense throngs of the faithful, who had gathered from every quarter to take part in these exercises, there was one heart from which welled up a deeper fount of gratitude—one bosom that heaved with justifiable pride—gratitude and pride that suffused her aged eyes with tears and gave to her feeble steps a firmer tread. It was Philip's mother, Antonia Martinez las

Casas, spared by God's mercy to witness his elevation to the honors of the altar and to be consoled at her death a month later by the visible presence of her saintly son.

✓ In 1673, through the generosity of a rich planter, Don Simon de Haro, there was blessed and opened for public service a church specially dedicated to the Blessed Philip, but it was utterly destroyed in the revolutionary tempest which swept all Mexico at the end of the seventeenth century. For nearly two centuries neither church nor altar nor pious picture exposed for veneration gave public testimony to a people's devotion to their glorious protomartyr. His choice as patron of the silversmiths and an annual function in the Cathedral and in the Franciscan convents, were all that kept alive the memory of his life and death till his solemn canonization on June 8, 1862, aroused the dormant love of their sainted countryman that lay deep down in the heart of every loyal Mexican Catholic. But the times were little propitious for any outward manifestation of their love. The Mexican bishops were in exile by order of Juarez; faith and piety were at their lowest ebb. But with the return of peace under the stable government of Porfirio Diaz there has come a wonderful change. On August 2, 1888, the cornerstone of a new church in honor of St. Philip of Jesus was laid in the City of Mexico, and on February 5, 1897, the third centenary of his martyrdom, it was solemnly blessed and opened. It is a temple worthy of the God who dwells upon its altar and of the saint under whose invocation it has been erected; and the object to which it has been devoted, that of expiation for the sins of Catholic Mexico, must sit close to the heart of its holy patron. The church has been placed in charge of a congregation of secular priests bearing the name "Reparadores del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus." Perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament is soon to be estab-

lished, and the bi-monthly nocturnal adoration attended by many of the best and most influential citizens of the Capital, will, it is hoped, ere long be practised every night of the year.

That this nocturnal adoration, as practised in this "Templo Expiatorio" calls for no little generosity and self-sacrifice is evidenced from the following regulations, printed on the back of each associate's ticket of admission.

1. The adoration begins at 9 P. M. and lasts till 6 o'clock the next morning, during which time no one should leave the church.

2. From 9 till 12, prayers for the souls in Purgatory; 12 to 4, Expiation devotions; 4 to 8, Thanksgiving, including the hearing of the Masses then said.

3. Those who need food or repose, should make arrangements beforehand with the Rev. Chaplain.

4. Children, the infirm or women are not admitted.

5. Those who wish to practise these devotions privately without being observed, can apply to the Rev. Chaplain,

informing him of what day or night they wish to pass before the Blessed Sacrament.

6. This ticket of admission is personal and no one can act as a substitute for the holder.

7. It will be most praiseworthy for the adorers to receive Holy Communion at the morning Mass of Thanksgiving.

The Church celebrates the Feast of St. Philip of Jesus on February 5. As a type and exemplar of the spirit of the Seraph of Assisi which Leo XIII. has striven so earnestly to revive in our own days, as a saint who, as we have seen, may be called an American by a double title, Philip of Jesus should be honored by the strongest confidence in his intercession and merits, should claim the tribute of special devotion from the Catholics of the United States. The work too of reparation that enshrines his memory and perpetuates his influence in the City of Mexico is one that enters into the life of the Apostleship of Prayer, and must therefore enlist the interest and co-operation of all our Associates.

## THE FIRST SCOTTISH PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

*By A. E. Storer.*

THE December MESSENGER presented to its readers, as frontispiece, a group which is of sufficient interest to justify some comment. The inscription stated that the illustration represented the Scotch pilgrimage to Lourdes, but failed to disclose the important fact, that this same pilgrimage was the first from the "land of the mountain and the flood," to the famous shrine of the Pyrenees.

Early last summer, His Grace, the Archbishop of Edinburgh, expressed the desire that as many of his people as possible should join in a pilgrimage to Lourdes, and there, on the eve of the

Holy Year, unite in prayer for Scotland's return to the Faith. No sooner was this wish made known, than his brethren in the Episcopacy and his sons in the priesthood united heart and will to insure its fulfilment, and thus was brought to pass, in September last, the first national Scotch pilgrimage to Lourdes, which the present writer, an American, with three compatriots, all of Scotch descent, was privileged to join.

Here let us warn you, read no further if you expect to learn anything new of Lourdes itself, its miracles, the tender history of the child Bernadette Soubirous, or of its own entrancing beauty. Poets

have sung of these, preachers have discoursed of them, artists have attempted to portray them, and where their loving labors have failed to give more than a suggestion of the reality, one must needs be silent who is gifted in none of these ways save only in the loving.

As the time has arrived for the starting of the great American pilgrimage in this year of grace from our own land to Lourdes and Rome, we would merely entreat all to visit Lourdes as pilgrims. And why as members of a regular pilgrimage when it will, perhaps, be urged that such a course involves discomfort from overcrowding, and the lessening of inward recollection and devotion?

Now in a really well-ordered pilgrimage there need be no overcrowding, at least of a serious kind—moreover, while a pilgrimage is not exactly the time or place for luxuries, yet as a matter of fact, experience proves that the relative importance of the supreme, and of the lesser things so adjusts itself that many of the latter may be lacking yet are not missed, *e. g.*, the present chronicler, a very comfort-loving individual, looks back to such little details as sitting up two nights in the railway carriage and being separated from her worldly possessions for a considerable time as rather delightful incidents of travel than otherwise. As for the other objection, the lessening of recollection, apparently so reasonable, in reality so unfounded, we have Our Lord's own words, that while He instantly heeds and answers in His own best way the most broken whisper, whether uttered in solitude or among the thronging cares of daily life, He regards with special favor the prayers offered when two or three are gathered together in His Name. All know the great spiritual advantages Mother Church offers to her children who participate in a pilgrimage, but, setting these quite aside, who has not many times been conscious of a special deepening and strengthening of the interior life when

associated with a multitude of brethren, one with himself in the mystical body of Our Lord. Father Tabb's exquisite lines well express what many a heart in its own depths has experienced with new vividness at Lourdes:

“Unisons that yearned apart  
Here, in harmony of heart,  
Blend divided sympathies,  
And in choral strength arise,  
Like the cloven tongues of fire,  
One in heavenly desire.”

A brief outline of the religious exercises of this one pilgrimage, typical, at least in its general lines, of so many others, will show how they tend to foster rather than decrease devotion.

The Scotch band, on leaving Edinburgh September 4th, consisted of one hundred and twenty members; that is, it numbered the Most Reverend Archbishop of Edinburgh and St. Andrews, the Right Reverend Bishops of Dunkeld and Aberdeen, eight Very Reverend Canons, one Very Reverend Dean, twenty-two Reverend Clergy, and the laity, of whom the Highland piper in full regalia, bonnet and kilt, and skirling pipes, our leader afterwards in the processions at Lourdes, attracted much friendly attention. It may be noted here that although this was a Scotch pilgrimage, there were among the Reverend Clergy several Irish priests; for Scotland, like our own country, must needs draw on devoted Ireland for many of her most zealous missionaries.

From the start, it was evident that this was to be no ordinary pleasure trip, but truly a consecration and preparation for the precious days awaiting us at our Lady's shrine. As we speeded southward on the long journey from Edinburgh to London town, then next morning from London to Dover and on across the Channel to Calais and Paris, we united in offering our Mother the gifts of which she and her children can never tire,—rosaries at morning, noon, and nightfall, hymns to her Divine Son



and supplications, through her loving intercession, for Scotland.

In Paris, after a night's rest, carriages were taken for morning and afternoon sight-seeing, with glimpses of such purely material glories as the Place de la Concorde; the ascent of the Trocadero, the Parc Monceau, the Louvre, and the buildings of the approaching Exposition; but the religious note was ever dominant. The day commenced at the Basilica of Montmartre, the noble church erected in reparation to the Sacred Heart for the atrocities of the Commune. Here, while the beloved Archbishop of Edinburgh offered the Holy Sacrifice, the pilgrims united in earnest prayer for Scotland's return to the faith of her fathers. Later we said the Rosary at Notre Dame des Victoires, were present at Benediction in the Church of the English Passionists, venerated the fragment of the true Cross and the other relics of the Passion, preserved at the Cathedral of Notre Dame,—this last privilege being accorded to the Scotch pilgrims by special permission of His Eminence, the Most Reverend Cardinal Archbishop of Paris. In the silence of twilight we made a last visit to Our Lord at La Madeleine.

Such brief glimpses of scenes, however eloquent in beauty and association, would have produced only indistinct impressions on our minds, but there was no overstraining of attention or eagerness to grasp more than our time could give, for we planned a longer visit on our return, and moreover the spell of Lourdes was already upon us, the realization that now was the acceptable time. So putting anxiety and troublous thoughts aside, our one care was to prepare our souls in reverence and quietness for the grace awaiting us. More and more we realized that for each one in an especially precious sense, these were days which the Lord had made, and we could but rejoice and be glad therein. This undercurrent of great joy found outward expression in the radiant faces of all, and

in the merry sallies of wit with which the Fathers, Scotch and Irish alike, enlivened their flock. In one of Miss Repplier's delicious essays, she treats of the "Good Humor of the Saints." As we staid New Englanders alternately laughed and prayed on our journey, we wished the sprightly writer might witness this new evidence that a deep sense of humor is in no wise incompatible with holy living.

Our leisurely method of traveling from Paris to Lourdes allowed frequent stops by the way, a delightful circumstance, since it permitted interchange of thought with our companions as we met in our rounds, and a nearer view of the French peasant, that being differing *in toto cælo* from the "monstrous thing, distorted and soul-quenched," Mr. Edwin Markham has lately sketched so forcibly, yet in this instance so unjustly in "The Man with the Hoe." Hymns and prayers were redoubled as the hours slipped by, and now for the first time we sang the distinctive Lourdes hymn, "Our Lady of Lourdes," which must forever re-echo in every heart that has once uttered its music on the way thither.

Through Gascony the view became more and more charming, green pastures, fields of waving grain and tiny villages succeeding each other until Dax was reached. Here the extent of the religious movement in France was first realized in full, as train load upon train load of returning pilgrims passed us, each greeting with special warmth "*les Pèlerines Ecossaises*." Indeed, while at Lourdes itself, the magic words, "*Je suis une Pèlerine Ecossaise*," or even a display of the Scotch badge—a tartan bow with a silver St. Andrew's cross, proved an open sesame to all hearts. Chivalrous courtesy is the order of the day at Lourdes, yet so marked was the interest in our band that we Americans often commented on the strength of the tie so long existing between *la belle* France and bonnie Scotland. On, on we hastened, every heart making its own

preparation, and when at last from out the gathering darkness gleamed hundreds of lights telling us we had reached our journey's end, were even then passing the Grotto of the Apparition, Isaiah's majestic prophecy rose to our lips, prophecy so justly applicable to our sweet Mother, our guiding Star to the Perfect Day.

"Arise, be enlightened, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

"For behold darkness shall cover the earth, and a mist, the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee.

"And the Gentiles shall walk in thy light and kings in the brightness of thy rising.

"Lift up thy eyes round about, and see, all these are gathered together, they are come to thee; thy sons shall come from afar, and thy daughters shall rise up at thy side.

"Then shalt thou see, and abound, and thy heart shall wonder and be enlarged, when the multitude of the sea shall be converted to thee, the strength of the Gentiles shall come to thee."

Early the following morning the pilgrims joyfully wended their way through Lourdes' narrow, lane-like streets to the Grotto.

Two definite impressions marked the first day in this privileged spot. Impression number one—the extraordinary recollection manifested by the throngs of hurrying pilgrims who passed and re-passed our little band, saying Rosaries singly or in groups, singing hymns, bearing the sick in litters or pushing them in wheeled chairs. Truly here as in no other place on earth, save only at Rome or Jerusalem, all conditions of men were joyfully responding to the psalmist's injunction: "Young men and maidens; old men and children: praise ye the Lord." Here were gentle folk and simple folk, prelates high in the service of the Church, priests numberless, humble brothers and sisters belonging to the various nursing and teaching

orders, missionaries from distant lands, seminarians, members of the devoted confraternities, la Société de la Hospitalité of Lourdes, les Dames du Calvaire from Brussels, Enfants de Marie, and a great multitude of the laity at large. Men and women of every rank in life, their nationalities, their conditions, their histories, various as the sands of the sea-shore, yet all one in unity of supreme purpose and supreme faith. "*Credo in unam sanctam Catholicam et Apostolicam Ecclesiam.*" Let him read who will at Lourdes the solemn and unmistakable signs whereby has been known in all Christian ages the Church of the Living God.

Impression number two—the exceeding natural beauty surrounding Lourdes. Everywhere the tranquilizing, strength-giving background of the everlasting hills—as Ruskin has nobly said, "forever glorious in holiness for the worshipper." He must be dull of soul indeed, who, as he gazes at their mystic summits, sees not far more than their own unspeakable beauty—a faint irradiation of the glories of Him who, though the King of Glory, is yet our all-loving, all-merciful Father. "*Levavi oculos meos ad montes unde veniat auxilium mihi.*"

The lesser hills rise abruptly out of Lourdes itself, one surmounted by an old castle of most romantic history, before the days of modern artillery so utterly impregnable as to be considered the key of the Pyrenees, and the other by the Basilica of Our Lady of Lourdes. These two guardians of the happy valley, separated by the centuries and every diverse association known to the heart of man, are strangely symbolical to the thoughtful mind, of the peace Our Mother's coming has brought to this sequestered corner of the world.

At the base of the hill crowned by the Basilica is the world-famous Grotto of the Apparition, "*la Grotte de Massabielle*," containing, as all know, the original Lourdes statue. From the surrounding cliffs, half-hidden mosses, roses,

great streamers of ivy and waving ferns form a very bower for the Queen of Queens, and overhead the swallows dart lovingly about, recalling to many a weary heart Our Lord's tender saying that of even the birds "not one of them is forgotten before God." Suspended from the Grotto's roof countless crutches and other votive emblems bear witness to the cures obtained through Our Mother's intercession; while flowers strewn on every side and hundreds of tapers burning night and day testify to the child-like faith which renders prayer all-powerful before the throne of God.

On this our first visit to Lourdes' Holy of Holies, during the Mass celebrated by the Archbishop of Edinburgh, places nearest the altar were reserved for the Scotch pilgrims, several Scotch priests, meantime, assisting in giving Communion to the throngs who approached to receive the Bread of Life.

Twice daily we assembled at the Piscina or Pool, where, while the sick bathed in the healing waters, the Rosary and other prayers were offered for their recovery. The rows upon rows of invalids awaiting their turn formed a scene inexpressibly touching, yet uplifting; for at Lourdes we see nothing of the utter hopelessness that elsewhere often tries the faith and baffles the self-sacrifice of workers among the sick and dying. Here even frightful disease ceases to be repulsive, for the afflicted are transfigured by the blessed certainty that *not* fate, *not* necessity, but Divine Love presses the chalice of pain to their lips. It is this complete abandonment to the Divine Will which illumines many a face turned homeward from Lourdes, the pleader's prayer denied, yet answered by a better gift, the strength to take up in solemn thankfulness the Master's cross, counting it blessedness indeed to bear it after Him.

As twilight deepened into darkness, the Scotch pilgrims joined the night procession with its thousands upon thousands of lights, and thousands upon thousands of hearts and voices chant-

ing the Hymn of Lourdes in a dozen different tongues, yet ever harmoniously; the exultant refrain, "Ave, Ave, Ave Maria," echoing and re-echoing among the Pyrenees' mighty fastnesses overhead, as for hours the living flame of love and praise slowly wound onward. At last when all were assembled before the Church of the Rosary, a hush of reverent silence fell upon the multitude; then the Credo, the Miserere, the Te Deum were sent heavenward with such fervor it seemed, at the moment, as if the veil must be riven. Solemn as was the hour, there was another no Scotch heart can ever forget; when towards close of day the Blessed Sacrament was borne in solemn procession by one of the Scotch Bishops among the sick. The twilight deepens and, as Jesus of Nazareth passes by, there broods over the valley such peace as the world cannot conceive; from the kneeling multitudes arise supplications to the loved Mother who never besought Him in vain.

"*Santé des infirmes*," chant the priests.

"*Priez pour nous*," respond the people.

"*Refuge des pécheurs*,"

"*Priez pour nous*."

"*Consolatrice des affligés*."

"*Priez pour nous*."

Ah yes! pray for us all, sweet Mother, people of many nations gathered here together in the love and worship of thy Divine Son, in the love and veneration of thee. We plead not for ourselves alone but for these whom he has given us, the many, many without the Fold—in Scotland, in France, in America—wherever, the wide world over, human souls know not the blessedness of faith in Christ.

Here we leave the little band of Scotch pilgrims as they pray, "*Adveniat Regnum Tuum*," with the hope that you who have followed them will breathe that blessed invocation for Scotland some happy day at the shrine of Lourdes. May she once again become as loyal to the Faith as her sister-country, devoted Ireland, has ever been!

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(Continued.)

IN putting these notes together, I have, perhaps, dwelt too exclusively on Mother Baptist's personal qualities to the neglect of her work. Those especially who live on the spot, and know the details of the subject far better than any one at a distance can know them, will claim that I have not chronicled the beginnings and the developments of the various institutions which her prudence allowed her zeal to undertake. The history of St. Mary's Hospital would, by itself, form an interesting volume. Before, however, attempting a brief account of these charitable enterprises, space may be found for a few more of those personal tributes that have come under my notice.

As far back as the early sixties, a good man long since dead, Mr. Michael Robert Ryan, of Temple Mungret, Limerick, repeated to me the opinion of a sea-captain who had brought his vessel up the Shannon and had come to Mr. Ryan, either as Mayor of Limerick at the time or consul for some foreign country. During his previous voyage this gentleman had called at San Francisco where he saw and heard enough to make him speak to a stranger of Mother Russell as already "a power in the States." But much more valuable is the testimony of one who had better means of judging than this sturdy captain can have had. Father Peter O'Flinn, S.J., now working at Melbourne in Australia, was for some time a member of the Jesuit community at San Francisco. He writes thus after her death:

"I wish that a true 'Life' of her could be written and published, for, if it were composed with a full knowledge of her and her works, I think it would be

useful and edifying to all of us. Mother Baptist appeared to me to possess the qualities of head and heart, natural and supernatural, to fit her in an eminent degree for the office of Superioress. So well and so satisfactorily and so successfully did she perform her part that she was selected for that post six times, or rather, I should say, as often as the rules permitted. Many were the virtues, amiable and admirable, that adorned her character and conduct. But one in particular, or rather a combination of them all, made her administration unique and preeminent. In the large community of nuns and in the various establishments connected with the convent—the hospital, the industrial school, the home for destitute girls, and the Magdalen asylum, all under her charge—everything was carried out with such perfect order and suavity that there was no clatter, no rushing, no confusion, no collision. Everything was done with the precision and smoothness of clockwork. So much so that an eminent politician said one day, 'She could govern the United States better than most of our men.'"

Another priest, who knew Mother Baptist in a mere passing way, visited San Francisco in quest of funds for the completion of the new church at Omagh. The Mother Superior of St. Mary's Hospital might well have pleaded her own pressing wants as an excuse for not contributing to so remote an object; but it seems she did not. "Mother Russell impressed me," writes Father McGlade, "with her business-like air and quiet power, and her conversation and demeanor served still more to strengthen that impression. Her kind sympathy

and charitable disposition, as evidenced in my own regard by a substantial subscription to the object of my mission, showed also that underneath the solid, firm exterior which made her a fit ruler for the largest hospital in San Francisco, there lay hidden those interior virtues which befitted the model religious. It was these qualities that made her name a household word all over San Francisco and secured for her many remarkable manifestations of confidence and esteem."

A still more competent witness is a member of Mother Baptist's Community, who attaches no signature to her very simple deposition.

"I knew Rev. Mother Russell for years. During that time I could not fail to notice that she was a perfect religious, schooled in the practice of every virtue, but remarkable above all for unbounded confidence in Divine Providence, forgetfulness of self, and consideration for others. When I was in Sacramento, being but a postulant and unaccustomed to the climate, I felt the heat very much and was not slow in expressing my feelings in regard to it. Rev. Mother took in the situation at once, but instead of correcting me there and then for my want of mortification, as another would have done, she said nothing, but presently adopted means to make me feel cool and comfortable. When the Sisters went into retreat—it was my first—the kind Mother feared the eight days' silence would be too much for me, so she said: 'My dear, whenever you see me disengaged, come and speak to me.' Glad of the chance, I obeyed literally, and though I went so often, she never manifested the slightest shade of annoyance and always received me most graciously and did all in her power to cheer me and make me happy. One conversation I had with Mother some time previous to her death impressed me very much and serves to show her beautiful spirit of forbearance. I cannot remember her exact words, but the substance

was as follows: Speaking of zeal, she said, that, if we remembered how patiently God waits for the repentance of sinners, we would be more patient with those who do wrong. We cannot force people to do right. God does not do so. How easily He could stop all the evil-doing in the world! But He chooses rather to suffer it and wait long for the good proceeding from man's free will."

Mother Austin Carroll, now of Mobile and Selma, whose "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy" we have quoted more than once, says in a private letter: "The greatest quality Mother Baptist possessed was, I think, an inexhaustible charity and compassion for those who needed help and sympathy, for orphans, for all." And in another letter: "I never enjoyed any period of my life more than the time I spent with her at San Francisco; and she used to say that she thoroughly enjoyed the time she spent with me in New Orleans. The Sisters were delighted with her, she was so gay, so full of anecdotes, and such a delightful addition to our little company at recreation. She petted the orphans wherever she met them, and preferred to stay at the Orphan Asylum. As a story-teller, she was unique. It seems to me that I regret her more and more every day." This last allusion to Mother Baptist's skill as *raconteuse* suggests the remark that here again she took after the parent to whom she was often compared. Her mother resembled the lady whom Mr. Thomas Arnold describes in his recently published "Passages in a Wandering Life." "She was noted for her powers of conversation, which was that of the old school—more dignified, correct, and deliberate than has for many years been the fashion." In her stories and anecdotes Mrs. Russell would sometimes *encounter* a person and *accost* him where her young listeners would be inclined merely to meet and speak to him. In this feature of her story-telling and conversation Mother Baptist seems to have hit on a mean between the styles of the

two generations—less Johnsonese than the elder, less slipshod than the younger.

Mother Austin Carroll did not wait for Mother Baptist's death to praise her. As far back as "Shrove Tuesday, 1882," writing from New Orleans to Mother Emanuel Russell of Newry, she speaks of both her sisters, the dead and the one then living still :

"You may well be congratulated on having Mother Baptist Russell for your sister. It would not surprise me to hear that she wrought miracles, and, if you knew me, you would learn that, though I take rather mild views of people in general, I am hard to be pleased in my saints. And, as I am under obligations to that dear holy soul, let me tell you, if ever I can oblige you, to command me, for it would give me great gratification to serve any one whom she loves. This is a great deal more than I would venture to say to herself. I said a good deal on the same subject a few days ago to Father Theobald Butler, S.J., who is Provincial of the Jesuits in the South. We were speaking of *The Irish Monthly*, of which I take six copies, one for each of our branches, and he spoke of Father Matthew Russell with great interest and affection. 'If he is only a little like his transported sister,' said I, 'I can readily believe all the good things you say of him.' I had the pleasure of meeting your Sister Mary Aquin (R.I.P.) at St. Mary's of the Isle, Cork, in 1854, I think. I had just received the white veil—she too was a novice—she was next to me in the refectory and I had charge of her, so we had time to become great friends. I had a sincere esteem for her. We had a General Communion for her here when the news of her death came. So, my dear Mother, you will be good enough not to regard me as quite a stranger."

The following extract from one of Mother Baptist's own letters throws some light on her character. It was addressed to one of her branch communities on the 16th of February, 1890 :

"You must all pray that God will bless

us, and all try to be extra good, exact and pious this Lent. Of course fasting from food is not included in the good things, but cheerfulness at duties, exactness, charity, silence, attention and fervor at prayer, etc. At our last meeting I said a good deal on the evil of repeating remarks we may have heard to the person of whom they were made. It is no palliation of the fault, or at least very little, to say, 'We did not divulge the name.' If the one of whom the remarks were made, and to whom they are repeated second hand, has the heavenly wisdom to take no notice further than to humble herself and resolve on amendment, if culpable, it would do her good instead of harm, and the chatterer would be the only one injured ; but unfortunately some persons do not alone feel hurt, but express their displeasure, never cease till they find out who made the remark, or perhaps settle on one that is innocent, and will then rake up the faults of this person, as if that would lessen their own guilt, and their poor minds become embittered and disturbed all from the unguarded tongue and their own pride. Now I do not know that this applies to any of you, but it is no harm to be forewarned ; so think it over, and you will be less likely to fall into this serious fault. I also spoke of the evil of curiosity and inquisitiveness. Let us think of St. Paul's words, 'I know nothing among you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' Well, my dear Sisters, God bless you all."

The preceding year Mother Baptist wrote a Christmas letter to one of her branch houses, in which among other wise and cheery things she says :

"I know you will each do all in your power to contribute to the general happiness during this joyous season, and that you will make good use of the quiet three days to lay in spiritual strength for the coming year, and repair the rents caused by your struggles during the time that is past. You can renew your vows in concert as we will do here, that is, you (Sr. M. Nolasco) say the

words aloud, and the others join you. I hope you are keeping a good fire, and that those who have cold feet, which I daresay all have, get a jar of hot water in their bed at night. We are not so mortified as to wish to be kept awake all night with cold feet. Our mortification must be bearing with all that is disagreeable in each other, laboring hard with stupid, wilful children, accepting humbly the thanklessness of their dissatisfied parents, and the many other disagreeable things we meet with in our daily life. All this is true mortification, and very pleasing to God, besides showing more of a really mortified spirit than any corporal penance we could undertake."

She ends her motherly encyclical thus :

"Now, my dear Sisters, one and all, may God bless you, and may you be everyone more pleasing to our sweet Infant Saviour than you ever were, and you know that means may you be meek, loving, humble, laborious, forbearing, etc. Let us pray fervently for each other. I hope that you have a little Crib, and that you will all be happy in God."

The description that one of the poets of her adopted country, Colonel John Hay, gives of a certain Sister Saint Luke needs to be modified in order to suit Mother Baptist :

"She lived shut in by flowers and trees  
And shade of gentle bigotries.  
On this side lay the trackless sea,  
On that the great world's mystery ;  
But all unseen and all unguessed  
They could not break upon her rest.  
The world's far splendors gleamed and  
flashed,  
Afar the wild seas foamed and dashed ;  
But in her small, dull Paradise,  
Safe housed from rapture or surprise,  
Nor day nor night had power to fright  
The peace of God that filled her eyes."

Her convent home lay between the trackless sea and one of the capitals of the great world. She made it her

earthly Paradise, but it was not particularly small and certainly not dull. The poet comes nearest to her at the last ; for neither night nor day nor any event, agreeable or untoward, could disturb "the peace of God that filled her eyes." More appropriate to our Irish-American nun is the fine sonnet of our Irish Catholic poet, Aubrey de Vere :

"A tranced beauty dwells upon her face,  
A lustrous summer-calm of peace and  
prayer ;

In those still eyes the keenest gaze can  
trace

No sad disturbance, and no trace of  
care.

Peace rests upon her lips, and forehead  
fair,

And temples unadorned ; a cloistered  
grace

Says to the gazer over-bold, 'Beware,'  
Yet love hath made her breast his  
dwelling-place.

An awful might abideth with the pure,  
And theirs the only wisdom from above,  
She seems to listen to some strain  
obscure

Of music in sidereal regions wove,  
Or to await some more transcendent  
dower

From heaven descending on her like a  
dove."

It is written of St. John Berchmans that his laugh was rather seen than heard ; and almost to the same effect one of the notes about Mother Baptist tells us that "she rarely laughed outright. She would smile. She had an inimitable smile by which she could express ever so much fun or pleasure as the case might be."

Quietly and solidly happy herself, she was constantly striving to promote the real happiness of others. Her thoughtful kindness for every one in any sort of trouble was untiring and inexhaustible. She did not shrink from relieving the necessities that appealed to her in the way that most persons find most irk-

some—namely, by procuring from others the means of doing so. She had no scruple in “asking good Mr. Carroll for sufficient cash to pay a certain person’s way on the cars [his railway fare] to Los Angeles and to get him a few underclothes.” And then good Mr. Carroll (God bless him) sends fifty dollars for the purpose. She writes from the asylum to some Sister that “twenty dollars is sufficient for the trip, five or six in his pocket, and with the rest get him what you see he needs most to make a decent appearance when presenting himself.”

We cannot, however, glance through these letters any longer, but must keep our promise of giving some account of the institutions that Mother Baptist founded and the charitable works that she carried on.

Praise be to God for all the good, known and unknown, that has been wrought for the glory of God and the salvation of many of His human creatures through the gentle and modest ministry of the Sisters of Mercy in California since New Year’s Day, 1855, when the newly arrived Sisters visited for the first time the County Hospital of San Francisco. How many fervent Communions, how many devout Visits, how many holy Masses, since January 3, 1855, when an altar was erected and the Blessed Sacrament was brought for the first time to the small house in Vallejo street, which was their first home, before they removed on the 3d of March following to a larger house in Stockton street!

In an early portion of this sketch a slight account was given of the first beginnings of St. Mary’s Hospital, of which the foundation stone was laid by Archbishop Alemany on the 2d of September, 1860, when, as the stone itself recorded, Pius IX. was Pope, James Buchanan was President of the United States, and John G. Downey, an Irishman and a Catholic, was Governor of the State of California.\*

\* The first Governor of this State, Mr. Peter H. Burnett, became a Catholic also and wrote “A Lawyer’s Way into the Catholic Church.”

In the stone, along with many interesting documents and holy objects, was deposited “some clay from old Ireland.”

Even when St. Mary’s Hospital rose to its full height from this foundation, it was far short of the completeness which it had attained on the 8th of September, 1891, when Mother Baptist described it to her aunt, a Sister of Mercy in Dundalk, who is still living when the letter is transcribed, but may have passed to her reward before it is printed.

“Everyone says the Hospital is very perfect. There is every convenience that could be imagined: electric bells and lights, speaking tubes, a passenger elevator, chutes for soiled clothes, letters, dust, etc., etc. The three principal corridors are 200 feet long with large triple windows at each end; there are 35 private rooms, about a dozen of which are double, and there are 18 wards, but none large—the largest only accommodating twelve. The bath-rooms, water-closets, and lavatories are all nicely tiled, both floors and walls, to the height of six feet; and the basins, slabs, etc., are marble. The house is heated throughout by steam. But the grandest part of all is the mansard story, in which the operating rooms are situated. There are two antiseptic rooms, the ceiling, walls and floors are tiled, the basins and slabs marble, and they are so constructed that the whole can be hosed out, and the water flows to one corner and runs off down a marble gutter. The operating tables are heavy plate glass in nickel plated frames. The ophthalmic and electric rooms are furnished in hard wood with oilcloth on floor. There is a large waiting-room off which these rooms all open. We have got the attic hard finished, and one end is for the female employés, the other for the male. The operating rooms are placed between them and only reached by the elevator. There are three flights of stairs, one in our end of the building. We have better and more ample accommodation than formerly, the chief things being fine offices for the Superior and



Bursar, which we needed much. All this, of course, has increased our debt, but I have no doubt with the blessing of God we shall pay it off in due time. We have an elegant suite of offices—a dining-room, drug store, and a private parlor for the doctors on the first floor; also parlors and a very neat mortuary chapel from which the funerals take place without being obliged as formerly to go from the hall door. Altogether, our place is now very complete."

How many happy deaths has St. Mary's Hospital secured for poor creatures that turned to God sincerely at the last! Mother Baptist's letters for forty years are full of consoling instances. Space cannot be afforded for any of them, but we may refer to one who was not a patient but a physician at St. Mary's. If Dr. Robinson had not attended at St. Mary's professionally, he would hardly have died a Catholic death under the striking circumstances described in one of Mother Baptist's letters.

"He was a good man, and God rewarded him with the true faith. Many times we feared he might be carried off suddenly without having taken the final step, and Mrs. R. suffered great anxiety on this account, for she understood the precarious state of his health; but, as I dare say you have heard, he had the grace to call for the priest when he found himself sinking on the train, although surrounded by Protestants. And indeed, no Catholics could have behaved better than they did. They got the car, in which the doctor was, detached from the train, and they brought the priest from the town at which they stopped. After the priest had paid him a long visit in private, the gentlemen were summoned and knelt (not a usual thing for non-Catholics) while the last sacraments were being administered, one of them removing the doctor's socks. When the priest had taken his departure, the poor doctor said to those present, 'Now, thank God, I have received the sacraments of the

Catholic Church, and, if you can only bring me home to die, it is all I ask.' But the poor man expired when only half-way on his journey. It was a terrible shock to his wife, but all the bitterness was gone when she thought of the wonderful grace accorded to him."

In another letter, after telling about a young man who had applied for admission into the French hospital and then into the German hospital and had been refused because manifestly in a dying state, but who was admitted into St. Mary's and quickly prepared for his first Confession and Communion, as Baptism was the only sacrament he had received, Mother Baptist goes on to say: "Our doctors don't like our taking these dying cases in, as it necessarily makes our death-rate high; but what do we care for that? Many a soul is saved, and they will pray for us."

Mother Baptist was not much more than a year at work in San Francisco before she was asked to send out a colony from her infant convent. The first branch house was Sacramento, then a part of the diocese of San Francisco. On the feast of St. Joseph, 1856, Archbishop Alemany, in honor of the saint, whose feast was that day celebrated, and still more in honor of the Blessed Sacrament from which the city took its name, begged that some sisters might be sent to look after the neglected children of Sacramento. It was while accompanying her young Mother Superior thither, on her first visit of exploration before yielding to the Archbishop's entreaty, that the venerable Mother de Sales caught the fatal malady mentioned towards the beginning of our narrative, which made her the protomartyr of the Californian Sisters of Mercy; for at that time the journey, which now can be made in three or four hours by rail, took a day and a night on the deck of a miserable steamer on the Sacramento River. A colony of five Sisters was led forth by Mother Baptist in October, 1857. In spite of many

vicissitudes and even catastrophes, the Sisters have carried on successfully their various works of mercy for more than forty years. The community, perhaps reluctantly, became independent of the mother house when, in a rearrangement of the ecclesiastical geography of the Pacific Slope, Sacramento was taken from San Francisco and joined to Grass Valley. It has superseded the latter in giving its own name to the See now occupied by Dr. Thomas Grace, who lately succeeded Dr. Manogue, himself the successor of Bishop O'Connell, the first Bishop of Grass Valley—all Irishmen, like their metropolitan, the Most Rev. Patrick William Riordan, Archbishop of San Francisco.

The first offshoot that was independent from the start was the convent of Grass Valley. Our account of this foundation will be confined to a letter of Mother Baptist's, which we shall give nearly in full, though it touches on several other topics besides our present point. We trust that the passage about the Retreats will not vanish in passing through the press as some similar passages have done; for such things illustrate one of Mother Baptist's favorite virtues, gratitude. The letter is dated "Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Grass Valley, Nevada County, California, September 20th, 1868," the eve of St. Matthew.

"To-morrow being the feast of your holy patron and not claimed by anyone nearer or dearer than yourself, you shall get all my day's doings, good and bad, and I trust the former may predominate. It seems to me it is unusually long since you wrote, but I believe the Retreat season is a busy one with you. It would astonish you the number of Retreats your Fathers here are called upon to conduct. The late Provincial, Father Congiati, told us more than once that whatever community might be disappointed we never would, and you must know we require three, two for the Sisters and one for the penitents. You recollect Father Raffo; he gave our first Retreat this year,

Father Calzia the second, and Father Neri the one for the penitents. We say truly the Jesuits are the greatest blessing we enjoy in California. God bless them everywhere.

"I have given you above my present address in full, not that I expect you to send your reply to this place. I came here this day three weeks and hope to leave this day week. My throat was somehow a little troublesome, and the doctor said a short time in this pine district would be beneficial, and so it has, thank God, both to me and my two companions, Mother Mary Gabriel and a young professed Sister who claims your holy founder for her patron. This is a real primitive country place and we can do here what would be unusual elsewhere. For instance, we three, and three of the Grass Valley Sisters, went on Monday morning after breakfast out at the rear gate at Boys' Asylum and in five minutes found ourselves in a primeval pine forest through which we wandered *ad libitum* a few hours, resting occasionally and not meeting a living creature save a few cows with bells on their necks and some birds, lizards, and such like. The morning was cloudy, for which reason it was selected, as usually at this season the sun is very hot. We were not home over an hour when loud rolling thunder was heard and plenty of lightning also, soon followed by heavy rain, which was welcomed by everyone and has made the country sweet and fresh since.

"Though 34 years in California, it is only this week I saw a mine. You may be sure we did not descend the shafts, but we saw the cages ascending and descending with men and rocks, and saw the whole process required for getting the gold from first to last; and surely it is no wonder it is valuable, for it costs great labor. The process would be too tedious for me to explain in writing, but truly it is interesting. Some sad accidents occur. The employed are obliged to change their clothes before leaving the building, and are examined, fearing they

might secrete valuable specimens ; and to the honor of our holy faith it is a fact that never yet did a Catholic attempt such a thing, though that cannot be said of Cornishmen. Yet the latter get the preference, the present proprietors being nearly all Protestants. The two mines we visited are the Idaho and North Star; the former goes a perpendicular depth of 1600 feet, the latter goes only a depth of 600 feet, but runs over 1800 feet, following the ledge of gold-bearing quartz. There is in each a machine for forcing fresh air into the mine. I am bringing several specimens to our cabinet.

"Now I must tell you about this establishment, which was our first filiation. It is 25 years since it was started, a mere mustard seed ; now it is a large institution, including an asylum for orphan and half-orphan boys (about 85 in number), one for young orphan and half-orphan girls, and a third for the more grown girls, amongst whom are the children of families living in remote districts where no good schools are to be found; the girls in both mount up to pretty nearly 200. Ground is not so valuable here as in the city, so they are not stinted. It would delight you to see the boys chasing each other through the pines, or playing ball, etc. The whole enclosure

of six or seven acres is left free to them. The Sisters find it costs less to buy fruit and vegetables than to cultivate them."

We need not give the rest of the letter except this phrase : " I was told lately I look as young as I did twenty years ago. The truth is I never looked young."

Other Californian centres of activity for the ubiquitous and indefatigable Sisterhood of Mercy have been established at Rio Vista, Ukiah, Red Bluff, Eureka, Los Angeles, and San Diego, but not directly by her whom we have called the Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California. In San Francisco itself, however, and its vicinity she founded several distinct institutions which with God's blessing will continue to do each its own beneficent work, on through the twentieth century and beyond it. It is a blessed thing to have any part in the foundation and maintenance of good works of this stable and permanent kind. What a magnificent alms to suffering humanity ! Such benefactors of their fellow-creatures, such co-operators with their merciful Creator, must for all eternity have a glorious share in the promise, "*Their works follow them*," especially when that text is amplified by the dictum of human wisdom, *Qui facit per alios facit per se*. In this sense Mother Baptist's work goes on.

## SOUND AND SIGHT.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

By C. S. C.

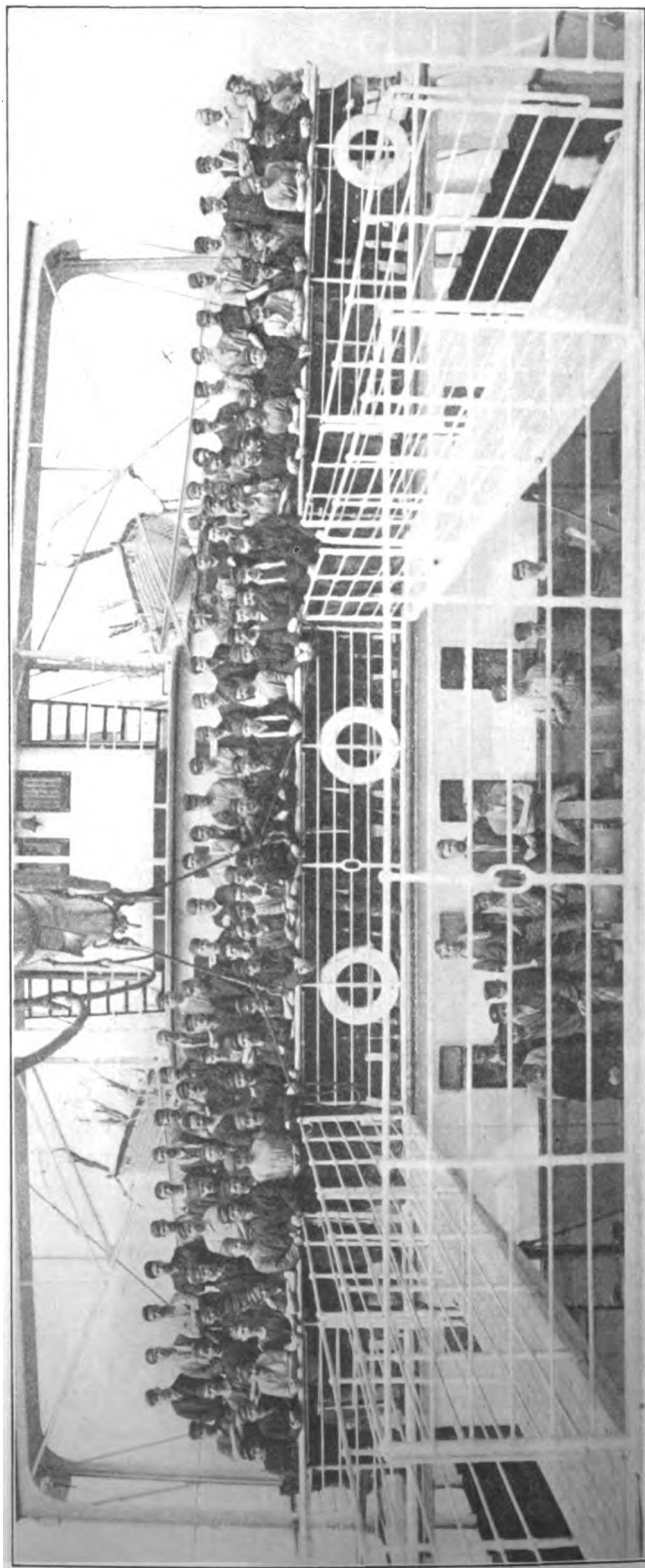
IF, closing symphony divine, one string,  
Touched true, then snap, not less the perfect bar  
Vibrates complete ; no after chance can mar  
The strain which, born of soul, to souls must cling.  
Through rolling years, the wonted hour will bring,  
(If from the sky's nocturne of praise, one star  
Remote be snatched), the ray that slants so far  
To slide along our planet's outer ring.  
  
So true, O deathless dead! the music sent  
From out thy choral mind, that man's rapt ear  
Is filled for aye! So far in Orient  
Thy Life shines high, that ages hence our sphere  
Shall draw her legacy of Light unspent  
To see all eyes upraised, all hearts to hear.

## JAME KEANE, A SEAMAN PROMOTER.

SOME five years ago the first local centre of the Apostleship of the Sea was founded in this country. Its seat was in the Catholic Reading Room for Sailors, 178 Christopher Street, New York City. The Local Director was the Reverend Charles H. Parks, Chaplain in the United States Navy, and one of the committee of clergymen in charge of the work among Catholic seamen. Some of the seamen were appointed Promoters on the different ships and within six months all the steamers of the White Star and Cunard lines became floating League centres. The success of the venture surpassed all expectations and within a year over a thousand seamen were enrolled as Associates. The transformation in the lives of the men has been remarkable. Formerly it was a rare thing to see any of them at Mass, and the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist were entirely neglected by the majority. Low, profane and scurrilous language prevailed. Intemperance was rife. The Apostleship of the Sea has done wonders in changing all this. The Seamen Promoters caught the true spirit of the League and left no endeavor untried to induce their shipmates to become Associates and then lead them on from the 1st and 2d Degrees to the 3d, to confession and communion. It is not an uncommon thing in St. Veronica's Church, near the docks, to see a Promoter with a band of fifteen, twenty and even forty men wearing the badge of the Sacred Heart approaching the altar. Some of these men had not, perhaps, darkened a church door or attended to any religious duty in years.

Foremost among zealous Promoters was one whose death we are now deploing. He was a prominent figure by his venerable appearance, especially by his snow-white hair and beard. Jame Keane was born in the year 1837, in Carrick-on-Suir, Tipperary, Ireland, and there he lived until he was about twenty-seven years of age, when, having married, he moved to Liverpool where he settled permanently. At first he was a laborer along shore, but later chose a seafaring life. For thirty years he was engaged on the steamships plying between New York and Liverpool. In the days of the Guion Line he was in the engine room of their liner, *The Alaska*. For the last eight years he was on the White Star liner *Teutonic*, and it was on her that he did his great work as a Promoter. He was the first seaman to collect money for the Catholic Reading Room in Christopher Street, New York. In his early life he had been a hard drinker, and so knew by experience its evils, but for the last eighteen years he practised total abstinence. He was very fond of reading, but preferred religious literature. Realizing the value of good reading, he was active in distributing Catholic magazines, papers and books and was instrumental in supplying the poor inmates of the workhouses in Liverpool with reading matter. He was a great friend of Mgr. Nugent, whom he endeavored in his humble way to help in his undertakings. Mr. Keane had five children, three of whom, a daughter and two sons, and their mother survive him. The two sons are seamen and were with their father on the *Teutonic*. The eldest, a Promoter, is now trying to fill his father's place. It would not be fair in this sketch to pass over in silence Mr. Keane's fellow-Promoter and devoted friend and co-worker in the League, John O'Regan. Never did the *Teutonic* come to port but these zealous men brought to the church a body of men for confession. They used great tact in bringing back hardened sinners to their

duty. They would surmount the fears suggested by the devil by assuring them that the priest would be kind to them and that they themselves would bespeak kindly treatment for them. They were true fishers of men, and the blessings of hundreds of converted sinners are on their heads. When they would pass along the streets of Liverpool, in the quarter where the seamen live, the wives and sweethearts of men brought back to the practice of their religion, would recognize them by the Promoter's cross and would beg God to bless them for their work. Jame Keane died in harness. He breathed his last upon the *Teutonic* on which he had worked for so many years, about an hour before she reached Liverpool. His funeral proved the universal respect in which he was held, for it was attended by a concourse of men belonging to the various societies of which he was a member. His was truly a death in the Lord, and we hope that his works have followed him before the throne of God whom he served so faithfully. A zealous propagator of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we doubt not that he has entered into the joy of the Lord. May he rest in peace !



CREW OF THE TEUTONIC. (X) JAME KEANE, SEAMAN PROMOTER

# VANCOUVER ISLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

1874-1900.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV A. J. BRABANT.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.*

(Continued.)

NOVEMBER 10.—It is reported that the leaders of the tribe are using all means in their power to keep their influence over the people, and are making speech after speech to the young men to stick to the old practices.

I am having a great time here. I noticed before now that when the Bishop appointed me to come to this coast I was getting charge of a great parish. Their superstitions are so numerous and so absurd that they are almost incredible. Just think of it! they won't allow us again to have any salmon for fear that I might fry it in lard, or boil it in an iron pot! I will get the better of them anyway—to-morrow I will go out fishing myself, if the weather permits.

November 11.—I asked a couple of boys to come with me and have a canoe ride on the bay. I took along a line and a spoon bait. Before speaking of my good luck I must first state that yesterday I had sent a young man for a salmon and had paid three fishhooks for it. The owner of the salmon was out at the time, so the messenger simply told the woman in the house that he was taking one of the "sacred" fish for the priest and in due time he gave it to me. However, when the owner of the salmon came home he was told that one was missing. He at once called three of his friends to accompany him to my house, and seeing the now famous salmon about to pass under the knife, he sprang forward, took it away and throwing to me the three fishhooks he went his way growling.

This upset me so much that, as said above, I resolved to go out fishing myself.

As soon as I got away from shore with my boys I threw out a line and spoon-bait, when lo! after a few minutes we

caught a fine large salmon. I did not care to get any more and so I returned to the village.

Upon landing, I called the dog and putting the salmon into a basket, which mode of carrying such fish was against the rules, the brute took the basket up and preceded me home. Of course no Indian would attempt to molest the large, faithful animal. Quite a number of men and chiefs assembled in my house, and protested against my using a knife or frying-pan. I took no notice of their protestations and proceeded with my work, my only aim being to show that their superstitions were absurd and to try by all and every means to get them to give them up.

November 14.—A young man, Clawish, has gone out to the inlet, a great place for salmon, and proposes to let us have some in spite of the opposition of the tribe.

Toward evening a couple of young men come to the house with some salmon. I notice that the head is cut off, and the fish split open—perhaps too the fish is not fresh. I send them off with my compliments, for I have been told that the superstitious observances are only applied in the case of fresh salmon not yet beheaded or cut open.

November 20.—Clawish brings us a supply of fresh salmon. It is easy to notice the feelings of indignation of the old people, but they are afraid to do more than make a few remarks of re-monstrance, owing to the presence of seven white men, who have just arrived, and propose to go prospecting to Machelat Arm for gold, and on our peninsula for coal.

At a meeting of the tribe the chief

speakers predict famine for the rest of the winter.

November 25.—After a spell of stormy weather the sea has become calm and the Indians have gone out fishing. The salmon is abundant—hundreds of the large fish are brought to the camp.

November 30.—A second meeting of the chiefs took place last night. When everyone was in bed one of the chiefs sent a messenger to awaken all the inferior chiefs and call them to his house. The great subject anent the salmon was discussed, most of the men inclining to give up the superstitions and make peace with the "priest."

"Tom-Sick Lepieds," a famous old cripple, and a notorious thief and rascal, is arrested by the local Indian policemen. He is accused and found guilty of stealing an old blanket, a piece of tobacco and one yard of Indian beads. He was condemned by the chief constable to pay a fine of two new blankets, within one week from date. If not paid within the time mentioned, Tom is to return to the courtroom of the Mission-house, and submit to having his hair cut off and his head shaven. The theft was committed during Mass on the occasion of the blessing of the church.

December 5.—I went to Barclay Sound with six men in an Indian canoe, according to orders received from His Lordship, Bishop Seghers. I made arrangements with the Indians of that Sound, about establishing a mission. The spot which I selected is Namukamis, the property of the Ohiat Indians.

Upon my arrival here early in the morning, we noticed quite a number of people sitting before the houses as is their wont.

One of them got up and made a speech. My guides told me that he was insulting us and objected to our landing; that they wanted no priest and could take care of themselves without the help of the white men.

We had noticed on our travels that the Indians on this coast have a horror of having what they say written down. So I quietly took a pocketbook and pretended to write down the gist of the savage's speech. Whereupon he stopped at once and disappeared behind one of the houses. We then quietly landed, were invited to enter the lodge of the chief, and were kindly received by him and his family.

All the Indians assembled in the chief's large house about noon, and after baptizing the newly born children I explained to the meeting the object of my visit.

The Indians rejoiced at the idea of having a resident priest in their neighborhood and the chief told us so in a neat speech, adding that we could have all the land we required for the purpose, and make our own selection as to locality.

December 21.—Upon my return home Rev. Father Nicolaye reports everything orderly in Hesquiat.

December 26.—We had midnight Mass. Nearly all the men of the tribe were present, but only very few women. At midnight Mass, which I sang myself, I preached on the mystery of the day.

December 27.—The young men, I am reliably informed, are all, with very few exceptions, doing the "oseniecli."

The oseniecli (or osenietcli) is a religious practice resorted to by all the Indians of this coast, and is considered to be of the greatest importance and necessity. It is a mode of praying, transmitted from one generation to another.

After inquiries made of different individuals I discovered that the Indians do not all have the same way of performing this religious practice. Yet they all consider it necessary as a preparation for everything of great importance, be it the hunt, the war, or the like.

They address a mysterious being—one they call "Wa-we-meme," who dwells over the mountains—to him they pray for whales, sea-otters, seals, bears and the like.

Kwa-yetsmimi is the favorite of the

medicine men, and all the people have recourse to him for health.

We'a Kwaitlume, to be strong and successful at war—to be brave and overcome their enemies.

They have also one whom they address to give them abundance of fish and is called Wawitt-illsois.

When the sun rises and just before he sets, young mothers pray to that orbit for a happy delivery at child-birth. One of the main rules to be observed is to go inside the house just before sundown and not to go out again for fear of harm. The moon is also prayed to. But one man told me that his uncle who initiated him, made him pray to a being—not mentioning the name or locality of its existence—who had it in its power to give him sea-otters, seals, etc.

When they are at sea in bad or dangerous weather they pray to a queen "Wakoui"—in, above or beyond the seas. They ascribe to her the heaving or swelling of the waves. Then they shout out to her asking her to cause the waves to calm down.

With some Indians the "oseniecli" is a very severe performance. They fast four days, are up at night and dive in the sea four times each night, four different times at a turn, and as they rise above the waves, they speak out in shout-like utterances asking for sea-otters or the like that they may become rich or big chiefs. Others have only two nights on the sea, and they confine themselves to swimming and praying as above. Others again do not take to the salt water at all.

But bathing in fresh water is required by all and in all cases—by some, four days; others, only two—however, every one goes in turn apart from the tribe and the company of his friends to pray. As a rule the savage goes to the woods, strips naked alongside of a stream or a clear pool of water and then rubs his body with a kind of grass, of brushwood or roots, leaving in many cases the



AN INDIAN HOUSE AND SOME OF ITS TENANTS.

marks on his body and not seldom drawing blood from his cheeks and chest. The number of bunches of this "charm" varies according to the instructions received from the one by whom he has been initiated. During all the time that he rubs his body and members thereof he constantly repeats in short shout-like accents a formula of prayer expressing the object he prays for, be it sea-otters, seals, health, bravery or what not.

You will often find in the neighborhood of where the Indian goes to pray a skeleton, bunches of charms, of weeds put together in a bunch and also small cedar sticks put up to represent a man with a spear in his hands aimed at a bunch of fern-roots or the like, representing a fur seal.

Then the savage has in his house his own medicine (charm), which he keeps sacred and uses as circumstances, in his opinion, call for. He keeps them from the view of other Indians, hides them with care and only in extreme cases, such as the dangerous sickness of a child, does he make a display of them. One



of our Indians the other day, either through pride or with some other object in view, perhaps the appeasing of the bad spirit who was in his sick little boy, exposed his "charms" before all those present in his house—the subject was very much talked about.

The charms which the Indians keep concealed are the bones of dead people, also hair, nails of the hands, beaks of birds, feathers, etc. . etc.

I know an Indian who went sealing the other day, and as he left he opened the coffin of an old woman, cut or plucked out one or both of her eyes, put them in his pocket and when he arrived at the sealing ground he took them in his hands and rubbed his face with them in the region of his eyes as a means to best clear them and discover from a great distance the seals as they were sleeping on the waves.

When the Indians do the "oseniecli" they have recourse to a great many ways besides those mentioned above ; but they all amount to very much the same thing and can all be ranked under the name of superstitious practices. The old people preach strict continence to the young men ; and none, who do not live apart from their wives, can expect to be successful in the pursuit of whales or fur seals. As a preparation the time limit is ten months for whales and five calendar months for fur seals. This mode of living is only to be given up when the hunting season is at an end.

In order to avert evil the Indians have recourse to different means. On the occasion of an eclipse I have known them to throw baskets of food into the sea, at the same time uttering a formula of prayer I have also in unfavorable weather at sea, seen them throw food on the waves ; heard them blow a whistle which they use on the occasion of the "wolf" festivities. After a bad dream about a child, the parents of the child paint its face red, burn a blanket, calico, prints or something of the kind to appease the bad spirit or their divinity.

January 10, 1877.—About midnight we were called up by about half a dozen Hesquiat Indians, who, coming from the inlet, brought the news of chief Nitaska's death. Nitaska, although not the head chief of the tribe, was considered as the most influential man here and was renowned all along the coast. He was a fine orator.

At the request of the messengers we rang the church bell and in a few minutes nearly all the men of the tribe were at the mission buildings.

The excitement was immense. The shouting and the unearthly cries of the people at this unusual hour of the night frightened both women and children.

Directly, speeches began to follow the first excitement. They all amounted to the same sentiment: "Nitaska is not dead, for he has children." The man is supposed to have been swamped as he passed in his canoe too close to a well-known whirlpool, where several Indians are said to have been drowned.

January 11.—Nitaska's death is a great event in this region. All the tribe are crying and general gloom hangs over the village. The dead man was evidently a great favorite and very much liked.

As for us, we consider his death almost a blessing for our work. The man's influence was too great and he was inclined to work against us as regards the conversion of the people.

The Indians say that his body is not in the salt water because, if it were in the sea, there would not be any herring, whereas to-day there are immense schools of the fish up the inlet.

Availing themselves of the state of mind of the Indians, three medicine-women go into trances and predict the death of the second chief of the tribe. This gives his parents considerable uneasiness.

This, I am told, is an old dodge of that class of impostors. Their object is to get presents from the relatives or parents of those whose death they predict—which being given, death does not occur!

January 24.—One medicine-woman caused a deal of excitement in the tribes this morning. She just came out of the tent, her head covered with down, dancing and shaking her head as one who has fits, and meanwhile spitting out mouthfuls of blood. In this state she rushes into the homes of the three first chiefs, predicts death for the sons of the families and causes general alarm. One of the families gives her a blanket, another a bladder of whale oil; but the third, more

the cause of his death is ascribed to the howling of the dog.

January 28.—Subsequent to the drowning of Nitaska a short time ago, Townissim, the father of the would-be murderer, Matlahaw, got into unexpected trouble. Nitaska was the leader of a crew who had taken the old chief Townissim to the police authorities in Victoria. He was a rival of the first chief, Townissim, and had been instrumental in capturing him and removing him to jail.



IN OUTDOOR COSTUMES.

sensible than the others, takes no notice of her doings. At last she retires, to the great relief of the credulous.

January 27.—One Indian having died after a few days of sickness, the cause of his death is explained as follows: his dog (the dead man's dog) was a few days previous sleeping alongside of his master. At daylight the dog went outside and began to howl. . . . A few days later the man took sick and soon died. Hence

The old people ever since the death of their favorite, Nitaska, felt very morose, and some of the most wicked spread the news and attributed the accident to the fact that chief Townissim, ever since his return from Youil, had constantly prayed for the death of Nitaska. Hence they secretly resolved to kill him! But secrets among Indians are likely to leak out, and so it happened in this case.

The plan for killing Townissim was very simple. A day was determined, a Sunday after High Mass. A feast was announced to take place in one of the houses; all the Indians were to be present; whilst they would be eating, a daring old warrior was to get up without warning and stab the old chief; that was to be a signal for others to get up and stab him to death.

Just before Mass a young Indian, a relative of the chief, walked into my house downhearted and looking despondent. He told me about the events that were to take place and pleaded for my interference. I sent for the old chief and cautioned him against going to the entertainment. I need hardly add that he strictly followed my instructions.

Next I sent for the man (Tsokwit) who was to commit the murder and put him on his guard. He did not deny his evil intentions and that of the tribe. But after a good deal of reasoning he promised that he would not commit the crime. However, the old chief more than ever abstained from going out alone after dark. And then, whether day or night, he always carried a weapon concealed under his clothes.

March 1.—Ever since the beginning of last month, with the exception of the last three days, the Indians have been unable to go out fishing and have suffered very much from hunger. This circumstance I made use of to make the Indians understand that the idea that chiefs will send food—whales or fish—to their relatives from the other world after their death was absurd. Nitaska was a great chief and yet sent no whale or food to his starving Hesquiat relatives. I am almost losing patience and use every opportunity to impress on their minds the idea that they will have to renounce their old pagan belief.

March 8.—There arrived here last night four Kyuquot men on a very important errand. As they walked into our Indian room, they presented a most alarming appearance. Their faces were

painted black with a red circle around their eyes. Their only covering was a piece of blanket around their waist and in their hands they held Indian muskets pointed as if ready for shooting. They were followed by a number of my Hesquiat Indians, who were suspicious of evil designs on the part of the visitors, and were prepared for any emergency. One of the strangers, acting as spokesman, placed the butt of his gun on the floor and held it with one hand whilst with the other he made indescribable gestures. Then his chest began to heave, and, panting for breath, he at last spoke out in a loud coarse voice. He had big news to tell. His son, a lad whom I knew well, was missing. The report had it that whilst on his way from Puget Sound to his home in Kyuquot, his canoe had capsized when off one of the Nittinat villages at the entrance of the Straits of Fuca. Thence, having reached shore alive, he and three of his companions had traveled on foot with the object of reaching one of the Ohiat villages near Barclay Sound. This was only a report, but the speaker, the father of the young man and a very influential man at home, was of opinion that by this time his young son was with the Ohiat Indians. This idea seemed to have a great effect on the state of his mind. However, he added that, if his son had been maltreated by the Nittinat Indians or killed by them, two hundred warriors of the Kyuquot tribe would come on the warpath and avenge the death of the young chief.

The four men here now are a detachment of a crew of twenty men now camped at Vamis and detained by head winds. They intend to walk back to the spot where they left their friends and then sail to the Nittinat coast, as soon as the weather allows.

March 20th.—This day is marked by a welcome change in the condition of the natives. Since the 5th of the month, the Indians had been unable to go fishing and had very little food in their houses. They were actually starving and

their little children crying for food. You can see the misery on the faces of both old and young. The oldest people assert that within their memory they have never been in such a state of distress. To-day, the weather being fine, an abundance of herrings and salmon are brought to the camp.

As regards the spiritual state of the tribe it is worse than ever. They blame me for the absence of food. They laugh at the doctrine which I teach. I gain nothing by making the sign of the Cross. I am neither a white man nor an Indian. I am the (Chig-ha) devil!

March 25.—This day, Palm Sunday, Rev. Father Nicolaye left after Mass for Barclay Sound (Ucluliat), there to join a schooner which is soon expected to sail from thence to Victoria. Complaints of illness are the cause of his departure. I am under the impression that the poor father is not really sick, but is sick at heart to see the discouraging state of affairs here. And indeed our position would almost make an angel lose heart and courage. Solitude, we have not seen a white man since October; we have not received any mail for several months; our provisions are nearly all gone and what remains is of the poorest kind. And our Indians are as bad, and as much attached to their pagan ideas and superstitions as before we commenced our work and took up our residence here. Father Nicolaye left me. God bless the poor man and restore him to health!

I am now again alone with not a friend to speak to!

March 30.—There is some rejoicing in the camp since this morning, when a canoe of visitors brought the news that there was scarcity of provisions and a great deal of distress in all the villages on the coast. When our Indians meet with misfortune they always feel much relieved when they hear that others of their class have met with misfortune also. Hence, my people feel good to-day, be-

cause they have not alone suffered for want of provisions, but other tribes have fared as badly as they themselves.

April 28.—Rev. Father Nicolaye arrived back from Victoria about midnight per Indian canoe. He seems to be completely recovered.

He brought orders from the Bishop that I must leave at once and report in the episcopal city, where a synod is to be held.

The canoe which brought the father took me to Clayaquot where I found the schooner "Anna Beck," Douglas Warren in command.

May 15.—I arrived back at the mission to-day about noon. With the exception of Father Nicolaye all the priests of the diocese were present at the synod.

May 20.—To-day, Pentecost Sunday, all the Indians are at Mass, save three men and a few women. As I had told them on Easter Sunday that I would call on this day for the names of those who would be baptized, I received ninety-four men and women on the list of candidates for baptism. It is evident that the movement is too general to be worthy of confidence. All the medicine-men and women offer themselves as candidates for instruction as a preparation for the sacrament of regeneration.

January 5, 1878.—I arrived here yesterday from Namukamus, Barclay Sound, where I had been since the 24th of last August, superintending the building of a new mission to be dedicated to



YOUNG INDIAN MOTHER.

Almighty God, under the patronage of St. Leo the Great.

Before leaving for the Yukon River, Alaska Territory, the Right Rev. C. J. Seghers commissioned me to go and superintend the building of the new mission. Consequently I left Hesquiat at the end of July, and went to Victoria in order to make the necessary preparations and engage a reliable carpenter. Rev. Father Nicolaye, for whom the new mission was to be built, remained meanwhile in Hesquiat, and attended to my Indians and work there.

I left Victoria on the schooner "Favorite," Hugh McKay captain, on the 23d of August, accompanied by a French-Canadian carpenter called Morrin, and arrived the next day in a small bay on Copper Island opposite the Sarita Valley and river. From there we went and carried in canoes our provisions and tools, and selected a spot for the buildings close to the Namukamus Village.

Our first work was to put up a small cabin, 12x12 feet. This was to be our residence for over four months. The walls of our cabin were made of flooring, the roof of flooring and the floor was mother-earth. As it happened, the weather turned out to be very moist. For three months we were living as if in a cloud; it rained day and night. It soon appeared that our roof was not close, the water freely streaming through the crevices, and as the wind occasionally blew quite lively, we soon found out that our walls were not much of a protection against the dampness of the season. Our cabin was built on a slope and the water streaming from the hill above found its way to the Pacific Ocean over our uncovered floor. No wonder that our carpenter would make the remark now and again: "that only for our strong constitutions we could not stand it."

My work was to look after the Indian laborers and do the cooking. We had a bunk on each side of the cabin, a stove in the middle, and a small table and a bench at the end of the room. Under the

bunks we stowed our provisions—bacon, potatoes, rice and beans. The flour we kept in a small barrel as a protection from the mice which infested our odd dwelling. I made bread as often as required. The Indians we fed on biscuit and molasses. One morning, having neglected to cover the bucket in which we kept our molasses over night, I found twenty-four mice drowned in the sweet stuff. I carefully picked them out, unseen by the Indians, who afterward continued to enjoy their molasses and biscuit as if nothing had happened. The Indians, unaccustomed to a white man's food, enjoyed their fare immensely. The carpenter also was satisfied with my culinary efforts, and altogether we had rather a pleasant time.

We squared the logs for the new building which was 64x26 feet; twenty feet being walled off for the residence of the priest in charge. The work of the Indians consisted in cutting down the trees, next picking them with their axes, and after the carpenter had finished squaring them, taking them down to the site of the building. We found all the timber which we required on the spot. We even made the shingles ourselves—and with the exception of the flooring and window cases no lumber was used from the saw mills. It was slow work, yet it was pleasant to see a lot of wild men at work and to hear from morning till night the noise of the axe or hammer in this wild part of the world.

I said the first Mass in the new building on Christmas Day, and Rev. Father Nicolaye having arrived at his new residence on New Year's Eve, I left on the second day of the year for Hesquiat in the canoe which had brought my former assistant to his new field of labor.

From the beginning of this year all the Indians of Barclay Sound and down to Port San Juan inclusive will be attended to from St. Leo's Mission, of which Rev. P. J. Nicolaye is the first resident pastor.

Before taking charge of his new mission of Barclay Sound, Rev. Father Nic-

olaye gave me a short account of the conduct of the Hesquiat Indians during my five-months' absence, of which the following is a synopsis.

He continued to preach Sunday after Sunday against the Indians' superstitious worship and the Indian medicine-men. He told them that none could expect to be baptized except they would first abandon their superstitious practices. In a moment of fervor forty men and women resolved to comply with the conditions and gave in their names. Before ten days had elapsed ten of the number had transgressed the rules. In a few days more, sickness having broken out in the settlement, recourse was freely had to the medicine-men and women. In short, when he left for his new mission only seven had remained faithful. The struggle between good and evil is very great. The old people are most determined to frustrate our plans of converting the tribe. Two of them—Eskowit and Eagakom—have declared that they will kill the priest in case their sons come to die with sickness without having consulted the medicine-men or women—that is, if they have acted at the instigation of the priest.

A young man—Nagokwit—one day entered the house and began to abuse Father Nicolaye. Next he raised his hand to strike the Father, but he was pushed back and prevented from carrying out his design by some friendly Indians who happened to be present.

January 15.—On the feast of the Epiphany very few Indians were at Hesquiat, almost all the tribe being at the time fishing at the head of the inlet.

The weather being better last Sunday

all the men came to Hesquiat to attend church; there were also quite a number of women.

It is evident that the people would like to be good and become Christians, but their prejudices are too strong yet and their superstitions too deeply rooted. I notice that the leaders against us and those who follow their instructions most closely are ashamed of themselves; most



THREE MACHELAT MAIDENS.

of them keep out of my way altogether.

The few who are preparing for baptism are young men and three young women. The old people are once more holding up their old superstitions as regards the winter salmon. There was a row on account of some of the most reasonable threatening to use their iron pot as a utensil for boiling fresh salmon.

January 22.—A dead whale was found on the beach this side of Estevan Point. It is cut up by the natives who reside here at this time of year—every one helps

himself the best way he can—almost all the chiefs and the rightful owners of a share of the big fish are absent at the inlet—these, upon hearing the news of the stranding of the fish hurry to Estevan Point, but find that very little is left for them. This greatly enrages them and trouble is imminent. However, they confine themselves to going from house to house and taking away all the blubber they come across. This amounted to very little, for the thieves had concealed the principal part of their booty in the bush with the expectation of fetching it home when the excitement is over.

January 25.—I am informed that most of the blubber of the famous whale is now being boiled and the oil pressed out away in the bush.

March 1.—Since the middle of January there has been great scarcity of food. Owing to the easterly gales which commenced last October and which have not been interrupted by fair weather except for a few days about New Year's, the Indians all along the coast have been unable to go out fishing. As the natives of this coast have no food except fish, and several tribes had been unable to lay in a provision of dry salmon last season, it follows that those tribes are almost starving—and all, without exception are very hard up. The second chief of the tribe, a nice young fellow, came to my house to day, about noon. He told me in a pathetic tone that my dog had entered his house and had taken away a piece of whale blubber, the only food there was left for him and his parents, and asked me to lend him some flour so that they might have a decent meal for a day or two. The flour was given with a good heart and the poor fellow went away rejoicing. I find it very hard and painful to see the sufferings of these people for want of food.

March 3.—The state of the weather becomes more satisfactory and the Indians avail themselves of it to go out fishing. Any amount of salmon is caught in the inlet and at Hesquiat.

The superstitions are as strong as last year. The old people are desperate and most abusive against anyone who ventures to transgress the old customs. But quite a few of the young people do not mind them.

March 11.—To-day a young fellow was whipped by the police for running away with his uncle's Indian wife.

March 14.—The Indians are drying salmon. This was never done before on this coast. The Indian basket is also used to carry the famous fish to the houses from the canoes. The number of those who got over the superstitions regarding the winter salmon is so great that the advocates of the ancient practices give up in despair the idea of trying to keep them alive any longer.

A canoe arrives from Clayoquot and reports the Indians of those parts in very great distress, owing to the lack of food.

One of their number, the Juggler, who claims the power to make the herring flock to their harbor by incantations and superstitious means, finds himself disappointed, not one herring having thus far been seen in the neighborhood. A few days ago he ordered the Indians out in their canoes, having noticed, as he thought, by the appearance of immense flocks of sea-gulls, that the herring was coming in shore. He claimed credit for this *event*, but in the evening the canoes came back disappointed. Hence his father and his nearest relatives in public speeches put the blame on one vicious young fellow who last year had crushed with a stone the head of a fresh herring!

April 13.—This beautiful weather of the last two weeks, and which will continue fine, puts an end to the destitution of the Indians. There is an abundance of salmon, codfish, halibut, rock cod, etc.

The women had, since the beginning of the famine through bad weather and rain, gone out to their fern and wild clover patches to dig up fern, clover and other roots for the food of their families. Now they look happy and con-

tented as they cut up the fish, hang it up to dry in the sun or prepare it for the use of their households.

April 14.—I received this morning intelligence of the death of Pope Pius IX.—R. I. P.—and the accession to the pontifical throne of Leo XIII. The late Pope died February 7.

April 17.—There was an Indian marriage to-day; this is not the first or most important since I resided here. The marriages of the Indians of this coast are arranged by the parents of the young people; at least this is the general rule. Girls who have both parents alive are preferred to orphan girls, and the daughters of chiefs or wealthy people are generally preferred to those of inferior Indians. The fact is, the Indian is essentially a speculator. The parents of the young man are in favor of a girl who has both parents alive because they hope that these parents will continue to support their daughter by giving her presents, clothing and other useful articles. In many cases the wish of the young man is not much considered. He is told by his parents or guardians that they are going to propose to a certain girl, and, as a rule, he consents. Then commences a number of secret visits of the elders, small articles are given as presents, good humor, kindness, are all had recourse to, when at last the parents of the would-be benedict invite the girl's parents and nearest relatives to a sumptuous meal. If the secret has leaked out they almost invariably decline the invitation; but the food, in all cases most abundant, is then carried to their houses. Sometimes it is returned, in case the girl is to be refused and no union is to take place. In other cases it is partaken of, but yet the news reaches the parents of the boy that their plans are to be frustrated, and another article, generally of food, is returned to make up for that already consumed. If the invitation is accepted or the food distributed to the nearest relatives, it is a sign that there will be a marriage.

Shortly after the preparatory step, two or three important men go, still on the sly, and make more open proposals. If no answer is given, it is a good and favorable sign. Without much delay quite a crowd of the most important men approach the girl's parents or guardians, and speak plain and open language that everybody may listen to. It consists of first extolling the dignity and importance of the relatives of the future bride and then giving a word of recommendation in the same vein to the would-be bridegroom.

Sometimes an answer is given, but as often the speakers are quietly told to retire to their houses. This means that the matter is settled. The girl very often is not consulted, but it is almost sure that she will not live with the young man except she feels like it. Threats, entreaties and all kinds of means will have no effect in many cases on even young girls when they have made up their mind to marry somebody else. Yet the marriage ceremony must take place if the parents have not positively refused their assent to the union.

It commences by a crowd of people gathering on the beach and walking in the direction of the house of the girl's parents or guardians. They advance to the measure of the tambourine, the women covered with feathers and their faces painted. They all sing some of their old songs, and now and then one or more of the women raise their voices above all the surrounding "vacarm" and unearthly noise. They stand for a moment on their heels and swing their bodies about, at the same time stretching out their arms, over which hang their red and colored blankets, and then they proceed to their destination. To the looker-on, from a distance, it presents a savage, yet an attractive scene.

At last they all stop before the bride's residence, or the house where the union is to be declared and contracted. One of the important men acts as orator. For hours and hours he stands at the



head of the crowd, his face turned towards the residence of the girl's parents. He talks and talks, mentioning the reasons why and how; the noble deeds of the forefathers; the importance of the clan! Call it flattery? Why, in most cases it is rank untruth. But never mind, his object is to please, and he must obtain it. I have seen them and heard them two and three days, talking all the while before a house, whether there was anybody in it or not. To a civilized being, it was the greatest entertainment possible.

While this is going on, one of the men, from time to time, walks up to the door of the house and places one, two or more blankets before it. Then there is a discussion, and again more blankets are presented. The nearest relatives are included in the recipients of presents.

At last it all finishes by the word being passed that the girl is given to the boy to be his wife and a stop is put to the ceremonies.

The age at which Indians marry varies, but it is an unusual case when a young woman is not married before she is sixteen years old. Many of them are joined in wedlock at thirteen and fourteen years. The young men now marry when they are about sixteen or seventeen years old, but I am told that in the past it was the custom to postpone looking for a wife for a young man who was below twenty or twenty-two years.

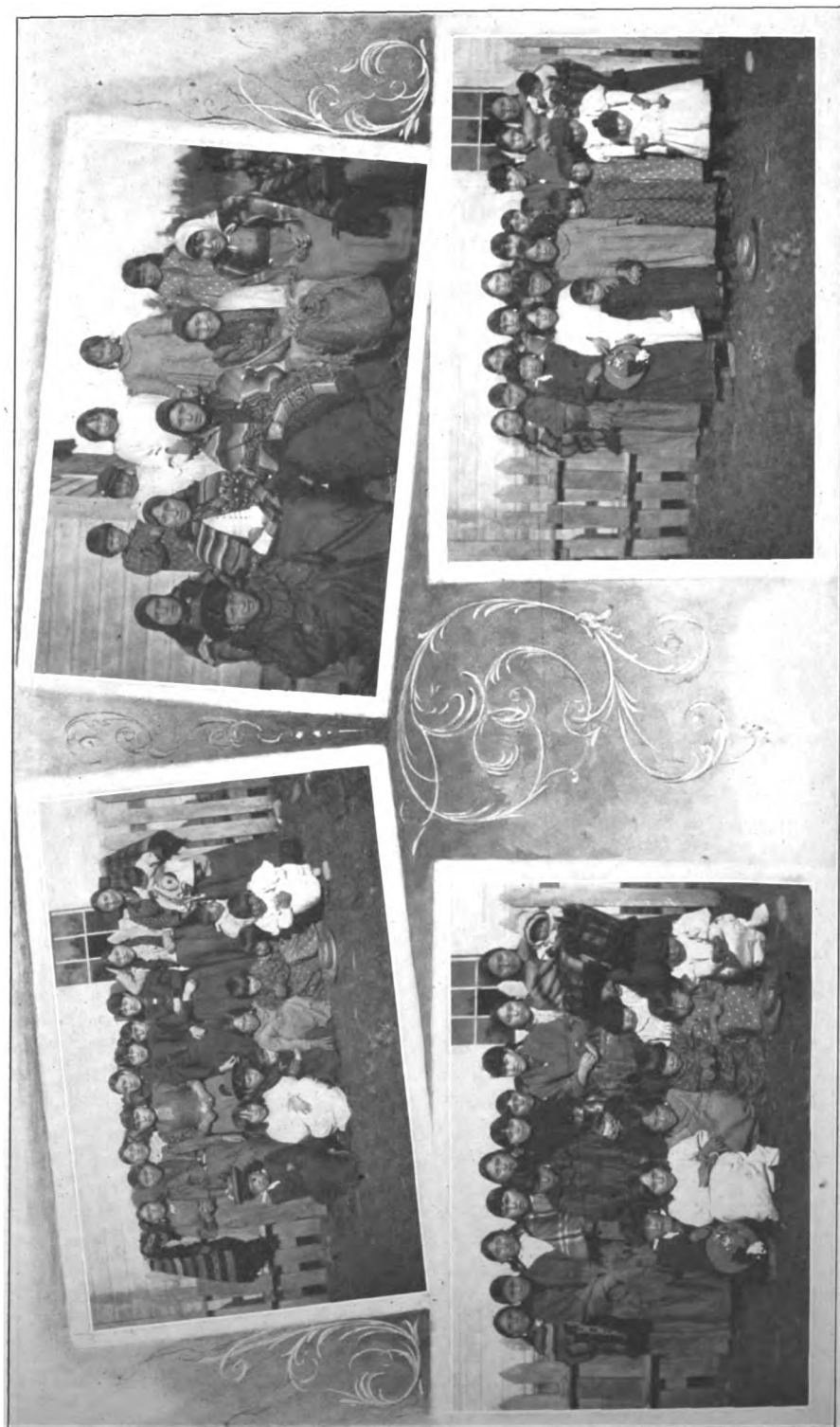
As said above, the girls are not openly consulted in matrimonial matters; their mothers, however, or aunts, or other near relatives are generally informed privately and do a great deal of persuading or dissuading of the future bride as regards accepting as a husband the one on whose behalf the advances are made. When the contracting ceremonies are over, it soon leaks out whether the girl will consent to live with her husband. If not, you will see on the face of the latter finger-nail scratches, or on his back a torn shirt, or other marks or expressions that his new life is a hard one, and

that in an attempt to make love to her, who is supposed to be his wife, he has met with resistance and even hard treatment. This sometimes lasts for weeks, and then, after a worse scene than ever, the young man packs up and returns to his own home.

It is, however, unusual to have a union broken off so peremptorily. In most cases it is only a bluff. Indians are very touchy, and in matrimonial cases they are very much determined that their friends shall not find an occasion to jeer at them for having been left.

So then, after a time, new advances are made and a number of the most intimate friends of the discarded husband go in a body to the parents of the girl, make more speeches and especially more presents to the relatives of the girl, when, in all likelihood, the favorable answer will be given again. And so it goes on till the girl finally consents or gives unmistakable signs that she forever repudiates the idea of becoming the wife of the young man whom she has discarded from the beginning.

*The Wedding Feasts.*—When a favorable answer has been obtained the father or guardian of the young man sends a number of presents, especially articles of food, to the parents of his new daughter-in-law. Without much delay, the tribe are invited to a feast of food, at the end of which it is announced to all present that the occasion of the feast is the marriage of his daughter, the food having been sent by the guardians of his new son-in-law. Meanwhile, the young wife has been entertained at a choice meal by her new parents-in-law, after partaking of which she returns to her parents' home. These, in their turn, a day or two later, take their daughter to her new home and deliver her over to her husband, at the same time making suitable presents of food, which are also partaken of by the whole tribe. Compliments are passed during the meal, and general rejoicings are engaged in. In the evening especially,



HESQUIAT, B. C.—CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

the Indians assemble in the house where the young people reside, and sing and dance, and have a general good time.

It is always understood in the minds of the Indians that in case no offspring be born to the newly married couple it will be in order for the young man to separate from his wife and contract a new alliance. This is also the case where children are born, but die soon after birth. All Indians, without distinction, want an heir, and the old people especially will discard a daughter-in-law who is not the mother of at least one grandchild.

June 18.—There was one peculiarity about the marriage that took place yesterday. The young man for whom the ceremonies were gone through was absent in Nootka Sound during the performance, and he knew only upon landing that he is now a married man.

When marriages are contracted between parties of different tribes the ceremonies are about the same, save that the strangers come in their canoes, which they ornament with a symbol of some kind having reference to old-time ideas, or legends or important facts.

A singular case came to my notice with reference to a marriage of two parties of different tribes. They were already married two days and the man had not yet spoken to his wife; in fact, he did not know which girl he was married to!

July 29.—Having made a trip to Victoria where I arrived June 20, Feast of Corpus Christi, I just returned and am sorry to learn that during my absence the greatest disorder has reigned in the camp. Some of the young men who, as I thought, were preparing for baptism were among the leaders.

September 1.—I have just made a trip to Djeklesat, and Mar tribes—the Kyuquots, the largest Indian settlement on the coast, were absent at Quatsinogh. I saw only a few of them and was informed that the tribe is very orderly and the people very anxious to have a resident priest.

September 15.—I went to Barclay Sound and saw Father Nicolaye at Namukamus. The Father seems to be making good headway amongst the Ohiat Indians.

With regard to the Hesquiat I must say that there is now not one Indian left, either man or woman, who has remained faithful to the conditions laid down as a preparation to baptism. Some have altogether returned to their superstitious practices, whereas the others are very unruly in different other ways.

October 6.—A dead whale is found on the beach at "Hole in the Wall." The Indians belonging to the outside camp bring the news to Hesquiat. The finding of a dead whale by the Indians is, as we have seen, always an occasion of great disturbance and trouble; and this is not an exception. An Indian called Manako-ah in protecting his piece received a bad cut on the arm from a young man called Nayokwit.

November 7.—From all accounts I am gaining in the esteem of the Indians. In their meetings my name is seldom mentioned with the angry feelings that it was last year. The motive may be that they have experienced that giving fish of every description and transgressing their old pagan rules does not affect their success at fishing. The young men, however, are as usual addicted as ever to the superstitious mischief called "osenitcli." You can read it in their countenance, the skin having been rubbed off by the use of their charms.

November 16.—There was a severe thunder-storm to-day. There is now a light seen in the direction of the inlet. It is so similar to the light of a vessel that most of the Indians take it to be the light of some vessel in distress. A canoe went out, but was driven back by the storm.

November 17.—The light of yesterday turns out to be the light of a bush fire caused by lightning. This is taken as a proof that the thunder is not a bird, as birds do not make fires!

The fact is there was quite a discussion in my house about the thunder yesterday. The Indians maintain that it is an immense bird—the thunder-bird. One of the young men told me that Koninah, the third chief, was in possession of one of its wing-feathers. So I sent for the feather, but the young fellow came back disappointed, the chief having stated that he had not nor ever had had such a feather. The noise of the thunder is explained by the fact that the thunder-bird takes hold of a whale

and in a struggle with the monster of the deep causes all the thundering reports.

The lightning is a reflection of the bird's eyes which it opens and closes in rapid succession. Others have it that the neck of the bird is surrounded by a being (*Hé-étlik*) of the shape of a snake which breaks loose and inflames and goes about scattering what we call the lightning. Others again say that the light comes from under the wings of the bird which becomes visible as the bird flaps its wings.

*(To be continued.)*

## A PILGRIMAGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

*By John P. Ritter.*

**I**N the spring of 1300 tidings reached the Church in England that Boniface VIII. had proclaimed a Jubilee, granting for that year, and for every hundredth year thereafter, a plenary indulgence to all the faithful, who, having repented and confessed their sins, made a pious pilgrimage to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome. Persons of all conditions, from every part of the kingdom, eagerly availed themselves of the privilege, and the shrine of the "holy blissful martyr," St. Thomas of Canterbury, was, for the time, neglected.

One bright April morning a Mass was offered for three of these Jubilee pilgrims in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, in London. The edifice was crowded; but, with becoming reverence, the congregation had left an open space for the penitents in the nave near the sanctuary rail. There they knelt side by side, with bowed heads and arms crossed upon their breasts, in view of all the people; and, having received our Blessed Lord in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, they were ready to start upon their journey.

The Mass over, a priest came out of the sacristy, and, motioning the pilgrims to approach, proceeded to prepare them for the road. To each he gave a coarse woolen gown emblazoned with a cross,

a scrip, a staff, a passport from the secular authorities and a letter of communion from his Bishop. Then he pronounced a blessing upon them, and, equipped both spiritually and materially for their enterprise, they turned to leave the church.

The congregation now formed in procession to escort them to the boundary line of the next parish—according to a custom of the time—and they passed out through the portal. An acolyte, bearing aloft a crucifix, led the way. The three pilgrims followed, staff in hand. Next came the priest, with the people trudging decorously in the rear.

As they moved along the narrow, unpaved streets, the inhabitants came out of their houses to greet them. Apprentices gathered on the corners; tradesmen left their counters; women and children leaned out of windows to bid them a hearty Godspeed; for, in those days of lively faith, pilgrims were sent on their way with marked demonstrations of good will.

The parish to which they were bound was Southwark, on the opposite shore of the Thames. London Bridge connected it with the city. At that period this bridge was the only one spanning the river, and upon it were built houses and shops in

which merchants lived and carried on a thriving trade. On arriving at the middle of the causeway, the procession halted, and, with a "*pax vobiscum*" from the priest, the pilgrims proceeded on their journey alone.

waist. He leaned heavily upon his staff as he plodded along, and kept his eyes fixed reverently upon the ground. On his right walked a man of middle age, jauntily, like one who glories in his strength. His frame was massive, his



"LOOK, FRIENDS! YONDER IS A BEACON TO LIGHT US TO SHELTER."

It is now time to describe these pious wayfarers.

One was old and bowed. Long white locks fell straggling over his shoulders, and his beard reached almost to his

countenance frank and resolute, his eyes bold, keen and restless. It was evident from his bearing that he was inured to feats of strength and hardihood. To the left of the old man trudged a beardless

youth. His features were delicate, his eyes dark and thoughtful, his forehead broad, high and intellectual. Luxuriant chestnut hair fell in long love-locks over his shoulders, adding to the refinement of his expression, and proclaiming him to be of gentle birth.

"Father," he said, addressing his aged companion, "hast ever made a pilgrimage before?"

"Aye, once," was the answer.

"To Rome?"

"Nay," said the old man; "but to Canterbury, where rest the relics of the saintly martyr, Thomas."

"And I'll warrant you had a goodly company along with you," broke in the middle-aged pilgrim, adding, "I made that journey once, by way of penance, and though I started out alone, there were near a hundred of us ere I reached my goal. St. Thomas has many votaries in England."

"And in foreign lands as well," said the other. "For I remember on that pilgrimage encountering strangers from France and Germany, Holland and Spain, ay, and one there was who hailed even from the city of the Holy Father—Rome."

"What, are there not holy places enow at Rome, that one must fare to Canterbury?"

"He came to crave a special grace," returned the old man reverently.

"Then he must have been a saint himself!" exclaimed the middle-aged pilgrim. "For my part, I would never make a pilgrimage except as penance. But come," he added, "as we have a long journey before us in each other's company, 'tis time we were better acquainted. My name is Luke, my profession, arms; my master, King Edward. In brief I'm a royal archer, and, were it not that I must needs make this pilgrimage for my sins, I'd doubtless now be with His Majesty in France, aiding him in his quarrel with King Louis."

This frank introduction called for like courtesy on the part of his fellow-travel-

ers. The old man was the first to respond.

"And my name is Robert Grislet," he said. "I'm a draper, by your leave, and my shop is at the sign of the Crown and Shears, near London Tower."

"And mine," said the youth, "is Walter. Trade or profession I have none, being but a humble page in the household of my Lord of Hereford."

"Good!" exclaimed the archer. "And now that we know one another, let us each say why he makes this journey to Rome. My case is easily stated. As I have said, I go because I must. It is a penance enjoined upon me in expiation of my grievous sins."

With these words he turned inquiringly to the draper. The latter hesitated a moment, then said:

"I make this pilgrimage, my friends, in fulfilment of a solemn vow made years ago, when first I came to London. I was then but a humble 'prentice, and the future seemed dark indeed. So I promised Almighty God that, should He see fit to grant me riches, I would visit the tomb of His great Apostle, and pour out my soul in thanksgiving, not forgetting to bestow a liberal alms upon the poor."

It was now the youth's turn to declare his devout purpose, which he did with becoming modesty.

"And my object in faring to Rome," quoth he, "is to gain the plenary indulgence of the Jubilee, and also to ask a special favor of St. Peter and St. Paul."

"A special favor?" cried the archer heartily. "Come, lad, out with it that we may join thee in praying it may be granted!"

"Thankee!" said the youth. "I'm grateful for your kind intentions, good Luke. It's a long, sad story, which I have not the time to tell now."

"But ye'll unfold it at some future time."

"Ay, when I'm in the mood."

Conversing in this wise, the wayfarers reached the end of London Bridge and entered the parish of South-

wark, which in those days, was a wretched suburb of dilapidated houses and huts, crowded pell-mell together, and divided by a network of narrow streets and alleys, unpaved and filthy beyond description. Nevertheless a considerable trade was carried on there.

This was due to the depth of water on that side of the Thames, which enabled sea going ships to anchor close to the shore. There was a great stone wall running along the river bank, studded with rings to which the vessels were secured when unloading or taking on cargo. It was called the Effroc Wall, or Effroc Stone, in commemoration of a certain Duke of Effroc, who, according to tradition, had been drowned at the foot of the embankment.

To this wall the pilgrims made their way; for to it was anchored the ship that was to convey them to Holland.

"Hast ever been to sea, Luke?" asked the page, Walter, when they arrived at the river bank, and came within view of the shipping.

"Ay, lad, I've made more than one campaign in Flanders."

"Is the peril very great?"

"Doubtless; but when one lies prone and helpless, retching the very heart from his body, a host of hungry dragons might arise from the deep, and little he'd care."

Meanwhile the draper was making inquiries for their vessel among the seamen who were lounging on the wall.

"Canst tell me where lies the *Stork* of Rotterdam?"

"Her anchorage is yonder."

The old man looked in the direction indicated, and beheld a great two-masted ship making ready to sail from a point not fifty yards away.

"Look, friends!" he said, turning to his companions. "There lies our ship. Let us hasten on board."

Whereupon the three hurried forward to the anchorage.

The *Stork* was of a model now no

longer to be seen—a clumsy hull, with two thick masts, a narrow hold in the middle, and two high decks, one fore and the other aft. As these decks were unprovided with bulwarks, there was nothing to prevent those on board from being washed off by the waves. Indeed, it was the frequent losses of men, due to this faulty construction, which caused the model to fall into disuse.

On reaching the vessel's side the pilgrims were stopped by the captain, who gruffly demanded to see their passports. He could not read, but recognized the genuineness of the seals.

"The papers are right," he said with an air of knowledge. "Now a crown each and ye may go on board."

They dipped into their pockets and produced the coins allowed them for their passage, which the captain appropriated, leaving them without a farthing against their future needs. However, as neither money nor arms were permitted to those who went on pilgrimages, they accepted their beggary with pious resignation.

Soon, the wind and the tide being favorable, the boat was unloosed from her moorings and laboriously towed by a barge into mid-stream. There the barge left her; she headed down the current, and with all sails set, drifted toward the sea. The Thames, undisturbed by the ebb, was calm. But the tide ran swiftly, and she made rapid way. Behind her the black scenery of London gradually disappeared in the mist, and the three pilgrims were fairly launched upon their journey.

## CHAPTER II.

### ROTTERDAM.

When the first stir and bustle of departure had subsided, and the passengers had composed themselves comfortably on shipboard, Luke turned to Walter with the words:

"My lad, we have a long and tedious voyage before us. Art in the mood to tell thy story? It may help to make an

hour pass quickly, and that would be a boon."

"Ay, let us hear it, lad," added Master Grislet, persuasively.

The youth was too courteous to deny them. So the three sat down on a coil of rope in the ship's bows, and he told his story as follows :

#### THE PAGE'S TALE.

"I was born among the hills of Snowdon, in Wales. My mother died in giving me birth, so of her I have no recollection. My father was a bard. 'David the Minstrel' they called him, and I can remember that he harped and sang most divinely. We had no fixed abode, but led a wandering life, roaming from village to village and from castle to castle, picking up a living as we journeyed."

LUKE (*aside*): "In plainer terms, ye lived as vagabonds."

"Nay, good Luke, but as true, honest folk; minstrelsy was ever held in high esteem among the Welsh. So, whether it were in village tavern, or in baron's hall, we received a cordial welcome. We traveled constantly. Sometimes my father would lead me by the hand; sometimes he'd carry me; for I was but a small, weak lad and easily fatigued. He was a pious man, and, as we fared from place to place, beguiled the weary way with many a sweet, true, tale of our Blessed Lord and of the blissful Virgin, His Mother. And whene'er we'd come to a wayside shrine or crucifix, we'd fall upon our knees and pray. On Sundays we went to the nearest church or convent chapel, to assist at Holy Mass. Thus did we make a pious pilgrimage of our wanderings."

LUKE: "I thought the bards of Wales were heathen."

"Ay, some there were no doubt who strung their harps to ribald minstrelsy, but not my father. He chanted only such ballads as told of the deeds of heroes."

LUKE: "I like him for that. Go on, lad!"

"I refer to the days when Lewellyn ruled as prince in Wales. He was a friend to the bards, and they were, in his time, highly honored and respected. For they uplifted the hearts of the poor, enlivened the banquets of the great, and kept ever before the minds of the people the valor and glory of their ancestors. Then came Lewellyn's downfall. As you know, King Edward invaded his principality and conquered it. Lewellyn was slain in battle, and the reign of the bards was at an end."

LUKE: "That was before my time, lad. I did not serve in that campaign."

"Then came that dreadful massacre of which you have doubtless heard. King Edward, realizing that the national spirit of the Welsh could never be extinguished so long as there remained minstrels to remind them in heroic chants and ballads of their ancient glory, gathered all the bards of Wales together and had them put to a cruel death."

LUKE (*with keen interest*): "And did David the Minstrel perish in that slaughter?"

"Alas! That I do not know. When my father learned of the proscription, he left me in the charge of some friendly monks and fled for his life. But whether he escaped, or was slain with the other bards, is still a mystery. I was then but five years old. For twelve years I remained in a monastery, and then, realizing that I had not the grace of a religious vocation, I went forth into the world. The good abbot secured me my present place in the household of my Lord of Hereford, and, ever since I have held it, I have made diligent inquiries to ascertain my father's fate. Thus far I have learned nothing; so, abandoning all hope of earthly aid in my search, I now turn to God and His saints. I go to Rome to kneel at the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, and ask their help in restoring me my father."

LUKE (*doubtfully*): "Dost believe they will hear thy petition?"



"If I had not faith, I would not make the journey."

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Meanwhile the good ship was dropping swiftly down the Thames. Before sun-down she reached its mouth, and, spreading her sails to a propitious wind, was wafted majestically out to sea.

The voyage was an uneventful one, and in this Walter was not a little disappointed. He had looked forward with the vivid imagination of youth to an awesome and exciting experience; but, as Luke had prophesied, he lay prone and helpless upon the cabin floor during the entire passage, so miserably seasick that the vessel might have gone down in a hurricane and he would have cared not.

All night long the *Stork* buffeted the choppy waves of the English Channel, and, when the sun rose early on the following morning, the coast of Holland was in plain view. It was not until near noon, however, that she made the mouth of the Rhine, and, skirting the great Boomjes dyke, approached Rotterdam.

Having been brought up in a monastery, Walter had received a liberal education, and was not wholly unprepared for the novel sights and experiences of travel. But at the wonders of Rotterdam he marveled greatly.

The ship was towed along a broad canal into the very heart of the city, and, as he stood with the other passengers on the forward deck, he was spell-bound at the strange scenes that met his eye. The canal ran through the middle of a great thoroughfare, on both sides of which throngs of people were moving. Bridges were rising for the passage of ships, and falling again to allow the busy multitude to cross the waterway. At every quay vessels were unloading or taking on cargo. Masts, rigging, steeples, bell-towers, weathercocks, windmills, and the fantastic façades of the houses were jumbled together in an incongruous picture that was reflected in the sluggish water of the canal, as if the city were

admiring its own grotesqueness in a glass.

When the *Stork* reached the quay allotted to it by the authorities the passengers prepared to disembark.

At that period the Rhine was the great highway of travel between Northern Europe and Rome, and, as Rotterdam was the gate through which English pilgrims passed on their way south, the Benedictines had established there a commodious hospice for their entertainment. To this monastery, therefore, the three Englishmen made their way.

On reaching it they applied for admittance at the postern, and, on stating whence they came and whither they were bound, were instantly directed to the guest chamber, a large and lofty room where travelers were fed and lodged gratis by the charitable monks. Here they were received most hospitably by a lay brother, who, after providing for their bodily refreshment, conducted them into the presence of the abbot.

They found him pacing back and forth in a spacious chamber, furnished with shelves and drawers in the interstices of its Gothic windows, and curiously carved chairs and tables grouped round the columns which supported its groined ceiling. One glance at the manuscripts that filled the shelves sufficed to inform them that it was the convent library. The abbot was a tall, venerable man, with the thin, grave face of a student, kindly blue eyes and a lofty, intellectual forehead. After examining their credentials he bade them be seated, and entertained them most agreeably in conversation, until interrupted by the monastery bell tinkling for Vespers.

"Come," he said, rising and moving towards the door.

The three pilgrims followed him into the chapel, and took the seats assigned to them, from whence they presently heard a service sung so exquisitely it seemed as if 'chanted by the choir of heaven. Afterwards they returned to the guest-chamber for supper. Plain,

but wholesome and abundant food, and excellent beer, brewed in the monastery, were set before them, and, at an early hour, they were shown into the dormitory where they were to sleep. Each had a cot to himself. They lay between two beds; the lower one hard and made of straw; the upper soft and filled with feathers light as down.

Thus they passed their first night in a foreign land in the sweet tranquillity of a monastery.

They were up betimes in the morning, and, after attending Mass and breakfasting, were again conducted into the presence of the abbot.

"It is my custom," he said, when they appeared before him, "to warn honest pilgrims ere they leave here against the manifold perils of the road. So long as you remain in Holland you will have nothing to fear from either man or beast, for it is a well-ordered country; but when you cross over into Germany, it will be otherwise. The road there passes through many dense forests where wolves abound, and wild, waste places where men, worse than wolves, lie in wait for unsuspecting travelers.

"I would advise you, therefore, to join the first honest company you may fall in with, to avoid inns and taverns as much as possible, and never to pass through a forest after dark. And when you come to Rome," he added with great sweetness and humility, "do not forget the poor sinner you have left at Rotterdam, but offer up a prayer for his soul at the tomb of the great Apostle."

With these words he bestowed a blessing upon them, and they departed on their way.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A FOREST HOSTELRY.

Five days later they crossed the German frontier, and traveled over a rough way until evening. They had been told of a small priory ahead of them where pilgrims were given shelter, and expected at every turn in the road that

it would appear in view. But mile after mile was passed over and not the sign of a building did they see.

It was growing dark, clouds were gathering over the sky, and they began to feel ill at ease. To make matters worse they were approaching a forest. When they arrived at its outskirts, Master Grislet came to a sudden halt, and, turning to the others, "Well, shall we enter?" he inquired doubtfully.

It was apparent that he was thinking of the abbot's warning.

"I cannot see that we have a choice in the matter," answered Luke.

"Besides," added Walter, "it is probable that the priory we are seeking lies beyond the wood, and we must reach it, or sleep under the stars this night."

"Say rather under a waterfall," growled Luke, pointing up at the threatening sky.

As he spoke several large drops of rain, the precursors of a storm, fell pattering upon the leaves above them, and an icy gust smote upon their faces. This decided them. They entered the forest.

Presently the darkness increased. Huge branches shot across the narrow road, and they were obliged to grope their way in what seemed an interminable, inky cave, with a rugged floor on which they stumbled and stumbled as they went.

On and on they pressed, clutching one another in the darkness, and peering eagerly ahead for a glimmer of light through the trees. But the gloom only thickened as they proceeded. The rain fell faster, the wind rose, and it seemed they could hear the wolves baying all round the wood. At this their hair bristled; but, too proud to betray their terror, they pushed on in dogged silence.

Suddenly it dawned upon Walter that they had lost their path.

"Friends," he said timidly, "shall I speak my mind?"

"If it is to suggest a way out of this

haunted wood, ay," answered Luke.

"But it is not," said Walter tremulously. "It is to ask a question."

"Then out with it."

At this the young man lowered his voice to a whisper and inquired:

"Are you sure we have not strayed from the right path?"

The question fell upon his companions like a thunderbolt. Not because it was a surprise to them; but because it gave expression to the fear that was uppermost in their hearts. There was an interval of silence. Then Master Grislet replied in tones very grave:

"Ay, lad, we have lost our way."

"What shall we do?" asked Walter.

The voice of the old man answered through the darkness:

"Pray."

So they fell upon their knees and uplifted their hearts in prayer that God would guide them in safety through the perilous wood. And lo! as they prayed a light suddenly appeared to them through the trees, at first faintly glimmering, then burning with a steady radiance.

"May the saints be praised!" cried Grislet, springing to his feet. "Look, friends! yonder is a beacon to light us to shelter. Our prayers have been answered."

They now advanced quickly toward the light, and, on drawing near, saw that it proceeded from the window of a habitation. A few steps further enabled them to distinguish the dwelling more clearly. It was built of logs and turf, with a thatched roof through the middle of which a huge clay chimney protruded. An evergreen bough, suspended over the door, proclaimed it to be a tavern.

"Alas!" exclaimed Walter on seeing this primitive signboard, "it is a public house."

"Well, and if it be, what then?" asked Luke.

"The abbot at Rotterdam warned us against such places."

"Yet God showed us the way to this one—is it not so, Master Grislet?"

"Yes," said the draper, "this shelter was surely offered us in answer to our prayers."

This argument was convincing.

"Well, then," said Walter, "since it is God's will that we should rest for a night in a tavern, I will not gainsay it."

And with that he strode boldly up to the door and knocked for admittance. Came a fat little man in answer to his summons and opened. They entered incontinently, forgetting that they lacked the wherewithal to pay for their entertainment. In guttural German mine host reminded them of this oversight; but, as they were ignorant of the language, he expended his breath in vain. Observing this, he waxed vociferous and resorted to vigorous pantomime, which quickly brought them to a realization of their position.

"He wants money," whispered Walter in alarm. "We have none. What shall we do?"

"Remain where we are," answered Luke.

"But he will not permit it. See, he is preparing to put us to the door!"

Which was indeed the truth; for the mercenary publican, observing that he had to deal with pilgrims from whom nothing could be gained, had snatched a club from a corner, and was now advancing toward them, brandishing it aloft and threatening them with strange and unintelligible oaths.

"Come," said Master Grislet, edging toward the door, "let us go hence!"

"What, to feed the wolves?" cried Luke, squaring his elbows and glaring defiantly at the angry German. "Nay, old man! we'll not stir from this house until morning."

At this crisis a voice called out in hearty English:

"Am I deceived? or is it my good friend, Grislet, that I see?"

And the next instant a man, attired in the garb of a merchant, came forward

and seized the old draper's hand in a cordial grip. He proved to be a London goldsmith—whom Master Grislet had known for years—traveling abroad on affairs of business. The meeting was most fortunate; for, on learning of the predicament of the pilgrims, he settled for their lodging with the irate host, and invited them to share his supper.

While eating, Walter furtively examined the interior of the tavern; but was not greatly edified by the scrutiny. It was a large square room, with a very low ceiling, and no opening in the walls save one window and the door. In the middle stood a huge clay oven, circular in form, and terminating in a funnel-shaped chimney at the roof. The furniture consisted of several rough board benches and a few stools—nothing more. A cowshed would have appeared as comfortable.

The guests were mostly rustics—uncouth, hairy creatures, clad in goat-skins. They squatted round the oven, heating and cooking the food they had brought with them in their wallets—for in this primitive hostelry no meals were provided—and then munching it in huge mouthfuls, like famished wolves. To the convent-nurtured youth they presented a disgusting spectacle.

There were two, however, who could hardly be classed with these barbarians. In a remote corner of the apartment, as far removed as possible from the fumes and stenches of the central furnace, sat an old blind man and a young maid who seemed to be his daughter. They were conversing in low, earnest undertones, and, at intervals, the girl would cast a frightened glance toward the rustics and shudder.

Walter took a strange interest in watching them.

He observed that they were habited as pilgrims, and this set him to wondering whether they had paid for their lodging, or were being entertained gratis by their grasping host. If the former were the case, it argued that they had money, and, therefore, were not honest pilgrims;

if the latter, it must have been their pathetic plight that had softened the hard heart of the publican.

The appearance of the old blind man was patriarchal. His head was shaped like a dome. On top it was bald, but below the crown grew long silvery locks that fell to his shoulders. His countenance was noble; for it bore the traces of past suffering dominated by the calm serenity of a soul superior to pain. A long, snow-white beard, falling over his breast, rendered this expression venerable.

His companion could not have been more than eighteen years of age. She was not what the world would call beautiful; for her features were wanting in regularity, and her cheeks lacked color. But there was an indefinable charm in her expression that was better than mere physical beauty. There was a sweetness in her look, an emanation from within which may be called the beauty of goodness. Her face was a transparency through which the angel could be seen.

Supper over, two hinds entered with bundles of straw and proceeded to lay them in a circle round the oven. These were to serve the company as beds. Then mine host went from one to another with a huge earthen tankard as big as a tub, and, after each guest had drunk his fill of beer therefrom, signified that it was time to retire by extinguishing the lights.

Soon all were asleep, lying side by side upon the straw without distinction of rank, and snoring in a dozen different keys.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### ROBBERS.

As Walter slept he dreamed.

He was again a child, hurrying over a rugged path with his father toward a great stone monastery on one of the mountains of Wales. It was evening, and a holy calm brooded over the world. What a contrast to the haste and agitation of their flight!

With rapid steps, breathless, disheveled, and pallid in spite of his exertions, his father mounted the steep trail, bearing him in his arms, and never pausing until he reached the monastery gate. They were admitted, and he was left alone in a waiting room, while his father departed to hold a conference with his friend, the abbot. When he returned his cheeks were wet with tears. He stooped and raised his little son in his arms, strained him to his bosom, kissed him, and then, giving him into the keeping of a monk who stood near by, went away to return no more. His dream changed.

He was now a man, and, in the company of a thousand pilgrims, was approaching the Eternal City. Was the hope of his heart to be accomplished? Would his devotion and faith be rewarded by the restoration of his beloved father? Soon the walls of Rome appeared in view and, towering above them, the grim battlements of Sant' Angelo's castle and the gilded dome of St. Peter's. And, as he quickened his footsteps and, outstripping his fellow-pilgrims, hastened towards them, he observed a venerable wayfarer approaching from the city with his eyes bent upon the ground. Presently the old man raised his face and he recognized his father.

Crash !

The castle, the basilica, the walls of Rome fell to the ground with a deafening roar, and, in the dust arising from their ashes, his father disappeared.

He awoke from his dream with a start.

The next instant he sprang to his feet in alarm; for the tavern was filled with armed ruffians. By the light of the torches they carried he could see that they had effected an entrance by demolishing the door, and were now relieving the guests of their valuables.

The tumult that followed was indescribable. As the bandits gathered booty, their terrified victims prayed, screamed, implored. Some endeavored to defend their possessions, but were

quickly overpowered: others tried to escape by the door, but were driven back with blows. The poorest rustic among them was ruthlessly plundered. And yet their despoilers were by no means needy rogues. They wore cuirasses over gaudy liveries and had a sleek appearance. Their chief, who stood apart directing them, was distinguished by a plumed and jeweled bonnet, and his puffy, florid face bespoke high living.

When the thieves approached Walter his first impulse was to resist them; but, realizing that he had nothing to defend, he let them have their way. Luke also quietly submitted to the outrage, probably for the same reason; while Master Grislet and the goldsmith allowed their garments to be rifled without a murmur.

The bandits were about to retire when the eyes of their chief happened to rest upon the young girl who was crouching close to the side of the old blind man. He surveyed her a moment admiringly, and muttered a few words in German. Then he motioned to his followers, and, before Walter could realize what was happening, they sprang forward, tore her rudely away from the old man's side and bore her shrieking from the tavern. Their companions followed close on their heels with the torches, leaving the apartment once more in gloom.

Then Walter awoke to action. Regardless of the odds against him, he seized his staff and rushed forth to the maiden's rescue; but he was too late. When he reached the outside of the tavern the bandits were in full flight. He could hear the hoof beats of their horses and see the red glare of their torches as they galloped off into the dark recesses of the forest. And there smote upon his ears a succession of heartrending cries—"Help! Help! Help!"—and growing fainter and fainter with each repetition until they died away in the distance.

With a feeling of utter helplessness he re-entered the door of the hostelry. The room was now lighted by candles and

presented a scene of the greatest disorder. Groups of terrified rustics were standing and squatting round the oven; some bitterly bewailing their losses; others clamoring for vengeance on the thieves. Mine host was drowning his sorrow in copious libations of beer.

Walter heeded them not. Their losses might be easily retrieved. But the poor old blind man whose daughter had been kidnapped—his was an irreparable loss. So, with a heart overflowing with sympathy, he hastened to offer him consolation. But, alas! he was beyond the need of consolation. For he was lying senseless in the arms of Master Grislet, with Luke and the goldsmith kneeling beside them.

"Is he dead?" asked Walter as he drew near.

"No," answered the draper, "he has but fainted."

At that instant the blind man heaved a sigh and murmured a name—"Mary."

"He calls on God's blessed Mother," whispered Luke.

And at that they devoutly bowed their heads and recited an "Ave" in concert.

Again the sufferer sighed and again he murmured "Mary"—then after a pause and in tones inexpressibly pathetic—"Alas, she does not hear me! They have robbed me of my only treasure." And two great tears welled out of his sightless orbs.

A mist obscured Walter's vision, but the eyes of Luke flashed fire.

"Take heart, old man!" he exclaimed in tremulous tones. "Since thy lass has been taken from thee, I'll lead thee to Rome myself—ay, or to the Holy Land if thy pilgrimage extends that far."

Suddenly the blind man arose to his feet and began groping his way toward the door, muttering, "I will go forth and bring her back. Yes, I will rescue my Mary from those ruffians. God will lead me to where they have taken my innocent child." Then realizing his utter

helplessness, he cried out in tones of despair, "Alas! I am blind! blind! blind!"

His anguish aroused the spirit of knight-errantry in Walter's ardent nature.

"Do not grieve so, father," he said, laying his hand on the old man's shoulder; "for I will go forth at dawn and bring the maiden back to thee. That is if it be the will of God," he added; "if not, I can but perish in the adventure."

The blind man turned to him in amazement.

"Who speaks so bravely?" he asked.

"A poor pilgrim like thyself," said Walter; "yet one who puts his trust in God."

It was in vain that his companions endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose. He remained obdurately deaf to their entreaties. So, finding him bent on the enterprise, Luke volunteered to accompany him.

Accordingly, at sunrise on the following morning, they conducted the three old men to the little priory to place them in a safe retreat before starting on their hopeless quest. And it was fortunate that they did so. For, on reaching their destination and telling their story to the monks, the latter gave them definite information concerning the robbers.

They said the outrage must have been perpetrated by a lawless baron of the neighborhood, who made a practice of plundering travelers as they passed through his domain. And when Walter asked them where he lived, they pointed toward the east and replied, "In a great stone castle overhanging the Rhine."

At this Luke was for abandoning the enterprise; but Walter never wavered.

"Castles may stand against force," he said, "yet fall to strategy."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### A MISSION OF KNIGHT ERRANDY.

Among the heroic ballads which David the minstrel had chanted in the

banqueting halls of Wales in the by-gone times, was one that recounted the deeds of a Christian knight who went about the world redressing the wrongs of the defenceless, and delivering oppressed innocence. This God-fearing champion invariably preluded his brave acts with prayer. The ballad had produced a profound impression upon the mind of little Walter, and, now that he had grown to man's estate, he had taken its hero as his model.

Before starting on his present adventure, therefore, he visited the chapel of the priory and passed some time in earnest prayer before the altar. Then he arose from his knees, refreshed and strengthened in spirit, and, in company with Luke, set out for the robber baron's castle. Clad in the peaceful habits of pilgrims, and with no weapons save their staffs, they ventured forth against a massive feudal stronghold; and, if there was a doubt in the mind of Luke as to the outcome of the excursion, in Walter's there was sublime confidence in its success. The cause they were engaged in was a just one; therefore it could not fail. Such was the simple process of his reasoning.

They entered the gloomy forest, their faces toward the east, and pushed on as rapidly as the rough way would permit them. At noon they stopped for rest and refreshment on the mossy banks of a brook, and then resumed their journey with renewed vigor. It was late in the afternoon when they finally emerged from the woods and came within view of the Rhine, which glistened in the sun below them, dotted here and there with sails. On a promontory to their right stood a castle. Its battlements and keep were etched darkly against the sky, and presented a most formidable appearance. At sight of them Luke shook his head doubtfully; but Walter only smiled.

"Look!" he cried eagerly, "yonder stands the prison of the maid we seek. Let us to it."

A short time afterwards they were

knocking at the gate. The porter responded quickly to their summons, and, seeing by their garb that they were pilgrims, let them pass through. Inside they were met by a groom who conducted them into the presence of the chamberlain, and when that worthy had examined their passports and learned thereby that they were from England, they were treated with great kindness and consideration. In a chamber hung with arras and strewn with rushes, wine and cakes were set before them and they were invited to fall to. And, when it was discovered that they understood French—Walter having studied the language while in the monastery, and Luke having picked it up while campaigning in Flanders—the baron's retainers were only too willing to converse with them.

It was apparent that, if these men were robbers when abroad, in their stronghold they had not forgotten to be hospitable.

The chamberlain informed them that the baron had gone abroad that morning to hunt the wild boar, and begged them to tarry until his return.

"Toward pilgrims," said he, "my lord is ever well disposed, and would feel aggrieved if ye should depart hence until to-morrow."

This invitation falling in with their designs, they accepted it.

"Comrade," said Luke, when they were left alone for a time, "now that we are within the castle, what are your plans?"

"My plans?" asked Walter.

"Aye, how do you propose escaping with the maiden?"

"God will arrange for that," said Walter confidently. And Luke was silenced.

Shortly after sundown the baron returned from the chase accompanied by a dozen retainers and full a score of hounds. All in the castle gathered at the gate to greet them. Their approach to the drawbridge was in the nature of a triumph.

A herald led the way blowing shrill blasts upon a horn. He was followed by four varlets, staggering under the weight of a huge wild boar depending from a stout pole that rested upon their shoulders. Next came two for-esters, clad in green, and armed with long raw-hide whips to keep the savage dogs that leaped and yelped about them in submission. Lastly the baron, astride a prancing horse, and surrounded by his huntsmen on foot. All were arrayed in dark green jerkins, and carried long boar spears over their shoulders. His lordship was in liquor and boisterous.

No sooner had this cavalcade reached the castle courtyard than the chamberlain began issuing orders to the varlets, who hurried hither and thither to obey them. Some brought from the cellar casks of beer and flagons of wine; some hurried to the kitchen with huge pots, pans and platters; while others bore to the banqueting hall bundles of clean rushes. In the confusion the two pilgrims were forgotten.

"Luke," said Walter, taking advantage of this circumstance, "it is apparent that God is working for us."

"How so, lad?"

"There will be a wild revel in the castle to-night, if signs count for aught."

"Well, and what then?"

"I have been told that these Germans ne'er leave off wassailing until the bowl drops from their hands."

"True."

"Drunkards sleep deep. Whilst they lie stupefied with wine we can act."

At a late hour the two pilgrims were sitting together in a chamber of the castle, anxiously waiting for the revel to begin.

"Comrade," said Luke, glancing furtively at Walter, "think you we'll be summoned to the feast?"

"'Tis likely," was the answer; "but we must not attend it."

Luke sighed regretfully.

"True," he said; "yet what excuses can we urge?"

"We have a sufficient one in being pilgrims," answered Walter. "We are bound on a pious journey, and it would ill become us to feast and riot on the way. Fasting and prayer are more in keeping with our vows."

"But the baron may insist," said Luke hopefully.

"Then we must oppose his insistence with firmness. First because it is our duty as pilgrims; secondly because we have a sacred mission to perform."

Entered a servitor to inform them that the baron was awaiting their coming in the banquet hall. The message was in the nature of a summons and left them no alternative but to obey. So they arose from their seats and followed the varlet thither.

When they reached the great hall they found that everything was in readiness for the revel. Imagine an apartment as large as a chapel, with high, arched ceiling and Gothic windows the walls hung with arras, the floor strewn with rushes; in the middle a long wooden table piled high with smoking viands and illumined by a hundred candles; at one end a second table, running crosswise and elevated above the other on a platform; standing around the lower table an eager crowd of soldiers and retainers; seated in state at the higher his lordship attended by his seneschal, chamberlain and other officers of his petty court; casks of beer and flagons of Rhenish resting in wooden racks against the walls; and, in a little balcony above, the musicians, with pipe, tabor, psaltery, bassoon and other rude instruments of minstrelsy.

Having but recently awakened from a long slumber, the baron was comparatively sober, and, on seeing the pilgrims enter, gave orders that they should be immediately conducted to the platform.

"Welcome, gentle pilgrims!" he cried as they advanced and bowed low before him. "I have reserved seats for you at my table in order to pay you the honor you deserve. So sit ye down and make merry with us until morning."



His French was execrable, but Walter understood him. Here is a man, he mused, who, despite his evil life, has evidently a wholesome respect for the things appertaining to religion. So he did not hesitate to decline the invitation.

"We thank your lordship," he said courteously, "for condescending to honor us so highly, but we are bound by the vows of our pilgrimage to fasting and prayer. Therefore you will not think it churlish of us if we beg leave not to feast with you this night."

At this Luke, who had been furtively eyeing the tables, groaned.

That Walter had judged the man's nature correctly was proved by the answer he received.

"Far be it from me," said the baron, "to tempt honest pilgrims to sin. I'm wicked enow as it. Faith, I'll strip a man's body with the Devil himself, but never his soul"—at which questionable pleasantry he laughed immoderately.

So, after a brief colloquy with his lordship, the two pilgrims were permitted to retire.

About three o'clock in the morning, when the revel was at its height, and every man of the baron's household was helplessly drunk, Walter arose from the table at which he had been sitting with Luke, and, bidding the latter follow him, started out to explore the castle. He had previously made a careful examination of the exterior of the different buildings, and was convinced that the maiden was imprisoned in the keep. Therefore it was to this massive tower that he led the way.

On reaching the entrance they observed that a light was burning in the gatehouse. It was apparent that over this part of the stronghold a vigilant watch was being kept. And yet it was necessary to gain access to it in order to go on with their project. What was to be done?

In this dilemma Luke conceived a stratagem. Approaching the wicket

boldly he called through it loudly in French:

"Comrade!"

Receiving no reply he called again:

"Are you there, comrade? If so draw near; for I would speak with you."

This time the shutter of the wicket was slowly drawn back and a face appeared at the lattice, peering out into the courtyard. The two pilgrims drew back quickly into the shadows.

"Who calls?" inquired a sleepy voice.

"Hermann," answered Luke, giving the name of one of the Baron's soldiers.

The gatekeeper pressed his face closer to the lattice and said:

"Well, Hermann, what brings you here?"

"I have brought you food and a flask of Rhenish from the revel," said the wily Luke. "Pray open!"

As he had anticipated the gatekeeper was not proof against temptation in such a form, but cautiously opened the gate on a crack and thrust forth a hand. Instead of receiving the promised refreshment, however, he was seized in a vise-like grip, and pulled violently out through the opening into the courtyard. The next instant he was lying on his back, crushed, struggling, gasping, with a knee of marble on his chest.

Having gagged and bound the gatekeeper, the pilgrims carried him into the keep and laid him upon the floor of the gatehouse. Then they proceeded on into the tower. They groped their way to the stairs and began ascending in the darkness, not daring to strike a light for fear of the attention it might attract. Cautiously, stealthily, they climbed the winding steps until they came to a landing where there was a window opening upon the courtyard. There they paused to rest.

Sounds of drunken revelry arose from a neighboring building; but within the gloomy tower all was silent. Could it be possible that it was entirely deserted? Encouraged by this hope they continued on their way, mounting higher and

higher into the region of darkness and mystery. They passed a second landing, and a third, but on the fourth they again paused to rest.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a moan.

Luke's knees smote together and you could have heard the teeth chatter in his head.

"May the saints protect us!" he gasped, "what was that?"

"Listen!" whispered Walter eagerly.

A period of harrowing suspense followed. Then the moan was heard again, this time so loud that it awoke the echoes in the silent tower.

"It is the voice of the maiden," said Walter. "It comes from above. Courage, comrade, and follow me!"

And they started once more to climb the winding stairs. But, as they were about to emerge upon the fifth landing, they came to a sudden halt; for a flickering light could be descried in the gloom above them.

"What does it mean?" whispered Luke.

"That they have stationed a guard at the damsel's door," answered Walter.

"Then what shall we do?"

"Trust in God."

And, invoking the aid of the Blessed Virgin, Walter resumed his ascent to the landing.

Did he expect a miracle to be wrought for him? No; but he had an unfaltering trust in his Saviour; and who can doubt that his faith was rewarded because what happened was in the course of nature? More prayers are answered in a natural way than we wot of.

A lamp was burning on the landing, and its rays fell upon the figure of a sentinel asleep at his post.

Beckoning Luke to his assistance, Walter crept stealthily toward the unconscious man, and the two, falling upon him suddenly, rendered him mute and powerless ere he had time to realize what had happened. Nearby was an iron-bound door, which they tried to

open; but it stubbornly resisted their efforts.

"It is locked," grumbled Luke. "We are foiled."

"Nay," said Walter, "the key's not far off."

And, returning to their prisoner, he knelt down and began searching his pockets. He soon found a key. Going back to the door, he tried it on the lock. It responded and the door yielded to his pressure.

Walter did not enter the chamber beyond it at once; but paused on the threshold and looked in. By the light of a candle that stood on a table, he descried the fair pilgrim kneeling at a window, her hands clasped and her elbows resting upon the sill, absorbed in prayer. At intervals her supplications were accompanied by a despairing moan. Was she praying for deliverance from her prison?

He tapped gently on the wall with his fingers to attract her attention. She did not hear. He tapped again, this time with greater force. The girl started to her feet and turned quickly toward him with an expression of terror on her pallid face.

"Jesu! Mary! Protect me!" she cried out in English, and, covering her face with her hands, shrank back trembling to the wall.

"Have no fear, gentle maid," said Walter. "We have not come here to harm you. Look! We are pilgrims whom God has sent to your aid."

Then he implored her to be brave, so that she might help them in effecting her rescue; and, reassured by his words, she regained her composure.

"Since you have come here to save me," she said, "I will do what I can to assist you. Only tell me how are we to escape from this place?"

They were silent.

"What, have you no plan?" she asked anxiously. Then, as they did not reply, she continued: "I see you have none. So listen! Last night when I

was brought here by the robbers, they did not enter the castle by way of the drawbridge, but through a postern in the wall near the keep. This gate does not open upon the moat, but on the cliffs facing the Rhine. There is a narrow bridle path leading down them to the river, and thence by a detour to the forest west of us. If we would find a means of passing through that postern, it is possible that we might reach a place of safety."

When she had finished, Luke turned doubtfully to Walter.

"What say you, comrade?" he inquired.

"That we must make the attempt," answered Walter. "Come, we have no time to spare."

So they descended the steep stairs of the keep, passed out into the courtyard, and, under the guidance of the damsel, approached the gate she had described. A sentinel was lying against it, senseless with drink. The two men lifted him from his position and deposited him sprawling upon the ground. Then they removed the bars from the gate, opened it and passed out with the girl.

At the same instant they were startled by shouts of alarm, and, looking behind them, saw that the gatekeeper had broken loose from his bonds and was running across the courtyard toward the banquet hall to warn the baron of their escape.

*(To be continued.)*

## CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN CHINA.

REGARDING the recent trouble in China, the daily press has given utterance to certain mysterious hints intimating that the Catholic missionaries are, as usual, criminally implicated. The daily press, it may be remarked, is very much at sea on this particular topic, and attacks on the truth know no more congenial atmosphere than ignorance. One of the points alleged as a grievance is the political ascendancy lately accorded Catholic bishops and priests by decree of the Emperor. The decree follows in full:

The Imperial Government having for a long time authorized the propagation of the Catholic religion, and Catholic churches having, in consequence, been established in all the provinces of China, we are desirous to see our people and Christians live in harmony; to insure a readier protection, it has been agreed that the local authorities shall exchange visits with missionaries according to the conditions specified in the following articles:

1st. In the ecclesiastical hierarchy, bishops shall be entitled to the same rank and dignity as viceroys and governors, and shall be privileged to interview viceroys and governors.

In case a bishop is called away or dies, the

priest in charge shall be privileged to interview the viceroy and governor.

Vicars general and archpriests shall be privileged to interview provincial treasurers and judges as well as intendants.

Other priests shall be privileged to interview prefects of the first and second class; prefects independent, sub-prefects and other functionaries. Viceroys, governors, provincial treasurers and judges, intendants, prefects of the first and second class, prefects independent, sub-prefects and others shall, of course, return courtesies, each according to his rank.

2d. Bishops shall make a list of the priests appointed to take charge of affairs and interview the authorities, giving their names and locations of their missions. This list shall be sent to the viceroy or governor, who will direct under officials to receive them conformably to this regulation.

(Priests requesting an interview with the local authorities, or those specially appointed to take charge of affairs, should be European. If, however, a European priest be not conversant with the Chinese language, he may be accompanied by a Chinese priest acting as interpreter.)

3d. It would be useless for bishops living away from cities to visit the provincial capital for the purpose of being received by the viceroy or the governor, if they have no business on hand.

At the installation of a new viceroy or governor, upon the arrival of a new bishop, or upon any occasion of ceremony, as New Year's Day and the principal feasts, bishops shall be privileged to

write private letters to the viceroys and governors, at the same time, enclosing their cards. Viceroys and governors shall return the courtesy.

Before leaving or upon arrival, other priests shall, provided they have a letter from their bishop, be privileged to interview provincial treasurers and judges, intendants, prefects of the first and second class, prefects independent, sub-prefects and other functionaries, according to their ecclesiastical rank.

4th. If any grave or important matter concerning a mission in any province should arise, the bishop and missionaries in office shall appeal to the minister or the members of the council which the Pope has appointed as a religious protectorate. The latter shall have the right of deciding, together with Tsung-li-Yamen or the local authorities. To avoid complications, both bishops and missionaries may appeal directly to the local authorities, with whom final negotiations may be effected.

If a mandarin is consulted on an official question by either a bishop or a missionary, he must give the matter immediate and polite attention, and institute an investigation.

5th. As occasions arise, the local authorities shall counsel the people, exhorting them to unite with the Christians; they shall never encourage hatred or countenance dissension.

Bishops and priests shall likewise exhort all Christians to strive earnestly toward maintaining the good repute of the Catholic religion, so that the people may be content and appreciative.

In any suit between the people and the Christians, the local authorities shall judge and rule with equity; that the people and the Christians may live in peace, missionaries shall neither interfere nor give their protection with partiality.

Clearly the purpose of the decree is to give the Catholic missionaries an official standing, enabling them to deal *privately* with viceroys and mandarins in local questions touching religious matters. This privilege was formerly denied them, all representations having to be made through the consuls or ministers of the different foreign governments. The old rule still holds in matters of graver moment. On the part of the Chinese Emperor the decree is more a proof of political wisdom than of tolerance; for consequences are usually more serious when redress is sought through the Powers than when disputes are settled privately between local authorities and the missionaries. Thanks, no doubt, to the activity of the French

government, Catholics alone enjoy this ample prerogative. And yet the circumstance is no warrant for the assertion that Catholic missionaries have abused their vested rights and interfered with the due course of law. The distinction, however, may, as a fresh concession to foreigners, have awakened new animosity in native fanatics. We have it on reliable authority that the so-called "Boxers" are only one of the aggressive elements that go to make up a species of Free-Masonry and Mafia, bound to flourish in any society like that of China, where sharp competition pushes the illiterate rather than the learned into official position. The examinations to which applicants for office are subjected are stupid, turning as they do on the worn-out and antiquated theories of the Celestials, whatever common sense they contain being darkened by a thick cloud of superstitions, founded on argumentation that would do small credit to a child. This explains the hatred entertained by these omniscient fanatics, made peevish by repeated setbacks, against the devils from the West, who threaten to upset all the fine calculations of Chinese philosophy. Their national spirit, intensely Oriental, is admirably suited to a country where the men imagine that the spikes driven into railroad ties actually hurt the sleeping genii of the place, and where sky scrapers are interdicted because, forsooth, they would seriously interfere with the easy flight of lucky dragons. These watchdogs of China are ever on guard against the introduction of devilish innovations from the West. Perhaps their passion for retrograde movement is not quite taken in by the common people, but one thing horse-dealers, boatmen and drivers know, is that railways run counter to their adopted professions. And so they are hand in glove with the Boxers in their work of destruction. The mandarins in secret lend them favor. They depend on these Boxers for their bread and butter. They count on dampening the ardor of Europeans by just a little of

murder and pillage. They are gunning for popularity with catchy phrases like "the devils from the West," for weapons. And the Mand-chou dynasty, already tottering towards the grave, stretches out for a new lease of life by stirring up the passions of the people.

That this present outbreak of hostilities cannot with any show of justice be attributed to the Imperial decree of March, 1897, is further evident from the significant fact that the Catholics are in some respects suffering less now than they suffered during the two preceding years, and are no longer singled out for special attack and singular demonstrations of fury. Now, however, that the Protestant missions are meeting with ill-treatment, whilst the Chinese government is in open sympathy with organized bands of robbers, the Powers are at last inaugurating steps to take concerted action. In spite of Imperial decrees the local mandarins have all along remained inactive, whilst hundreds of Catholic villages, chapels and institutions were burned to the ground or looted, the native Catholics being made prisoners, and in some instances put to death after horrible torture. In October, 1898, Father Chanés was martyred in the Province of Kwang-tong; on December 11, of the same year, Father Victorin, a Franciscan, was cruelly put to death in the Vicariate-Apostolic of Southern Hon-Pé, and in 1897 two German missionaries, Father Nies and Father Heule, were killed by the sect of the Great Dagger at the Mission of Tchang-tja-kia-tchouang. To these victims of religious hatred were added hundreds of native Catholics. Despairing of any help from the Chinese authorities, the missionaries counselled their people to seek refuge in the larger centres of population. Availing themselves further of their undeniable rights, they armed and drilled their communities and put them in an altogether efficient state of self-defense against marauding bands of robbers of like complexion with the

Boxers. In this connection it is worth noting that the Catholic missionaries invariably speak of their persecutors as robbers, bandits, members of secret societies such as the *Great Knife*, the *Great Dagger*, and never employ the term *Boxers*, now in general use. These knights of the highway form indeed a sort of C. P. A., near akin to our A. P. A. in all but their flagrant dishonesty.

"China for the Chinese," is no far remove from the familiar old scream, dwindled already to a feeble echo from the historic past, "America for Americans." On the standards of the Boxers, and on their very clothing this motto is conspicuous, "Save the Kingdom, down with religion." During all their manifold trials the Catholics have clung loyally to their faith, increasing even in numbers. To take only the Provinces of Kiang-nan and Pe-chi-li, entrusted to the Jesuits, Kiang-nan has 156 priests, 1230 catechists, 726 communities, 115,175 Catholics and 34,481 Catechumens. The Mission supports 390 schools for boys, 449 schools for girls, numbering 11,262 and 5,309 pupils respectively. It moreover boasts a large and small seminary, several colleges for the higher education of youth, and a considerable number of hospitals, orphan-asylums and dispensaries. The missionaries likewise manage a magnetic and meteorological observatory and publish a semi-weekly Chinese journal, along with a Messenger of the Sacred Heart in Chinese.

In Pe-chi-li, near the scene of the present disturbance, there are 57 Jesuit priests, 688 catechists, 668 Catholic communities and a Catholic population of about 50,000. There are, besides, 637 chapels and churches in the Mission, with 212 schools for boys and 189 for girls, having a total attendance of 4,974 children. Other Missions in China are in charge of the Franciscans, Dominicans, Lazarists, Augustinians and priests from the Seminaries for Foreign Missions, established in Paris, Belgium, Germany and Holland.



## PEACE AMONG NATIONS.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR AUGUST, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

THERE is but one ground of hope for peace among nations, and that is the Church. Every other has been tried and found wanting. The nations have been armed to terrify one another into professions of mutual regard. Hosts of men are deployed on land, and fleets of ships go sailing over the seas with the motive of maintaining peace by inspiring possible aggressors with salutary fear. The flower of the manhood of nations is imprisoned in barracks and camps. The home must lose its most active support, the country must sacrifice its highest development, the conscripts themselves must submit to the demoralizing influences of an involuntary military career at an age when their energies are most active and their opportunities most favorable. Worse still, the States which thus wilfully paralyze the powers of their most active citizens, must support their vast armies and navies by taxing beyond endurance the patient producers and toilers at home whom they have already demoralized by an experience of army life, and deprived of the help of those who are actually enlisted.

The preservation of peace by the maintenance of vast standing armies is so costly and burdensome that the Powers would gladly seek peace on any other terms. The alacrity with which they responded to the call of the Czar of

Russia to take part in a disarmament conference is still fresh in the memory of all. Twenty-six nations sent their deputies to the Hague, each with his diplomatic, legal and military advisors, and there they spent two months and a half deliberating about everything but disarmament. By a singular mischance they were called a peace conference, though in reality they conferred chiefly about the regulation of warfare. Copious resolutions were framed about mediation, courts of inquiry into the causes of war, commissions for arbitration, the laws of war and maritime warfare; but none of them were signed by all the States in convention, fully one-third of them withholding their signatures from all. One State, a leading Power, was at war while taking part in the conference another was to be plunged into war two months later, most of them were actually taking measures to increase their armies and navies, instead of disarming either branch of the service, and now nearly all the great Powers of the earth are in something like a state of war in China.

In view of this sad state of things, is there any use in praying for peace when there is no peace? Can we sincerely invoke our God, who is not a God of strife, but of peace, if we are not resolved on seeking the things which make for peace, for justice and for truth? Has the last great effort of the nations for universal

peace proved a failure? Or what hope is there of making the masses of mankind appreciate and pray for the benefits and need of peace when their leaders seem to have lost the opportunities which this Conference afforded for establishing it?

There is every use in praying for peace. The very frequency, and, what is in some measure, universality of war, dispose us to estimate it properly, and to recognize that injustice and falsehood are the causes of it. We need not fear to ask God for peace; since He has wrought all our works for us, He will surely bestow the peace which enables us to enjoy the benefit of all He has done for us. The Peace Conference, so called, was not a failure. The heads of some of the nations represented there may not have been sincere, and they may have allowed selfish interests to rule the decisions of their delegates, but there is no reason for doubting that the Conference was conceived and convened with the best of motives, that the majority of its delegates were actuated with the belief and hope that much could be done to lessen the chances of the horrors of war, to break down the barriers of national isolation, prejudice and hatred, which dispose the masses to approve of war, to prepare the way for future conferences which would gradually form and influence public opinion to the view that universal peace is possible and desirable, that war is always execrable and easier to avoid than to declare. It may be that, in these days of democracy, this is precisely what is needed, the international public opinion that will finally compel the academic delegate, and the legal and military expert to attend such conferences more with the purpose to advocate peace, and the justice which is ever a condition of peace, than to frame measures for commissions which will favor the designs of certain Powers, and determine to a nicety how far it may be permitted belligerents to use dum-dum bullets, suffocating gases, or hurl deadly missiles from balloons.

The Peace Conference was not a

failure. Even had it not effected any positive results for peace among the nations, it gave a signal proof to the world that there is but one ground of hope for peace, and that is the Church. We cannot say that the efforts of the nations for peace have failed until they shall have tried every means at their disposal. Although they seem to have exhausted all their resources in the famous conference at the Hague, there is still one which, owing to the action of one of them at least, was positively excluded. Our readers are familiar with the story. The Pope of Rome should have been at that Conference. He was invited to it by the one who first summoned the nations to it. It is now believed that he was the first to suggest it to the Czar. He was the first to give the project his warm recommendation, and even when, at the instance of the Italian Government, his delegate was excluded from its sessions, he did not fail to give it his moral support. His address to the Consistory, April 11, 1899, and his answer to Queen Wilhelmina requesting a word of encouragement from him are by far the best proof that there is hope of universal peace if we but pray for it in the spirit and on the grounds which he sets forth so lucidly.

“Our thoughts turn readily, my lord Cardinal, to the fact which you mention to us, anticipated by ourselves by desires, and which now comes, as it were, to console the sunset of the century with a benign light. To render more rare and less bloody the terrible play of the sword, and prepare thus the way for a more tranquil social existence, is an undertaking of such a kind as to afford a shining place in the history of civilization to him who had the intelligence and courage to become its initiator. We greeted it from the very outset with that force of will which is suitable in such a case on the part of the person filling the supreme office of promoting and propagating on earth the meek virtues of the Gospel. Nor do we cease to hope that a copious

and general effect may be given to the lofty undertaking. And may Heaven grant that this first step may lead to an effort at composing differences between nations by means of purely moral and persuasive forces.

“What could the Church desire or long for more warmly—she, the mother of the nations, the natural enemy of violence and bloodshed, and who seems not satisfied with the celebration of her holy rites unless she offers prayers for warding off the scourge of war? The spirit of the Church is a spirit of humanity, of sweetness, of concord, of universal charity; and her mission, like that of Christ, is peaceful and peace-making by its very nature, since it has for its object the reconciliation of man with God. Hence the efficacy of the religious power to effect true peace between men, and not only in the domain of conscience, as it does each day, but also in the public and social orders, in proportion, however, to the liberty accorded to it for making itself felt in action. This action, whenever directly displayed in the great affairs of the world, was inevitably productive of some public good. It is sufficient to recall how often it fell to the Roman pastors to put an end to oppression, to remove the necessity of wars, to obtain truces, agreements and treaties of peace. What moved them was the consciousness of a most lofty mission and the impulse of a spiritual paternity which makes and saves brothers. It would be ill for the civilization of peoples if the papal authority had not intervened at times to check the inhuman instincts of power and conquest, vindicating the abstract and concrete right of reason over force. Let the indissolubly joined names of Alexander III. and Legnano, of the holy Glislieri (Pius V.), and Lepanto speak! Such is the essential bearing of the religious power. Opposition and hindrance may impede its effects here and there, but as for itself, it lives immutable and indefectible. So that, be the fortune of the time whatever it may, the Church of God will serenely

follow its course, ever doing good. Its aim is heaven, but its action embraces heaven and earth, because all things were made one in Christ, both those which are in heaven and those which are in earth. It would, therefore, be an idle delusion to expect full and lasting prosperity from mere humanism; just as it would be retrogression and ruin to attempt to withdraw civilized culture from the inspiration of Christianity, which gave it life and form, and which only can preserve it in solidity of being and abundance of fruits.”

The letter to Queen Wilhelmina, which, by the way, was the last and most impressive word to the Conference from which the Pope's delegate had been excluded, was as follows:

“We cannot but receive with satisfaction the letter in which your Majesty, notifying us of the meeting of the Peace Conference in the capital of your kingdom, has kindly solicited for that assembly our moral support. We hasten to express our warm sympathy both with the August Initiator of the Conference and with your Majesty, who has extended to that Conference an honorable hospitality, as well as with the object eminently moral and beneficent to which are directed the labors that have already been commenced. We hold that it lies especially within our sphere not only to give to such an enterprise moral support, but also effective co-operation, for the object in view is extremely noble in its nature and intimately connected with our august ministry, which through the Divine Founder of the Church and in virtue of traditions many centuries old is vested with a high calling as Mediator of Peace. Indeed, the authority of the Supreme Pontificate extends beyond the frontiers of nations; it embraces all peoples, that they may be confederated in the true peace of the gospel. Its action for the promotion of the general welfare of mankind rises above individual interests which the heads of different States have in view, and better than any other it knows how to incline to concord so many peoples of



diverse genius. History, in its turn, bears witness to all that has been done by our predecessors to soften by their influence the laws of war unhappily inevitable, to stay sanguinary combat, when conflicts arose between princes, to terminate amicably the most acute controversies between nations, to sustain courageously the right of the weak against the pretensions of the strong. To us, too, in spite of the abnormal condition to which we have been reduced for the time, has it been given to put an end to serious differences between illustrious nations, as in the case of Germany and Spain, and even to-day we feel confident that we shall soon be able to establish harmony between two nations of South America which have submitted their dispute to our arbitration. Notwithstanding obstacles which may arise, we shall continue, since the duty is incumbent on us, to carry out this traditional mission,

without seeking any other object than that of the public weal, without knowing any other glory than that of serving the sacred cause of Christian civilization. We beg your Majesty to accept the sentiments of our especial esteem, and the sincere expression of the wishes we cherish for your prosperity and the prosperity of your kingdom."

In these two letters we have the plea for peace among the nations perfectly expressed, and the only means by which they can hope to settle their difference and dwell and work together in harmony for the true welfare of humanity. All other means have been tried and found wanting. This sure one remains, and it is well worth our while praying that the nations all alike, pagan as well as Christian, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, may recognize the influence of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace for restoring peace to the world.

## OUR HONEYMOON.

### III.

#### OUR FIRST MARKETING.

*(Continued.)*

*By D. Gresham.*

THE train leaves early next morning and Lucy comes down to see me off at the little station where we received our first doleful reception. Now all is changed, the officials are my intimate acquaintances, meeting them every day in my feat of catching the New York daily from the train window. Brian appears, Roland is on the scene hoping for a fare, the four nephews, timid, but happy spectators, and there is an excitement and charm in the knowledge that all our friends are out to see me go to market. "Turn in and see Father Paul," Lucy enjoins as the train whistles behind the cliff, "and do look up the 'best man,'" with a smile, "and ask if the Papal Delegate has suspended him." I make all

promises, especially that I must come back soon, and safely.

Arrived at the city and full of my new business, "keeping house," I was striding up the main street when I came face to face with Father Paul. He smiles and says hurriedly, "I will meet you at the house in an hour, I am on the way to a sick call," and he is off! Not killingly cordial, I conclude; I shall not go near him. What is the matter with him, so reserved and abrupt? Rather hurt, I dive in and out of the shops for my different needs and necessities, and end at last with an hour on my hands. Time grows weary, and I decide I will look up the seminarian and tell him what I think of Father Paul's manners. The rectory trees are bend-



ing over the paths, the vines are matted over the piazza, the small lawn is brilliant with flowers, and the whole effect is cool and inviting after the glare and dust of the streets. As I open the gate, who should peep through the vines from the depths of his chair but the ungallant "best man." He looks intently, and, evidently recognizing me, comes cordially along the piazza with outstretched hand to meet me. "Tired of solitude?" with his merry laugh, "and all this morning—mental telegraphy, no doubt—I have been thinking of your supposed enjoyment. It is growing hot and dusty here and I was envying you."

"Do you care for the country?" I say. "Care for it?" with a gasp of longing, "sometimes I fear it is almost necessary to my perfect happiness. Are you really bored down there?" he adds in surprise. "Well, I am bearing it, and to ensure my continuance in that happy state I was dispatched this morning to market." He laughs now most unkindly as he says, "The honeymoon is a non-success then, I see." "I believe you had better come back with me and judge." The idea had just taken possession of me looking at his pale, emaciated face, that life in our valley was the very tonic he needed. I liked his laugh the first time I had heard it and now, after Father Paul's coolness on the street, the seminarian's reception was very gratifying. "How long do you expect to remain here?" I say, feeling my way about the invitation. "I do not know, alas! The doctor denounces study, and all thought of it, and I believe that only makes matters worse. My classes go on while I lie here a-wearying." He tries to make light of the matter, but one can see so easily he is heartsick. I decide I will wait and talk to Father Paul. We are deep in the topics and interests of the hour when his Reverence comes driving quickly up the street. He calls me as he pulls up, and jerks out, "Have you run up for the day, or are you sick of the experiment?"

"Good," he says, when I tell him. "You

will excuse my haste just now, I was on my way with the Blessed Sacrament to a poor fellow who died ten minutes after I had reached him. That was the reason I did not wish to speak an unnecessary word, if possible. Now I have been telephoned to one of the hotels out of town to come at once. Poor things! Sending them here to die. Consumptives will cling to every hope, and I must be the one to tell them there is no hope, and prepare them for the end."

"Do you think Mr. Mansfield," I burst in, fearing his Reverence will vanish from me, like before, on his ubiquitous sick calls, "would come back with me? He looks ill, and the life and people down there would interest him greatly."

"What would your wife say? You know he is really a stranger, but he is a fine fellow, and I know you will both respect as well as like him. He is boarding here, and of course must feel lonely. I can see very little of him, as you can judge by my warmth to you this morning. Take him with you, if you think it will be a pleasure, for I am confident it will be a benefit to him. Mr. Mansfield," calls out Father Paul, and the seminarian runs out to the gate. "Run off and pack your bag, and go down with Mr. Dalrymple; they want a chaplain there. You have little time, the train leaves in a quarter of an hour."

The student has begun his lessons of prompt obedience. He looks at me questioningly.

"Yes," I respond, "I have asked for a chaplain, and you are ordered on duty before you expected."

"You are very kind——" "Yes, we know that," breaks in Father Paul, "you can tell him all that going down in the train. Good-bye," he cries after the retreating figure. "Wait for him here; he is used to packing quickly, and I am so glad you like to have him with you. I do not pet him; he will get over this cold and be a good priest yet. He is a deacon and in his last year at the

Seminary. No one has ever longed more for ordination, and now this cold has thrown him back, I fear. I will tell you his story some day, but I must run now. I may find a day to go down and see how affairs are managed in the new parish. Tell Mrs. Dalrymple, if there is any trouble, she may depend on me in her favor." A wave of the whip, and Father Paul is gone on his errand of woe and hope—and eternal rejoicing for some toil-worn soul.

It does not seem five minutes before we are flying to the station, and only in time to catch our train. Lucy will be waiting us, and I chance a message to prepare her for a surprise. "The best man has been appointed your chaplain; he enters on his duties this afternoon." They promised to send the telegram at once. I hope they may—promises are made to be kept two days late in the mountains. The Deacon enters into the new order of things with deep satisfaction, and is as light-hearted as a schoolboy. The country air blows through the windows, he sniffs the breezes from the river, and his eyes are riveted on the islands, boulders, and background beyond as the train tears across the mountains. Only once he looks at me and says very earnestly, "You cannot know what all this means to me. I wish I could thank you enough," and he gazes out again in the merry waters that will do nothing but play and look bewitching.

This famous mountain beauty will never be useful, it was made to attract, to be loved, never to be commonplace and prosy, factory lined or harnessed. It is typical of the beautiful dreamy life of this land of the sky. We say little during the hour's run, the chaplain is absorbed in the passing scenes, I in the day's paper. When we arrive, there is a small crowd gathered to see us step off. My marketing results are hauled out respectfully—provisions are no light thing, to be lost or damaged in the valley, and all the neighbors help in the affair. Lucy tries to look properly stately as is

her wont, but she too enters into the affair. "Jack, you will be a great man, you think what this day has taught you!" She advances smilingly to the chaplain.

"And how welcome you are—you are just in time; I have found a Catholic who promises us plenty of interests. You are first to rest and then direct the work of the 'Household of the Faith' when we are all the wanderers."

"I fear between your husband and Father Paul you have been imposed upon. Before I realized what I was doing I had invaded your castle without a wish or word from the Chatelaine."

"You are just the one thing wanted in our life here, my greatest pleasure would be, that you may enjoy it all as we." Turning with her sweetest smile, she laid her hand on Brian's shoulder. "This is our corner-stone."

Off goes his hat with the most amazed expression. "You are goin' t' stay with us, sir?" cautiously looking the deacon all over, as if he was doubtful if *this* was the genuine article. "You aren't priested yet, sir, are you?" inquires the corner-stone simply. "I thought you mightn't, be the cut of your cravat."

The chaplain's face is like a sphinx, but his eyes are dancing. Lucy comes to the rescue. "Mr. Mansfield ran down to see us all, Brian, and get some of our air in his lungs to prepare for his ordination."

"The Lord be praised," said Brian. "then maybe his Reverence would give us a few words up on the mountain. Mrs. Boreall has a nice lot of square Catholics she gathered, and maybe something could be done for 'em, though 'tis a pity the gentleman can't say Mass yet awhile." Brian is evidently not satisfied with this chaplain, and I understand a few moments later, when he comes to me anxiously, "Mr. Dalrymple, sir, who is his reverence? He's a fine, handsome, dacent looking gentleman, but bless my sowl, if he has'nt the face of a Protestant!"

"Perhaps he was at one time, but I

will answer for him now, Brian." "Well, I knew he was the real thing, when Mrs. Dalrymple talked to him that way about us all, but believe my word and mark what I tell you, sir, I'd know a Protestant in Heaven—if I met any—begging your pardon, but 'tis no offense to yourself, because you haven't the signs of wan about you, God bless you." We are moving towards Roland's carriage and Lucy has just time to whisper as I help her in, "How good of you to think of him—poor young fellow, he has not improved since we saw him at the wedding. This is just the change he needs. I have thought of him since we came here, but did not dream of suggesting your inviting him, fearing naturally you might be bored, and it would not be fair to you."

"Then I am very glad, because I liked him greatly, but thought you might resent a stranger."

"He does not seem so in the least, and indeed I must congratulate you, on the excellent results of your marketing."

#### IV.

##### MISSIONARY "AT HOMES."

The Chaplain is to take a complete rest of three days, and then——. He looks brighter as he enters the breakfast-room next morning, and confesses he has been on the balcony for half an hour or more, feasting his eyes on the valley. He has many questions to ask, and unconsciously he betrays the fact that he is a keen sportsman, a lover of nature, and a man of letters. His manners are like, and yet unlike those I imagined pertaining to a Seminarian. While he is reserved to a certain extent, ascetic even, yet his ways are those of a man accustomed to society. His deference to Lucy and his vigilant care is, that she wants for nothing. His conversation is quiet, but pointed and polished and we soon learn that our guest is a delightful addition to the household. Freddie stands beside Lucy solemn but anxious; she is pouring out the coffee when she suddenly discovers the cream is ab-

sent from its accustomed place. Before she has time to look Freddie breaks in nervously: "Dare's no cream for breakfast, mem! Mrs. Corn's cows done never come home last night, and she is a huntin' of em all over the mountings for you' all breakfast." "Has no one else got cows? and why did not Laura let me know of this before?" "We could not a-bear to tell you, mem, cayse of de company," casting a deprecating glance at the chaplain. "Mr. Doherty was goin' to his work, and called to see how the gentleman was"—again a shy look at "de company"—and when he heered you all was done left without cream, he said you'uns wouldn't be so long, he'd find a cow if there was one on the mountings." "Do see then if he has come," Lucy replies with great dignity and disgust, "and never allow such a thing to happen again." The agitated, apologetic butler retires without, while we three prepare to spend the day creamless.

"That is the worst of being too important," I say, mournfully, "those are good Protestant cows of Mrs. Corn's, and when they heard that a chaplain nearly priested was in their midst, they fled. Had we not better go in a body to find our delicacy? We shall enjoy it all the more for the exercise." The chaplain responds with a twinkle. A figure dodges in and out through the shrubbery, there is a cry of delight from the kitchen regions, and a familiar hearty voice cries, "Is the breakfast up, Laura?" "Why yes, Mr. Doherty, I done sent it in thinking as how de mistess and dem would be a talking and forgit they's all coffee till you found dem cows. Tum, Freddie, take in de cream." "You'd better be putting a top on it first," Brian says, scornfully, "for it's the whitest cream that ever went on a table, and 'tis I that earned that same, bad as it is. Them cows of Mrs. Corn's are everywhere, like bad weather. There isn't a cornfield they haven't trampled on for six miles since yesterday, the rovers." "They knows what's good for 'em,"

Laura says, with disgust, "they don't visit Mrs. Corn's corn, I can tell you right now." Then, the butler appears all decorum, and utterly unconscious that we have had the benefit of the foregoing conversation. "De cows is done found, mem," solemnly murmurs Freddie, depositing the snowy cream beside Lucy, which, however, is appreciated. Milk is very desirable when black coffee stares one in the face.

The day promises wonderful things out of doors, clear skies and splendid distant views. The chaplain's books are to be mountain brooks for these three days, and we sally forth immediately after breakfast, Lucy to remain at home to receive Mrs. Boreall and some of the "quare Catholics," and she sees us off with promises of great experiences on our return. Through the village and up the creek we climb the road, where I met Brian on his way from the hotel. We find a splendid spot where Lucy and I often run up, when we feel we are shut in below, and want to assure ourselves that there is space to breathe and means to fly off and away in the great world we are fast learning to forget. It is an amphitheatre shadowed by oaks and bordered with pines overlooking the valley, the windings and sashes of the creek and the distant lofty peak. Here we part, to meet when my basket has a respectable showing; he can see me fishing and we will be in calling distance, while he reads his Breviary and loses himself in meditation. Two hours later he comes down from his perch to meet me, the most supremely contented chaplain in the world, he declares, with nothing to think of but how good God is to give him such a beautiful world in which to spend the day. "It is glorious, glorious!" he goes on to say. "With a hut or a cave up here, all your Mrs. Corn's and Poland's Catholics, a chapel on the hill by the brook, I should be the happiest man in the mountains—or out of them," and he looks down the valley and up at the mountains and far into the deep blue sky, like a man who has just

come into possession of his kingdom. "Shall we have no part in your arrangements?" He looks at me as if brought down from his dreams, and, with his merry laugh, "I will ask you twice a year, and you must remain six months at each visit."

On our way home we talk of this, that and the other, men, books and things, and I feel interested as I have not for years in the studies that charmed my 'varsity days. The chaplain would make a fine professor, he gives a turn to his subjects that charms by its originality and subtlety. We are back with Lucy almost before I know we have covered the three miles from our amphitheatre.

It is a merry meeting, her ladyship is dying for an audience, and in our favorite corner of the piazza she pours out the day's doings. "It was not more than an hour after you had gone when Freddie announced Mrs. Boreall and Brian's, good Catholic women from 'beyant the hotel,' came in. I told her I had heard of her, and was glad to meet her indeed, and then on we went. Poor, dear, good soul, how my heart went out to her! You would have been so interested in her," and Lucy's eyes grow sad as she fixes them on the chaplain. "She has lived on the mountain for three years, having come from New York with a sick husband who died a year ago. They had bought a small farm, and that now is all her possession. She became interested in the people, and that is her sole consolation—to help and instruct them—when she can get them to come to her. She had a pretty little boy with her, who thinks she is his mother. He is a foundling, having been left at their door a few months after their arrival, and her husband, though a non-Catholic, said they would adopt him, and set off to the city next day to ask Father Paul to baptize him. There were a few lines in the baby's hands to the effect that the mother left him to Mrs. Boreall, knowing that the child would be well taken care of. Then we referred to the chaplain; if only he would give an in-

struction on the mountain, all the renegades and outlaws of every creed would be there to listen—the so-called Catholics most of all. I promised, of course, declaring that we all ‘needed a poking up,’” and Lucy laughs mischievously, but no answer is made, for we both see her ladyship has no desire to be interrupted. “Then Mrs. Boreall went on to say that there were some young girls in the village sadly needing protection and instruction, whom she wished me to see. Their mother was an Irish woman, who had come from Boston as maid to a lady staying at the hotel. To her mistress’s horror and regret the girl married a worthless mountaineer, the squire celebrating the nuptials.

“It was by an accident Mrs. Boreall heard of this affair; she was told the woman was dying and went to see her and heard the tale from the unhappy creature. It seems she was seized with remorse, and some ignorant mountaineer told her no priest could give her absolution since she was married by a magistrate. All her life since she had been in despair. Practical Mrs. Boreall soon settled that matter by going up to Father Paul and begging him to return with her. He had to scale the mountain to the cabin, but he was well repaid by the contrition and joy of the poor thing. He said he was so edified, and that God must welcome such a soul into heaven. Her faith and love would shame many of us who think we are wise and pious, and he felt convinced that the good Lord would deal mercifully with such as she. Want and neglect had brought her to so early a death, and she regarded her husband’s drunkenness, and its consequent miseries as a just judgment on her sin and folly. She lived some weeks longer, Mrs. Boreall spending many hours each day with her, and at the last promised the dying mother that she would see that the children should be brought up Catholics. The father came down to the village soon after his wife’s death and Mrs. Boreall could see them rarely. The

moment Brian told her I was a Catholic, she came in to ask me to help her carry out her promise. She did not know if she could get the children to see me, but left hopefully. You can imagine my surprise when she returned followed by the six orphans, the most forlorn, odorous family you ever saw. They looked at me timidly, impudently and stupidly, all at the same instant. The eldest girls are twins, seventeen years old; the eldest boy, fourteen, looked at me as if he were the young King of Spain and had condescended to look in on me.” “Young scamp, did you not send him out flying?” I growl with disgust. “No, indeed, I did not: I lavished all my blandishments on him, and if you can believe it he was scornfully indignant. There is a small boy, Barney, who has as beguiling a face as his name, that I may win, but his junior sister, on whom I showered all my sweetness, is, I fear, utterly beyond me. I thought I had her for the asking, but Mrs. Boreall warned me that she was the most in need and the hardest to subdue. Well, the interview was long and the good resolutions emphatic. I begin my ‘At Homes’ next week, from four to five, or longer, as I find the visitors responsive. Jack, I shall not ask you not to be present, you would detract from my charms, and I must have their undivided attention and interest.”

The chaplain looks at me roguishly, not knowing how I am going to take this invasion. “Well,” I respond coldly, “since you prefer your unwashed friends with the beautiful souls to my society I must needs submit.” The idea is not at all a pleasant one to me, but Lucy’s eyes are on me with a wistful, appealing look, and the chaplain tactfully comes to the rescue. “Never mind Mrs. Dalrymple’s bad taste, you forget you can have *my* charming society; what more can heart of man desire than hours such as we passed together this morning?”

*(To be continued.)*



## EDITORIAL.

### FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Why should it take our vigilant and omniscient secular newspapers so long to discover what is quietly going on in Catholic circles? For more than a year many of our Catholic societies have been agitating the question of a national union or federation of all the Catholic societies of the land, and some of our best Catholic newspapers, notably the *Sacred Heart Review*, the *Pittsburgh Observer*, *Catholic Columbian* and *Midland Review*, have been urging Catholics, whether members of societies or not, to unite together for concerted action as Catholics. Last June the Knights of St. John, assembled in convention in Cleveland, issued, with the approbation of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Martinelli, a circular setting forth a scheme for the federation of its local commanderies, which has since been adopted in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Columbus and in the districts of Texas, California and other states. Last September Bishop Horstmann, of Cleveland, addressing a convention of the Catholic Knights of Ohio, meeting in Delaware, Ohio, impressed on them that the necessity of a union among Catholics in this country is quite as urgent as it is in Germany, England, France and elsewhere. During the winter nearly every Catholic newspaper in the United States was recommending the federation of all our Catholic societies, and the editorials of several of them published in the *Pittsburgh Observer* for June 14, show how earnest they are in this matter. Early in April the Catholic societies of Cincinnati announced that they had formed a

local union, preliminary to federation, and the same month the constitution and by-laws of the federation of 100 Catholic societies of the diocese of Pittsburgh was approved by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan. Washington has already formed its Central Union of Catholic Societies, and on July 1 delegates from Catholic societies in the diocese of Columbus were to meet in Columbus with a view to forming a local union. All this and much more has been done with the greatest publicity during the past year for the federation of Catholic societies, and scarcely a secular newspaper gave it a notice. Early in May the Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul, of Trenton, wrote an admirable letter to the National Convention of an organization he has done so much to unite and consolidate, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, then in session in Boston, advocating union among Catholics on a definite basis with very definite aims. His letter was published widely in the secular as well as in the Catholic newspapers. A month later he repeated the contents of this letter in an address delivered before the Knights of Columbus at Trenton, N. J. Some zealous partisans grew alarmed at the reflection he cast upon the administration, and straightway wrote to the newspapers that he advocated the formation of a Catholic party. That was enough. The presidential elections are at hand. A new party might confuse political forecasts. So ever since we have had a deluge of correspondence and editorials deprecating the formation of a Catholic party, and consternation grows as news comes from Philadelphia, where the Knights of

St. John, with whom the project of federating Catholic societies originated, met in convention last week, that twenty-two different Catholic unions favored it, and that delegates from eight of them, representing a membership of 600,000 men, agreed that the desired federation would shortly be effected.

To our question then, at the head of this paragraph, the answer would seem to be that Catholic interests and movements are ignored by the press of the country unless they are apprehended or misapprehended to interfere in some way with the national or social life.

#### NOT FOR PARTISAN PURPOSES.

A more serious question is, why, after waking up to the fact that the movement has advanced so far, will the Protestant and secular press persist in misrepresenting it as an attempt to form a Catholic party? We have before us the circulars, press notices and editorials on this project, the articles and by-laws of the societies already federated, and the letter and address of Bishop McFaul. In all of these we look in vain for the mention of a Catholic party except to declare that no such party is desirable or feasible. At least twenty of our most prominent Catholic weeklies have made this statement distinctly several times. Only two weekly papers which in this, as in many other things, are at variance with the Catholic press, and Catholic sentiment generally, the *Northwestern Chronicle* and *Milwaukee Citizen*, lately have tried to discourage the movement for federation, and to discredit it in the eyes of non-Catholics by speaking of it as a "federation or party," or as "an organization of a political nature or of a political tendency," as the *Chronicle* in its issue of April 27, and by making Bishop McFaul's address the basis of an editorial, "Is a Catholic Party Desirable?" as the *Milwaukee Citizen* of June 23, which, by the way, has lately assumed control of the *Chronicle*. It is from them, no doubt, that the *Independent* and other newspapers learned to

misrepresent the movement for federation of Catholic societies as an attempt to form a Catholic party. Is it not worth while having an organization which will voice Catholic sentiment, instead of allowing our non-Catholic countrymen to be deceived by self-constituted, but misleading spokesmen? The answer then to our second question, why will the Protestant and secular press persist in misrepresenting the Catholic movement for federation as an attempt to form a new party, is plain; their fear that existing political conditions may be disturbed should Catholics be organized to interest themselves more widely and actively in measures, whether civil or social, which affect religion, is magnified by the groundless insinuations of a few men who presume to expose Catholic opinion.

#### THE OBJECT OF CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

It is so highly important that this movement for the federation of Catholic societies be rightly understood that we shall make no excuse to our readers for putting together briefly some points about its object as set forth by those who have done most to advance it. The necessity for Catholic lay action was the basis of the first plea for a Catholic federation. To develop and stimulate the zeal of Catholic laymen it was proposed to devise a means of uniting them together, those especially who were active members of any Catholic association, by forming from the various organizations a central board through which the members of all might co-operate together for such purposes as the dissemination of Catholic literature, the purification of our public libraries, the establishment of employment bureaus and similar objects. Some of these objects are so well exposed in the letter and address of the Rt. Rev. Bishop McFaul, alluded to above, that we cannot do better than quote his words at length. Our readers will note that he is careful to disavow any purpose of establishing a Catholic party.



"It seems to me," he wrote to the Convention of the A. O. H., May 10 of this year, "that all societies composed of Catholics should endeavor to touch at certain points, that, while retaining their identity and pursuing their own aims independently of other organizations, there should be a bond of union enabling them in given circumstances to exert a united influence.

"Let me not be misunderstood; I have not the remotest idea of advocating a Catholic, a German or an Irish party in America, but I believe that when there is question of our rights as Christians and as Catholics, we should be in a position to maintain and protect them in an intelligent, forcible and legitimate manner.

"If we were so organized, can it be supposed for a moment that the present administration would have passed over in silence the outrages against religion perpetrated in the Philippines, or that those blinded by religious prejudices would have been selected to investigate and report upon affairs intimately connected with the welfare of the Catholic religion in those countries which have lately come under the flag of the United States?

"Again, if that influence, to which our numbers relative to the entire population of the country entitle us, had been manifested in the proper channel, it is evident that the same administration would not dare treat so unjustly our Indian schools, and virtually destroy their usefulness by refusing proper pecuniary support. Bigots are clamoring for the conversion of the inhabitants of our new possessions to a creed that is fast undermining its own foundation, the Bible, while closing their eyes to the disgraceful treatment of our own noble native races. The red man, who, under the 'black robes' and Sisters, would have been civilized and Christianized, has been converted by the bullet of the rifle, his bones lie bleaching on our plains, side by side with those of the bison, and the footsteps of his descendants, becoming fewer and fewer, are all pointed toward the setting sun. Spain has many a crime to answer for, but in all her colonies she has saved the native races and taught them, through the priests and religion of the Catholic Church, the tenets of Christianity, and the arts of civilization.

"Finally, let me add that we are entitled to a greater number of chaplains in the army and navy. Catholics have poured out their blood like water on land and sea under the flag of their country, and the least they can ask is that when the 'warrior's soul is about to meet the warrior's God' they shall receive the consolation of that religion which has planted patriotic aspirations in their hearts. And yet how many a brave Catholic lad has given forth his soul to his Creator in the late war deprived of the assistance of a priest simply because the men in power do not appreciate the necessity of the religious consolations

which we hold so dear, but which would be valued, for the sake of policy at least, did we raise our voices high enough to compel attention."

Again addressing the Knights of Columbus at Trenton a month later, the Rt. Rev. Bishop said :

"It is not my intention to advocate a Catholic political party. This, I think, would be unwise for many reasons; neither do I think that we should unreasonably emphasize our claims for justice. We are American citizens entitled to certain rights and these we must possess. Bigotry shall not be allowed to deprive us of the exercise and enjoyment of any of them. We ask no favors, we beg for no privileges, but we insist that our religion shall not be made an obstacle to the attainment of our constitutional rights. . . .

"The treatment we have received from the present National Administration is simply outrageous. Should not the commissions to our new possessions have had several Catholic members? They alone could intelligently weigh and appreciate the religious condition of these countries and suggest measures suitable for the adjustment of new civil conditions so as to enlist the strong assistance of the religious element in the interest of peace, order and good government. Instead of approaching the problem in a broad, statesmanlike manner, the prejudices against our government sown by the Spaniards were given the semblance of truth by the disgraceful conduct of our soldiers, their disregard of the religion and the sacred edifices where the solemn rites so dear to every Catholic heart were daily performed.

"It is scarcely possible to speak calmly of the injustice done our Indian schools. Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishops Ryan and Kain employ the following language in an appeal for funds: 'Despite the fact that religious orders and other Catholic bodies have equipped schools for the education of Indian children—in full confidence that the Government would not reverse its recognized and successful policy of subsidizing their schools—yet in the height of their success and notwithstanding that they were doing the work cheaper and better than it could be done by the Government, the greater part of the subsidy has been withdrawn and eventually will be withdrawn entirely, and these well founded good works of Catholic benevolence, begun in good faith and with great expenditure of time and money, are to be abandoned to their fate.' The cry of course is the usual one, 'The schools are sectarian.' Thus do bigots strive to cover up their hatred of the Church, and to show their preference for unbelief, when there is question of the Catholic Church. They would rather have the Indians grow up without religion than be educated as

Catholics. In their blind hatred they place themselves in opposition to all Christianity and attempt to dignify a form of Christianity so diluted that it is reduced to a sort of refined paganism with the title 'Unsectarian.' . . .

"Let us proceed a step further. Not only is there question of their religious rights; many also fail to support Catholic interests as they should. Take, for instance, our Catholic colleges and convent schools. Is it not a shame, with such seats of learning as we now possess, that Catholics should patronize sectarian institutions to the imminent danger of the faith of their offspring? Everyone knows that the religious and social, as well as the educational life of our higher institutions of learning are much superior to that of the very best sectarian institutions. Let it be the duty of the Knights of Columbus, many of whom have enjoyed the benefits of Catholic academic training, to advance the welfare of Catholic institutions. Your little ones should be sent to the parochial schools and your boys and girls to Catholic colleges.

"Whenever I visit Princeton, the generosity which has established, equipped and adorned its historic university compels my admiration; at the same time I ask myself what have our wealthy Catholics done to compare with the work of non-Catholics in the establishment of great educational institutions of the United States? Our people deserve all honor. Their liberality deserves the very highest commendation. How nobly they have helped the Church in her sublime mission! No doubt some of our wealthy Catholics have set laudable examples of generosity, and we are proud of them. But how many there are who are far from doing their duty! Think of Catholic men and women whose fortunes count up into the millions, and not a mention in their wills of a single educational or charitable institution. Their ready reply will be: 'They are always giving.' Let me say, I know by experience how much they give, and they are aware that it bears no comparison whatsoever with the gifts of the poor. . . .

"There is another question in which I would like you to engage your attention. I mean our parochial schools. Why are we obliged to maintain a system of public schools in which we can have no part? Why are we compelled to bear the burden of double taxation? Clearly because the State disregards the rights of conscience and maintains only schools to which we cannot, as Catholics, send our children. What a cruel injustice is this! This educational difficulty has been adjusted in other countries. Why cannot it be satisfactorily settled here in America?

"There has grown up here a class of people, mainly the product of the public schools, whose chief characteristic is illogical, superficial, but very loud, thinking. The constant cry of these fanatics is: 'Our public school system is the

safeguard of the nation.' The truth is that mere intellectual training without the education of the heart, without the dictates of religion and morals to curb and direct, to strengthen and to guide, is indeed very dangerous, not only to the individual, but to society as well. All experience bears out this position; and the fact is that in our country crime is out of proportion with the population—as a result of the pernicious system of education.

#### A REAL QUESTION AT ISSUE.

The book reviewer of the *Ave Maria* says, "Father Brosnahan is a vigorous and pungent pamphleteer, but we think his subject not altogether well chosen at this time." And again: "We wonder whether it is worth while making an international fuss about the refusal of one college to honor the degree of another college." Father Brosnahan's subject is, "The Courses Leading to the Baccalaureate in Harvard College and Boston College." He did not choose it. It was forced upon him. He did not mean to treat it as a pamphleteer; he was forced to resort to this troublesome and expensive means of publishing his views, because the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the magazine which had published President Eliot's ignorant attack on a time-honored system of education, was inspired to refuse to publish Father Brosnahan's defence. He never thought of making an international fuss, or any fuss whatever. His reviewers praise him most of all for his calmness, dignity and urbanity. If his pamphlets have had an international circulation, it is because sensible educators recognize better than the book reviewer of the *Ave Maria* the importance of the question raised by President Eliot and answered by Father Brosnahan. With due respect to the reviewer, the "fuss" is not about the refusal of one college to honor the degree of another college, but about the comparative merits of two different systems of education, if electivism may properly be called a system. If there was any "fuss" in this matter, it was between Father Mullan, the rector of the college whose degree has not been honored by Harvard, and President

Eliot of Harvard. A study of the correspondence which passed between them on this subject leaves the impression of anything but a "fuss." It is courteous to affectation on President Eliot's part; self-restraint itself on Father Mullan's part. The former writes like one who has a direct question to evade, something incriminating to conceal; the latter like one who has nothing to fear, but everything to gain by any disclosure the former can honestly make. Through six close newspaper columns we follow both to find Father Mullan still reminding President Eliot that he is not meeting his questions squarely, and the latter first trying to break off the correspondence because of the belligerent tone of the controversy which he himself began, and next offering to tell his real reasons for discriminating between Boston and other Jesuit colleges for Father Mullan's private use! As President Eliot has publicly discredited certain colleges, he should be glad to publish the reason for his action, if it be one that would not discredit him. When opening this correspondence Father Mullan reminded President Eliot that some day it might be given to the public. As the cause of Boston College has nothing to gain by secrecy he now politely declines to accept from Harvard's President, under secrecy, a reason with which he is probably already acquainted, which must be forthcoming some time, and which can reflect only on the one who is anxious to conceal it.

#### THE TROUBLE WITH MR. DELL.

At one of the discussions of the Catholic Truth Society Conference assembled in London early in June, Robert Edward Dell, who contributed "A Liberal Catholic View of the Case of Dr. Mivart" to the *Nineteenth Century* for April, signing himself on that occasion as *late editor of the "Weekly Register,"* demanded a larger liberty for discussion and statement of the results of research. Father Edmond Nolan, of Cambridge, accord-

ing to the *Tablet*, said: "That Mr. Dell had not shown that there was any more doubt attending the way of the Catholic reformer than attended a traveller in English fields who was confronted with an occasional notice that trespassers would be prosecuted. No fruitful hypothesis in sociology, biology, or Biblical criticism had been condemned in such a manner as to prevent its investigation and subsequent absorption. There was no need for 'more liberty' than existed, but for *more careful speaking by experts among the bishops and clergy, who had been backward in expressing their views. Mr. Dell represented the thoughts of those few who, by their unguarded language and want of accurate knowledge, disheartened the most earnest Catholic students and reformers.*"

Precisely—and here is an instance of those few, from the leader in the *Weekly Register* (London), June 22, commenting on the paper which Mr. Wilfrid Ward read at the conference, "The Conservative Genius of the Church."

"In the first place we (the *Weekly Register* of London), would ask for wider latitude for the document hypothesis in Biblical criticism, and for honest recognition of the assured results of Scripture scholarship; secondly, in the history of doctrine we would urge fuller play for the development hypothesis; in the Roman courts we would humbly pray for less formal judgments and fewer pronouncements of ambiguous tendency; and finally, in devotions we would earnestly plead for more sense, more solidity, and less mechanism. And, when these were granted, we would follow up our crusade by suggesting the disassociation of concrete Catholicism from what is in reality a mischief-making, unchristian, ignorant, anti-Semitic, anti-English conspiracy." And this is "not vague, fretful nor troublesome." As if there were any but fanciful grounds for formulating such requests.

Apropos of which we refer our readers to Mr. Wilfrid Ward's article in the *Nineteenth Century* for June, "Liberalism and Intransigence."



Paris, last Whitsuntide, was the scene of a meeting that bodes well for the interests of Catholicity. We refer to the International Congress on Catholic Affairs. It was a truly representative gathering, embracing men and women of splendid initiative in the works of zeal, and of the first nobility in different Catholic countries. Its members inaugurated the event by an act of piety and faith. They assisted in a body at evening services in Notre Dame on Pentecost Day, the birthday of the church, and listened to an eloquent sermon preached by the learned Dominican, Father Serpillanges. On Monday evening the first business meeting was held. M. l'Abbé Odelin clearly set forth the plan proposed to itself by the Congress. A telegram to His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., breathing all the instincts of loyal obedience due to the Sovereign Pontiff was read, and supplemented by words of thanks and benediction from the Holy Father. M. Denys Cochin was the next speaker. After paying a warm tribute to the venerable Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Richard, he launched forth into a vigorous and enthusiastic discourse concerning freedom of education. He showed that since 1850, whatever the complexion of the government party in power, this freedom of education had been heartily conceded without a suspicion of its hostility to the best interests of the State. Even now the small politicians in the ascendancy were afraid to make a bold and open attack on this inalienable right of the people. They rested content with punishing the heads of families brave enough to make use of it, by closing against their sons the avenues to public careers. Their methods are underhand, and such as are popular with sneak

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thieves and pickpockets. He repeated the sly and stinging remark lately uttered by him in the legislative assembly, "I am not uneasy about the daughter of the Minister of War; she can always get an education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. But my sympathy goes out to the daughter of the impecunious sergent of police." M. Fonsegrive, manager of the *Quinzaine*, followed with a glowing eulogy of the Third Orders, of so paramount importance in the present religious and social condition of the Church. M. Hubert Valleroux pleaded for concerted effort on the part of Catholics to bring about an observance of Sunday in stricter accord with Catholic traditions. The Blessed Virgin in a vision vouchsafed the shepherd girl, Mélanie Mathieu, at La Salette, in 1846, threatened France with heavy punishment if she persevered in desecrating the Sabbath. This gentleman, satisfied that redress must be sought in individual effort, not in the law, called on Catholics to make no contract with builders unless first assured that Sunday would be kept as a day sacred to rest. Cardinal Richard dismissed the assembly with his blessing.

M. Milon, Secretary-General of the Lazarists, writes *Les Missions Catholiques* on June 17: "We shall forward at once whatever news we receive from China." After a telegram bearing information of the serious danger threatening Peking and Tien-Tsin, Mgr. Favier telegraphed as follows to the Superior-General on June 11: "From Peking—Missionaries and sisters alive and well. Inform their families." This is the latest news to date. Rumors about the burning of the Peking Cathedral are without foundation because

communication with Pekin has been completely destroyed. And yet there is room for fear. On June 20 M. Milon wrote again: "The wire to Pekin is down, and we can still have doubts regarding the sad news from the capital. Nevertheless, yesterday's papers, in representing the eastern quarter of the city as the centre of disorder, make the burning of the cathedral highly probable." Another letter says that without doubt the Mission of Yud-Nan has been razed to the ground. On April 17, an armed band of 100 robbers broke into the residence of the missionaries at Sa-Kiao, and made a murderous attack on M. Wilfinger. They struck him to the ground with hatchets and clubs, leaving him for dead and covered with wounds and blood. Fortunately the missionary revived after their departure and lives to regret his unworthiness to bear the palm of martyrdom.

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The Bishop of Soissons, when ordered by the Prefect of his Department to close a mission being preached by religious in his diocese, vouchsafed this courageous reply: "I am under the necessity, Monsieur le Prefect, of telling you once more that I will not forbid missions in my diocese. To do so would be to act in opposition to my conscience. The civil power must take upon itself the responsibility of such a step."

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M. Arnould, mayor of Rheims, to curry favor, no doubt, with the Waldeck-Rousseau ministry, ordered not long ago the removal of a cross from the marketplace of the city; and, strange to say, his sacrilegious orders were executed in the midst of weak protests on the part of the citizens. Arnould may feel emboldened by his success to soon lead a party of laborers to tear down the cathedral of Rheims. From the cross to the cathedral is an easy and a logical step. The citizens of Rheims have once resented this

insult by erecting a cross on private grounds in the main street of the city. Prominent citizens have written letters of protest to the mayor, even the anti-clerical papers deplore his action, and solemn services in reparation have been held in the Rheims Cathedral.

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The Annual Conference of the Catholic Truth Society, held in London during the week beginning June 18, brought out some very forcible, sensible and edifying speeches. Lay cooperation was admirably well treated by several of the speeches, notably by Lady Edmund Talbot and Mr. Arthur Chilton Thomas. The former entitled her paper *How to Lessen Leakage*, and the scope she set the Catholic Social Union brings forcibly to mind the good work done in recent years by our own Father Quin, of Troy, and so graphically set forth in his first instalment of *The Boy Savers' Series*. She summed up everything in this one sentence: "The work to be done is the training of the minds and the hearts of Catholic children when schooldays are over; the continuation of the education they have received in our elementary schools. How," she asks, "are we to expect our boys and girls to turn into good fathers and mothers if we neglect them at the age of 13, just as their character is being formed, when they are most open to influence and impressions of all kinds?" We likewise note with pleasure that vigorous statement in the paper read by Father John Morris, of Birmingham: "He yielded to no one in his love for everything British, but there were higher things than the glory of the British Empire—the Kingdom of God and His justice, which were far higher than patriotism." Mr. Wilfrid Ward read a paper on *The Conservative Genius of the Church*. In it he urged that no reform was practicable which was not based on a knowledge of the constitution of the Church, which she is pledged to preserve inviolate.

## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### LEAFLET 20.—THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

Now there was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples whom Jesus loved.

Simon Peter therefore beckoned to him, and said to him: Who is it of whom He speaketh?

He therefore leaning on the breast of Jesus saith to Him: Lord, who is it?

Jesus answered: He it is to whom I shall reach bread dipped. And when He had dipped the bread, he gave it to

Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon.

—St. John, xiii. 23-26.

Now therestood by the cross of Jesus, His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

When Jesus therefore had seen His mother and the disciple standing, whom He loved, He saith to His mother: Woman, behold thy son.

After that He saith to the disciple: Behold thy mother. And from that hour the disciple took her to his own.—St. John, xix. 25-37.

And on the first day of the week Mary Magdalene cometh early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre; and she saw the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

She ran therefore and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and saith to them: They have taken away the Lord out of

the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

Peter therefore went out and that other disciple, and they came to the sepulchre.

And they both ran together, and that other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

And when he stooped down, he saw the linen cloths lying, but yet he went not in.

Then cometh Simon Peter, following him, and went into the sepulchre and saw the linen cloths lying.

And the napkin, that had been about His head, not lying with the linen cloths, but apart, wrapt up into one piece.

Then that other disciple also went in, who came first to the sepulchre; and he saw and believed.

For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that He must rise again

from the dead.

The disciples therefore departed again to their home.—St. John, xx. 1-10.

Peter turning about, saw that disciple, whom Jesus loved, following, who also leaned on His breast at supper, and said: Lord, who is he that shall betray Thee?

This is that disciple who giveth testimony of these things, . . . and we know that his testimony is true.



## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

An entire number of the MESSENGER would not contain all the reports we have received from various Centres, and the news published in our Catholic newspapers at home and abroad about the June services and festivities in honor of the Sacred Heart. We can give but selections from them, observing that never, during the time we have had charge of this work, have our Directors and others

manifested such zeal on behalf of this devotion. In the *League Director* for August, we shall give our Directors the benefit of our observations on the present state of our work and their own co-operation in it. In the columns headed At Home and Abroad, will be found what is most interesting in the reports just mentioned.

### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ST. PATRICK'S CENTRE, ROXBURY, MASS.—The subjoined programme of the Order of Exercises of the Triduum preceding the Feast of the Sacred Heart and of the feast itself, conveys only a faint idea of the fervor and splendor of the services held in this flourishing Centre. As in the June of last year, the great feature was the children's procession, the effect of their singing and the presentation of petitions before the Statue of the Sacred Heart being much enhanced by the artistic and unexpected use of skilfully arranged electric lights.

Morning Masses at six and eight o'clock (Beads and Litany).

Evening devotions at eight o'clock.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 19, 20, 21, Recitation of the Beads, Litany of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Veni Creator, Meditation, Reception of Petitions, Hymn to the Sacred Heart, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND.

*Feast of the Sacred Heart.*

Recitation of the Beads, Litany of the Sacred Heart, Pilgrimage to the Shrine (Procession and Singing), Presentation of Petitions, Invocation of the Holy Spirit. Sermon by Rev. Nicholas R. Walsh, Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston;

Reception of Members, Hymn to the Sacred Heart, Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Similar devotions for the children each afternoon at four o'clock.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL CENTRE, BUFFALO, N. Y.—Forty-one Promoters received their Crosses and Diplomas on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and our reception was both successful and devotional, everything being carried out according to the directions of the *Handbook* and *League Director*. The Promoters had a Triduum in preparation, and on the feast they received Holy Communion in a body at the 5.30 Mass. At 8 o'clock we had solemn High Mass, and at 7.30 P. M. the Local Director preached first in German, and then in English to the Promoters. The Act of Consecration and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament were followed by the singing of the *Te Deum*.

BRUNSWICK AND INDIAN GROVE CENTRES, MO.—On the Feast of the Sacred Heart at about 7:30 p. m., we consecrated our Brunswick Centre to the Sacred Heart. The principal townspeople were present, and some of the business men closed their shops to attend the celebration. On Sunday the conse-

cration took place at Indian Grove, and our little church was crowded with Protestants as well as Catholics. At both places we did all we could to make the occasion one to be remembered, and if you send two of your memorial pictures, we shall frame them and hang them up in the church as a souvenir of our great day.

THE CATHEDRAL CENTRE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Never before in the history of the Cathedral Centre were the services so successfully carried out on the Feast of the Sacred Heart as this year. High Mass was sung at 8 o'clock, the altar boys wearing the Badge of the Sacred Heart on their bright red cassocks. The number of communicants at this and the other Masses was very large. The statue of the Sacred Heart had been brought from the Chapel to the Cathedral for the Novena, and placed in a shrine surrounded by electric lights and smilax, and crowds might be seen kneeling piously before it every evening. At four o'clock in the afternoon, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. Bright red roses were conspicuous everywhere in the sanctuary and on the altar, and a heart formed of the same flowers rested before the Tabernacle. The Cathedral was filled, the Promoters, and the aspirants for this office occupying seats in the middle aisle. Rev. Henry Van Rensselaer, S. J., of St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, preached on the love of the Sacred Heart for men, and the love they should show in return. After the sermon, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan blessed the Promoters' Crosses, which were then distributed by the Rev. James P. Turner, the Local Director. A marked feature was the number of men Promoters received. Archbishop Ryan read both the Promoters' Act of Consecration and the act by which all the faithful, pursuant to the wish of the Pope, consecrated themselves to the service of the Divine Heart. Solemn benediction given by His Grace, assisted by Fathers Turner and McCann,

closed the services. Father O'Keefe, the Rector of the Cathedral, was present in the sanctuary, and Father Monville in the choir. The music which was unusually good was rendered by the Sacred Heart choir, which has been untiring in its efforts to aid the League in all its services.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, BANKS ST., CINCINNATI, OHIO.—“On the Feast of the Sacred Heart, the titular feast of our chapel, we had Mass and General Communion of Reparation at 5.30, and at 9 o'clock Solemn High Mass. The singing was Gregorian, conducted by a number of students from the Seminary of Mt. St. Mary's of the West. The decorations of the altar and sanctuary were very beautiful. The altar of the Sacred Heart in our choir was likewise handsomely decorated. Over the High Altar, in electric lights, was the aspiration “My God and My All” and a heart and cross. After Mass we had Solemn Benediction, during which the Act of Consecration was read.

ST. MARGARET'S HOSPITAL CENTRE, KANSAS CITY, KAN.—“The Triduum, in honor of the Sacred Heart, took place on the 20th, 21st and 22d, every evening at half-past five; there was a sermon by the Rev. Chaplain, the Litany of the Sacred Heart and Benediction. On the Feast, High Mass was sung in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, during which, besides the Sisters, sixty patients received Holy Communion. In the evening we had the Act of Consecration, Benediction and singing of the Te Deum.

ST. FRANCIS' CENTRE, NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—After our June reception we shall have about 200 Promoters and 3,000 associates. We now have Exposition, Holy Hour, etc.

ST. PATRICK'S CENTRE, WATSONVILLE, CAL.—The League of the Sacred Heart is in a very flourishing condition and our Centre is becoming more and more extensive every day.



ST. PAUL CENTRE, VALPARAISO, IND. — The League is flourishing. Since its establishment last October we have had many convincing proofs of its efficacy and influence—a marked increase of piety in the congregation, communions more numerous, etc. The Holy Hour has lately been introduced. Every Friday morning from seven till eight o'clock faithful lovers of the Sacred Heart assemble in the church for an hour's silent communing with Jesus. During this hour the Tabernacle door is left open. Afterwards Mass is celebrated and on the First Friday we have Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the Feast of the Sacred Heart we had our first Promoters' Reception, fifteen receiving their crosses and diplomas.

CARMELITE MONASTERY, CHETTI-PUZHA, CHAUGMACHERRY, INDIA.—Please do not discontinue sending the MESSENGER to my address, for this is our only monastery dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and we are endeavoring to make it the centre of this devotion in the diocese. We are doing the best we can to propagate it. The First Friday is already kept with special observance, as General Communion, Exposition and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, Act of Reparation and Consecration, Solemn High Mass, etc. We are very desirous of building a good church to the Sacred Heart as a mark of our gratitude for the many graces bestowed on our country and especially on our natives during the century, and to establish here perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We hope thereby to work with more fruit among our numerous pagans.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL.—The International Pilgrimage on the Feast of the Sacred Heart was all that its promoters desired. Thousands were brought together from all quarters and lack of space forbids our giving the long list of distinguished ecclesiastics and laics who took part in the solemn services. Among

them the French papers note Archbishop Corrigan and a number of American priests, and several members of the family of the late Garcia Moreno, who, when president, dedicated the Republic of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart. Special mention is also made of the Canadian pilgrims, and the large delegation from Belgium. On the eve of the Feast, the Way of the Cross was made by torchlight in the grounds of the chaplains in charge of the Basilica. More than half the pilgrims passed the night in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The next day, so great was the crowd, that nearly two-thirds were unable to get into the Basilica. Cardinal Perraud was the preacher at the Mass, and in the afternoon read the Act of Consecration. At this closing service the sermon was delivered by the Rev. Father Coubé, S.J.

MONTMARTRE, BASILICA OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. Father Phelan, writing to his weekly, *The Western Watchman*, gives some most interesting and edifying details of this Basilica of the National Vow and of the devotion of the French to the Sacred Heart: "At this time religion in Paris is worship of the Sacred Heart. This is the month of the Sacred Heart, and that is the devotion of France by right of prescription. The day after my arrival I said an early Mass, and went to hear a French sermon in Saint Sulpice. The Curé read a long pastoral on the Sacred Heart. On Monday I joined the pilgrims to Montmartre, and viewed the Church of the 'National Vow.' Sunday following I went to hear another French sermon. Another pastoral from the Cardinal on the Sacred Heart. As I always prefer live subjects to write about, and this is the liveliest thing in the devotional line in Paris just now, I shall give you something about this great religious movement in France." Then follows a clear account of the origin and fulfilment of the "National Vow," which, as it has been already told in the MESSENGER, we may be permitted to skip,

to pass to Father Phelan's instructive résumé of the present condition of the Basilica and of Catholic piety in Paris. "And the work is scarcely more than half done. The great tower is not built, the altars and chapels are not finished, the steps are not in place, and the mosaic frescoes are not begun. Still it is a very imposing structure, and the friends of old Notre Dame are getting jealous. There is perpetual adoration in the church and pilgrims from every parish in Paris and from every city are of daily occurrence. These people come in twenties and hundreds; go to Confession and to Communion, and engage in any public devotion they choose. They sing, pray aloud, or listen to a sermon from an accompanying priest, or do anything else their piety suggests. The change that I have observed in Rome I have also observed here. There is a revival of religion among all classes. Paris is become a religious city. The churches are crowded, and Sunday is observed as it has not been for centuries. I am edified immensely, and my heart is full of gratitude to the great God who does such wonderful things through the French."

The pastoral heard read by the Rev. Editor of *The Western Watchman* was that of Cardinal Richard on the Consecration of Mankind to the Sacred Heart. It is a stirring appeal to the faithful of his archdiocese, and abounds in striking passages, re-echoing the thought of Leo XIII. In the practical directions appended to the Pastoral, there is one that may be profitable to all; "We exhort the faithful to renew in public and in private, the first Friday of each month, the Act of Consecration of Mankind, adding to it the singing or recitation of the Litany of the Sacred Heart."

We also supplement the description of the Basilica of Montmartre by noting that on the Feast of the Sacred Heart the magnificent dome that so worthily crowns

this temple was unveiled in the presence of Cardinal Richard and many distinguished guests. The address of M. Rohault de Fleury who, with M. Legentil, had conceived this national monument will long be remembered. The solemn ceremonies were concluded by His Eminence's invoking a blessing on the new dome.

PARIS, TOULOUSE.—We learn from *Le Messager*, the official organ of the Delegate Moderator-General, that a new Messenger published in the Greek tongue has just appeared. Its modest salutatory states that "this humble publication will be the organ of the Apostleship of Prayer, the League most widely spread among us, the most conformable to the spirit of our age and the most needed, the most warmly recommended by the Sovereign Pontiff, and by our Catholic bishops. It will, therefore, be the natural organ of all the interests of the Most Sacred Heart." From the same source we also learn that the total number of duly aggregated Centres of the Apostleship of Prayer is 58,084.

#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Mrs. Mary A. O'Farrell, Cathedral Centre, Boise, Idaho; Agnes Connell, Barre, Mass.; Mother Helen, R.S.U. St. Paul's Centre, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mary Gertrude Moakley, St. Ignatius Loyola Centre, New York City; Mary Milerick, Mary Maher, St. Ann's Centre, Albany, N. Y.; Mary and Thomas Condon, Immaculate Conception Centre, Willoughby, Ohio; Catherine E. McDonnell, St. Francis Xavier Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary Lowenthal, Annunciation Centre, New York City; Kate Ryan, St. John's Centre, Rensselaer, N. Y.; Catharine Jackson, Cathedral Centre, Harrisburg, Pa.

*May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,556,628.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes. v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.*—The story of a Sacred Heart Statue. "You have asked me whether it was Mr. X.'s devotion to the Sacred Heart that prompted him to make the offering of the statue to your church, or was it done by my suggestion. I will state the circumstances, Father, so that you may understand the matter fully, and then draw your own conclusion. Mr. X. is a member, or at least attends the Episcopal Church in this place, and religion is a much-discussed subject in his office. I have endeavored to explain our religion to him to the best of my ability, and, in fact, to the entire community out here, as they had a fear of Catholics, and held me in perfect disdain until I had somewhat enlightened them on the subject of Confession, etc. The devotions of our Church seemed to Mr. X. most beautiful, and in serious business transactions or any difficulty that arises he often requests me to have a Mass said or candles lighted upon the altar. When he met with an accident, and his life was despaired of, I made the offering of the statue in his name, knowing what his wish would be in the matter, and on his recovery he heartily approved of what I had done, and made the gift his own. Pray that our Lord may reward his gratitude and generosity by leading him into the Church."

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.—"I desire to give thanks through the MESSENGER, according to promise, for the conversion of a young Protestant friend to the Catholic faith. He had been keeping company with my daughter, and they were finally engaged to be married. Though an exemplary young man in other respects, he was very much opposed to the Church, and vowed that he would never be mar-

ried by a Catholic priest. Novenas and prayers to the Sacred Heart were offered up for his conversion by members of our household, till at last he expressed a wish to receive Catholic instruction. On Holy Thursday he was baptized, on Decoration Day confirmed, and made his first Holy Communion and was married to my daughter with a Nuptial Mass on June 5th, the first marriage solemnized in our splendid new church."

PITTSBURG, PA.—A case of contagious disease was discovered in our Foundling Asylum only after the inmates had been exposed to the contagion, and, humanly speaking, could not escape contracting the dread sickness. We had recourse to the Sacred Heart, promising a novena and publication in the MESSENGER if the disease did not spread. Though there were at the time several suspicious cases, not a single one developed, and we now acknowledge that we consider our preservation due to the Sacred Heart."

BISMARCK, N. DAKOTA.—"Will you kindly find space to record thanksgivings for the two following favors granted to Associates of our League Centre here? The first is the conversion of a brother who had been away from the Sacraments for nearly forty years. All our pleadings for his return seemed in vain. A nine-months' novena had just been completed, when he was taken sick, and of his own free will he asked to have a priest and received the last Sacraments before his death. The second favor is even more striking. A mother died leaving a little daughter who was given to a Protestant family to be brought up. She knew nothing of her religion, and when she was written to by her aunt who begged her to attend a Catholic school, she not only would not consent but showed signs

of annoyance at the proposal. Many prayers were offered and novenas said, and a promise to observe perpetual abstinence from meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays was made by the aunt if her prayers were heard. After a silence of five years, she received a letter from her niece, giving an account of her life, making inquiries about her mother's people and apologizing for her manner of acting in the past. The girl was just about to graduate from a convent school and had become a good Catholic."

TIFFIN, OHIO.—"Two years ago I began the nine First Fridays, promising our Lord if three requests were granted, I would make another novena of First Friday communions in thanksgiving. At the expiration of the first novena, two favors were only partially granted, and I did not think it was God's will to give me the favors asked. I happened to meet a good religious who encouraged me to perseverance in prayer and in receiving Holy Communion. Five months later my most important petition was granted, namely, the conversion and pious death of a brother."

ALBANY, N. Y.—"A young man of our city, a member of the League, was discovered to be missing, and as he worked on one of the boats plying between Albany and other points on the Hudson, the supposition was that he had fallen overboard. For two weeks fruitless efforts were made to find the body, till at last, thanks to St. Anthony and the prayers of the League, the remains were found some miles below Albany. He was buried from his parish church, as he had made his Easter duty two weeks before, while his monthly Leaflet found in his pocket gave evidence of his fidelity to the practices of the League."

*Spiritual Favors.*—Thanksgiving is made for the following cases of a return to religious duties: Of a brother; of a father on his deathbed, after many

years' neglect; of another after thirty years; of a man who had missed Mass for over fifty years; of a son whose mother had had this intention recommended to the League for twenty-one years; after twenty-four years; of a brother after several years; of a niece who had not received the Sacraments for twenty-five years; of a person who had not practised his religion for nearly forty years. The removal of financial and other difficulties in the way of studying for the priesthood; promotion to Holy Orders; a happy death; the conversion of my sister addicted to drink for many years; the removal of obstacles to a child's practice of her religion; a young man's making of his Easter duties; the clearing of two persons from grave charges; strength to reach a priest when taken suddenly ill in the mountains far away from a church; the making of a mission and subsequent return to religious duties.

*Temporal Favors.*—Relief in a severe attack of tonsilitis; the removal of a fish bone from the throat, after all efforts had proved unavailing; a gift of money to erect a chapel; success in teaching; favorable termination of a lawsuit; retention of a position; success in examination for three persons; recovery from threatened attack of pneumonia; the renting of two houses; recovery for two from delicate surgical operations; a mother's restoration to health after a promise of return to religious duties by neglectful member of the family; a safe return home after a year of study abroad; a good position; a husband's recovery of use of his hand when amputation was at first judged unavoidable; restoration of the mind of a young man suffering from melancholia; restoration of a mother to health after a severe attack of bronchitis; a position after fourteen months of enforced idleness; almost painless extraction of an ulcerated tooth; recovery of a child from measles.



*Meditations for Retreats.* From the Writings of St. Francis de Sales. Arranged by St. Jane Frances de Chantal. Cloth. Pages, 202. 75 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Each of the thirty-three Meditations in this volume is made up of three short points and a collection of ejaculations, suggested by the matter under consideration. The division into four weeks, followed in the Exercises of St. Ignatius, is carefully observed. The topics for thought are well chosen, their development is designedly meagre, to give larger opportunity for individual effort. The spirit peculiar to St. Francis, and his fondness for imagery borrowed from the pages of the Old Testament are everywhere in evidence. The whole is followed by a letter of St. Jane Frances on the method and usefulness of making a retreat, together with a table of faults for annual confession from the pen of the same holy woman.

*Thoughts for All Times.* By Rt. Rev. Mgr. John S. Vaughan. Cloth. Pages 385. \$1.50. The Roxburghe Press, Westminster, England.

This is a collection of learned and devotional papers, that can be best, perhaps, styled sermon-essays. Five on God and the Holy Trinity constitute the first part. The second part includes two on the Blessed Sacrament, two on Purgatory and two on Divine Grace. The third part is more miscellaneous, as may be judged from the titles of the different pieces. They are, The Riddle of Life, Dust to Dust, Man a Microcosm, Pain as a Motive, Heroes True and False, Inconsistency of our Faith and Practice, Unity of Faith, Religion of Protestants, Theology of Vivisection. Every single paper is written in a most pleasant and

entertaining style. The author's gift of amplifying is remarkable and his combined correctness and vividness of expression argues a literary taste of no mean order and wonderful richness of language. He evidently approached his work thoroughly equipped with stores of theological, philosophical and scientific knowledge and his choice of arguments betrays the finished orator's wide acquaintance with what appeals most to men's minds. Many of the essays would prove valuable material for spiritual reading during times of retreat.

*Exposition of Christian Doctrine.* Part II. Moral. By a Seminary Professor. Cloth. Pages 638. \$2.25. John Joseph McVey, Philadelphia.

The author has compressed into the narrow compass of one volume everything of practical and universal importance in Moral Theology. It is an admirable work and bound to prove of immense service to educators denied the opportunity of pursuing a full course of clerical studies. It is correct, quite intelligible to maturer minds and set forth in plain and easy language. No little attention is paid to such live, and at the present day vexing, topics as the duties of government officials, and the amicable relations that should be in force between wage-earners and their employers. We were particularly pleased with the historical references, the summary and the synopsis set at the end of each section.

*Was Savonarola Really Excommunicated?* By Rev. J. L. O'Neil, O. P. Cloth. Pages, 202. 75 cents. Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston.

The answer to this question is easy and needs no detailed study of the illustrious Savonarola's life. Whatever happened

prior to May 13, 1497, it is quite certain that on that date Pope Alexander VI. issued a Brief, excommunicating the Friar for disobedience in disciplinary measure, relating to the union of certain Dominican convents. Space forbids us to quote documents; but the student can find the one in question on pages 77, 78, 79 of this work. Explanations may be offered, canonists may be invoked, appeals without end may be made to the Friar's zeal, holiness of life and reiterated protestations of loyalty to the Holy See. But the fact of excommunication refuses to down, and Savonarola himself acknowledges and warmly defends his disobedience. Just to furnish the reader with a specimen of the means taken by the author to prove that Savonarola never was excommunicated we set side by side this declaration of Savonarola and Father O'Neil's note to the same. They can be found on pages 83, 84.

"Know ye that I have never been disobedient to the Holy Roman Church, nor to the Pope nor to any of my superiors. . . . And this case having arisen, I have not felt obliged to obey, knowing that neither God nor the Church would wish me to obey against their commands."

Father O'Neil's note runs as follows: "It is necessary to explain these words of the Friar. He is referring to the union of St. Mark's with the new congregation, in which, strictly speaking, there was no question of obedience. He refuses to surrender his own just views sanctioned by canon law and theology. And this stand he too freely designates as one of refusal to obey. His words must not be taken literally."

To answer in detail all the arguments advanced by Father O'Neil, would be long and wasteful. They have been abundantly answered already. Whoso honestly seeks the truth can find it in Father Lucas's *Fra Girolamo Savonarola*, published in 1899, by Sands & Co., of London. It is a volume of 474 pages, in cloth, and can be purchased for 7s. 6d.

*Pancho and Panchita.* By Mary E. Mannix. Paper. Pages, 146. 40 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

The author of this little tale has succeeded in a task that seems easy till once attempted. She has written a book that children, just beginning to read and unacquainted with the speckled literature that their elders enjoy, can jog through at their leisure. The language is charmingly simple, the details are becomingly minute and the plot of a character that can amuse without stirring up undue excitement.

*Fred's Little Daughter.* By Sara Trainer Smith. Paper. Pages, 150. 40 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Another worthy contribution to juvenile literature. Fever at a Southern naval port deprives Fred's little daughter of both parents at a very tender age. Relatives claim the child, and in spite of fears and prejudices gleaned by a man of the world from the uncertain medium of a brief correspondence, a maiden-aunt introduces the forlorn youngster to a home in the North, where life is one long holiday. Brightness abounds in the story, which, empty though it is of thrilling situations, is of the sort to please.

*Currita, Countess of Alborno.* By Luis Coloma. Translated by Estelle Huyck Attwell. Cloth. Pages, 450. \$1.50. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

An altogether remarkable novel, couched in a form quite unique and agreeably defiant of the conventional. The story follows the fortunes of a vain, frivolous and irreligious woman evidently meant for type of the repulsively unnatural creatures that afflict modern society. The scene opens in Madrid and after running a varied career closes in Paris. Though the characters are multiplied, sometimes to a bewildering degree, two, Currita and Jacob, contrive to stand out prominently from beginning to end. Currita, to compass social dis-

tion, treats her husband like a drivelling idiot, and becomes infatuated with a thorough scoundrel. She has less of a mother's instincts than beasts with young, and bestows smaller care on two lovely children, Paquito and Lili, than many of her counterparts bestow on poodles. Jacob is a cleverly drawn picture of twisted moral obliquity, an unwholesome combination of murderer, liar, thief, libertine and hissing serpent. He could with profit go to school in the jungle for lessons in fidelity to family ties, and in the art of shamelessness could give points to the father of lies. Currita ends her days in penance, Jacob dies at the hands of an assassin, an agent of the Masons. Diogenes is a depraved character of abundant wit, and his humorously wise sayings relieve many of the book's pages. His last moments furnish as fine a piece of writing as we have seen this long while. The pathos displayed in his farewell to Monina, an angel girl, ignorant of his follies and captive to emotions of pity, is a signal proof of the worth of contrasts in literature. The author, it may be said, is happiest in the company of children. Wherever his hand touches childhood, it leaves a trail of gold. The translator admirably acquitted herself of a hard task and deserves nothing but praise. The casual reader will be pleased or hurt with the frequent recurrence of simile, metaphor, and proverb, due no doubt to southern vividness. The satirical nature of the work is stamped on its very cover. In its original Spanish dress it is entitled *Pequeñeces*, *Trifles*.

*Jack-O-Lantern.* By Mary T. Waggon. Paper. Pages, 164. 40 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

A delicate child, a three-months' stay in the mountains of Pennsylvania, a negro mammy, an altogether obtuse and amusing mountaineer, a rogue of a boy with a tot from Paris, moonshiners, a long-lost brother returned in the guise of a priest, are some of the incidents and

lovable personages woven into this remarkable piece of fiction. The author certainly displays wide talent and graces her writing with a charm of adventure and a winning variety of small talk that cannot fail of endearing her to old and young readers alike.

*An Every-Day Girl.* By Mary C. Crowley. Paper. Pages, 189. 40 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

Tessie Marron, aged sixteen, is the every-day girl. Among a bevy of giddy, vain and foolish things, she, at least, keeps the semblance of being sensible. Her mother's absence from home raises her to the dignity of housekeeper and she more or less admirably acquires herself of lessons in patience and cookery. At a fashionable school the girls are their respective mammas in miniature, the most admirable being an orphan. At this latter stage of the story an Italian marquesa and a real live Indian queen crowd into the scene to tease a lace handkerchief made by Tessie and successively lost, stolen and found. The two boys introduced are a healthy pair and enliven a few pages with their pranks. They are made to the image and likeness of human beings and know enough to fall out of trees and send painted cats flying through windows. The movement of the piece is decidedly slow, necessitated, perhaps, by the author's eagerness to be instructive. As a bit of friendly advice we would counsel a little less attention to conveying morals and fuller concentration of thought on the art of exciting interest and entertaining.

*Pauline Archer.* By Anna T. Sadlier. Paper. Pages, 167. 40 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

This diary of a year in a little girl's life would prove interesting and instructive to young readers. Boys, however, will hardly devote much time to its perusal. The current of the story is too smooth and uniform to appeal to their wild and venturesome spirits. There is

a genuine touch of pathos in the incident of Pauline's lost playmate, the cobbler's daughter. The lessons conveyed are of the right kind and the author is not always in the pulpit. The language is beautiful in its simplicity and well adapted to the budding intellects of the book's prospective readers.

*A Hostage of War.* By Mary G. Bonesteel. Paper. Pages, 155. 40 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

A wide-awake story for very young boys, brimful of incident and running over with easy humor. It is a simple record of a healthy boy's doings at an army post among the Indians of the Far West with the addition of a few incidents from the Civil War contributed as asides by the boy's parents. Everything is edifying and enough war paint and feathers is introduced to hold the attention of the young.

*The Autobiography of St. Ignatius.* By J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J. Cloth. Pages, 166. \$1.25. Benziger Brothers, New York.

*The Testament of Ignatius Loyola.* By E. M. Rix. Cloth. Pages, 230. \$1.00. B. Herder, St. Louis.

These two volumes, appearing almost simultaneously in this country and England, are renderings of the autobiography dictated by St. Ignatius to his friend, Father Luis Gonzalez. Apart from any artistic merit they possess, apart from whatever erudition they contain by way of prefaces, notes, epilogues, and appendices, they cannot fail of favor with the devout because they are heart-to-heart conversations with one of the greatest saints of modern times. Of the two translations, we think Father O'Connor's more in accord with the simplicity of the original. The subsidiary matter he introduces at the end of his volume, while bearing traces of hurry, nevertheless betrays an amount of commendable labor, is free from useless theories, and is kept within the compass of a few pages. His

publisher has besides dressed his work in most attractive guise, scattering it with splendid and highly artistic illustrations. We noted, too, that the author judiciously omitted here and there some incident, easily detachable and not particularly edifying.

The book published by Herder is the joint work of three authors. E. M. Rix translated the *Testament* proper. It fills a little more than half of the book's contents, is over eager on occasions for archaic prettinesses and on that account, perhaps, a trifle rough. Father Thurston supplements each chapter with a series of historical, philosophical and theological notes of more or less value, and closes the book with a really useful, if not exhaustive, *Bibliographical Appendix*. Father Tyrrell contributes a Preface, an essay of twenty-three pages, though the preface by Jerome Nadal and the introduction by Luis Gonzalez seem quite sufficient to explain the origin and purpose of the *Testament*. *The Epilogue* goes without a name. It makes twelve pages, quite as unnecessary as the Preface, since the real value of the *Testament* is that it makes the author speak to the reader without need of interpreter.

Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J., President of Creighton University, Omaha, lately delivered in Milwaukee, a lecture that deserves wider notice than it has, perhaps, gotten. It discussed for topic, "The Catholic Layman in the American Republic," and contained many a lesson of primary and pressing importance. The reverend lecturer introduced his remarks with a reference to the good work already done by Pope Leo XIII. for the reformation of religious and social evils. For answer to the objections of certain workers in the Lord's vineyard, who belittle, resent and view with suspicion every movement looking to lay activity in matters ecclesiastical, he maintains that the tradition of lay cooperation has not been practically fostered, and finds



an excuse in the prejudices transplanted to our soil from countries beyond the sea. This circumstance, coupled with a mistaken notion of the theocratic form of government that obtains in the Catholic Church, led strangers to the faith to regard our people as priest-ridden and stripped of freedom's first prerogative, the right of initiative. And our people themselves gradually settled down to a policy of non-interference, strengthened by their certainty of being right and their absolute trust in divine supervision of the affairs of man. The lecturer contends that lay action is certainly advisable and to determine the possible scope of lay activity he draws up a list of the most formidable obstacles our Church encounters in her march towards growth and progress. First, mistaken opinions entertained of us and our faith make the circulation of good literature of a controversial nature an imperative need and laymen distinguished in the field of letters can in this matter render the Church invaluable service. Misrepresentation and calumny

are another fruitful source of harm, and the apostolate of the press is always open to laymen. In fact, a word from them often goes further towards nailing false charges than a whole volume from the pen of a priest. Lack of personal interest in works of philanthropy is another subject of reproach for Catholic laymen. Priests are in sore need of helpers like More, O'Connell, Montalembert, Ozanam, Garcia Moreno and Windthorst. America must be taught that our Church has that characteristic, essential to the true Church of Christ, adaptability to every nation and every people under the sun. Organization is the one thing necessary, the secret of every grand movement in the realms of history. And young men must be the backbone of every organization set on foot in the interests of a militant Church like ours whose native atmosphere is war for the cause of truth. The essay closes with a magnificent eulogy of America and of the toleration accorded by honest Americans to the Catholic Church.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, June 1 to 30, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Baltimore	Washington, D. C.	St. Matthew's . . . . . Church	June 4
Brownsville	Blanco, Tex.	Our Lady of Rosary . . . . .	June 22
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Stephen's . . . . .	June 16
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Mathias' . . . . .	Apr. 8
"	Port Sheridan, Ill.	Military Chapel . . . . .	Mar. 25
"	Lyons, Ill.	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	May 13
*Cincinnati	Madisonville, O.	St. Anthony's . . . . .	June 13
Cleveland	Cleveland, O.	St. Rose . . . . .	June 23
Columbus	Columbus, O.	St. John Baptist's . . . . .	June 1
Concordia	Cuba, Kans.	St. Isidore's . . . . .	June 26
Covington	Middlesboro, Ky.	St. Julian's . . . . .	June 23
"	Alexandria, Ky.	Assumption . . . . .	June 6
*Dubuque	Monticello, Ia.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	June 22
"	Cresco, Ia.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	June 4
Hartford	Pomfret, Conn.	Holy Trinity . . . . .	June 27
Lincoln	Smartville, Neb.	Holy Rosary . . . . .	June 8
*Milwaukee	St. Michael, Wis.	St. Michael's . . . . .	June 22
"	St. Nazien, Wis.	St. Gregory's . . . . .	June 6
"	Waterloo, Wis.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	June 26
New Orleans	Kenner, La.	Our Lady Perpetual Help . . . . .	June 6
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Angela Merici's . . . . .	June 22
"	West Chester, N. Y.	St. Raymond's . . . . .	June 26
Philadelphia	Haycock Run, Pa.	St. John Baptist's . . . . .	June 20
Pittsburg	Summit, Pa.	St. Aloysius . . . . .	June 13
Santa Fe	Sabinal, N. Mex.	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	June 1
Scranton	Taylor, Pa.	Our Lady of the Elms . . . . . Academy	June 13
Springfield	Chicopee, Mass.	St. Vincent's . . . . . Hospital	June 16
Trenton	Worcester, Mass.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	June 27
"	Carteret, N. J.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	June 10
"	Keyport, N. J.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	June 3
Vincennes	Lakehurst, N. J.	St. John's . . . . .	June 8
Wichita	Greensburg, Ind.	St. Mary's . . . . .	June 8
"	Coffeyville, Kans.	Holy Name of Jesus . . . . .	June 26

Aggregations, 33; churches, 30; chapel, 1; convent, 1; institution, 1. \*German-speaking

# PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of May, 1900, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	St. Ann's . . . . . Church	12
"	"	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Cathedral	0
"	"	Sacred Heart . . . . . Church	47
"	Granville, N. Y.	St. Mary's . . . . .	6
"	Hudson, N. Y.	"	34
"	Ilion, N. Y.	Annunciation . . . . .	9
"	Newport, N. Y.	St. John's . . . . .	12
"	Rensselaer, N. Y.	"	1
Alton.	Collinsville, Ill.	Sls. Peter and Paul's . . . . .	3
"	Quincy, Ill.	St. Francis Solanus . . . . .	2
"	Springfield, Ill.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	9
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	6
"	"	St. Pius' . . . . .	16
"	"	St. Thomas' . . . . .	5
"	Washington, D. C.	St. Aloysius . . . . .	25
Boston	Boston, Mass.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	108
"	"	St. Joseph's . . . . .	4
"	"	St. Patrick's . . . . .	13
"	"	St. Stephens' . . . . .	3
"	Chelsea, Mass.	St. Rose's . . . . .	16
"	Dorchester, Mass.	St. Peter's . . . . .	26
"	Hingham, Mass.	St. Paul's . . . . .	49
"	Lowell, Mass.	St. Peter's . . . . .	6
"	Malden, Mass.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	40
"	Maynard, Mass.	St. Bridget's . . . . .	5
"	Newburyport, Mass.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	25
"	Quincy, Mass.	St. John's . . . . .	20
"	"	St. Mary's . . . . .	23
"	Salem, Mass.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	3
"	Whitman, Mass.	Holy Ghost . . . . .	5
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	St. Ambrose . . . . .	9
"	"	St. Charles' . . . . .	22
"	"	St. John's . . . . . College	1
"	"	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	9
"	"	Nativity . . . . .	4
"	"	St. Patrick's . . . . .	14
"	"	Sls. Peter and Paul's . . . . .	13
"	"	St. Teresa's . . . . .	12
"	"	Transfiguration . . . . .	6
"	College Point, N. Y.	St. Fidelis' . . . . .	2
"	Flushing, N. Y.	St. Michael's . . . . .	2
"	Huntington, N. Y.	St. Patrick's . . . . .	1
Brownsville.	Laredo, Texas	St. Augustine's . . . . . Church	9
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Cathedral	42
"	"	Blessed Sacrament . . . . . Church	6
"	"	Holy Angels . . . . .	50
"	Hornellsville, N. Y.	St. Ann's . . . . .	4
"	Middleport, N. Y.	St. Stephens' . . . . .	13
"	North Java, N. Y.	St. Nicholas . . . . .	4
"	Olean, N. Y.	St. John's . . . . .	2
Burlington	Swanton, Vt.	St. Ann's . . . . . School	2
Charleston.	Charleston, S. C.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	14
Chicago.	Aurora, Ill.	St. Mary's . . . . .	9
"	Chicago, Ill.	St. Charles' . . . . .	12
"	"	St. Elizabeth . . . . .	3
"	"	St. Ignatius' . . . . . College	16
"	"	Our Lady of Lourdes' . . . . . Church	4
"	"	Our Lady of Sorrows . . . . .	2
"	"	St. Sylvester's . . . . .	20
"	Evanston, Ill.	St. Mary's . . . . .	10
"	Rockford, Ill.	St. James' . . . . .	8
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Patrick's . . . . .	12
"	"	St. Xavier's . . . . .	42
"	"	" . . . . . College	31
"	Urbana, Ohio	St. Mary's . . . . . Convent	9
Cleveland.	Defiance, Ohio	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	9
"	Louisville, Ohio	St. Louis' . . . . .	6
"	Mansfield, O.	St. Peter's . . . . .	8
"	Ravenna, O.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	2
"	Toledo, O.	La Salle . . . . . Study	6
"	Van Wert, O.	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	20
Columbus.	Columbus, O.	Good Shepherd . . . . . Convent	2
"	Lancaster, O.	St. Mary's . . . . . Church	8
"	Pomeroy, O.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	20
"	Toronto, O.	St. Francis' . . . . . School	7
Dallas.	Dallas, Tex.	St. Patrick's . . . . . Church	1
Davenport	Des Moines, Ia.	St. Ambrose's . . . . .	5
Denver.	Del Norte, Col.	Holy Name of Mary . . . . .	3
"	Denver, Col.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	6
"	"	" . . . . .	1
Detroit.	Detroit, Mich.	St. John's . . . . .	12
Dubuque.	Dubuque, Ia.	St. Raphael's . . . . . Cathedral	6
"	Holy Cross, Ia.	Holy Cross . . . . . Church	27
"	Le Mars, Ia.	St. James' . . . . .	11
"	Pocahontas, Ia.	St. Peter and Paul's . . . . .	8
Erie.	St. Marys, Pa.	St. Mary's . . . . .	2

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Fort Wayne	Elwood, Ind.	St. Joseph's. . . . . Church	8
"	Fort Wayne, Ind.	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Cathedral	8
"	"	St. Patrick's. . . . . Church	5
"	Hammond, Ind.	St. Joseph's. . . . . School	14
"	Valparaiso, Ind.	St. Paul's. . . . . Academy	15
"	Whiting, Ind.	Sacred Heart. . . . . Church	8
"	Winamac, Ind.	St. Peter's. . . . . "	3
Grand Rapids	Cadillac, Mich.	St. Ann's. . . . . "	2
"	Grand Rapids, Mich.	St. James'. . . . . "	3
Harrisburg.	Centralia, Pa.	St. Ignatius'. . . . . "	23
"	Danville, Pa.	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	12
"	Edgegrove, Pa.	Sacred Heart. . . . . "	9
Hartford.	Danbury, Conn.	St. Peter's. . . . . "	30
"	Hartford, Conn.	St. Joseph's. . . . . Cathedral	3
"	"	St. Lawrence. . . . . Church	26
"	"	St. Mary's. . . . . "	23
"	"	"	18
"	New London, Conn.	"	13
"	So. Manchester, Conn.	St. James'. . . . . "	20
"	Stonington, Conn.	St. Mary's. . . . . "	11
"	Thompsonville, Conn.	St. Patrick's. . . . . "	2
Helena.	Anaconda, Mont.	St. Peter's. . . . . "	30
"	Helena, Mont.	Sacred Heart. . . . . Cathedral	24
"	Walkerville, Mont.	St. Lawrence's. . . . . Church	5
Indianapolis	St. Marys, Ind.	St. Mary's. . . . . Institute	3
"	Vincennes, Ind.	St. Rose's. . . . . Church	4
Kansas City.	Independence, Mo.	St. Mary's. . . . . "	13
"	Kansas City, Mo.	St. Aloisius'. . . . . "	7
LaCrosse	Ashland, Wis.	St. Agnes. . . . . "	9
"	La Crosse, Wis.	St. Mary's. . . . . "	2
Leavenworth.	Kansas City, Kan.	St. Margaret's. . . . . Hospital	3
"	Leavenworth, Kan.	Sacred Heart. . . . . Church	4
Louisville.	Fancy Farm, Ky.	St. Jerome's. . . . . "	1
"	Knottsville, Ky.	St. Williams'. . . . . "	20
"	Louisville, Ky.	St. Mary Magdalen's. . . . . "	1
"	St. Joseph, Ky.	St. Alphonsus. . . . . "	6
Manchester.	Epping, N. H.	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	6
Milwaukee	Highland, Wis.	St. Anthony of Padua's. . . . . "	15
"	"	St. Phillip's. . . . . "	1
"	Milwaukee, Wis.	Mercy. . . . . Convent	6
"	"	The Gesù. . . . . Church	1
Mobile.	Pensacola, Fla.	St. Michael's. . . . . "	4
"	Seima, Ala.	Assumption. . . . . "	1
Monterey and Los Angeles.	Fresno, Cal.	St. John Baptist. . . . . "	9
"	Watsonville, Cal.	St. Patrick's. . . . . "	4
Nashville.	Nashville, Tenn.	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	9
"	"	St. Patrick's. . . . . "	10
Nesqually.	Tacoma, Wash.	St. Patrick's. . . . . "	5
Newark.	Elizabeth, N. J.	Holy Rosary. . . . . Convent	2
"	Hoboken, N. J.	St. Lawrence's. . . . . Church	41
"	Newark, N. J.	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	4
"	Paterson, N. J.	St. Agnes'. . . . . "	9
"	"	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	4
"	"	Our Lady of Lourdes. . . . . "	18
New Orleans.	New Orleans, La.	Immaculate Conception. . . . . "	3
New York.	Platbush, N. Y.	Holy Cross. . . . . "	3
"	Kingston, N. Y.	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	20
"	Mt. Kisco, N. Y.	St. Francis of Assisi. . . . . "	2
"	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	Our Lady of Victory. . . . . "	20
"	"	Sacred Heart. . . . . "	10
"	New Brighton, N. Y.	St. Peter's. . . . . "	14
"	Newburgh, N. Y.	St. Patrick's. . . . . "	7
"	New York, N. Y.	"	7
"	"	All Saints. . . . . Cathedral	12
"	"	St. Aloysius. . . . . "	12
"	"	Annunciation. . . . . "	20
"	"	Ascension. . . . . "	2
"	"	Assumption. . . . . "	5
"	"	St. Augustine's. . . . . "	6
"	"	St. Brigid's. . . . . "	23
"	"	St. Cecilia's. . . . . "	4
"	"	St. Charles Borromeo's. . . . . "	5
"	"	St. Gabriel's. . . . . "	3
"	"	Holy Cross. . . . . "	4
"	"	Holy Rosary. . . . . "	20
"	"	Immaculate Conception. . . . . "	20
"	"	St. Jerome's. . . . . "	13
"	"	St. John Evangelist. . . . . "	21
"	"	St. Joseph's. . . . . "	18
"	"	"	13
"	"	"	25
"	"	St. Michael's. . . . . "	16
"	"	St. Monica's. . . . . "	3
"	"	Our Lady Good Council. . . . . "	11
"	"	St. Patrick's. . . . . "	15
"	"	St. Paul the Apostle. . . . . "	22
"	"	St. Peter's. . . . . "	16
"	"	St. Raphael's. . . . . "	3
"	"	St. Stanislaus'. . . . . "	6
"	"	St. Stephen's. . . . . "	2
"	"	St. Teresa's. . . . . "	2

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
New York	Poughkeepsie, N. Y.	St. Mary's Church	10
"	Rondout, N. Y.	St. Peter's	2
"	Wappingers Falls, N. Y.	St. Mary's	1
"	Westbury Sta., N. Y.	St. Bridget's	12
"	West Chester, N. Y.	St. Joseph's Institute	12
"	Yonkers, N. Y.	St. Mary's Church	15
Ogdensburg	Antwerp, N. Y.	St. Michael's	1
"	Watertown, N. Y.	Notre Dame	5
Oregon City	Portland, Ore.	St. Michael's	12
Philadelphia	Allentown, Pa.	Immaculate Conception	3
"	Nesquehoning, Pa.	Sacred Heart	8
"	Norristown, Pa.	St. Patrick's	14
"	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. Edward's	8
"	"	St. Elizabeth	24
"	"	St. Francis Xavier's	10
"	"	St. Gabriel's	30
"	"	St. James'	14
"	"	St. John Baptist's	6
"	"	St. Joseph's	14
"	"	Our Lady of Mercy	12
"	"	Our Lady of Victory	38
"	"	Sts. Peter and Paul's Cathedral	22
"	"	St. Peter's Church	6
"	"	St. Stephen's	8
"	"	St. Teresa's	10
"	"	St. Vincent de Paul's	23
"	"	St. Agnes'	1
Pittsburg	West Chester, Pa.	St. Ambrose's	3
"	Allegheny, Pa.	St. Agnes'	30
"	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Philomena's	2
"	Sharpsburgh, Pa.	St. Mary's	2
Providence	Arctic, R. I.	St. James'	2
"	Fall River, Mass.	St. Mary's	30
"	"	St. Patrick's	12
"	No. Attleboro, Mass.	St. Mary's	15
"	Pawtucket, R. I.	Immaculate Conception	1
"	"	St. Joseph's	30
Richmond	Providence, R. I.	"	3
Rochester	Martinsburg, W. Va.	"	6
"	Brockport, N. Y.	St. Mary's Convent	23
"	Watkins, N. Y.	Immaculate Conception Church	7
Sacramento	Downieville, Cal.	St. James'	5
St. Cloud	Jamestown, N. D.	St. Ferdinand's Cathedral	4
St. Louis	Florissant, Mo.	St. Alphonsus' Church	9
"	Millwood, Mo.	St. Francis Xavier Church	13
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Leo's	6
"	"	St. Louis University	5
"	"	St. Mark's Church	12
"	"	Sacred Heart Academy	2
"	"	St. Vincent's Church	19
Salt Lake City	Salt Lake City, Utah	St. Mary Magdalen's Cathedral	5
San Francisco	St. Helena, Cal.	St. Helena's Church	10
"	San Francisco, Cal.	St. Brendan's	7
"	"	St. Ignatius'	1
"	"	St. James'	24
"	"	St. Rose's	8
"	San Jose, Cal.	St. Joseph's	25
Scranton	San Jose	San Jose Mission	10
"	St. Joseph, Pa.	St. Joseph's Church	15
"	Scranton, Pa.	St. John Evangelist	12
"	"	St. Paul's	12
"	"	St. Peter's Cathedral	14
"	"	Holy Saviour's Church	24
Springfield	Wilkesbarre, Pa.	St. Aloysius'	4
"	Gilbertville, Mass.	St. Jerome's	12
"	Holyoke, Mass.	St. Joseph's	7
"	Lee, Mass.	St. Francis	27
"	North Adams, Mass.	St. Joseph's	12
"	Pittsfield, Mass.	St. Michael's Cathedral	38
Syracuse	Springfield, Mass.	Assumption	12
"	Syracuse, N. Y.	St. John's Cathedral	7
"	"	St. Agnes' Church	8
"	Utica, N. Y.	St. John's	9
Trenton	Camden, N. J.	Immaculate Conception	20
Vincennes	Cannelton, Ind.	St. Michael's	4
Wheeling	Weston, W. Va.	St. Patrick's	15
Wilmington	New Castle, Del.	St. Peter's	4
Winona	Wabasha, Minn.	St. Felix's	2

Total Number of Receptions, 254.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 3074.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, AUGUST, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Peace among Nations.**

1	W.	St. Peter & Chains—Seven Machabees, M.M.	Mutual prayer.	1,556,628 for thanksgivings.
2	Th.	St. Alphonsus Liguori, Bp. C.D.F. (Redemptorists, 1748).—H.H.	Prudence	321,209 for those in affliction.
3	F.	<b>First Friday.</b> —Finding of St. Stephen's Body.—1st D.—A.C.	Reverence for relics.	125,872 for the sick, infirm.
4	S.	St. Dominic, C.F. (O.P., 1221).—Pr.	Trust in Mary.	14,252,447 for dead associates.
5	S.	<b>9th after Pentecost.</b> —Our Lady of the Snow (366).	Newness of life.	46,956 for Local Centres.
6	M.	Transfiguration of our Lord.	Meekness.	74,768 for Directors.
7	T.	St. Cajetan, C.F. (Theatines, 1487).	Obedience.	74,020 for Promoters.
8	W.	St. Cyrilus and Companions, M.M. (303).—B. Peter Faber, C. (S.J., 1546)	Courage.	25,545,373 for the departed.
9	Th.	Vigil.—St. Romanus, M. (258).—H.H.	Cheerfulness.	197,022 for perseverance.
10	F.	St. Lawrence, M. (Deacon, 259).	Generosity.	232,714 for the young.
11	S.	SS. Tiburtius and Susanna, M.M. (289-295).	Love of poverty.	287,589 for 1st Communions.
12	S.	<b>10th after Pentecost.</b> —St. Clare, V. P. (Poor Clares, 1259).—	Order.	1,335,888 for parents.
13	M.	SS. Hippolytus and Cassinus, M.M. (258).—St. John Berchmans, C. (S.J., 1621).	Affability.	139,413 for families.
14	T.	Vigil.—St. Eusebius, C. (268).	Joy with Mary.	164,377 for reconciliations.
15	W.	<b>Assumption B.V.M.</b> —A.I., A.C.	Good use of time.	2,324,528 for work, means.
16	Th.	St. Hyacinth, C. (O.P., 1257).—St. Roch, C. (1327).—H.H.	Bearing our Cross.	152,598 for the clergy.
17	F.	Octave of St. Lawrence.—St. Mammas, M. (about 273).	Spiritual pilgrimages	677,661 for religious.
18	S.	St. Agapitus, M. (275).—St. Helena, W. (Roman Empress, 328).	Justice.	163,707 for seminarists, novices.
19	S.	<b>11th after Pentecost.</b> —St. Joachim, Father B.V.M.—C.R.	Love of our Lady.	213,942 for vocations.
20	M.	St. Bernard, Ab.D. (1153).	Quiet of mind.	115,124 for parishes.
21	T.	St. Jane Frances de Chantal, W.F. (Visitation Nuns, 1641)—Pr.	Equanimity.	47,800 for schools.
22	W.	Octave of the Assumption.—St. Timothy and Comp., M.M. (180).	Frankness.	1,215,208 for superiors.
23	Th.	Vigil.—St. Philip Beniti (Servite, 1285).—H.H.	Guilelessness.	471,722 for missions, retreats.
24	F.	St. Bartholomew, Ap. (71).—A.I.	Graciousness.	812,709 for societies, works.
25	S.	St. Louis, K. C. (France, 1270).	Sincerity.	1,215,208 for conversions.
26	S.	<b>12th after Pentecost.</b> St. Zephyrinus, Bp. M. (219).—Pure Heart of Mary.—2d D.	Purity.	19,504,000 for sinners.
27	M.	St. Joseph Calasanz, C. F. (Scolopi, 1648).	Christian education.	252,438 for intemperate.
28	T.	St. Augustine, Bp. C. D. (430).	Moderation.	2,407,327 for spiritual favors.
29	W.	Beheading of St. John the Baptist.	Resoluteness.	2,119,420 for temporal favors.
30	Th.	St. Rose of Lima, V. (O.S.D., 1717).—H.H.	Mortification.	843,956 for special, various.
31	F.	St. Raymond Nonnatus, C. (1240).	Seeking God's will.	For Messenger readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C.R.—Communion of Reparation, H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I.—Apostolic; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

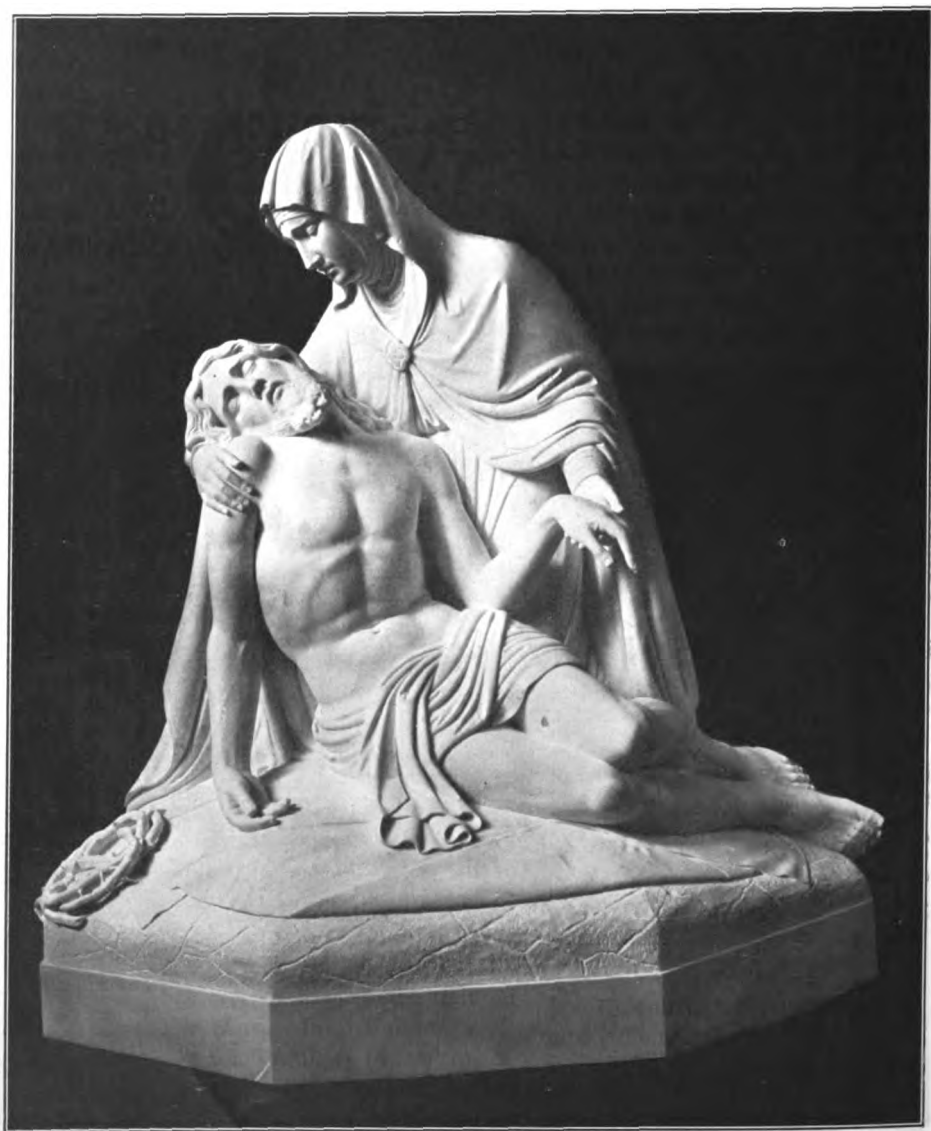
Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	5,928,220	11. Masses heard . . . . .	277,740
2. Beads . . . . .	376,409	12. Mortifications . . . . .	1,174,548
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	48,915	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	191,329
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	238,441	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	7,823,175
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	1,307,262	15. Prayers . . . . .	19,127,713
6. Exams of Conscience . . . . .	589,568	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	2,139,376
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	747,664	17. Sufferings, Afflictions . . . . .	418,709
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	309,355	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	2,041,720
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	149,502	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	204,525
10. Masses read . . . . .	15,731	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	266,289
Total, 23,665,133.			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our **Calendar Messengers**, in Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.





PIETÀ.  
(*Achtermann.*)

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 9.

### THE FOUNDING OF A MINNESOTA PARISH.

*By L. J. Markoe.*

SO many names of clergymen, prominent in the Church in this country, are connected with the parish of St. Mary of the Lake in far-away Minnesota, that a brief record of its early struggles and present condition should have a more than merely local interest. Undoubtedly its story in some respects could be duplicated in many a parish in the United States, and we may comfort ourselves in our moments of discouragement and pessimistic tendencies with the reminder that such scenes are being enacted on all sides of us, and that the "Interests of the Sacred Heart" are by no means without their earnest and successful promoters in the ranks of both clergy and laity in the closing days of this nineteenth century.

The little Church of St. Mary's of the Lake is situated on the west shore of a beautiful sheet of water famed far and wide for its beauty and accessibility as a suburban summer resort. White Bear Lake is one of the most attractive and popular of Minnesota's ten thousand lakes. Not so many years ago it was the hunting and fishing ground of the wild Indian tribes of the old Northwest Territory. Later on, when the city of St. Paul was rising into prominence, the dis-

trict now embraced within the limits of the parish of St. Mary's of the Lake still remained in its primitive state of nature, with but an occasional trace of human industry visible here and there.

The nearest Catholic church was situated at Little Canada, six miles away. But, that being a French-Canadian parish, the few people scattered about the lake frequently looked to St. Paul for the supplying of their spiritual needs in cases of sudden emergency. When the new railroad to Duluth was built, a little village began to form in the neighborhood of the station, and section hands and their families gathered here.

It so happened that Mr. M——, a convert from the ranks of the Episcopalian ministry to the true Fold, built a little cottage on the lake shore in 1873, where he brought his family to spend the summer months, returning in the fall to his home in St. Paul. One of his sons, a student at the Seminary of our Lady of Angels near Niagara Falls, upon his return home for the vacation, brought with him Rev. Father Koop, so well known throughout the country both as a member of the Congregation of the Mission, and as a profound thinker and Catholic philosopher.



Father Koop came to recruit his exhausted strength in our invigorating Minnesota climate. But he was overwhelmed with engagements to preach, to celebrate mass, etc., in neighboring parishes. His devouring zeal for priestly work gave him no respite. Such a man could not fail to note the spiritual destitution of the little settlement of Catholics at the Lake. Matters were talked over, and it was unanimously decided to celebrate a grand High Mass for their special benefit. The little country schoolhouse in the rear of Mr. M——'s cottage was fixed upon as a suitable temporary chapel, and the school board kindly assented to its being used for that purpose.

Father Koop and the student above mentioned were both excellent and enthusiastic musicians. They succeeded, moreover, in borrowing the choir from St. Mary's Church in St. Paul for the occasion, and thus the first Mass—so far as now known—that was ever celebrated near this beautiful lake, was sung by Father Koop on the sixth Sunday after Pentecost, in 1873. It was a pronounced success, and many a heart was stirred that day with memories of similar scenes witnessed elsewhere in earlier years, but which were passing from memory since settling in the wilds of Minnesota. The good missionary preached one of his characteristic sermons on this memorable occasion, and he continued to say Mass and preach for the people at intervals during his sojourn at the Lake.

Father Koop was an enthusiastic lover of nature and of boating and fishing. He participated in many an impromptu and exciting sailboat race on the lake with the M—— family and their friends. Some years later, when dying in St. Louis, he pleaded piteously with one of this same family to bring him with him to White Bear Lake, feeling convinced that its cooling breezes would yet restore him to health. But the attending physician and nurses dared not permit the attempt, and within a short time he passed to that better life for which he had so

constantly and fervently prepared himself whilst sojourning in this "vale of tears." May he long be remembered in the prayers of the people of St. Mary's of the Lake, for they owe him this debt of gratitude for his work in laying the foundation of their present flourishing parish.

The late Bishop Baltes, of Alton, Illinois, also visited the little cottage, sometimes known as Mound Cottage, on account of the pretty and remarkably large Indian mound which was on the premises. The good Bishop and his brother found the cottage locked, as the family were absent at that moment, but one of the boys got in and opened the casement window facing the little porch in front, and through this window His Lordship made his first entrance into Mound Cottage. It was arranged that next morning Father Koop should say the early Mass, and the Bishop the later one. Morning came. The hour for Mass was approaching. No stir in the adjoining room. At last the Bishop calls: "Father Koop!" No reply. Again he calls. A sleepy voice replies, "Yes, Bishop." The Bishop asks: "Are you up?" "Yes, Bishop; that is, I am just going to get up." Then in a stage whisper, to his roommate: "I almost wish I hadn't brought the Bishop out here!" Bishop Baltes has also passed to his reward since those historic days.

The summer of 1874 brought other visitors from Niagara's Seminary. They resumed the celebration of Mass in the schoolhouse. In September of that year Rev. Father Othmar, O.S.B., came from the Assumption Church in St. Paul to spend a few days at Mound Cottage to recruit his rapidly failing health. It was commonly said of him that "Father Othmar's prayers and Father Clemens' medicines could cure anybody." This exemplary Benedictine did not propose to neglect the celebration of his daily Mass. Neither did he propose to use a public school-house for that sacred purpose, when he had found Mound Cottage

at his disposal. The little cottage had, by special request of the occupants, been blessed the previous year by Father Koop, who also blessed the little fleet of sailboats belonging to the family. Thus it happened that, on September 8th, Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, in 1874, the first Mass was celebrated in Mound Cottage. This marked a new epoch in the history of the future parish; for, from this period until the church was actually built, Mound Cottage was the parish chapel, and many a scene of edification and piety was there witnessed.

Three classes were prepared for First Communion during as many seasons. Daily Mass was celebrated there by visit-

Confessions were heard, children instructed, Holy Communion received. In the adjoining bedroom a little colony of babies slept the sleep of the innocent, whilst their mothers piously heard Mass in the parlor. The piano made a very good altar, with a home-made super-altar upon it for the crucifix, candles and flowers. The earnest celebrant knew how to reach the ears and hearts of his auditors without pulpit or rostrum, and it may be doubted whether greater fervor has ever been manifested in later years than was felt by all in those simple days of yore.

To name the clergymen visiting the Lake in those days, would be to give a list



INDIAN MOUND.

ing clergymen. Parishioners now grown up can look back to the little cottage as the scene of their First Communion, and others were baptized under its humble roof. There were witnessed communions of persons who had been absent from the sacraments for many years, but who were touched by the sermons or conversations of the many priests who have ministered to the wants of the people there. For six seasons, until 1880, this work went on quietly in Mound Cottage. The parlor, dining room, hall, and front porch, were all crowded on Sundays during the celebration of Mass.

of some of the most distinguished ecclesiastics of the United States at that time. Rev. Thomas Hughes and Rev. Father Pankin amongst the Jesuits; Fathers Dyer, Lami and P. V. Kavanagh amongst the Lazarists; Fathers Dwyer, Deshon, Elliott and Hewitt amongst the Paulists of New York; a Father Francis, with a lay brother from the Trappist monastery of Notre Dame des Niegues in France; Fathers Henneberry and O'Neil of the Congregation of the Precious Blood; Fathers O'Reilly and Brennan, of Iowa; Jenkins of Kentucky, and John T. Durward of Wisconsin, amongst

the secular clergy; all these and many others came and went, some spending much of the season, others merely paying a short visit, and then hurrying away to other fields. But during this period there stand out in bold relief three principal figures that were more prominently and intimately connected with the permanent advance of the parish, upon which each of them left his mark and brought the people one step nearer to the realization of their hopes. These three are Rev. M. E. Murphy of Stillwater, Minnesota, Rev. Father Henneberry above mentioned, and Rev. Father Goiffon, of Little Canada, Minnesota.

Father Murphy passed through frequently on his way to stations further north, and thus met continually the people of this neighborhood. He would drop off between trains and chat with his friends, and thus he became familiar with the state of affairs in the embryo parish. He saw here with prophetic eye the nucleus of a future flourishing parish, and his priestly zeal urged him to do something to speed on the good work and to combine the scattered forces in one united effort for the spiritual good of all.

He celebrated an occasional Mass at Mound Cottage. He established the first religious society in the place, a little confraternity of the Sacred Heart, which met regularly through the winter months at the residence of James Waters. At the same house a class was also kept up through the winter for teaching catechism to the children. The village was now becoming of some importance, and the population was steadily growing. Father Murphy believed the moment had come for building a church edifice. So

he came over during the summer and called a meeting at Mound Cottage. The railroad men and others responded promptly, and eleven hundred dollars were subscribed on the spot. The men had the money, and the subscriptions were all *bona fide*. Mr. M——, after a family consultation, had concluded that he would venture to give a clear three hundred dollars out of his very limited resources as an encouragement to other to do their best. But, to his utter horror, good Father Murphy, far from being overwhelmed by the offer, urged him earnestly to make it five hundred! Any lurking sense of self-complacency or spir-

itual pride that may possibly have accompanied this donation must have been scattered to the four winds of heaven by Father Murphy's unexpected treatment of the announcement.

But, alas for human hopes! Father Murphy thought it was time to submit his plans to Rt. Rev. Bishop Grace, the Bishop of the diocese. The good Bishop listened patiently to the zealous priest's glowing account of what was being accomplished,

and then remarked in his quiet voice, "But, Father Murphy! White Bear belongs to Father Goiffon's parish at Little Canada!" Father Murphy at once offered to withdraw. The Bishop said no, that he was pleased with what he had done; but the worthy father was afraid of complications, and the whole matter was dropped. No one having courage to assume the leadership of the little confraternity, its meetings were discontinued; but the devotion had been planted in the hearts of the people, and we shall see it revive and grow into a majestic tree in later years.



REV. FATHER GOIFFON.

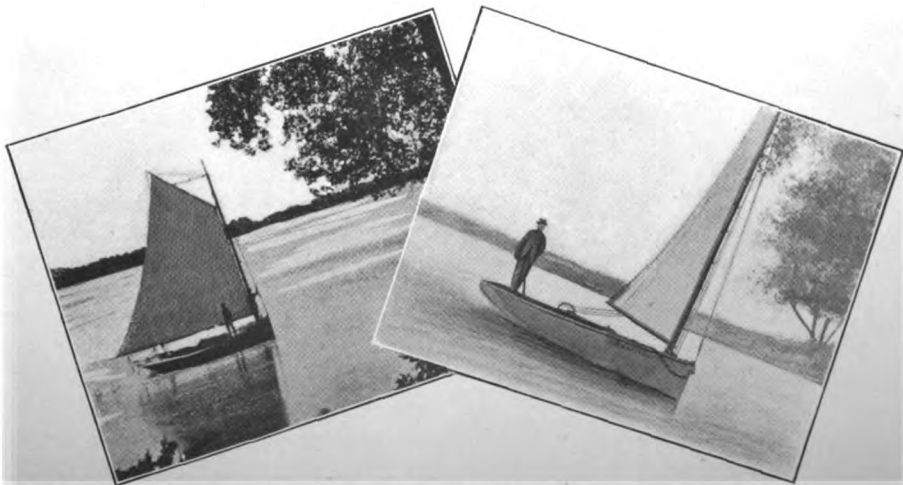
Father Henneberry was worn out from constant and exhausting work in giving missions about the country, and was glad to spend the summer months at the Lake to recuperate. His zeal would not permit him to witness unmoved the abandonment of Father Murphy's plans. He took up the work with earnestness. He fixed upon several successive sites for a church, but obstacles were constantly thrown in the way. The men who had seconded Father Murphy's efforts were no longer flush with ready cash, and differences of opinion had arisen as to the proper location of the church. One site approved by the Bishop was not acceptable to the people; another one was found to have the title clouded and therefore rejected by the Bishop, and Father Henneberry's vacation expired with nothing accomplished in that direction. But he had again aroused the religious spirit of the people, and he left the field prepared for the next workman that would volunteer to till it.

Father Henneberry was not without his sense of humor. He was one day baptizing a little baby in the Cottage. An Irishman was acting (?) as godfather. He was several times invited to repeat the proper prayers in behalf of the child. But these appeals elicited no response. Father Henneberry became a little sus-

picious and uneasy. At last, looking the little man (he himself was tall and broad) squarely in the face, he said: "Are you a Catholic?" The little man's tongue was instantly loosened, and he somewhat indignantly replied: "Yis, sir! from the sivinth giniration!" The problem was solved. He was merely out of practice, and found it difficult to repeat the prayers which had been so long neglected.

On another occasion the good father stood on the railway platform awaiting the arrival of his train. A little Protestant clergyman, carried away by an uncontrollable curiosity, stood close to him, staring in complete forgetfulness of all rules of courtesy directly into his face. Finally he recollected himself, and moved away. Father Henneberry, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, remarked in an undertone to his companion: "What an excuse for a man!" The marked disproportion in their relative physiques made the humor of the situation irresistible.

For a while his companion in religion Father O'Neil, was with him. The one was very tall and broad, the other was very short and stout. Both were fond of the water. One day they decided to spare their host, and went down and hired a sailboat which they undertook to



"SANTA MARIA."—"NAUTILUS," FATHER LEE'S BOAT.

handle themselves. All went well—as they were lying almost in a calm—until their outspread umbrella, which shaded them from the glare of the sun, was accidentally knocked overboard. Mr. M—— had gone out to seek them in his own little boat, and was just in time to see Father O'Neil lying flat on the deck, watching intently for a chance to snatch the umbrella—which still floated with handle up, upon the water—whilst Father Henneberry circled vainly round and round the coveted prize, wondering why he could not make the boat go where he wished it to go. Eureka! he gets her right at last, and nobly she bears down upon the prey. But alas! Just as Father O'Neil is about to make a desperate plunge, at the imminent risk of himself rolling over the side of the boat, the umbrella quietly lurches over, fills with water, and sinks to the bottom of the lake. They were both content to let their host do the sailing after that day's experience. It was thus that zealous missionary work and innocent recreation were intertwined in those good old days. Father Henneberry also, like many of his predecessors at White Bear, has recently gone to his eternal rest.

Towards the end of the seventies Father Goiffon, from Little Canada, who had been on an errand of mercy to some of his French-Canadian parishioners having farms in the adjacent country, took the opportunity to visit friends at the Lake. He had heard of the doings at White Bear, and he became much interested in the accounts given him of the various efforts that had been made to secure a church at that place. He had always been a man of resources. His years, since he left his native France, had been spent in Minnesota and the Dakotas, amidst the roaming tribes of Indians inhabiting that country. Later he was stationed at Little Canada amidst a very poor people, good Catholics, but struggling to maintain their families.

Father Goiffon knew how to go ahead despite all such little obstacles. It would

not be the first time that he had built a church when he had much less prospect of success than now confronted him at White Bear. He received a little pitance from relatives in France, but this usually went into the pockets of his needy parishioners, instead of being a nucleus for further contributions from them. As a result of all this, good Father Goiffon was blissfully independent of the devious ways and devices of modern contractors and builders. He had somewhat serious doubts as to whether they could really draw a straight line or not! He had no patience with the extravagance that would waste precious cash for oil with which to mix paint when milk could be had from the farmers for the asking.

Thus armed with decided opinions and the results of past experience to guide him, our zealous missionary was soon seen, trowel in hand, working industriously at the foundation of a new church to be erected near the site of the little schoolhouse in which Father Koop had celebrated the first Mass years ago. He had his Canadian farmers hauling cobble-stone from the shores of the lake. Others assisted him to lay them in place and mixed the mortar with which they were secured in proper position. On this foundation soon began to rise a frame superstructure. Father Goiffon was still the architect, supervisor and hardest worker amongst the laborers.

He had, years before, lost one leg and the other foot during the hardships of a Minnesota winter amongst the Indians, and his face was bronzed and tanned until his nationality might be rather conjectured than positively ascertained from mere personal appearance. But in these cruel sufferings his natural determination and force of character had stood him in good stead. He had made a wooden leg for himself, and adjusted a new foot to the other leg yet remaining. To these he had attached a small hook behind, much as a horseman would wear his stirrups; and thus, whether saying Mass, digging a well or climbing a ladder, this

zealous and indomitable missionary was equally at his ease and in his element.

Under all these circumstances, his work at White Bear naturally became the sensation of the day. A visiting priest, more accustomed to city manners and modern methods, stood in open-mouthed wonder as he beheld our worthy pastor coming down a ladder from the roof of our nearly completed church to greet him and welcome him with true French courtesy to his parish. Another priest who went to visit him at Little Canada, searched for him for some time in vain, until, seeing shovelfuls of dirt being pitched up from a hole in the earth by some invisible workman, he went to make further inquiries of him. Picture, if you can, his astonishment upon beholding good Father Goiffon himself industriously digging his new well, in which later he took so much pride, when he had struck pure cold water with which to slake his thirst and supply his household needs.

But, unfortunately for his peace of mind, those about him were more imbued than he was with the modern ideas of doing things. Word reached the Bishop that it was becoming somewhat difficult to ascertain the resemblance of the structure, which was rising so proudly upon its foundation, to the original plan which the Bishop had obtained from a St. Paul architect, and placed in Father Goiffon's hands for guidance in his work. Some of the supposed volunteers had also applied to Mr. M——, who held the funds, for their pay, and he was sadly perplexed what course to pursue. The Bishop complicated matters still further by instructing one of the parishioners to keep an eye on the results of Father Goiffon's architectural skill, and report to him his observations. Finally, when all was done, it developed that the actual expenditure was within four hundred dollars of the estimate previously furnished by a city contractor who had bid on the job; and as his bid had provided for first-class workmanship, material, etc.,

the confusion of ideas became greater than ever.

But, when all is said, the great over-towering fact will still remain that, after previous attempts by zealous missionaries of modern ideas and most approved methods had ignominiously failed, Father Goiffon, with his utter independence of others, accomplished the much longed-for object of so many desires and prayers, and the church which he built amidst so many differing opinions still remains as a tribute to his zeal and devotedness.

Meanwhile he had continued the work of celebrating Mass whenever he could in Mound Cottage, and he gladly encouraged visiting priests to do the same, and thus supply for his lack of time and opportunities. On one occasion he had gone out to the gate, and mounted his two-wheeled sulky, with his wooden leg projecting straight in front of him, ready to start for home, when he suddenly called out to one of the family, with the utmost simplicity: "Oh! William, I have left my chalice and my crowbar with you!" And he drove off, never thinking of the humor of the remark or the perfect symbolism of his daily life which he had left with us in those two precious articles, his chalice and his crowbar!

He enjoyed a chat with his friends. One night he drove over to baptize a child that was ill, and he remained chatting until after ten o'clock at night. When at last he came out to return home he searched in vain for his horse and



MOUND COTTAGE.

sulky. At length, steadily declining the urgent invitations of his friends to stay all night, he quietly remarked that it would be a good chance to see how far he could walk; and despite his wooden leg and missing foot, he trudged the entire six miles through the darkness and over the sandy country road to his house at Little Canada. The horse had simply got tired of waiting, and wandered home without him.

Kind-hearted Bishop Grace once prepared a delightful surprise for Father Goiffon by purchasing for him in New York a fine cork leg of the very latest pattern. The next time Father Goiffon called, he presented it to him, watching to see the delight that he expected would be reflected upon the missionary's bronzed features. Father Goiffon picked up the precious gift in silence, eyed it suspiciously, examined it critically, and laid it down again with the quiet remark: "Humph! I could make a better one myself."

Let us hope that when the good man, who is now in his declining years and much broken in health, has passed to his reward in a better life, some gifted Catholic writer will do justice to his memory, and preserve his unique and striking character in the pages of the history of the Catholic Church in these United States. His simple country people have unbounded confidence in his counsel and ministrations, and they tell tales of wonderful effects produced upon the sick and suffering by his visits, which would deeply wound his humility and simplicity were they to reach his ears. And it is to his efforts and energy that the Catholics of White Bear owe their present church building.

The good Bishop deemed it advisable to have the finishing touches put to the building by a contractor after Father Goiffon had got it enclosed. And thus, after all those years of waiting and hoping, the new church was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin and blessed by Rt. Rev. Thos. L. Grace on August 15th,

the Feast of the Assumption, in 1880. As the procession passed around the building, the Bishop sprinkling the holy water as he went, Father Goiffon spied a loose piece of paper lying on the ground. He stooped down quickly and picked it up, and wrapped it around his prayer-book as a book-cover, for greater convenience in carrying it. One of the boys in the parish opened his eyes very wide with astonishment and delighted amusement, and afterward declared that the paper was an old circus bill, and that Father Goiffon went all through the service with a prayer-book on which were inscribed in large letters the words: "The fattest woman on earth!" The accuracy of this anecdote is open to doubt, but nothing could better illustrate his blissful unconsciousness of, and indifference to, the impressions of those about him.

For three years more this good missionary remained in charge of the parish, saying Mass when able, and gladly welcoming visiting priests who were willing to supply his place on the Sundays that he could not leave his other parishes.

We should have stated that, upon Father Murphy's withdrawal from the work, the Bishop had appointed Father Louis E. Caillet, pastor of St. Mary's Church in St. Paul, and afterward Rector of St. Paul's Seminary, to look after the Catholics at White Bear, which work he continued until Father Goiffon's vigorous action solved the many difficulties of the situation.

Space will not permit us to follow the history of the parish in detail down to the present time. We must be content with a few of the prominent events since the church was dedicated. The Lake had by this time become a favorite summer resort, and Catholics frequented its shores not only from St. Paul and other points in Minnesota, but from St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, Washington, and other places in the United States, so that there are Catholics now scattered all over the country who have at one time or



FIRST COMMUNION CLASS AT ST. MARY'S OF THE LAKE.—REV. FATHER BURKE.

another attended Mass and received the sacraments either in the church or in Mound Cottage at White Bear. Moreover, Father Goiffon's French-Canadian parishioners, who found the new church nearer than the old one, began to attend at White Bear; so that we had prominent Catholics from other places, railroad employees at White Bear, and French-Canadian farmers, all to be provided for spiritually in the new parish. Some German families also drifted in here. It thus became a somewhat knotty problem to fix upon a pastor, who could combine these varying elements into one united body for the building up of the new parish.

In 1883 Father Goiffon gave place to Rev. Father Nougaret, just arrived from France, and not yet understanding or speaking one word of English! He was an excellent confessor and an eloquent preacher, but there were many who could not avail themselves of these opportunities. He was succeeded by Rev. Daniel Jones, afterward famous as the pastor of the church at Canton, Minnesota, where the supposed apparitions of the Blessed Virgin occurred a short time ago. He and Father Nougaret had previously pre-

pared the French and English-speaking children for Confirmation, and this sacrament was administered for the first time in the history of the new parish. During his two years' administration the pastoral residence was erected, an altar society established amongst the ladies, and a fair was held which realized some three hundred dollars.

Rev. Father Robert succeeded Father Jones. Father Robert is one of our French missionary priests of the same generation as Father Goiffon. They belong to a class of priests whose labors for souls in this Northwest Territory can never be fully known until they are revealed to our admiring gaze in a better world.

Father Robert was succeeded by Rev. Denis F. Lee, of the Boston Archdiocese, but temporarily transferred to Minnesota to recuperate his failing health. He first carefully marked off the parish limits on all sides, and combined all elements as never before in one united and enthusiastic body of parishioners. Little national antipathies died away in his presence, differences of worldly condition were forgotten, tepid souls were brought back to the sacraments and to



the life of practical Catholics, and the parish was placed on an excellent financial basis, with improvements made in church and pastoral residence, and a balance on hand in the treasury over and above all indebtedness and expenditures.

Father Lee himself always ascribed this unprecedented success to the spread of the Apostleship of Prayer, which he introduced into the parish, and in all the details of which he took a personal interest which never flagged. He selected his Promoters, conducted the public devotions in the church, held public receptions of Promoters and of members, and occasionally spurred them on to yet greater efforts by the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours. His chief difficulties in arousing souls from their lethargy or meeting financial embarrassments were always presented to the Sacred Heart through the intercession of the Apostleship of Prayer. And his one anxiety when leaving the parish—we had reason to surmise—was lest the devotion to the Sacred Heart might diminish in fervor or in its public expression. The church at the public services was brightened from one end to the other by the rows of Badges of the Sacred Heart upon the breasts of the devout congregation. And for our own part we feel convinced that the condition of the parish of St. Mary's of the Lake can always be accurately gauged by ascertaining the state of affairs in the local Centre of the Apostleship of Prayer.

Our own Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland has been amongst the visitors of course, and on one occasion he brought with him Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding of

Illinois. The latter was to preach in the church, and when the moment came he found that the book containing the Epistle and Gospel of the day was not to be had. So he quietly took the missal off of the altar, and few persons who heard the ease with which he read both Epistle and Gospel to the congregation realized that he was translating from the Latin as he read.

Father Lee returned finally to his own diocese, and is now an assistant at St. James' Church in Boston, where he is always delighted to see any of his old parishioners from White Bear. He succeeded temporarily by Rev. Father Burke, from St. Augustine's Church in Washington, whose enfeebled health was greatly improved by his stay in Minnesota.

Upon Father Burke's return to the East, Rev. F. J. MacEwan succeeded him. During his administration a local court of the Catholic Order of Foresters was founded here, which is in a flourishing condition. To Father MacEwan succeeded Rev. P. R. Cunningham, the pres-



REV. FATHER LEE.

ent pastor, who has repaired and beautified the church, and cares assiduously for his flock and looks after their spiritual interests.

[NOTE.—It may not be without interest to mention that Mrs. M——, whose gentle ways are so well remembered by those who met her under her own roof, at Mound Cottage, passed to her eternal rest on the 15th of last August, the anniversary of the day when the little church in which she took so deep an interest was dedicated. She was seventy-four years of age and was to the last a devout member of the Apostleship of Prayer. R. I. P.]

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

( *Continued.* )

AT the request of the Rev. William Gleeson the Sisters opened a school at East Oakland (then known as Brooklyn) July 2, 1877. Some eight years later an addition was built for the accommodation of boarders in Our Lady of Lourdes Academy. Here and in the other schools there are flourishing Sodalities of the Children of Mary, etc. In San Francisco they have large schools at St. Peter's, Alabama Street; Our Lady's Home for Aged and Infirm, Rincon Place, with some 130 inmates, and adjoining this house the Mater Misericordiæ Institution where young girls and servants out of employment are taken care of. The Magdalen Asylum in Patrero Avenue has saved and sanctified many a sorely tried and tempted soul through all these years, as it will (please God) through each year of the coming century or centuries.

From the Mother House itself, St. Mary's Hospital, the Sisters go out to visit the jails, House of Correction, City Hospital and also the sick in their own houses. And beside the blessed routine of these organized ministrations of charity they have always been ready to lend their aid in meeting sudden emergencies of disease or want not unknown even in that favored region. Thus in a letter of February 6, 1894, Mother Baptist writes to her sister in Newry :

"There is great distress among the working classes here and everywhere. About five hundred men are coming daily for something to eat. We give them coffee and bread. We have twelve dozen tin cups; when these are served out, they are dipped into a pail of water and used again. The poor men stand in the open air in a long line, two

abreast, and we hand the coffee and portion of bread out of the window. It is considerable work serving so many, but we are thankful that we are able to do it. Of course, we get help. A poor young man hired a room last week in Third Street, and, after cutting off all marks from his clothes and destroying all papers and anything that could identify him, shot himself, leaving in writing that he did it rather than beg, and he could get no employment. I trust we may be the means of preventing such an act. But workmen and tradesmen are not provident; they spend every cent they earn on dress and amusements beyond their rank in life." [And then the drink! the drink!]

The Home for the Aged on Rincon Place did not satisfy the zeal of the foundress. Her darling project of a separate and adequately equipped institution for this object, on which her heart was set, was never to be realized in her lifetime. Her correspondence through a full score of years is full of allusions to her hopes and plans. For instance, we see in the following letter how far she had gone towards realizing her design as early as the year 1881; and this helps us to understand her bitter disappointment at not being able to begin the building during the many years she was still to live. This letter was written to a lady who had been obliged to take a situation as governess in a Protestant family in some very out-of-the-way part of the country. As there are some characteristic touches in other parts of the letter, we print it almost in full. It was a fine act of charity to write thus at length to a poor lonely lady among strangers, one who seems to have been known to Mother Baptist only

through having appealed for her temporary hospitality while out of employment before this undesirable situation was offered to her.

June 26, 1881.

MY DEAR MISS ——— :

Your big letter was received on the morning of the 23d. I kept it until evening, when M. M. G. and I sat down and enjoyed it together. I say enjoyed, though we sympathize with you in your hard trials, and more than once tears were in Mother's eyes. I did not think such bigotry existed, but she tells me it is not much better in her part of Hum-

My dear old father (the Lord be merciful to him!) considered riding a part of our necessary training, and when mere children we began on a donkey, but I never had courage to go farther; so when the other girls were sporting on horseback, the quiet donkey did for me, and the quieter he went the better I was pleased, as I always had a book open before me. At last one day the poor brute got tired of my listlessness, and down it lay and I on its back. My poor father saw me in the distance, and when I got home said he supposed I had better give up riding, and so I did, and I



CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES, EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

boldt County. It arises from ignorance, and, when Catholics become more numerous, it will gradually disappear. But you have found a haven at last. The tender thoughtfulness displayed by placing all the Catholic books and pictures in your room was the only point that touched the soft spot in my heart. I pray God to bless your newly found friends. What inducement have people to settle in such a country as you describe, or how did they find out such a place? Truly this puzzles me.

Your description of your horseback ride adventures reminded me of myself.

am sure I would make a greater fuss than you did if obliged now to try it.

You say little of your eyes. I am so glad you have so kind an amanuensis as Miss G. It will be one of the most improving exercises you can prescribe, so beg her to write as often as she can, and it will save your poor eyes. We did wonder we were not hearing from you. I hope you got the few letters we sent.

You will be glad to hear Sister M. Francis is busy about the new home; not exactly the building, but preparing the ground and the plans. She has over thirty men grading for over six weeks,

and probably six more will not see all finished.

We are rejoicing at one great blessing God has accorded her—a good well. Two weeks ago the men struck a good vein of water at 136 feet depth. All the money you send I will lay up to secure you a home in the new building, so that you will feel independent. I often told you we did not hold you accountable for the time that you were here, except that you are bound to pray fervently for God's blessing on us all.

When there are so few Catholics in your part of the world, you have, of course, no priest and no sacrifice. How

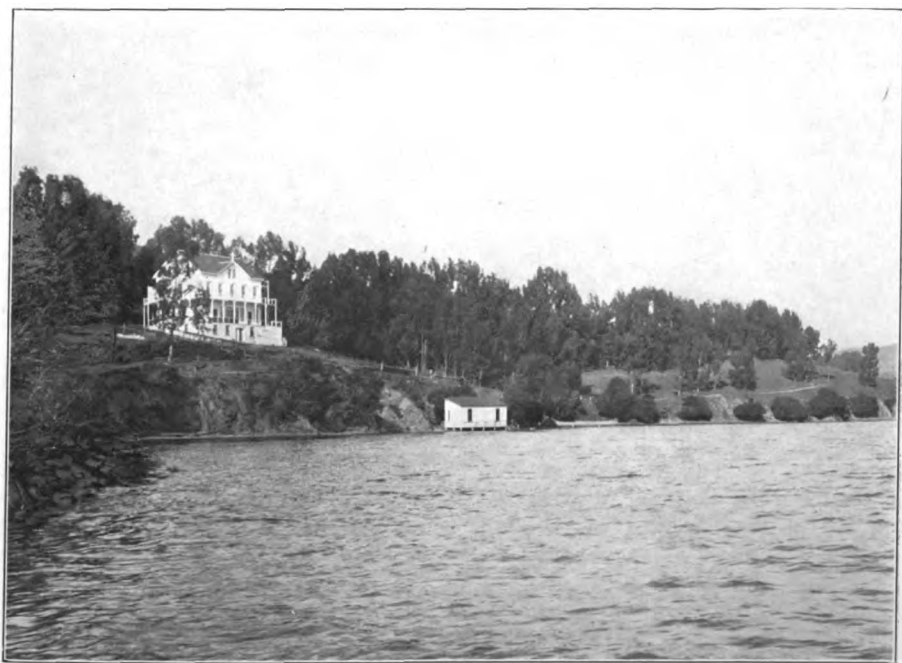
but, as God elevated Esther to the throne for the good of others and not for her own benefit, so it may be the Divine Will to make use of my poor brother for some wise end, and if so, provided he is true to God, all will go well. So far, mixing with the world has not lessened his fidelity to his religious duties, thank God! but pray for him. He is only 49 this October, and he has ten children.

Now I have dashed this off in double quick time, so your dear pupils must not take this as a pattern to imitate.

Ever yours in Jesus Christ,

Sr. M. B. RUSSELL,

Sister of Mercy.



ST. HILARY'S SANITARIUM.

I pity you! But God is everywhere, and you are doing what seems to be your duty in the order of Providence. I will hereafter send you a *Monitor* as often as I can, or some Catholic paper. I see you get other papers with political news.

No mention is made in my family letters of my brother's being made successor to Forster, but unless it was a certainty they would not mention such a thing. I am far indeed from wishing it for him ;

The ground, however, on which Mother Mary Francis Benson had those men employed for six weeks was for some reason pronounced unsuitable for the site of the new Home, though some progress seems to have been made, for in the following year (April 13, 1882) Mother Baptist writes to the same correspondent:

"The work on the new Home is stopped for the lack of funds. In God's own time it will get on."

But God seems sometimes to our impatience and ignorance to work very slowly, and, when eleven years had gone by, Mother Baptist wrote to her sister, Mother Emmanuel, August 2, 1893:

"I told you some time ago about a lovely spot we had set our hearts on for the Home, Peralta Park. Well, the Archbishop did not approve of it, so we gave it up. The location was grand—such a fine view of the bay, Golden Gate, Yerba Buena and Alcatraz Islands, etc., etc. This very thing, however, was objectionable, as it thus gets the full benefit of the winds and fogs; but it so happened that we went on an exceptionally lovely day. We have since bought five acres in Fruitvale, a suburb of East Oakland, and intend, please God, to build there in time. Our reasons for selecting this place are, first, the climate, which is mild, and,

secondly and principally, we are within a few hundred feet of a church belonging to the Franciscan Fathers, where our old people can have the advantage of numberless Novenas and devotions of all kinds. Besides, religious priests are usually more numerous than secular priests, so we are not likely to have any difficulty about securing daily Mass, paying a certain amount annually, of course. Until we dispose of the property we purchased so long ago for the Home in this city, we cannot think of building, and at present everything here is not dull, but dead. Crowds of people are out of employment, and several of the banks are closed."

Again, after more than two years, she writes to the compiler of these notes, December 7, 1895:

"Business of every kind is depressed and taxes extra heavy; so, contrary to our expectations, we are getting no contributions to the Building Fund of the new Home. We are consequently resting on our oars for the present. When I hear of the amount expended for useless decorations, as at young Mackay's funeral and at Miss Vanderbilt's wedding, I am half provoked. At the last 120,000 dollars' worth of cut flowers. It is almost incredible, but even here 500 dollars for a pall of violets has been paid more than once. We are in California 41 years tomorrow, Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and the day Pius IX. proclaimed it a dogma of our Faith. Dear old Mother de Sales threw a miraculous medal into the mud as we drove from the steamer to St. Patrick's Church and begged our Blessed Lady to take us under her protection; and no doubt she preserved us from many dangers, notwithstanding our shortcomings. Ask her to help us now to finish the Home; it is too long on the Hospital premises for the good of either institution, and I could wish (if God's will) to see the new and permanent building erected before I retire from work, and you know my years cannot be many. So, pray, and God bless you."



OLD WOMEN'S HOME, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

We have given considerable space to this holy project which has not even yet been realized because it claimed a large share of the prayers, hopes and aspirations of many of Mother Baptist's later years. She loved the old people, no matter how disagreeable they were or how crotchety. She always found excuses for them, and whenever she had time, she visited them and read for them. The notes that we are here following add that she never worried over money matters, and always said that God would provide for His own; and so He did. She had such faith in public prayers or prayers in common that she never missed an opportunity of being present at the community exercises. "The only thing for which I ever heard her express regret (says one of her Sisters) was for not being able to build the Home."

Our last reference to this subject will be a note furnished by another of the Sisters, from which we will not omit the opening sentences, although they are here irrelevant:

"Being asked on what she made her particular examen, she answered, 'On the Presence of God; Father Maraschi, S.J., told me to make it on this twenty years ago.' God was indeed present with her at all times and in all places. In her exterior devotions nothing out of the ordinary was apparent. She always looked on the call of duty as God's voice, and it became her prayer. Nothing could disturb her peace of mind, for she had implicit confidence in Divine Providence; every occurrence, pleasant or unpleasant, was gratefully received and treasured because it was His will. How she did long to see the Home for Old People erected! For years she had been planning, etc., about it. A few years ago she purchased a very large 'Crucifixion' and several other pictures to help on a poor artist—also a stained-glass window, to assist another poor artist; and all these and many more things she had stored away to adorn the chapel of this Home.

Never will I forget the expression on her face the day (a few days after she was stricken down with her last illness) that the Archbishop visited her. He had promised some time before to call and come to some decision about proceeding with the building. She had been daily expecting him. Her speech was gone, but she was perfectly conscious and showed how pleased she was to see him; but I imagined I could read in her face, 'Ah, you come too late. I cannot talk with you now.' After he left the room, she raised her hands upward and with her eyes expressed perfect resignation."

The last work of the kind that the foundress of the Sisters of Mercy in California was just barely allowed to finish was St. Hilary's Sanitarium. The well-being of this wretched tenement of clay, which the soul inhabits, has a marvellous share in the efficiency of God's poor human creatures. Mother Baptist had for many years felt the necessity of having a place outside the city and yet easily accessible, to which she might send the Sisters that needed a few days' rest and change of air after their long confinement in hospital wards and closely-packed schoolrooms. Dr. Benjamin Lyford, a distinguished physician who had given up for some years the practice of his profession, owned an extensive estate in Marin County, along the shore of an inlet of San Francisco Bay, from which he generously invited Mother Baptist to select a portion suited for her purpose. He even pressed her to come at once (it was the summer of 1897) and occupy with some of the Sisters one of his cottages, so that she might on the spot judge of the climate, etc., and might then, if satisfied, choose her own lot, which he would give for nothing. Accordingly she writes to Sister Mary Euphrasia from Bay View Cottage an idyllic epistle, reporting that "Sister M. B. is enraptured with this place, and truly for a summer resort for the Sisters, I doubt if it could be equalled. Not a sound but a cawing of

the crows morning and evening. Yesterday a rabbit or a hare came into the kitchen, and, as we were sitting in the front last evening, a whole family of quail walked down the road within fifty feet of us. If we were only any way smart, we could trap plenty of game while here."

It is a quiet, retired spot, free from fog and malaria, the air balmy and yet invigorating. It commands a magnificent view of the bay with San Francisco in the distance. Mother Baptist commenced a comfortable little convent which she called St. Hilary's, because "Hilarita" was Mrs. Lyford's name. Mr. Gilmour, the contractor for the work, was a Protestant; but before his contract was completed, he had expressed a desire to be instructed in the Catholic faith and is now a good practical Catholic. Let us pray that the same grace may be granted to the generous donor of St. Hilary's.

Sister Rose writes on the 20th of November, 1898: "Just think! After all Mother Baptist's preparation of the new house, she never slept one night in it." When all was ready the message came from a brighter and fairer home: *Omnia parata sunt, veni ad nuptias*. After she was taken away, her mourning daughters were in no hurry about the blessing of St. Hilary's, which did not take place till May 13, 1899. Father Valentini, the Rector of Sausalito, recalled in his sermon that thirty years before he had met Mother Baptist in the pest house, where she and Sister Mary Stanislaus and others, all gone to their reward, were nursing the small-pox patients, and he exhorted the listeners, her spiritual children, to strive to copy her virtues, especially her charity, her humility, her zeal, her peaceful calm, her meekness and forgivingness and her firm trust in Divine Providence.

We must now begin to think of bringing our story to an end, though we have made very inadequate use of the materials placed at our disposal. Besides the long European letters, we have had the privilege of reading many of the shorter

and more scrappy and gossipy notes that were sent from one to another of the houses in California. In all these the writer's prudence and charity shine forth, her kindness and thoughtfulness, her desire to help every one who needed help of any kind.

Her habit of commending her friends' necessities to the compassionate Heart of the Mother of Sorrows is thus referred to in a letter to a friend in Ireland. She writes:—"It may please you to know that one of my constant practices is to recommend all my dear ones to our Lady of Dolours earnestly every day, and generally by name; and certainly you and yours are never forgotten. We have a life-size painting of the Crucifixion over our altar, with our Blessed Lady and St. John. The Madonna is very beautiful, and it is to her specially I pray for you all, and for some other anxious mothers, whom I promised to pray for."

The following is a testimony paid by one of the Californian Sisters of Mercy to the virtues of her beloved Mother:

"Her knowledge of Scripture and of the Lives of the Saints, and indeed all spiritual knowledge was very great. Her instructions were exceedingly practical and it is certain she always practised what she preached. She was generally one of the first in the Chapel in the morning and one of the last to leave it at night. When duty or charity did not detain her she was without fail at all the common exercises of the community. I never heard her say, 'I had not time to finish my prayers;' they were always said at the right time. Her spirit of prayer was wonderful; she lived and moved in and for God. It required no effort for her to speak of Him; she seemed always recollected.

"In 1881 we celebrated the Golden Jubilee of the Order. Early in that year she wrote to the different houses of the Order for statistics of the different houses, of their works, members, etc. She intended having them all collected and had

printed headings of the different works of the Institute. These she intended to be collected and bound and send a copy to the parent house, Baggot Street, Dublin, and also to the principal houses of the Order.

"Mother was willing to bear all the expense and take all the trouble solely for the good of the Order. She loved everything connected with it and revered the Institute. She was in every sense a true Sister of Mercy.

"Her respect for priests was profound; many a needy one she helped substantially. She always spoke of and to them with reverence. She never resented an injury, nor would she ever allude to a slight that she had received. She possessed a spirit of labor; no work was too menial for her. I often saw her scrub, wash windows and help those who seemed extra busy. I never heard her command; if she wanted something done or wished one to go on the visitation it was, 'Could you do so and so for me?' or 'Would it be convenient for you to come out with me?' etc.

"Many a time she called the writer and whispered, 'The Lord loveth the cheerful giver,' if she would see in the face a shade of worry or perhaps a clouded brow or a slight frown. How she pitied the relapsing sinner or the one who failed despite many resolutions! Her advice was, 'Rise again no matter how often you fall.' If a child in running falls, it does not lie on the ground, but arises quickly and goes on again until it reaches its destination. So we must do likewise, she frequently said.

"When she did a kindness for anyone, or helped them in any way, she would never mention it, nor would she wish anyone to allude to it. To the poor she was more than generous, especially to those who had seen better days. To such her offering was always placed in an envelope, which she would slip into their hands when saying 'Good-by,' showing the refinement of her generous heart. She frequently said that God never let

her feel the loss of the charities she dispensed; and these were incessant and (considering her resources and her needs) very great. She could not refuse anyone who asked her for charity, or see anyone needing food, clothing, etc. She would deprive herself of necessities. On many occasions she took off her underskirt to give it to some poor creature, and she would take from her wardrobe the garments meant for her use. No matter how badly anyone treated her or how ungrateful persons were, she never resented nor spoke ill of them; in fact, I never heard her speak in the least uncharitably of anyone, nor show by her manner that she resented. All did not act towards her as she did to them. Rev. Mother was always planning pleasures for her spiritual children. She was always anxious to relieve and to make their occupations light. She never asked anyone to do what she was not most willing to perform herself. I never heard her express a wish, that she would like this or that with regard to food, clothing, etc. Very many times I asked her when she was ailing at any time if there was not something she would desire. 'No, dear, I have everything I wish.' I often said: 'Why, Mother, you will spoil those who attend to your wants. You never give an order; you do not tell them to make your bed so and so.' She would answer, with an endearing smile: 'How can I, when everything is done so willingly and well?' Yes, she thought everyone was good, like herself. She often said that we ought to feel a pleasure in being forgotten or overlooked by others. She never raised her voice; her tone in speaking was low but very distinct. Her manner of reading was charming; one would never tire listening. In reading of the sufferings of others she would always shed tears. Many a time when she would commence some touching part I would say, 'Now, Rev. Mother, please take out your handkerchief to catch the tears.' . . . She loved Ireland with a deep, ardent and undying love."



## GLIMPSES OF CATHOLIC FRANCE.

BRITTANY.

By E. A. McAuliffe.

THERE is not in all France a more interesting region than Brittany ; and there is not anywhere a more charming place in which to while away the long summer days. One finds there everything to make life enjoyable ; a delightful climate, where the heat is always tempered by the nearness of the sea ; wooded hills crowned with grand old castles ; rich and radiant valleys, watered by broad streams, on whose banks nestle mediæval towers. Here the antiquary may spend days among the pre-historic monuments, the rocking stones, and other druidical relics ; the artist and the poet will find in her moss-covered fountains and picturesque ruins themes for the pencil and the pen.

"But oh! The pearl, the gem, the glory of her youth,

That shone upon her brow,  
She clung forever to the chair of truth,  
Clings to it now!"

To the Catholic, then, Brittany has a special attraction in her faithful people, untainted by the heresies which, for a time, disfigured other portions of France. We saw many splendid churches, and monastic establishments, an atmosphere of religion pervades town and country, the very fountains by the wayside are transformed into shrines having each a crucifix on the summit, or a statue of the Sinless Mother. There are an unusual number of shrines where it has pleased God to manifest His power in miracles ; the most famous is that of St. Anne d'Auray, near the tower of Auray, to which pilgrims come in great numbers, from all parts of France, on the feast of the Saint.

In the little town of St. Malo, in Brittany, was born Chateaubriand, the

author of the "Genius of Christianity." We visited his ancestral castle, near the town of Combourg. Chateaubriand was the bold defender of God's Church in that dark period of France's history when her brilliant, gifted sons, listening to the voice of the "old serpent," and thirsting for novelty, became entangled in the inextricable meshes of *free thought*.

In a state of society such as existed in France before the revolution, the man, who not only avowed his faith, but championed it, had need of more courage, and courage of a higher order, than he who mounts a breach in the face of the enemy.

The legends of Brittany are as numerous as the legends of Ireland ; many of them are very beautiful and poetic ; all show the faith of the people. As these legends have all been collected, and published in book form, they are doubtless familiar to many of my readers, therefore I shall not dwell on them.

The fishing population, the very poorest class whose lives are all toil and hardship, interested me very much. Let us compare these people with the same class in other countries, England for instance, where the term "fishwoman" is synonymous with everything unfeminine ; a savage, untamed creature, given to intemperance, and using the fierce language of unregenerate men. I have seen them ; and, alas! heard them.

In Brittany the fishwives work as hard as the men ; they have the strength and the stature of men, with hearts soft and loving, with pure lips where prayer is habitual. No intemperance stains their lives ; they keep the little homes clean and comfortable for the sea-worn hus-

bands; when the boats come in they help to unload them, transferring the loads to their own broad shoulders and bringing them to market, while the men are resting. In winter they take part in gathering the seaweed. This gathering of the seaweed is a great event; the time is fixed by law for commencing the work. On the first Sunday after the Epiphany, after the High Mass, the mayor's secretary, or some one in authority in the parish, mounts the steps of the great crucifix which always stands in the centre of the churchyard, and addressing the people, peasants and fishers, who crowd around him, announces the date on which they are to commence to gather the *Moisson de la Mer* (harvest of the sea). Special officers are appointed to keep order, to mark off the lots all along the coast for the different parishes, and sub-divide them into smaller lots, as many as there are families. Each parish and family must confine itself to its own portion of coast, and on no account encroach on its neighbors. There is, however, no law to prevent the youths of one parish from going to help the young girls of another; quite a good deal of discreet love-making goes on amid the strife of the elements and match-making too.

After the preliminaries for the harvest-ing are settled, the priests are kept busy for some days, hearing confessions, as all prepare for this dangerous work by receiving the sacraments. Long before daybreak, on the day appointed, every one is astir, a pleasant excitement prevails; danger only lends zest to their enjoyment of the work, and, as whole parishes go together, constantly joined by groups from other parishes, it is quite a gay scene.

Right merrily the youths and maidens pursue their way, and then—out on the slippery rocks, knee deep in icy water, in the gray dawn of the winter morning, cutting the seaweed with their sharp sickles and loading it on the carts with pitchforks. The lowing of the oxen and the neighing of the horses mingle

with the roaring of the sea. Merrily the toil goes on until the bells from all the parishes ring out a peal to warn them that the tide is rising and work is over for that day. If any more covetous than the rest, persist in loitering, they are likely to pay for their temerity with their lives.

The following story of a life-saving station on the Breton coast illustrates the strength, courage and tenderness of these children of toil. (Translated by permission from the *Courier des Etats-Unis*.)

It was a raging sea in which the life-boat put out; the master's idea was to station it across the bar, at the entrance of the channel that connects the harbor with the sea. All along the mole the waves were mountain high; the least of them, if it reached the parapet, could carry it away as easily as if it were a straw. The sight was grand and terrific. As far as the eye could reach, the sea boiled like a caldron. Under the lash of the wind, it gathered up the surf into monstrous bundles, mixing them up in tangled masses; then without apparent effort, disentangled them, separated them, broke them into shreds and shook them into long strands, like the locks of the furies, crowned with foam. Or, it would roll them into an enormous block and push it like a battering ram against the barriers of stone and iron which the pigmy, man, had reared to resist the rage of its onset.

This bay of Andierne is particularly exposed to the fury of the tempest. The bar is placed at one side, parallel to the shore, masking the port in front, from which the pier juts out like a helping hand. But there is danger in this hand; it is not endowed with activity to seize the struggling victims, and its contact is severe; if the barques are not well under control as they pass through the narrow channel, they are sure to be dashed against it and dashed to atoms.

The life-boat keeps its post—and what a post! Men would need nerves of steel

to oppose to such assaults, to remain even for an instant under the furious attack of muddy water and wind, of which the first covers the body with burning crystals, that the breath of the other freezes; while the rain, joined to the violence of the surge, blinds the eyes, penetrates the garments, glueing them, as it were, to the members, and driving the blood back to the heart.

Seven fishing boats are still out. The people of the parish are there, on the pier, waiting for them, in the midst of the desolation of the storm; some in mute anguish, others with sobs and groans; and it is to aid them to cross the bar that Kerdic, the master, has kept his boat there, in the most dangerous spot, and waits with a courage and heroism that nothing can daunt for the opportunity of bringing assistance to the first comer.

The opportunity is not long delayed. Three boats are seen; they come speeding before the gale, with the swiftness of arrows; all three are making for the same point, the narrow entrance to the port. From the life-boat warning voices shout to them to hold back, that they are sure to come crashing against each other, if they do not change their pace. One only, the *Jean-Marie*, answers to the tiller. Her master is a Hercules—Balanic, who wears two medals for life-saving, besides a military one, on his broad chest. By a supreme effort he reverses his tiller and changes the course of his barque. The other two reach the channel; the moment is critical; will they pass?

The pier is crowded with spectators, and they all take a deep interest in the drama being enacted before them. The women outnumber the men; they hurried there filled with anxiety, their little ones clinging to their skirts. Even those whose fathers, sons, husbands or brothers are safe at home, are there, full of solicitude for the others. For in communities such as this, is to be found the spirit of charity and fraternal unity, the

members form one great family, and the loss of one is a loss to all.

They are there, on their knees, praying and weeping, incapable of controlling their emotion or restraining their cries. Foremost among them, on the very edge of the pier, is a young woman with a little infant clasped in her arms. She has only been a year married, and her husband is out in his boat, which has not yet been sighted. An old sailor, fearing the worst, and anxious to get her home, tries a little well-meant roughness. Addressing her, he says: "Gaïd le Marié, if you think your squalling will bring your man home any quicker, you are mistaken. Go home and put your child to sleep; it will be better in its bed than here, that's sure." Gaïd heeded him not, and ceased not to weep and pray.

In truth the place was almost untenable; each moment the sea became more furious. Now it attacks the pier, both sides at once; the unwearying waves mount the stone walls and iron pillars. Huge masses of water deluge the whole length of the narrow path, making it difficult and dangerous for those who had fled before its violence, to return. They who are on the mole are a little better protected, but it is evident that the waves will soon reach them also.

The priest is there, standing in the midst of his people, in stole and surplice, his snow-white hair streaming on the wind, as, holding his biretta in his left hand, he raises his right, and stretching it toward the shipwrecked seamen, pronounces the words of absolution; words which open the gates of Paradise to the almost despairing creatures. An acolyte stands beside him, holding aloft the large processional crucifix.

Dead silence reigns now in the breathless crowd. The two boats are trying to enter the channel. What Kerdic foresaw comes to pass; the two barques, pushed with equal force at the moment of entering, dash against each other with a tremendous shock. A cry of horror

goes up from every breast. One was a little in advance of the other, and receiving the impetus in the stern, was propelled forward into the channel, and saved. The other was laid full length to larboard, the sea broke over her, tearing away her mast with two men clinging to it. One of these is crushed to death against the stones of the mole, the sea engulfs the other. The words of the priest's absolution mingle with the cries of four helpless ones still battling for life, as a second wave flattens the boat against the wall of the pier, with the dismal sound of creaking and groaning planks.

The life-boat has already gone to their assistance. The master, expecting the catastrophe, had everything in readiness, and as the *Jean-Marie*, under command of the herculean Balanic, kept its position in the pass, those in the life-boat signalled him the condition of the four men who were crouching on the floating wreckage. Balanic took in the situation at a glance; to launch towards them a line, at the end of which floated a buoy, and to let the force of the current carry it along, is for the *Jean-Marie* the work of two seconds, the next, the life-boat has caught the buoy, and between them they hold the line firmly within reach of the drowning men who are between the two boats. It is no easy task, as the debris of the wrecked barque interferes, and at every wave is sinking deeper.

One of the men seizes the stretched rope, he is quickly hoisted into the life-boat, a second follows with like success, a third makes the attempt, but reaches only half-way when the sea broke the rope; the man is swallowed up in the abyss. The fourth and last remains; he only a lad, the water is up to his waist, the sea is breaking over him in torrents, he is three parts paralyzed with dread, his eye-balls are dilated with horror. The life-boat recoiled in the surge, and the new rope dragged violently. From the mole they could hear the voice of Kerdic, encouraging the boy: "Hold on, we are going to save you, good boy!

hold on." And the hero cast himself into the sea, grasping the stiffened rope, and worked his way, hand over hand, to the boy, whom he seized around the middle and threw on his shoulders, all the time holding the rope with one hand, and the poor fellow clung about the neck of Kerdic, while the latter made superhuman efforts to reach his boat, with death threatening to take a double prey.

Suddenly the rope slackens, the barque seems slipping away, a monstrous wave is rushing onward, beneath which Kerdic and his burden disappear. The next minute they are seen on top, he has recovered the rope which he pulls vigorously. The excited crowd on the pier applaud the grand tableau: "Well done! Kerdic, brave seaman! you beat us all! hold fast! hurrah! hurrah!" At this moment they are seized by strong arms from above and hauled into the life-boat.

It is now five o'clock, the sun is near his setting, and four boats still at large. The rescued sailors have been cared for by those on shore; the life-boat resumes its place on the bar. These men of iron are at length weary, but they show no sign of relaxing their efforts; while lives are in danger they cannot think of rest, they must fulfil their sublime, self-imposed mission. There is a movement among the crowd on the pier, it is almost dark, none of the other boats have been signalled, and the women think about getting their husbands' supper.

All at once a new clamor arises. Every one rushes back to the mole. An unexpected, heartrending sight meets their view. About ten fathoms or more from the stone pier something or someone is floating, whether fisherman or sailor it is impossible to discern in the gathering darkness; and now he is swimming with desperate energy towards the cramp-irons, washed by the surf; if he can only grasp them he may be saved.

Gaïd le Marié gives a terrible cry: "My man! 'tis my man!" Yes, this poor sailor is Paul le Marié, of Audierne; he is strong and brave, as can be

seen by the way in which he fights for his life. In this fearful duel which will be the victor? The sea is ever the strongest; what can this bit of living flotsam do against it? Aid is out of the question, the life-boat is beyond his reach, and the darkness covers him from the view of those on board. They shout directions to him, but the wind drowns their voices.

It was he who was carried overboard with the mast, and became entangled in the sail; beneath the water he managed to free himself, and now all breathless and exhausted, is swimming for his life. Cheering voices from the pier call to him in words of encouragement. Twice Gaïd, quite beside herself, attempted to leap over the cornice into the sea, but was held back by friendly hands. Some fishermen threw ropes, but in the darkness they missed their aim and the ropes fell short of the weary swimmer; they stretch out helping hands, but he is not yet within reach. He does not even see them, his objective point is the mole; his hope is in getting hold of the cramp-irons; if he fails, the force of the surf would dash him against them, breaking him alive before carrying away his dismembered body.

He fights bravely. It is not only the water which envelops him, it is a cloud of foam, a terrific enlacement of whiteness, as though the unhappy man were in a snow-storm. With prodigious strength he gains a few fathom lengths, a wave bears him on, seems to aid him, and then flings him against the stone pedestal, as though ironically saying: "Ah, you want to get there. I will take you." He was bruised by the shock, but with all his senses on the alert, he had time to reach out an arm and grasp one of the iron clasps. The crowd from above kept shouting encouragement: "A little more, a little more, Paul, you will be all right!" Men laid themselves flat on the edge of the mole, and stretched their hands down to him; but they reckoned without the sea.

The terrible power which had almost let him escape, has again seized him. He must surely be lost. Like an insect trying to creep on the edge of a china plate, he no sooner lets go the first hold, in order to seize a higher one, then a receding wave tears him away. He falls back into the sea, rolling helpless in the foam.

Gaïd weeps no more. She stands firmly, pale as death, calling to her husband: "Paul, my own Paul, come back; try once more; the stone is slippery there, a little more to the left, one more stroke, Paul!" And behold, he comes up again, this time all bloody from the fray; he had left shreds, not only of his clothing, but of his flesh on the hard rock; but the energy of the man is unconquerable; he will not yield.

Again he gains the wall, he hears the voice of Gaïd, repeating: "A little more to the left, it is worn slippery where you are, a little more to the left you will find a hole for your fingers." The sea relents, and allows him to pass between two waves; for the second time he seizes the cramps, this time with both hands. The water, which had shown some hesitancy, rushes in with a doubled fury and breaks over Paul in mountainous waves, hiding him from the anxious watchers. But he kept his hold; when the waves retired he was still there. With a mighty effort he reaches the second iron, at the third, a wave clutches him, and what a wave! a column of water. He flattens himself against the wall, pressing his bleeding face on the stones. The surf envelopes him, completely invades the platform, scattering the crowd, drenching them. But it is finished—the sea is conquered. At this moment two strong arms reach down and seize him, gently drawing him up. A faint smile brightens his features as he murmurs: "Gaïd," and falls insensible. "Yes, my own, it is I," replied the young wife. "I have you, you will not be taken from me, praise be to God!" And the valiant creature, again

lifting his inanimate form, carries him reach the port in safety. Further out home amid the cheers of the spectators. two huge shadows are dimly discernible in the fading light. They prove to be the fourth barque, and the *Jean-Marie*, towing her in.

Just at this juncture three of the missing barques glide into the channel and

## AT SUNSET HOUR.

*By L. M. Montgomery.*

FROM out unbarred, supernal gates of gold  
 Across the sky a wondrous glory shines,  
 And glimmers, faint, serene and silver-cold,  
 A star above the pines.

The night winds blow from valleys hushed and dim,  
 And bring the murmur of the far-off sea,  
 While o'er the tranquil world's engoldened rim  
 Steals twilight noiselessly.

The traffic and the turmoil of the day  
 And all its fever and unrest are o'er,  
 And now there is a little time to pray  
 And find our souls once more.

A little time to shut from out our hearts  
 All evil things that harbor unconfessed,  
 Before the sunset splendor all departs  
 And night-time brings us rest.

A little time wherein, if so we will,  
 Our souls may hearken to the Higher Power,  
 And learn deep lessons in the moments still  
 That come at sunset hour.

## A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

**H**ERNANDO MAGELLAN, chosen by Providence to discover the Philippine archipelago, had the great honor to be the first to plant in these uncultivated regions the sacred tree of the Redemption. He arrived at the River Bratarru, in the island of Mindanao on the 31st of March, 1521, and was kindly received by the chief of those surroundings. He disembarked in Carago, and filled with faith and devotion he raised an altar to God where the first Mass in the Philippines was celebrated, elevating the Holy Cross constructed by Peter Valderosma, a native of Eeija, and captain of the ship *Trinidad*. The first evangelical workers to cultivate and propagate the sacred harvests on these islands, excepting the missionaries that might accidentally have come before to exercise their holy ministry, were the Augustinians, who, with the immortal Father Urdaneta, accompanied Miguel Legaspi on his voyage of conquest. The first fruits of these religious were gathered in Cebú, where many were converted to our holy faith, and chief Topas and his son were baptized with great rejoicing, their respective godfathers being Legaspi and Saludo. Soon after this they found it necessary to extend their work into the other islands of the archipelago for the purpose of instructing and baptizing the many natives who fervently desired it. They left in Cebú the first holy church, built by order of Legaspi, and the statue of Holy Child, found by a Spanish soldier on the beach, for worship and veneration.

Accompanying the illustrious conqueror on his voyage to Manila, was Father Diego de Herrera, first Provincial of his order, and other religious. They hoisted the Spanish flag in Manila on the 19th of May, 1571. On this day, according to tradition, the "Virgin

Guide" (to-day venerated in the parish of Manila) was miraculously found on a palm-tree. In this city was erected a convent chapel, and stations were established in Cebú, Mastate, Mindora, Tondo, Calumpit, Pasig, Bay and Taal, where were twelve religious, the only ones then in the archipelago, who were gathering the sacred harvests. One of these religious was Father Alvarado, who accompanied Salceda to Bay. During the government of Labazares, the order of St. Augustine established new missions in the villages of Candaba and Meanbebe of the provinces of Pampanya, Vigan, in Ilosos and in the island of Negros.

On the 24th of June, 1577, the first Franciscan friars, fifteen in number, arrived in Manila and were received with universal rejoicing by the people. They were welcomed by the Augustinians and lodged in their convent, and commenced their spiritual ministrations in the provinces of Tunde, Balrean, Leyana, Tarjahas and Camarines. Until their arrival the supreme ecclesiastical authority was vested in the Augustinian fathers, but on the resignation of their provincial it fell into the custody of the Franciscans. A bishopric was established in Manila by His Holiness, Gregory XIII., in 1578. The first bishop to occupy the episcopal chair was Friar Domingo de Salezan, of the Order of Preachers, who made his triumphal entry in September, 1581. He was accompanied to these islands by the Jesuit Fathers Antonio Serteno and Alonzo Sanchez, eight Franciscans and a few Dominicans.

On the 21st of December of the same year, the construction of the Cathedral of Manila was commenced, under the protection of the Immaculate Conception, with a chapter composed of 5 dignitaries, 5 canons, 2 prebends, 2 curates, for parish service, and an ade-

quate number of priests. To meet the many necessities that were felt in Manila, Father Sanchez, of the Jesuits, was sent to Madrid. He had just finished an important embassy at Macao to the complete satisfaction of the Portuguese. On his arrival at court he was kindly listened to by Philip II., from whose royal hand he received many concessions and great liberality in favor of the ecclesiastical, civil and military government in the Philippines. After leaving court he went to Rome, where the greatest kindness and courtesy were dispensed to him by Sixtus V. and the rest of the Popes up to Clement VIII., who granted a number of spiritual graces in favor of the churches in this archipelago.

At this time a band of Dominican fathers arrived in Manila and established the province of the Holy Rosary, and distributed their companions in Batuaia and Pangasinia, the Vicar, Friar Juan de Costro, remaining in the capital for the purpose of establishing a convent. There lived in Manila a priest named Juan Fernandez de Leon, who was full of love and zeal in the interests of the poor. He established a home for them outside of the walls of the Capital, where he housed and cared for a multitude of families who were in need of the actual necessities of life. Thisholy work increased to such an extent, with its charities, that the home was found to be too small, with the result that a magnificent public home was erected, and at the earnest request of its founder the first house of the Sisters of Mercy was founded by the Jesuit father, Antonio Pereira, upon the same basis as the one in Lisbon, erected by the Queen, widow of Juan II. of Portugal. In consequence of the visit of Father Sanchez to Rome, Father Aquaviva, General of the Society of Jesus, made Manila a Vice Province, appointing as its Superior Father Sedeño, with seven priests. In conformity with the royal decree "to preserve the peace of the religious commu-

nities, the fathers will be distributed between the different provinces," they were distributed as follows: The Dominicans were sent to the province of Cagayan—they already had charges in Pangasinan and Bataan. The Jesuits were sent to the islands of Itabas, Capul and Bohol and others of the Visayas, with permission to found a college in Cebú. The Augustinians and Franciscans were not given any new assignments, as they had already sufficient.

Father Sedeño was very zealous in the interest of the Indians, not alone for their spiritual welfare but for their temporal happiness. He taught them new ideas of industry and agriculture, and to appreciate the value of silk; the method of making lime, and to work stone; he also made looms like those made in Europe, had foreign painters come to instruct them in that art, so that they might have beautiful images in their temples, and adorn their buildings. On the departure of Bishop Salazar for Spain there was established the Metropolitan See of Manila, which embraced the three Bishoprics, of Cebú, Nueva Caceres, and Nueva Segovia.

After the death of Bishop Salazar the Metropolitan chair was filled by Father Francisco Santabañey of the Franciscans, and that of Cebú by Father Pedro de Agurto of the Order of St. Augustine, Nueva Caceres by Father Francisco Ortega and Nueva Segovia by Father Miguel Benavides. At this time the first College, called San José, was founded under the direction of the Jesuits, who obtained from Gregory XV. the right to confer the higher degrees in Philosophy and Theology. This event was celebrated in Manila in 1623 with great public rejoicing over the honor of having an university. At this time the first mission of the Recoletos fathers arrived, having already established their first convent and church in Bagungbayen. Later they removed to the interior of the Capital, where they erected the convent and church which they now possess.



Once established, they took under their charge the salvation of souls in Zambales and Caraga; and later on in Misamis, Mindoro, and Calamianes.

The idea of abandoning these islands, which was agitated in the time of Philip II., was again brought up by the advisers of his son and successor, Philip III.

The zeal and eloquence with which the custodian of the order of St. Francis, Father Hernando de Moraga, addressed the King was such that the monarch, placing his hands on the shoulders of the Father, uttered these memorable words: "Go with God, Father Moraga. Never shall it be said of me that I abandoned what my father won." Shortly after this the first convent of St. Clara was founded in Manila under the charge of Mother Superior Jeronima de la Ascension, with ten nuns sent from Spain. Governor Juan Niño de Tabora brought with him the image of the miraculous Virgin, which to-day is so venerated in Antipolo, in the district of Morong, and has been an object of constant pilgrimages of the faithful. At this time the magnificent church of the Society of Jesus was erected in Manila.

To put a stop to annoyance from the Moors of Mindanao, which was daily on the increase, the plaza or public square of Zamboanga was laid out. The corner stone was laid on June 23, 1635, the celebrated engineer, Father Melchor de Vera, directing the work. And in such a masterly way was it done, that the plaza was well supplied with excellent water, brought from the River Tamaza. In the government of Corcuera several innovations were introduced, not only in the civil and military affairs, but in the ecclesiastical. The first was to secularize the chaplainship and administration of the Royal Hospital, taking it from the hands of the Franciscan Fathers and giving it to a chaplain steward and secular employees. They were so dissatisfied with the reform in Corcuera, that in 1640 it was turned over to the

brothers of San Juan de Dios. The mode of appointing the ecclesiastical governors of the vacant bishoprics was also changed at this time.

The most notable event of this period was the foundation of the Royal Chapel in Manila, and of the College of St. Philip, with twenty fellowships with which to reward the meritorious pupils.

In the midst of the wars which Spain was continually waging with the Moors, it was worthy of notice that many times the missionaries, like the noble Macca-bees, pressed forward with the cross and sword to the front of the Christian army, heroically throwing themselves against the hordes of Moors.

One of the most noted champions of the faith was Father Pedro of the Order of St. Augustine, called the Father Captain, who at the head of hundreds of Christian Indians, accomplished successfully one of the most glorious actions against the barbarous Moors. A sad and grievous year was 1663 for our holy religion in these islands. Koseng, the famous Chinese Corsair, arrogant with his victories, had the audacity to hint to the Governor-General of the Philippines at the subjugation of these islands to his service and vassalage.

This, with the rebellion of the Sangleyes who had been ordered to leave the archipelago, produced great disturbances on all sides, being the season for taking great and alarming measures, some of which brought about sad consequences. One of the orders was to open the prisons of Zamboanga, Ternati and Colamianes, paying no attention to the supplication and objections of the missionaries, who were deeply concerned about the large number of Christians in great danger of losing their faith and liberty.

The Christian population of Mindanao and adjacent provinces was then 50,000 souls under the care of the Jesuit Fathers. That of Butuan and Caraga was 20,000 under the Recoletos. Calculating the total population of the Islands to be

150,000, according to the chronicler, Father Colin, it is credible that more than two-fifths of the inhabitants had embraced the faith of Christ. In 1667 the Islands called the Ladrões were converted to Christianity by Father Luis de St. Vitores, who changed the name of the Islands to Marianus. Such was the good work done in those lands that the first eight months of their apostleship, without the noise of arms, the Jesuit Fathers counted there 13,000 Christians and 20,000 catechumens and founded a college for the instruction of youth. Abundant harvests of inestimable value were soon irrigated with the blood of the said Father Vitores and other companions of his, crowned with the palm of martyrdom.

Neither were there wanting among the sons of the Society of Jesus examples of prowess that sent priests out to fight at the head of their villages. Witness Father Ducós, who had orders from the Governor-General of Manila to command the fleet engaged with the Moors in the seas of Yolo. He gallantly conducted this attack in defense of holy religion, capturing from the enemy 150 vessels, destroying three villages and taking many prisoners.

Soon these valiant chiefs were forced to abandon their field of honor. The unjust expulsion of the Jesuits from these islands, by decree of Charles III., caused incalculable loss to the budding Christianity of these regions. It is impossible in the limited space of an article like this to follow step by step the progressive march of civilization in all of the Philippine archipelago.

Every year has been marked by new advances. In the second half of the past century the Augustinian Fathers had 150 villages; the Jesuits 8 colleges and 80 villages; the Recoletos 123 villages and stations; the Franciscans had spiritual charge of about 90 villages; the domain of the Dominicans extended to Bataun, Sangasinan, Cogayon and other provinces in the centre and north of Lu-

zon. The war with the English, the expulsion of the Jesuits, several royal orders badly received in Manila, the political disturbances occurring at the end of the 18th and the beginning of the present century, all these circumstances combined diminished the number of Spanish missionaries. And although they endeavored to make up by a larger supply of Indian clergy, the advance of Christianity was not what it had been.

This was proven by the statements of the Governors-General, Don Rafael, M. Aguilar and Don Mariano Fernandez Fulgueras. The latter on the 25th April, 1809, asked the King to use every means to reinstate the religious. He deplors the decadence and negligence evident in villages under the administration of the Indian clergy, and conclusively shows the necessity of placing the spiritual government of these provinces in the prudent hands of the Spanish religious.

Notwithstanding the solicitude of Sñr. Fulgueras, the Fathers had only 290 parishes out of the 500 or more in the archipelago. Nor was any decided increase made until the year 1830. Ten years after there were 450 Spanish religious in charge of 345 villages. In 1859 the Jesuits returned to the Philippines where they had accomplished so much good in former centuries. They were received most cordially and affectionately by the natives of the villages, and they at once returned to the harvests that they had left in the island of Mindanao. Some remained in Manila to devote themselves to teaching.

From that day to this they have gone on, extending more and more our holy religion in these islands. The most extensive diocese is that of Cebú. In the city of Jaro a new See has been created. In 1865 it was under the administration of Cebú. The seminaries of the diocese of the archipelago were confided to the care of the Lazarists to foster in them a pious and intelligent clergy. Day by day the reduction of the infidel races to submission to our holy faith is becoming

Status of the Canonical Parishes, Mission-Parishes and Missions, the Clergy in charge, the number of native priests, and the Catholic population of the Archipelago, compiled from statistics furnished by the Secretary of the Archbishop of Manila, for the year 1898.

	CANONICAL PARISHES.	MISSION- PARISHES.	MISSIONS.	TOTAL NUM- BER OF PAR- ISHES AND MISSIONS.
<b>ARCHDIOCESE OF MANILA.</b>				
Augustinians . . . . .	75			75
Recoletos . . . . .	59	15		74
Franciscans . . . . .	47	8		55
Dominicans . . . . .	14			14
Capuchins . . . . .			16	16
Secular Clergy . . . . .	24	1		25
	219	24	16	259
<b>DIOCESE OF CEBU.</b>				
Recoletos . . . . .	61	8	1	70
Franciscans . . . . .	47	7		54
Jesuits . . . . .			25	25
Augustinians . . . . .	17			17
Benedictines . . . . .			6	6
Secular Clergy . . . . .	41			41
	166	15	32	213
<b>DIOCESE OF JARO.</b>				
Recoletos . . . . .	50	23	16	89
Augustinians . . . . .	68			68
Jesuits . . . . .			17	17
Secular Clergy . . . . .	26			26
	144	23	33	200
<b>DIOCESE OF VIGAN.</b>				
Dominicans . . . . .	59	22	14	95
Augustinians . . . . .	41	3	21	65
Franciscans . . . . .		1		1
Secular Clergy . . . . .	7			7
	110	26	35	171
<b>DIOCESE OF CAMARINES.</b>				
Franciscans . . . . .	55	10		65
Secular Clergy . . . . .	52	7		59
	107	17		124
Total . . . . .	746	105	116	967

#### NUMBER OF PRIESTS IN PARISHES AND MISSIONS IN THE ARCHIPELAGO.

Recoletos . . . . .	233
Augustinians . . . . .	228
Franciscans . . . . .	175
Dominicans . . . . .	109
Jesuits . . . . .	42
Capuchins . . . . .	16
Benedictines . . . . .	6
Secular Clergy . . . . .	158
Total . . . . .	937

#### NUMBER OF CLERICS IN EACH DIOCESE.

In the Archdiocese of Manila . . . . .	198
In the Diocese of Cebu . . . . .	125
In the Diocese of Jaro . . . . .	73
In the Diocese of Vigan . . . . .	120
In the Diocese of Camarines . . . . .	148
Total . . . . .	675

#### CATHOLIC POPULATION BY DIOCESES.

In the Archdiocese of Manila . . . . .	1,811,445
In the Diocese of Cebu . . . . .	1,748,872
In the Diocese of Jaro . . . . .	1,310,754
In the Diocese of Vigan . . . . .	997,629
In the Diocese of Camarines . . . . .	691,298
Total . . . . .	6,559,998

IMPRISONED RELIGIOUS.  
Augustinians . . . . . 10  
Dominicans . . . . . 107  
Franciscans . . . . . 74  
Recoletos . . . . . 46  
(Official figures).

DIED DURING THE INSURRECTION THROUGH  
ILL TREATMENT, ETC.  
Dominicans . . . . . 5 Fathers  
Augustinians . . . . . 2 Fathers  
Franciscans . . . . . 7 Fathers  
Recoletos . . . . . 18 Fathers

more universal by the exertions of our missionaries. At the present time the archipelago is divided into five dioceses, the Metropolitan of Manila and the four Suffragan Sees of Nueva Segovia, Nueva Caceres, Jaro and Cebu, whose parishes are looked after by a number of Fathers of the different orders and by Indian priests.

The dioceses of Nueva Caceres and Nueva Segovia are sometimes called Vigan and Camerines as their jurisdiction extends over these two provinces. Full statistics of the five Philippine dioceses are given on page 822.

The religious orders have not only contributed to the moral and intellectual instruction of the Philippine races, but have brought them out of the barbarism in which they were found to the state of civilization in which they are at present. To their efforts is also due the improvement in agricultural products of the archipelago. From what has preceded, it will be seen that when circumstances called for them the valiant religious like Ducós, the Jesuit, came forward in defense of the archipelago, and in politics Father Moraya (Franciscan) accomplished much in the court of Philip III., and Archbishop Jean Arischem (Dominican) was Governor-General of the Philippines. These men knew how to look after the defense of the archipelago, and did a great deal to promote the commerce of the country. The convents and churches scattered all over the archipelago prove how much has been done by the fathers to improve the style of architecture; and the many boulevards, bridges, aqueducts and fortifications demonstrate how much the country is indebted to them. The landed property or estates, for which they are now being so much censured, have been for many years the only schools of agriculture, in which they not only perfected the products of the country, but they introduced new ones, which, with new industries, have proved abundant sources of wealth to the natives. Up to this time

commerce has been highly benefited by the way the clergy have administered the properties entrusted to their care, providing for individual interests all the help needed in their mercantile transactions.

If from what has been said before we see the religious influences manifested by the clergy in the material development, their efforts are doubly confirmed in the printed works that they have left us. Leaving aside the celebrated catalogues of natural history published by Father Castro de Eleva, and the works of the observatory directed by the Jesuits, we cannot resist the desire to copy the following lines from the pen of an author of certain articles published some time ago in the *Pueblo*, a democratic paper of Madrid :

“ Sufficient to say, that almost everything written up to the beginning of the century we owe to the religious, who inhabited and were acquainted with that archipelago, and the different regions in which they were destined to live in accordance with their vows of obedience, namely, China, Japan, Ternate, Molucca and other islands in the Pacific.”

In the catalogues brought to light by Father Gaspar Cano, Calced Augustinian, in 1864, and by Father Felix de Huerta, 1865, Franciscan, we find more than 100 writers in each of these orders, and as many are to be found in the other orders. We regret deeply not to be able, in an article so limited, to write at full length on a topic so interesting and so useful to writers of history, and to literature itself; for in those works a scientific man will find many and various ascetic writings in the different dialects of these islands, printed and circulated so generously by the missionaries. They have also written many books on jurisprudence, theology and philosophy, some of them in the European style, as those of the Fathers Morillo and Cuervas, Jesuits, and Father Gonzales, Dominican. These writers, possessing an elevated and patriotic spirit, have no

limited their writings solely to religious topics, but loving and considering these people as members of one large family, they have not spared efforts to teach them all that could prove useful and beneficial to their country.

We often see these religious sacrificing their hours of rest and multiplying their intellectual efforts to acquire languages, to study botany and whatever branch of learning promises to elevate these poor races one step higher on the ladder of civilization. With no guide but their zeal and no means of communication but the natural voice, arts were adopted and dictionaries were made in the various dialects that they had to learn. Each corporation boasts of many writers of art and many complete dictionaries in all the dialects most used in the archipelago. We likewise find books printed in the Chinese, Cochin-China and Japanese languages.

Father Conception, a Discalced Augustinian, has left us a history in 14 volumes, octavo. Father M. Zanega, a Calced Augustinian, has left us a compendium in one volume, quarto. The archives of the corporations abound in memoirs treating of the customs and habits of the Indians. Some of these are excellent. We instance that of Father Placencia, a Franciscan, which was referred to by the magistrates before giving a verdict. A very graphic memoir is that of Father Gaspar, an Augustinian. Although these memoirs at first sight appear to be exaggerated, after due acquaintance with the customs of the natives, they are highly appreciated.

In the archives of Manila are to be found many manuscripts and printed books on botany, like those of Santa Maria, by Father Murillo, and a complete work on the flowers of the Philippines, for medical purposes, written by Father Blanco, a Calced Augustinian. This latter work was so deserving and so well known in England and Germany

that several scientific societies in those countries made its author a member. The Regent, Doña Maria Christina, could not prevail upon him to accept a decoration. He had written only out of pure love for his country and he applied his extensive knowledge of botany to a work on medicine written by Tisot and translated it into the Tagalo language. As for geography, not only are there many writings, some partial and some general, but the first geographical chart published was the work of Father Murillo, a Jesuit.

The first statistical, historical, geographical dictionary was written by the Augustinian priests B. and B. Three illustrious priests of the Society of Jesus, are also worthy of special mention. Father Juan Antonio Campiano wrote, among many other works, several on mathematics and astrology. He also built the magnificent church of St. Ignatius Loyola, in Manila, and the fortress of Cebú. Father Pablo Clain wrote a work on medicine in Spanish, which has been reprinted many times, besides seven other volumes from the same fruitful pen are translations from different languages to the Tagalo, which he possessed in all its perfection. Lastly the Coadjutor-brother, George José Camel, wrote about plants, mammals, birds, fish, reptiles, insects, shell fish and shells found in the Philippine Islands. Linnaeus immortalized the name of this charitable and edifying brother by giving it to the beautiful and fragrant flower called "camelia." Finally, we can assure our readers that whatever knowledge Europe possessed at the beginning of the century of the Oceanic Islands, and of Japan and China was due to the missionaries, who sailed from Spain for those regions, where their patriotism has preserved for the glory of the Metropolis the richest and most productive country of the globe.

## CATHOLIC EDUCATION IN JAPAN.



JAPANESE STUDENTS, WITH THEIR PROFESSOR.

**R**EADERS of the *Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier* will recall his frequent and high tribute to the natural goodness of the Japanese, and the history of succeeding centuries has amply confirmed his judgment. Appreciating the prospect that these qualities hold out, Father Claude Ferrand of Tokio is undertaking the building of a boarding school for the young Japanese, where, together with a solid Christian training, they will receive the best secular education, such as will fit them to enter upon professional and commercial pursuits. At present, with one exception there is no real boarding school in Japan. The students are all day-scholars, lodging in town. In these lodging houses, their hearts soon wither, and with surprising rapidity they abandon the path of virtue. The freedom they enjoy, coupled with the bad example of wicked companions, drags them down.

To raise the funds necessary for this important work, appeal is made to the faithful "to adopt" one or more of his pupils. Each benefactor will receive every six months a report of the progress made by his adopted son, who, moreover, will receive in baptism the name desired by his benefactor. The board and clothing of a young man come to \$5 a month, or \$60 a year, making a total cost of \$300 for five years' complete training. The plan, as Father Ferrand calls it, is certainly ingenious, and the object one that must commend itself to all Catholics who are in a position to render assistance. The recent conversion of Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, the leading European authority on all matters connected with Japan, and his native colleague, Professor Nagai, both of the Imperial University of Tokio, makes this time specially favorable for the inauguration of the new educational movement.

# VANCOUVER ISLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

1874-1900.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV A. J. BRABANT.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.*

(Continued.)

IT requires some heroism in our neophytes to refuse to subject a new-born child to the treatment which up to now was considered of paramount importance by all the Indians of this extensive coast.

July 21.—The father of the child is a determined, good man; he has an amount of trouble with his relatives who all want him to take the "doctors." The infant is a weak child and gives doubtful signs of a long existence. This gives them a chance to find fault with him all the more. But he does not mind their suggestions or interference. In my own mind I can see the consequences if the infant should come to die; never would an Indian listen to us again under similar circumstances; for Indians are exceedingly fond of having an heir and passionately attached to their offspring.

I make daily visits to the newcomer, but he is not a great success!—and as he cries a good deal the people all say that it is because the evil one was not cast out by the "Sorcerers."

August 28.—I just returned from Kyuquot and other tribes. My instructions from Archbishop Seghers on the occasion of his last visit were to feel the pulse of the Kyuquots with regard to having a priest stationed at that place. Part of the Indians had moved to their river stations; however the chief and several of the most important men were still at "Akties," their summer residence.

The chief not only told me that he was anxious to have a resident priest, but besides promised to grant all the land required for the use of the missionary, free of charge.

Other important men also spoke and expressed their happiness at the idea of having a chance to have their children properly educated.

My opinion of the Kyuquots is that it will be hard to manage the old people; but as regards boys and girls, of whom there are hundreds, I consider it to be the very finest mission, not only on the island, but in the diocese.

December 3.—As said above, the greatest obstacle to the conversion of the Indians is the idea that they will have to give up the Indian doctors or Sorcerers. I know a young woman who refused to marry a young man because he intended to become a Christian; the idea that he would object to her consulting the Indian "doctors" both for herself and children made her reject his advances for matrimony.

The Sorcerer is either a man or a woman—on this coast. Very few men are Sorcerers, but the number of women "doctors" is very large. In some tribes three-fourths of the women and in others one-half or a third—nearly all the old women—claim some special talent in that line.

The Sorcerer does not deal in drugs nor use medicine for his patients. He does not study medicine as a preparation, but he is put up to become a Sorcerer by some relation of the craft, or sometimes through some motive of his own.

The starting-point is either a dream or a so-called vision or the discovery of something unusual in his wanderings on the beach or in the bush—then he will feign sickness and he retires to his couch. His friends pretend to be or are really alarmed. . . . He suddenly ut-

ters deep sighs or groans ; does so repeatedly ; then he jumps up, shaking his head — eyes closed — and intones a song supposed to have been taught by the one (a mysterious being) who inspired him to become a Sorcerer.

This is the announcement to the tribe that they have a new Sorcerer. The cases may differ in some of the details, but they all amount to the same.

We have one here just now—the first since I am stationed on the coast. He is a young, sickly fellow of a silent, morose disposition.

He is the last Indian that I would have suspected of being inclined that way. But he is always sick and very likely he tries this dodge to get well ; for Indians say that when anybody is an invalid he will recover at once by becoming a Sorcerer.

The Indians have been talking a good deal of their new “doctor” ; they say that he pulled a snake out of his abdomen and that he will walk on the salt water as if it were “terra firma.” They also say that he walks on the branches of trees to their very extremity, and thus passes from one tree to another.

As I always strive to draw good out of evil, so I tried to do in the present case. Nothing like facing the enemy—it may be hard at first, but it is the only way to convince for the future.

So I defied the hero of all the Indians' talk. And on Sunday I told



A HESQUIAT BOY AND AN ELDERLY MAHAPE INDIAN.

them what I thought of such impostors and of those who take their part.

Next Sunday, Nov. 9, about four o'clock in the morning, I was aroused from my slumber by the loud voices of Indians and the noise made by their new Sorcerer. He was on the top of a tree and at times barked like a dog or croaked like a raven, then he would strike up a song or work his rattles to attract the attention of the stupefied savages.

At Mass-time Michel, the head of the only family now faithful to their baptismal promises, came to see me in a despondent mood. I think I felt as bad as he did himself, but I composed myself and sang High Mass as usual and preached on the Gospel of the day.

At noon all the Indians of the tribe were entertained by an old couple and



during the repast they were unanimous in rejoicing at the fact of having a new medicine man. The old people especially were jubilant and availed themselves of the opportunity to commend their old superstitions to the rising generation.

I may here say that speculation was at the bottom of this general endorsement by the tribe of the new "doctor." For this his first appearance was the announcement that four days later he would make a gift-feast to the tribe and those who praised him most expected to be the most favored in his acts of generosity.

When the repast was coming to an end the father of the new hero went into the house and invited all those present to follow him behind one of the houses, where his son would give proofs of his extraordinary powers.

Michel was called out by name. Like a man—a determined fellow, as he always was—Michel got up and all the people followed him outside, expecting to see him covered with confusion. He put his hand to his mouth and as he walked at the head of the crowd he prayed "that truth might triumph!"

We found the new medicine-man standing at the foot of the tree on which he had been doing his performances since the early morning. All the Indians arrived on the spot and stood around in a circle, none daring to approach the awe-inspiring juggler. Michel, however, being called upon to do so, went up to him. We at once noticed the preparations that had been made and showed before all those present that the initial step of the would-have supernatural powers was an utter failure. The trick consisted or was supposed to consist in the fact that the Sorcerer was, by incantations, to cause the lower branches of the tree, under which he stood, to bow down and thus enable him to reach them so that by taking hold of them he could climb up to the spot where he had caused the admiration of everybody in the early morning. Michel being close by no-

ticed hanging from the lower branches a thin string which was not supposed to be there, and thus the trick fell through. One would think that the people upon noticing that they were imposed upon would walk away disgusted. But not at all—their boasting changed into anger and was followed by most unusual excitement.

Three days later the medicine-man made a gift-feast (Potlach) to the whole tribe. When all the people were assembled he recommenced his wonderful (!) performances. Once more, Indian Michel was called upon and defied by the performer. He was equal to the occasion, and before long he was advised by a thoughtful friend to retire, leaving the whole assembly of pagan Indians covered with confusion. The feast went on and I was glad to learn that my good and faithful Indian friend came in for many and valuable presents.

I have written the above details with a feeling of disgust, but they will show, when paganism and superstition have disappeared from this coast, the blindness and obstinacy of heathens, before receiving the Gospel, and the amount of truth there is in the ancient saying, *mundus vult decipi*.

I have been asked, "Are there real sorcerers to be found amongst your people?" My answer is: If there are any I have never met or discovered them.

January 27, 1880.—Very extraordinary news! I received word that we have a new Bishop. I received indeed a letter dated October from Victoria in the handwriting of Father Brondel, late of Steilacoom, Washington Territory, inviting me to go to his Consecration, which was to take place in the Cathedral of Victoria, B.C., on the 14th of December of last year.

February 25.—An Indian arrived at the Mission from Barclay Sound and delivered a letter, with a portrait inclosed, of the new Bishop of Vancouver, the Right Rev. Rev. J. B. Brondel, D.D.

The new prelate expressed his astonishment that I was not present at the great celebration of December 14th, when he received the mitre at the hands of Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers.

A great many events take place and great celebrations in the Church are had, but, although I would be happy to be present and witness them, I must forego the pleasure of taking part in them owing to the lack of communication. Our new Bishop will after a time understand the situation and in the present instance he will be astonished to learn that it was over a month after his consecration that I received the letter of invitation, to be present on the great occasion.

April 20.—I have just returned from Victoria, where I went to pay my respects to Right Rev. J. B. Brondel, our new Bishop.

This visit was occasioned by a very disagreeable circumstance. Early in March the Indians became very dissatisfied and troublesome. The old people were finding fault and exciting the others at any and every chance. They now made up their minds that they would work on Sundays and ignore all the established rules. First they came to ask permission to go out fishing, and as they pleaded scarcity of provisions, the weather having been very bad, I allowed them to go out on one Sunday, and again on the following. On the third Sunday—there being now abundance of food in the village—they went out without leave. However, when the bell was rung for High Mass, they all came on shore and attended Mass. I warned them and insinuated that the transgressors of our Sunday law would be punished; that I could not punish them all, but that the one who would start the others would be the sufferer. After Mass a messenger came to tell me that all the men of the tribe were preparing to pull out their canoes. And indeed, upon looking out I saw about thirty canoes in a line and on a certain signal being given, they all pulled out together. This was very clever

on their part, for I could not punish any single starter, as they all started together.

However, I walked down to the beach and I noticed that not only the men but even most of the women were bent on desecrating the Sunday. Only two or three of the Indian policemen had remained faithful. With their assistance I took away a number of nets, said a few words to the leaders, and walked back to the Mission. On my way a scuffle took place between the police and some of the worst of the lot. This I stopped without delay and without any harm being done save the tearing of a few shirts and the pulling out of a handful or two of hair.

When I got home I tried to take the matter coolly. But how could I? Here I was now nearly six years! And only one convert and two or three decent fellows, although heathens, besides! However, the Apostles fared still worse, and the missionaries in China and elsewhere have no better times. Nothing like persevering and fighting the matter through!

Now, then, the thought struck me to leave the place for a few Sundays, for what could I do were the same trouble to arise again the next Sunday? I was half victorious, as quite a few nets—the articles most necessary for the herring season now on—were in my possession.

I therefore resolved to make a trip to Victoria and see our new Bishop. His wise counsels and a talk with my fellow-priests there would give me new courage and light.

I secured a crew of six Indians, and, as usual, we travelled in an Indian canoe. The weather looked fine, but at this time of the year the nights are very cool when one must sleep outside on the shore or in the bottom of the canoe. And yet we could expect nothing else; for the next four or five nights we would be compelled to do so. When we came within sixty miles of Victoria the weather was bitter cold, but the sea, comparatively speaking, smooth. On the shore, though, there



"THE FATHER OF THE MAN."

was considerable surf, and the northerly wind was very strong. We managed to paddle in shore, and as it was near midnight, my men concluded to make a landing. I was so crippled up with cold that I refused to go on shore, and preferred to pass the rest of the night in the bottom of the canoe.

One of my guides, hearing that my feet were actually freezing, turned about in the canoe and put the soles of his feet to those of mine. This had the desired effect of imparting heat to my chilly limbs and making me feel more comfortable, for the feet of our Indians are always warm, even when they walk barefooted through the snow.

I was aroused very early by the crowing of a rooster in the bush, and later on I was amused to see one of my Indians, in his shirt tails, running everlastingly after the lonely rooster, which he caught

at last and mercilessly killed. The bird had been left there by Indians of the neighborhood, who had, I suppose, stolen him from some farmer, and left him there to shift for himself, and who were in foggy weather guided by his fits of crowing, as a seafaring man is guided by the reports of a fog horn. We cleaned the rooster and ate him at breakfast.

I remained in Victoria three days with the new Bishop and the priests stationed there. During that time the weather had changed, and on our way back to the coast we had a favorable leading wind.

When we had made a little over a hundred miles, which we had done in less than three days and two nights, we came very near being drowned during a most severe storm. Both the Indians and myself had given up; the waves were immense, and rising like mountains threatened to engulf us at any moment. We all lay flat in the canoe, save the man in the stern, and at times our frail skiff stood almost perpendicularly up and down. At last we got on shore, being soaked with the brine of the sea. We camped on a small island, where we found a good supply of driftwood, and there we passed the night under *la belle étoile*, and as I lay under my blankets I wondered at the myriads of stars and admired the wonderful works of God, and after saying *Benedicite Stelle Cæli Domino*, I managed to take some very much needed rest.

Next morning the wind and storm had abated so that we could make a little headway and pass the day in an Indian camp.

Three days later we arrived at Hesquiat, where the Indians were becoming uneasy on account of our prolonged absence.

The trouble they had given me before leaving seemed to have weighed heavily on their minds, and I was reliably informed that they were deter-

mined to avoid listening to the evil counsels of their wicked leaders who, without exception, are all old men and old women.

July 28.—Right Rev. J. B. Brondel made his first episcopal visit to the coast, and I am sorry to say I could not report *omnia prospera*. The Bishop seemed to be disappointed; he expected to receive a great reception and he would have been received with all the honors due to his rank. But my Indians with the exception of one family being still pagans, I thought it would look like hypocrisy to make them turn out and act as Christian Indians do elsewhere. I live in hopes that the time may yet come when our Bishop will be duly received here by Christian Indians.

July 30.—The Bishop called here on his way back from further along the coast. He was accompanied by Father Nicolaye, and upon landing he introduced me to the Father as the future missionary at Kyuquot, sixty miles west from my Mission. Everything was arranged and the new Mission was to be put up without delay.

September 25 —These Indians are extraordinary people! There is an elderly man who of late has been giving a good deal of trouble to some of his old enemies. Several of them have come for protection and seem to be really alarmed. At the bottom of all the mischief complained of is an old threadworn blanket in the possession of the old man!

The Indian in question is a very troublesome individual. He has the name of having been a daring warrior and at home he has had many a quarrel and fight with the people of this tribe. At last he got tired of black eyes and bruised limbs, and so he had recourse to the following ruse: Early one morning he came back from a long walk on the seashore. He wore as usual an old blanket, his only covering. The old man was frothing at the mouth and his blanket was dripping wet, apparently with blood. He called his friends to-

gether and with a trembling, hoarse voice he told them that at a short distance from the settlement he had come upon a strange object; it was at the foot of a large tree and it was bleeding profusely. Something seemed to tell him to take off his blanket and steep it in the red liquid. He impulsively did so and left the spot assured that he had now in his possession a "charm" that would render him invulnerable—an object that would serve him to defy his enemies, and whether at home or abroad, defeat them.

I had often heard the Indians speak of this blanket and tell me that the wickedness of the children of this man was to be ascribed to the fact that their father, immediately after their birth, had rolled the blanket around their tiny limbs and body and had otherwise besmeared them with juices extracted from his famous "charms." Not only that, the blanket had such mysterious qualities that it would be impossible to send a shot through it!

As there was now quite an excitement in the tribe about the wonderful blanket, in order to destroy any further belief in the obnoxious article, I sent the men who had a new grievance against the old fellow to tell him to come over to the Mission and see me. He came, but did not take along the mysterious covering. I had my gun in my hands and quietly told the poor fellow to go and get it, that I wanted to be convinced and that if I could not pierce a hole through it with my gun, the Indians would be justified in looking upon it with awe and dread.

There were now quite a number of people around to be witnesses of the results, but of course it all ended in confusion on the part of the old man; the others after some discussion returning to their homes convinced that they had all along been imposed upon.

It is slow work, but one after another the dark spots in the Indians' minds are being cleared off. A few more proofs of this kind will go a long way to make

them look upon the old Indian yarns with misgivings, and truth will at last prevail.

There is general feasting going on just now. The festivities are called "Chookwahu." They remind one of the feasts of the "Mardi Gras" of Europe, and from time to time are indulged in by the tribes on the coast, especially during the winter season. The origin and the spirit of this feast are, I think, the same, although some of the details differ, in the several tribes of the west coast of the island. A chief or one of the leading men has prepared for the occasion. He must have a large supply of food and of blankets, for he is expected to feed all the people of the settlement during the festivities and to close them by making a gift to everyone who has been invited and taken part in them. These gifts consist in canoes, blankets, axes, fruit, calico, Indian beads, etc., etc.

The opening ceremonies are a banquet at which all the Indians are supposed to be present—one or more of them go outside and return immediately into the house and cause consternation in the assembly by reporting that a pack of wolves are to be seen at a short distance from the camp. The wolves are some of the young men running on all fours, imitating the step of wolves, and with a tail and ears, so that from a distance they resemble fairly well the much-to-be-dreaded animal.

This is the signal for great excitement. The chiefs make speeches, the old warriors sound the alarm, songs are indulged in, fright is cast into the bosoms of old and young, and general notice is given, especially to the children, to be on their guard against the wolves.

On this and the four next days no work is to be done, and general rejoicing is indulged in. Banquets are given, and there is singing and dancing and joking, and all kinds of drolleries are the order of the day.

This is, however, interrupted by the appearance of wolves in the morning and

towards evening. They are very bold; they make for some of the children—singled out before the time of the festivities and now purposely exposed to the danger—and take them away with them in the bush. The men of the tribe, seeing this, run into their houses, take up their guns and shoot them off as they run in pursuit of the fleeing wolves with their prey in their hands. You can now hear the shouts of alarm of mothers and old women . . . but after a while the excitement subsides and the general rejoicings recommence.

And thus the game continues for four days. Meanwhile the children that are taken away by the wolves are kept out of sight of the tribe. The mothers weep, the fathers are wild with grief. Everything is done to make the uninitiated believe that real wolves have carried away and devoured their children.

It is a matter of pride for a chief and for all his tribe to have the "Chookwahu" festivities take place. And no more important news can be communicated to a neighboring settlement. It travels all along the coast and compliments are extended by all and every friendly settlement.

In old times and even now on the coast there are tribes where ceremonies ending in mutilation, or at least wounding, are indulged in. But the wounding is received voluntarily and payment is made at the conclusion of the festivities. The occasion is suggested by the individual himself. He knows that as long as the "Chookwahu" is on, a man who fights or quarrels with his wife or strikes her is liable to have a spear passed through the skin of his arm, which, as a rule, causes profuse bleeding and much pain. This individual, I say, will purposely transgress this rule, whereupon a number of men enter his lodge, take hold of him and pass a sharp piece of iron or spear through the skin of his arm, which naturally enough causes fright and consternation in the bosoms of the women and children.

Being aware of this, I cautioned the people of this settlement against doing anything of the kind, but I can see nothing to find fault with at the present time. When I see the masquerades, cavalcades, historic processions, dramas, and other entertainments of our white populations abandoned and given up forever, it will be time enough to tell the Indians that they must give up the "Chookwahu" festivities.

On the fifth day, if it be fair weather, the Indians all dress up. The initiated know what is to take place. The wolves, as usual, come out of the bush. This time the children whom they had stolen away from their homes accompany them. The Indians get excited. They pull down to the beach two large canoes, cover them with planks and the chiefs and men and women of a special rank, using this as a platform, slowly proceed over the water to within close distance where the supposed wolves have charge of the children. They beat the drums, dance as they proceed, sing incantation songs, fire off their guns, and at a determined moment rescue the captive children and send the defeated wolves back into the bush.

The now rescued young people are naked, their only covering being small branches of trees and brushwood, and they are solemnly, amidst songs and general rejoicing, taken to the house of the chief, who gives the famous entertainment. The day is passed, without hardly any interruption, in this house. The children tell their experience in the home of the wolves, mention new names they are to take, and many

other ceremonies too long and too numerous to mention are gone through.

The feast continues at this place nearly a full month—in other tribes it lasts only a week. It comes to a conclusion by the burning of the branch-covering of the children as they were rescued from the wolves; and finally by a "potlach," or a gift of presents by the chief who organ-



DISTRUSTFUL OF THE CAMERA.

ized the festival, to all the members of the tribe.

July, 1881 — I have just returned home from Ahousat (eighteen miles from Hesquiat), where I built a small church with two rooms attached for use as house and sacristy.

To build a wooden church with the material I had at my disposition would puzzle many an architect. I had explained my plans to the Bishop, who sent

me enough flooring and planks for the body of the building. Then I made the Indians get cedar, which we squared and used for sills, rafters and other necessary supports; lastly I enlisted the services of an old fellow who brought me a supply of cedar blocks, cut in two-foot lengths, of which I made shingles to be used as a covering for the roof. Outside the building is neat, but the inside has the appearance of a common barn. I put up an altar and communion railing. But for the generous assistance of the natives I could never have finished the work by myself alone.

I have been complimented on my work, but people cannot throw dust into my eyes—it is altogether a poor job; yet it will answer a useful purpose and has cost the best of only a few dollars.

I considered this place very necessary if I want to instruct the Indians of this tribe. Thus far I had done it in the house of the chief, but it was a terrible place.

The house of the chief was over one hundred feet in length by sixty in width. The corner posts were immense pieces of cedar twenty feet high; they were met on top by long sticks three feet through. One monster beam was laid across the centre and served as crosspiece to support the roof planks. With a fall, for rain and water, of only about two feet, the roof looks almost flat. This is now the form of all the Indian houses on this coast—immense places with almost flat roofs. The sides are cedar planks fastened by ropes of cedar bark below and above. The cedar roof planks are chiseled out so as to leave a groove for the rain. In fine weather one of these planks is raised and shoved above its neighbor to let in air and give a place of exit for the smoke.

In this chief's house twelve different families had their home—twelve different open fireplaces supplied the room with smoke and heat. There were no windows in the house, although the crevices between the wall planks permitted

some light to enter. How could I instruct these people in such a horrible place of filth and smoke?—not mentioning the noise made by the quarrelling of the women, the crying of children, the growling and fighting of dogs. . . . And then the immodest bearing of the numerous inmates! Yes! I required a place to try and do something for the Ahousat Indians, and I now rejoice that when I go there next season I will have a place of my own, no matter how poor and how undesirable it may look or be.

During my stay at Ahousat I was greatly amused to see a couple of young Indians taking their daily walk around the place with each a shoe on one foot only! The man wore a shirt with a blanket over his shoulders and the wife had also a blanket over her dress; both had their faces painted with red vermilion. I was told that the reason for this odd action was that they had recently become the parents of twins. By this time they had gone through a very hard experience and they were still looked upon by all the people as outcasts and as to be shunned. No one will use the vessels they have used either to drink or to eat. Their diet is to be strictly dry fish; nothing fresh is to pass their lips. Now, and for a long time to come, they are not allowed to go on the sea in canoes either to fish or for pleasure. The man has to retire daily in the forest and by shouting and bathing reconcile the "spirits." Their life is not a pleasant one as every one avoided them, and being forbidden to work or to go after food, they have before them the prospect of famine and endless miseries. The birth of twins is a source of great excitement with all the Indians on the coast. They have special songs for the occasion in which all the principal men of the tribe join before the house where the twins are born.

Another time unusual excitement was caused by one of our chiefs becoming crazy. The Indians soon bethought themselves of an old remedy. They took the crazy man up to his waist in the sea.

Half a dozen men had charge of him and carried in their hands branches of brush-wood. Upon a given signal they began to flog him; then they took the man by the hair and forced his head under water. The bubbles indicated when to allow him up for breath. Then flogging recommenced . . . and the head under water again . . . and the process was continued till very little life was left in him. Their idea was to flog out the bad spirit who was supposed to be in the poor insane chief!

March 29, 1882.—A young Indian most unexpectedly called at my house, a few days ago, and asked to be married in the church. This was quite a new thing, for never before had anybody applied to me for matrimonial religious services.

After mature consideration I made up my mind to comply with the young man's request. And so we were at last going to have a Christian marriage! It was to be the first since I am on the coast. The young man had not been baptized, but he was well instructed and a faithful attendant at church and a real good fellow. He also told me that the young woman whom he was to lead to the altar was willing and anxious that I should marry them.

After some difficulties to make her tell me that she was free and willing to marry the man in question—for Indian women were never supposed to say or acknowledge that they were willing to marry a certain man, such language being considered imprudent and immodest—I proceeded on March 23, to marry the pair. First I administered baptism, then I brought them to the altar and everything went on well until I told them to join hands. This was almost too much. Single Indian women on this coast are never to touch a young man's hand—it is an act of immodesty—and how could she do so *in conspectu omnium*, for quite a crowd of people were in the church? However, after some coaxing and persuasion, she at last put out the tip of her fingers from under her blanket, when the

bridegroom, now rejoicing in the Christian name of John, grasped hold of it and the ceremony proceeded without any further difficulties.

I may here add that John stood before me in shirt tails with a blanket over his shoulders and barefooted; Paulina, his young bride, also wore a blanket over her dress of brown calico and was both barefooted and bareheaded.

Withal, their modesty and good dispositions were a hint to our civilized people on the occasion of contracting matrimony. God bless John and Paulina! If they are not rich in worldly goods they have now a chance to live as good Christians and their souls are as valuable and as precious in the eyes of God as those of the rich and powerful of this earth.

But trouble not quite unforeseen soon arose. This Christian marriage was an innovation in these parts. The chiefs used to be consulted in these matters and do a great deal of interfering. It was often an occasion for them to be praised and rewarded for their services. Now they were ignored. To be sure, the parents of the young woman refused to recognize the union, and although their consent had been asked secretly by their daughter, they refused to accept the presents which were sent—an old custom—by the parents of the young husband. There was such a row and such an excitement in the camp that the young couple, after signing the register, refused to go to their home. This, however, they did, but not before the darkness of the night had come on.

I now learned what was being said and the protestations that were uttered in public against my taking in hand their matrimonial affairs. It was no business of the priest. The young people whom he wanted to marry were not his children. Such and other remarks were made by the old people, and none of their daughters would submit to such unheard-of arrangements. The idea of anybody being married in the church!!



The following Sunday I preached on matrimony, explaining it as being a sacrament and the dignity there of. Next, I called their attention to the fact that their old marriages almost amounted to selling their daughters as one would sell a canoe or a horse—just as of old the chiefs were selling their slaves. This I had told them more than once, but it had had no effect. However, I knew that the young men of the tribe were favorable to the Christian marriage, and as they occupied all the one side of the church, all the women occupying seats on the other, I turned myself towards the men and told them to stand by me, that I would have all those who were yet single married in the church, and that if the girls did not comply with that rule, I would take the matter up and go with the men and look for wives for them in other tribes. This seems to have had the desired effect, for several young women, being about to be married, fearing that they would be jilted, sent word through their parents that they were not of the number of those who had objected to the Christian marriage.

The superstitions of the people are disappearing little by little. The attendance at church is good and the Sunday is fairly well observed. The Indians are now preparing for the fur-sealing season.

Up to a couple of years ago they lived almost exclusively on fish and potatoes. They availed themselves of the presence of large schools of dog-fish to make dog-fish oil, which they sold to coasting schooners, receiving in exchange flour, molasses, tobacco, print-calico, and articles of dress. The old people who did most of the work objected to the buying of clothing, but the young people, especially the women, did not listen to the pleadings of their elders, and invested most of their earnings in the purchase of decent wearing apparel.

I now made it a rule that no men should come to my house unless they wore pants!!

This was hard on them, for they had always considered this covering of their lower limbs as superfluous—a real bother! But I was inexorable. Pants on or remain outside. The other day the young chief, a boy about ten years old, came to see me on business with his aunt. I saw him coming from a distance, in his shirt-tails and a blanket on his shoulders. He had a small bundle under his arm. When within ten steps from the door he sat down on a piece of driftwood, took the parcel from under his arm, and shook it open. It proved to be his pants. He now put them on and solemnly walked into the Indian parlor of my house. I watched him as he left, and was amused to see him, almost at once, strip off the bothersome trousers, hand them over to the aunt and join with a lot of other boys in one of their favorite games.

Two years ago I persuaded the young men of the tribe to try their luck as fur-seal hunters. From the beginning their success was such that they now seem determined to prosecute this lucrative work and leave the dog-fish business to the old people. However, the work is not beneficial to spiritual matters. Convinced as they are, especially by the arguments of famous hunters of the tribe, that in order to have good luck they must have recourse to the pagan practices of the "osenitcli," that they must bathe, use charms, fast and strictly observe continence, most of the young people have their faces disfigured by the use of the superstitious remedies. There is no use arguing with them, and it is most discouraging to hear their replies and to see the determination of both men and women to persevere in their pagan practices. Nothing less than a miracle of grace will ever convince these poor benighted people!

It is worth mentioning that, when the young men are out sealing, the people at home observe strict old-fashioned rules. So, for instance, the doors of the houses must remain closed and the room be kept as dark as possible; dogs, chickens and

even children are turned outside. I heard a young man say that he missed a seal—or rather saw a small school of seals on which he was gaining stealthily, expecting to throw his spear at one of them and kill it, when all at once they all awoke and began to fight on the water; and he attributed his ill luck of not killing it—as they can only be speared when they are asleep—to the fact that at that very time a band of dogs had a row in his house, as he was afterwards informed by the women at home. The Indians go out after the seals in their canoes and, finding a seal asleep, stealthily approach and throw out their harpoon, loosely attached to a pole ten or fifteen feet long and pull the struggling animal alongside, when they kill it with a club. Guns are not used by the Indians when hunting the fur-seal.

Another source of revenue are the sea otters, which animal, however, is now scarce on the coast. They caught a few last year and the year before, altogether about seventeen, and were paid from thirty up to ninety dollars in trade for each animal. The sea otters are close in shore, rarely more than two miles away from the rocks or surf. The mode of hunting is different from that of the fur-seal. Ten or twelve canoes go out together—the weather must be calm, no wind and no waves—the sea being like a looking glass, the Indians spread themselves over an extended surface. When noticing a sea otter, a signal is given with the paddle, when all the hunters close around the coveted animal. The Indians use small canoes, three persons in each canoe and use bows

and arrows. The sea otter on seeing danger dives under the waves; he must come up for breath after a while, when the Indians begin unmercifully to shoot their arrows at him: if not hit he dives again, but must soon come to the surface again for breath. When he comes up the third time he remains on the surface and, like a duck, flutters away from danger the best way he can.

The Indians, having now gathered together around him, manage to hit and kill him amidst the greatest excitement. The man who first wounded the animal claims it as his own, although another man may have done the real killing. The woman or little boy, or may be the old man, who does the steering gets the tail for his share. The one who killed a wounded sea otter is also paid according to an agreement; and every one who succeeded in wounding the animal after it had been hit by the man who now becomes the owner, is also paid, receiving one, two or more blankets as per agreement before the hunt was engaged in.

The sea otter is very easily killed, a slight wound often causing death. It is sometimes very touching to listen to the narrative of the Indians on their return home from a hunting expedition. When a female sea otter feeds



A HAPPY PAIR OF BLIND MEN, HESQUIAT, B. C.

she leaves her pup floundering on the water; otherwise she carries it always in one of her flippers which in the human family are represented by the arms. Now this poor brute is so attached to her little offspring, that she will be wounded two and three times and not part with it. She wants to protect it as long as life is in her motherly bosom, and in many cases the Indians take the little pup from the flippers of its lifeless mother.

At other times, whilst the mother is feeding under the waves, they manage to catch the helpless youngster, and attach it to a rope tied to their canoe. By its wails and cries, it attracts the attention of the mother, who on coming in proximity with the canoe, is unmercifully killed by the cunning sea-otter hunter.

October 20.—On the tenth of this month two Indians came to my house and having great news to communicate asked me to close and lock my house.

They had come from "Oomis," a fishing station about seven miles distant from my house and on the open ocean. A vessel had been wrecked the night before, so they had come all that distance to inform me, and the body of one of the sailors was now lifeless on shore before their fishing camp.

I made some necessary preparations and went out at once and was followed by a large number of the people who lived at the Mission. It soon became evident that a great calamity had occurred, for we had not walked more than three miles, when we found on the beach a trunk full of ladies' dresses and children's wearing apparel. All along our road, which was over a beach covered with rocks and driftwood, we met signs of the disaster. When I arrived at Oomis I found the lifeless body of a young man covered with rocks. He had stripped and evidently tried to save himself by swimming for shore, but the sea being so rough and the surroundings one vast mass of rocks, he had failed to attain his object and was drowned. There were no wounds on his body,

save a scratch on his forehead. He seemed to be a man of twenty or thirty and had the complexion of a Scandinavian. We covered the body with canvas from the ship, dug a grave and I buried him.

Next I began to say my Vespers, and the tide going out the Indians manned their canoes and went cruising amongst the rocks and in the small bays. All at once I heard a cry of alarm, and next I understood them to say that they had found the body of a woman. I went down to the landing and then indeed I was just in time to take on shore the body of a young woman. She was evidently a lady of good circumstances, in all probability the captain's wife. She was dressed very gorgeously and had likely put on all her best clothes, so as to save them, in case she should reach shore alive. I uncovered her face, over which the Indian rescuers had drawn a veil. She had a small wound above the right eye, but otherwise she looked as if she had been alive and in a trance. As I moved the body out of the canoe, with the assistance of the Indians, I noticed that her neck was broken, for her head swung from one side to the other, and with her beautiful blue eyes wide open I was almost tempted to believe that life was not extinct; but no! She was dead—drowned with her husband and her two little boys! It was the saddest thing I ever saw in my life—the letter-blocks of the children and their toys and their pet little pig were lying about on the beach!

The vessel had gone all to pieces and it was with some difficulty that I discovered that she was the bark *Malleville*, of Freeport, Me.—Capt. E. Harlow; the lady in question being Abbie Newcomb, of Brewster, Me., the young captain's wife and the mother of his two little boys. I called upon the chief of this clan and he supplied us with calico in which we wrapped the body of the dead lady; then we got canvas off of the vessel, made a shroud and buried her in proximity to the grave of the sailor.

I must not forget to mention that the Indian who discovered the body and brought it on shore had taken from her hand two diamond and two gold rings—her wedding and engagement rings; two diamond earrings, a gold pin and a piece of a gold watch chain—the watch having in all probability dropped into the sea. After landing the body this man gave me these articles of jewelry and asked me to take them in charge. I told this good fellow—who might be given “as an example” to civilized people for his honesty—that we would send them to the relatives of this lady in case we could discover their home and get intelligence of their wishes. Altogether twenty-two people were drowned, including the captain’s wife and two children and the second officer’s wife.

After burying the dead and leaving instructions for the burial of some of the bodies which had not yet been recovered, I prepared to go home. But I was sick at heart, and completely exhausted with fatigue and hunger.

I had passed two days with the most distressing scenes before me. I had seen, it is true, with satisfaction the noble and heroic work of the Indians; I had seen them, up to their necks in the surf and sea, drag the bodies on shore and hand them over to me for burial; those very people who at one time killed the living

or left the dead unburied to become the prey of the ravens or wolves. Yet my business on that inhospitable shore came vividly to my mind as I saw a lot of dead men, women and children before me—people who had relatives and for whom tears would be shed. As at night I lay on a couple of planks, placed by the Indians on the heads of two empty barrels, so that I would be more or less protected against the vermin, a cold fever seized me and only for the heat communicated by my Newfoundland dog which I took as a bed-fellow, I think I should have perished of cold and misery.

On our way home we encountered the body of another sailor, an immense man, dressed in blue overalls. I was in company of two Indians. The waves of the incoming tide moved the body in shore. We found the half door cover of the hatch. We passed it under the corpse and thus floated it towards the beach. We then began to lift it up, hatch door and corpse. We were thus proceeding when one of my men lost hold and the body went splashing back in the sea! Oh! horror of horrors! it was dreadful. Finally we had carried the unfortunate man to his last resting-place, and after digging a grave we let him sink into it and covered him with the hatch door of the vessel on which he had met his sad end.

*(To be continued.)*

## A PILGRIMAGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

*By John P. Ritter.*

*(Continued.)*

### CHAPTER VI.

#### A REVOLVING CIRCLE.

“WE are lost!” cried the little maid despairingly. “Oh, my kind sirs, ye have done what ye could for me! Now save yourselves and leave me to my fate.”

“Nay, my lass!” said Luke. “We are true men, not cravens, and will perish sooner than desert thee.”

“Yet not until our time has come,” said Walter stoutly. “Make haste, and we may escape them even now!”

With these words he put his arm gently

round the girl to support her and hurried down the rugged path. Luke followed after them, and soon they had descended the steep face of the cliffs and were upon the sandy shore of the river.

blasts of a horn sounding an alarum. Looking up, the fugitives could see torches moving along the battlements. Presently these torches appeared at the postern through which they had escaped, and



"GRASPING HIS STAFF, HE AWAITED THE ONRUSH OF THE WOLVES."

In the meantime the noise in the castle had increased to a tumult. Men shouted in drunken frenzy, dogs barked, and above the din could be heard the shrill  
 began descending the cliffs in a serpentine line.  
 "We are pursued!" cried Luke.  
 "Whither shall we run?"

"Into the forest," said Walter; "for there we may find a refuge in a thicket."

"But they have torches, and will find us."

"Nay," answered Walter, "the lights will but serve to betray them as they approach, and so enable us to elude them."

"God grant it may prove so!" said Luke.

So they turned abruptly from the Rhine and entered the thick forest to the west of it. When they had proceeded some distance in the darkness, Walter plucked Luke by the sleeve and whispered:

"Stop!"

"What, and lose all we have gained in the chase?" grumbled Luke.

"The maid needs rest," said Walter, adding, "besides, I have a stratagem."

"A stratagem?"

"Ay. Why should we choose the hare's part, when we may play the hound's?"

"What mean you?"

"That we will hide under cover until our pursuers pass beyond us, and then pursue them."

Luke chuckled gleefully.

"A brave idea!" he cried. "It will be a case of the hunters hunted."

So they crouched down in a thicket and waited. Presently their pursuers drew near them.

"Bend low," whispered Walter, "and lie quiet, or we're lost!"

A period of intense anxiety ensued, during which the baron at the head of his ruffians reeled by within a dozen yards of them. They were beating the bushes with staves and boar spears and filling the woods with drunken cries. When the last man had passed, Walter sprang to his feet, and, supporting his fair companion, led the way out of the thicket.

"If we follow the light of their torches," he said, "we shall be safe."

For some time thereafter they pursued the flickering lights, although not without difficulty, as the darkness was

profound. Then they noticed that the lights began to spread out in a long wavering line. It was apparent that some of the ruffians were straggling, and, as the fugitives were obliged to keep in the rear of the hindmost, those in advance gained rapidly upon them. Their torches grew fainter and fainter and at last disappeared in the gloom.

Travelers in the dark have a tendency to move in a circle. Apply this rule to a line of travelers half a mile long, each straggling in the footsteps of the one before him, and it will inevitably happen that the man in the lead will eventually circle round into the rear of the last man in the line. Now, if the first man should take the last as a leader, what would happen? We shall presently see.

The fugitives had been following the long line of lights for nearly an hour when they heard a crackling in the bushes behind them, and, looking over their shoulders, saw to their dismay torches approaching from that direction.

"We are undone!" whispered Luke.

"Look! another band is coming up from behind. What shall we do?"

Walter did not answer, for he was rendered speechless with astonishment and consternation.

"Pray," whispered the girl, clutching his arm in a frenzy of terror. "Oh, noble youth, implore God's Holy Mother to assist us!"

"Let us pray together," said Walter.

So joining their voices, they murmured an ardent prayer to the Mother of Christians to aid them in their extremity.

And now a strange thing happened.

The leader of the ruffians in their rear suddenly shouted a command to the men behind him. Walter was dumbfounded; for the voice was the baron's. Yet the baron had passed their hiding-place some time ago at the head of his band. Of this he was certain. How came it, then, that he was now in their rear?

While he was endeavoring to solve this mystery, the baron's command was

passed from man to man along the line behind him. As the shouts were repeated, Walter observed that they traveled in a circle. First they were in the rear; then far away to the left; then in front, until finally the command was repeated to the very ruffian they were following.

At this he realized instantly that the baron had circled upon his own tracks. Moreover, it was apparent that his lordship, bewildered by drink, was pursuing the beckoning torch of the last straggler of his band. The fugitives were three invisible links in a luminous, revolving chain.

Now, Walter knew enough of mathematics to be aware that there is but one way to escape from the path of a circle, namely, by flying off at a tangent. So he immediately put this knowledge into practice.

"Follow where I lead," he whispered to Luke.

And, taking the maid gently by the arm, he marched off in a straight line into the forest. Soon, however, he halted and, sitting down upon a fallen tree-trunk, bade his companions to do likewise.

"We have tramped long and far," he said. "It is time we rested."

"Nay, comrade," protested Luke, "let us push on until we are out of danger."

"We are as safe here as in the priory," said Walter. "The rogues will not come this way, I'll warrant thee; for they are chasing one another in a merry-go-round that will last till sunrise."

Then he explained how their pursuers had fallen into a trap of their own making and Luke was exultant. So they rested to their hearts' content within sight and hearing of the ruffians and then resumed their flight.

They reached the priory at dawn, and, when it was seen that they had brought the maiden back with them, great was the rejoicing.

## CHAPTER VII.

### MARY.

As the girl and her rescuers were greatly exhausted by their night's experience, the pilgrims remained guests of the monks for that day. Nor was it a rest of the body only that they enjoyed, but an invigorating repose of the soul that can only be found on this earth in the sweet peace and quiet of a monastery.

The monks were assiduous in administering to their comfort and cheer, and their hospitality was of such a thoughtful, unobtrusive kind, that the recipients of it found all their needs anticipated as if by magic. Walter passed the morning in sleep, and, early in the afternoon, awoke greatly refreshed and joined his fellow-pilgrims in the guest chamber. As he entered the apartment, the old blind man called him to his side and said in tones that trembled with grateful emotion:

"Permit me to thank you, young sir, for restoring me my Mary. If I had lost her it would have broken my heart."

"Nay, do not thank me," returned the young man modestly; "but rather the most merciful Queen of Angels, the protectress of the innocent and oppressed."

The prior now made his appearance and invited the pilgrims to a stroll in the convent garden, which was not extensive, but very beautiful.

After Vespers and supper, the pilgrims assembled once more in the guest chamber to await the bell announcing that the hour for retiring had arrived. All save Mary, who had been slumbering peacefully since morning. According to a custom among pilgrims, they beguiled the time by relating stories. After Master Grislet had told a tale of his 'prentice days in London, and Luke of an adventure that had befallen him in Flanders, the old blind man spoke up.

"With your leave, kind sirs," he be-

gan, "I will now do my share toward the evening's entertainment by relating a tale in which you will doubtless take a deep interest—the history of the little maid whom God, in His great mercy, has restored to me."

#### THE BLIND MAN'S TALE.

"I was not always, as you see me now, blind. That is an affliction which God has visited upon me to a wise end, as I shall presently reveal to you.

"Ten years ago I was passing through a small hamlet in Kent, when I heard the most pitiful screams proceeding from a miserable hovel by the wayside. The voice was a child's, and the cries were accompanied by a woman's shrill curses and the sound of blows. As it was evident that the termagant was in a temper and might do the little one an injury, I hurried to the rescue.

"The scene that met my eyes as I entered the hovel is indelibly impressed upon my memory; for it is the last that I shall ever behold in this world. A great hulking woman was dragging a little girl upon the floor by the hair of her head, and raining blows upon her frail body with a heavy stick. She was in liquor, and her face was inflamed with rage and hate.

"'Hold thy hand, dame!' I cried, wresting the bludgeon forcibly from her grasp, 'wouldst slay the little one?'

"'What is that to you?' she answered, turning upon me furiously. 'Begone!'

"Then, as I did not stir, she went over to a fire that was burning on the hearth, and, scooping up a shovelful of red hot cinders, flung them straight into my eyes. Oh, the agony I suffered! I knew at once that I was blinded forever, and, forgetting that I was a Christian, cursed her root and branch. At this she became frightened, for to thoroughly subdue a termagant you need only outstorm her, and began to weep and wail.

"'Oh, man, man!' quoth she, 'I was never so becursed before in all my life. Go hence, I prithee! and leave me to my grief.'

"But when she saw the injury she'd done me, she changed her tone and moaned:

"'May the saints forgive me! I have putten out his eyes. Alas! I have done a grievous thing. Oh, man, why would ye come meddling 'twixt my niece and me?'

"And so she kept on, yet all the while a-bathing of my eyes to cool the smarting burns. Meanwhile the child lay sobbing in a corner as if her heart would break.

"They led me to an inn, and there I lay for three long weeks in pain and moan, with always the image of that child before me. I could see her sweet pale face uplifted in agony and fear as last I'd seen it; I could hear her scream for mercy, and I resolved to save her from her wicked aunt, if such a thing were possible. My host informed me that her name was Mary. Her parents had died of the same malignant fever two years before, and her aunt had taken her in to be her household slave. Since then her life had been wretched to a degree scarce conceivable. The woman seemed to have an inveterate animosity toward the helpless child, and rewarded her faithful services with blows and curses.

"As soon as I was able to leave the inn, therefore, I engaged a lad to lead me and paid a visit to the wicked woman's hovel. Finding her at home, I made known my errand at once.

"'Dame,' I began severely, 'you have robbed me of my eyes, and I could have the law on you.'

"'True,' she whimpered; 'but you'll not push a lone body so hard.'

"'That is for you to decide,' quoth I.

"'For me?'—and her voice quaked perceptibly.

"'Sell me the lass,' I answered, 'that I may have a pair of eyes to lead



me, and I'll condone your crime. What say you ?'

"Womanlike she did not reply directly; but consulted avarice. And that foul spirit, urging her to unreasonable greed, came near putting an end to our bargaining. But at last she consented to take what money I had in exchange for her niece, and I departed with the child.

"While I had my sight, I had made a good livelihood for one as a scrivener; but now I was obliged to turn to ballad singing to support two. Singing was an art in which I had once excelled; but not in balladry as the English practice it. My voice had been attuned to loftier strains. But let that pass. So I procured a psaltery, learned a few chaste and tuneful ballads, and, with Mary as my guide, wandered from hamlet to hamlet and from town to town, giving whene'er the chance offered a bit of harmless mirth for a groat.

"And my little maid was a comfort to me. In the evenings, when we were alone, I taught her to read, write and sing, and instructed her in the mysteries of our holy religion. And, as the years went by, her nature unfolded like a beautiful flower, so that I thanked God for the affliction that was instrumental in procuring me such an inestimable treasure. At last came from Rome tidings of the Jubilee, and I, whose whole life has been a wayfaring in quest of sustenance for the body, was filled with an ardent desire to make a holy pilgrimage for the good of my soul. So the little maid and I started from Westminster two weeks ago, and journeyed on alone until ye overtook us in the forest."

That night Luke and Walter occupied the same little cell. They had retired to their respective cots and were on the dim borderland of slumber, when Walter suddenly aroused himself and called out to his companion :

"Luke."

"Well?"

"The little maid and her blind guar-

dian must travel henceforth in our company."

"Why, lad?"

"So that we can protect them from the perils of the road."

Having delivered himself of this ultimatum, Walter turned over on his side and was soon fast asleep, performing in his dreams a variety of heroic exploits in defense of the fair pilgrim.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WOLVES.

At an early hour on the following morning the pilgrims—their number now increased to five—turned their backs on the peaceful priory and proceeded on their journey southward.

A night in the abbey of Dusselthal, a day in Dusseldorf, two more journeying without adventure, and our pilgrims entered Cologne.

Here they found shrines enough to satisfy their devotion, the ancient Church of the Apostles, and the rare reliquary enclosing the bones of St. Ursula and her virgin companions. Mary was enraptured with that of the Magi, and quite forgot to describe it to her sightless guardian, until he said to her :

"I've heard it is a marvel to behold. Is it so, Mary?"

Then she awoke from her trance and answered eloquently :

"It is the fairest sight I ever gazed upon. It is of polished brass, brighter than gold, studded with images beautifully wrought, and inlaid with exquisite devices and brave with colors. And it is adorned with jewels, so great, so rare, that each might ransom a kingdom. Upon it stand the three kings curiously counterfeited—Melchior and Gaspar in solid silver richly gilt, and Balthazar, the Ethiope, in ebony. And in the midst our Blessed Lady in virgin silver, with Christ in her arms. And at the corners, in gold branches, four goodly waxen tapers to burn night and day."

"Ay," said the blind man reverently,

"holy eyes have watched and renewed those lights unceasingly for ages, and holy eyes shall watch them until the end of time."

Leaving Cologne, the pilgrims followed the Rhine road to the little hamlet of Ursel, where they sojourned a night in a priory; thence through Bonn, Godesberg and Andernach by easy stages, until they arrived, after six days' continuous tramping, at Coblenz.

Meanwhile the topography of the country through which they passed had changed. The banks of Rhine were no longer low, but rose in precipitous crags from the water. And these rocky fastnesses were crowned here and there with huge stone castles. Towns and hamlets were less frequent—the road winding in places for miles through dense forest wildernesses—and, moreover, they began to hear words that sounded ugly in the mouths of travelers unprotected as they were.

In the convent at Coblenz where they sojourned, they met a traveler who had just passed through the country that lay before them on his way to Holland, and he frightened them not a little with his gruesome tales. According to him every castle along the route harbored a band of freebooters, every cave a bear, and every wood a pack of ravenous wolves.

"I would not make that journey alone again," said he, "for all the wealth 'twixt here and Holland. For twice was I beset by robbers whom I vanquished, once by a bear, which I slew, and, as for the wolves, I killed so many that I lost the count."

Mary was greatly terrified by these stories, but Walter reassured her.

"Never fear," said he, "for I'll be near thee."

And, as her confidence in his valor was implicit, she was calmed.

Before leaving Coblenz the pilgrims heard Mass in the ancient Church of St. Castor, in which Charlemagne had divided his vast empire among his grandchildren. And they also visited the spot

where the great St. Martin had preached to the inhabitants, when the city was a fortified outpost of Rome called Confluentia.

The morning was well advanced, therefore, before they again took to the road. They had not gone far from the city walls when they beheld a goat-herd running toward them, wringing his hands and filling the air with bitter lamentations. When he drew near, they stopped him and inquired what cause he had for such clamorous grief. His reply was unintelligible; but they gathered from his gestures that his flock had been attacked by wolves during the night, and that the greater part of it had been devoured. This put a damper on their spirits, and for some time thereafter they maintained a thoughtful silence.

About a mile further on they came to a wayside crucifix at the entrance to a dense forest. They all knelt before it and prayed. But when the others arose, Mary still remained upon her knees in a kind of trance. And she presented such a lovely picture, with her head thrown back, her hands clasped, her cheeks aglow and her innocent eyes uplifted in perfect trust to her dear Lord, that Walter thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever beheld.

"For what were you praying, Mary?" he inquired when she resumed her place at the side of her blind guardian.

"For protection against the wolves," she answered simply.

"What, have you no confidence in me?" he asked, piqued at this seeming acknowledgment of her mistrust in him.

She looked up into his face with an angelic smile.

"Oh, yes, I have perfect confidence in you," she replied. "I know you would defend me with your life," and she added with a charming blush "that is why I prayed for you."

"For me?"

"Yes, that Our Blessed Lord would keep you from all harm."

Walter was delighted. For that this

angelic creature should deem him worthy of a special prayer exceeded his fondest hopes. From which it will be seen that he was in love with her. Indeed from the moment that he had become her champion, he had made a shrine for her in his heart. He had divined from the first that she was in every way worthy of the noblest affection, and constant association with her had since revealed to him so many lovely traits of heart and mind that admiration had ripened into a deeper feeling.

They had been traveling all day and were weary. Twilight found them in one of those boundless forests that have since been supplanted by vineyards on the hills of the Rhine. They had been told of a convent in the wood where they intended to lodge for the night; but, as they should have reached it long before sundown, they began to think that they had made an error in their calculations. As the darkness deepened, they grew more and more nervous and apprehensive, until at last their overwrought feelings found expression in words. Master Grislet was the first to give utterance to his fears.

"This is the densest wood we've passed through yet," he said. "I can scarce feel my way along."

"True," answered Luke. "'Tis the wildest, weirdest bit o' woodland that ever I beheld"—and he added under his breath—"The saints forbid that we be benighted in it!"

While this brief dialogue was taking place, Walter drew nearer to Mary and asked in an undertone:

"Are you afraid?"

"Yes," she replied frankly. "Are you?"

"No."

Scarcely had the word passed his lips, when the blind pilgrim stopped suddenly in his tracks and raised a hand to his ear in an attitude of intent listening.

"Hush!" he said anxiously. "I can't hear for your chat."

A few moments of profound silence followed. Then Mary asked tremulously:

"What is it, father?"

"Do you hear nothing, Mary?" he answered. "My ears are getting old."

Mary listened and presently she heard a faint, far-away sound, like the howl of a dog in the distance. She described it to her guardian.

"Nay, I heard it," said he.

"And so did I," said Walter. "It was a dog barking. Ah! there it is again. What a cheery, homelike sound it is! It is a long way off, and is before us—is it not?"

"Alas, no!" said the blind man. "The echoes of this wood confound the hearing. It comes from behind."

"Then let us turn back," said Master Grislet, "and follow where it leads us. For, if it is a dog's bark, it must come from some human habitation where we can find shelter—perhaps the convent."

"Nay," said the blind man sternly, "let us rather push forward."

"Why, what ails thee, old man?" broke in Luke. "You seem affrighted."

The blind man paid no heed to him; but, taking Mary by the hand, started off in the lead, as if he had been suddenly restored to sight.

"Come on, on!" he cried hoarsely. "At any rate let us seek a better place than this."

"A better place—for what?"

"To stand at bay," was the solemn answer, "and die like men defending the life of this child."

"What do you mean?" asked Walter fearfully.

"My son, it was not a dog we heard just now."

"What then?"

"A wolf."

*(To be continued.)*

FATHER JOGUES  
AT THE  
LAKE OF THE HOLY SACRAMENT.

*By William Hickling.*

Laudato si, mi Signare, per sor acqua

La quale è multo utile et humele et pretiosa et casta,

*--St. Francis' Canticle of the Sun.*

THE beautiful inland sea now popularly known as "Lake George," was originally named *Lac du S. Sacrement* by the great martyr missionary to the Mohawks, the Rev. Isaac Jogues, S.J. On the eve of the festival of *Corpus Christi*, the Father arrived at the outlet or northern end of this most picturesque water, when on his way to accomplish a mission attended with peril, yet nevertheless most dear to his heart. His immediate object was, to conclude a peace between the French in Canada under Governor Montmagny and the Mohawk Indians, amongst whom he purposed, later, to take up missionary work. He passed the night where he first reached the lake. The next morning, May 29, 1646, he named the lake while the Church throughout all the world was celebrating the great feast, and then started to travel afoot southward to the Mohawk castles, where councils were held under "the great pine tree." He doubtless followed the known Indian trail, and, getting well into the valley, passed near Johnstown and Fonda, reaching Tribes' Hill, which then must have been a beautiful and romantic situation, and marching on by the way of the present Auriesville; little dreaming that one day his shrine would be set up there, and that thousands of devout Catholics two hundred and fifty-four years later would be making pilgrimages and offering their prayers at this place.

Reaching the Mohawk country in safety, he met the heads of the tribes in council and concluded the peace, the French and the Indians exchanging presents, the latter receiving many

strings of enamelled porcelain beads, which they valued highly.

Leaving with the people a box containing probably small articles for altar use when he should return as a missionary, Father Jogues and his party started on their return June 16th, heavy laden, carrying provisions and baggage, the account says, like Arabic horses. On their return, they struck the head or south end of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, and there delayed while the Indians built canoes. In these they embarked and paddled the entire length of the lake, reaching the outlet, where first they spent the night on the lake. Here they encamped again, and the next day, probably the eve of the festival of St. John the Baptist, making the portage, they re-embarked on Lake Champlain and reached the first French settlement about the 27th of the same month.

Father Jogues was the first white man and the first Jesuit, then known by the Indians as the "Black Robe," who visited the lake. Champlain in 1609, saw the *Carrillon*, but there is nothing to indicate that he ever viewed this unequalled body of water, which exclusively bore the name given by Father Jogues during one hundred and eleven years, the lake being generally regarded as of high strategic value and the gateway to Canada.

Just one century after it was named by Father Jogues, it was visited by General William Johnson, of Johnstown, who says:

"I went on Lake Saint Sacrament in 1746, when, to show the enemy [the French] the strength of our Indian alli-

ance, I desired each nation to affix their symbol to a tree to alarm the French. The 'Oneidas put up a stone, which they painted red.' (*Doc. Hist. N. Y.*, Vol. IV., p. 271). August 28, 1753, General Johnston was again at the lake, with his English army, for a campaign against the French, and changed its name to "Lake George," in honor of the king. This is to be deeply regretted, and, upon the whole, it may perhaps be regarded as an act of vandalism. The water of this mountain-born lake, by its singular purity, has been valued for baptismal use. Also, by its transparent purity, it symbolized the saintly life and stainless character of the Martyr. No circumstance, however, could have justified the change of name, and, as "The Lake of the Holy Sacrament," this exquisite sheet of crystal, which recalls the Sea of Glass before the Throne, will ever be remembered by truly Catholic souls. The name applied to it by Cooper, "The Horicon," was an invention, as, later in life, the novelist confessed.

The piece of verse herewith given is simply a portion of an extended work composed in 1868, devoted to the history, legends and antiquities of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament. The work was submitted at the time to a Protestant friend and critic by whom it was criticised unfavorably. Consequently it was laid aside, and remained almost forgotten until the present year; when, on looking through the manuscript, the author was struck by the sacramental character of its teaching, altogether un-Protestant, indicating what appeared to be the tone of his mind at the remote period of 1868 when he was not yet a Catholic. His interest was, therefore, excited afresh; while the particular portion now submitted also interested some of his Catholic friends, who suggested its publication. If he were attempting a similar task at the present time, he would, no doubt, employ more varied measures; yet he nevertheless allows this effort of years long ago to stand in its

original form, thinking that the reader may bear with the infelicities he is likely to discover for the sake of the subject.

Those familiar with the history of the sainted Jogues will readily perceive where history ends and fancy begins; though, in the exercise of the imagination, the author has kept within the limits prescribed by the character of the martyr.

Father Jogues was pre-eminently a lover of nature, and must have been profoundly impressed by the unequalled beauty of the Lake of the Holy Sacrament, as he paddled in his light canoe over its entire extent, from Diamond Island to the Rapids and the sounding Carrillon, where the waters make their splendid plunge, escaping into Lake Champlain. At the Lake the visitor often recalls the lines of Newman:

"A sea before

The throne is spread; its pure, still  
glass

Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass;"  
And exclaims with St. Francis of Assisi:

"By Sister Water. O my Lord! Thou  
art praised."

In his first captivity among the Mohawks, Father Jogues compared himself to "St. Bernard, a disciple of the trees of the forest," saying: "I had formed a large Cross on a majestic tree, by stripping off the bark, and at its foot I spent almost the whole day with my God." (*N. Y. Hist. Coll.*, 1857, p. 195.)

In acknowledging the benefits derived from the splendid American forests, which spoke to his soul with many voices, he could say his *experto crede* with Bernard. Like one also in the Forest of Arden, Father Jogues in the wilderness of Lake Saint Sacrament found "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything." On the Lake the Canticle of the Sun is always timely, its spirit being in entire harmony with the genius of this rare body of crystal.

Where springs the Hudson 'midst a tranquil vale,  
 Whose verdant forests fragrant airs exhale,  
 Its current dreaming of the distant sea,  
 Though still soft-lapsing past the inland lea ;  
 And where, empurpled, in the evening skies,  
 The Adirondacks in their grandeur rise,  
 In that fair region where no rude alarm  
 Disturbs the magic of the sylvan charm,  
 A deep lake shimmers whose weird beauty seems  
 The grand creation of bright Summer dreams.

A sky-born water fed by sparkling rills,  
 It lies encradled 'mid the ancient hills,  
 Whose verdant summits, clear reflected, rest  
 In sweet effulgence on its glassy breast.  
 Long ages perished ere a human eye  
 Surveyed the mountain in its majesty,  
 Or human bosom felt a kindred glow  
 With morning blushing on the wave below.  
 Then round the lakeside, in keen quest of prey,  
 The bear in silence took his sullen way,  
 And stealthy panthers watched the antlered stag,  
 Or drove him headlong from the cruel crag.

The wolf's fierce challenge rang around the shore,  
 In echoed answer to the torrent's roar,  
 And eagles wheeling o'er the cliffs on high,  
 Screamed weird responses to the loon's lone cry.  
 Thus years rolled onward, sunsets died away,  
 In regal glory on each cove and bay,  
 And untamed nature reigned along the strand  
 Where silver ripples play on golden sand.

At last, established in his lordly hall,  
 Quebec strong-bastioned, safe from fear or fall,  
 And nobly mirrored on St. Lawrence's tide,  
 A glowing picture of old Gallic pride—  
 Brave Lord Montmagny would with Mohawk treat,  
 And peace, long purposed, in good faith complete,  
 While far the banners of the Cross advance  
 With glowing ensigns of imperial France.

But who the peril of the task might dare,  
 And 'mid deep forests and strange waters fare,  
 To meet the Mohawk 'neath "The Great Pine Tree,"  
 Where rolls the river to the distant sea?  
 A Father gentle, yet above all fear,  
 The mission ventures as to Christ most dear,

And Jogues the holy, in His Name, leads forth  
 A peace embassy from the warlike North.  
 With good Jean Bourdon, skilled in useful art,  
 And strong Algonquins brave to act their part,  
 The Father journeys on his devious way,  
 Now west, now southward as the rude course lay,  
 'Mid moor and mountain, flood and forest dim,  
 Each labor light'ning with some holy hymn,  
 And fresh strength gaining by his humble prayer  
 Borne up by angels on the trembling air.

At last they paddle in their swift canoe  
 O'er Champlain, shining a fair sea of blue,  
 Till, gladly landing on its southern marge,  
 They leave behind them their light, birchen barge.  
 Then, marching cautious on the Indian trail  
 Through dusky wildwood and stern, rugged dale,  
 They view the ledges where, as years advance.  
 Ticonderoga stands the pride of France,  
 A frowning fortress rising o'er the plain,  
 That Abercrombie, strong, assaults in vain ;  
 And hear *Carrillon*, a resounding chime,  
 That woke the forest in primeval time.

'Twas eve in summer, e'en the splendid eve  
 Of *Corpus Christi*, when at last they leave  
 The tangled forest, and exhausted reach  
 A cliff o'erhanging a bright golden beach,  
 And view before them the enchanting scene  
 That shone resplendent in the sunset sheen.  
 They mark the water with its emerald marge,  
 Each island crimson as some blood-stained targe ;  
 They scan the cedars, now tall, burnished spires,  
 Aflame, yet scatheless, wrapped in verdant fires ;  
 While ev'ery object round the lake below  
 Reveals the splendor of the evening glow.

'Then first these waters met the white man's gaze,  
 Their crystal flashing in the golden rays ;  
 And while the Father scanned the glassy lake,  
 Its face unruffled by the loon's long wake,  
 He bade the savage say what name their tongue  
 Gave to this wonder, all unknown, unsung :  
 No answer pulsates on the evening air,  
 No name Algonquin had for scene so fair.

Soon fades the splendor of departing day,  
 Retreating softly on its western way,

Yet Jogues stands gazing, by a sweet spell bound,  
 As one who lingers on some holy ground,  
 All fair words phrasing to express the name  
 He fain would marry to its future fame ;  
 Until, admonished by Jean Bourdon's voice,  
 He turns of camp-grounds to make known his choice.  
 'Thus 'neath the shelter of a lichen'd ledge  
 That rose abruptly near the water's edge,  
 Where arching branches oped to starry light,  
 He laid his knapsack and prepared for night.

Calm by the camp-fire, when long fast was o'er,  
 The Father lingered in deep thought to pore  
 His sacred missal with illumined page,  
 Well worn by service and bedimmed by age,  
 Each ruddy rubric, erst its rich attire,  
 Now pale and ashen like his dying fire.  
 At last the Envoy closed the treasured tome,  
 In thought reverting to his childhood's home,  
 'Mid vine-clad valleys of dear, 'sunny France,  
 Where on the greensward, with a merry dance  
 The peasant closes the departing day,  
 Or gives the twilight to some rustic play,  
 'Till from tall towers of quaint Norman times  
 The sweet bells sounding their clear, silvern chimes,  
 Invite the aged with the young and fair  
 To intoned Angelus or Compline prayer ;  
 Which service rendered with a holy zest,  
 The happy village sinks in peace to rest.

'Thus mused the Father, and anon he sees  
 Old Orleans' minster 'mong its ancient trees ;  
 Again the choir in grand billows heave  
 Exultant anthems for this honored eve  
 Of *Corpus Christi*, when the canons call  
 The joyous faithful to the festival ;  
 Adoring, chaliced, Christ's dear blood once shed,  
 And 'neath the wafer of unleavened bread  
 The Body broken on the cruel tree,  
 'To save frail mortals from the Law's decree.  
 As in his boyhood, 'mid the rev'rent throng,  
 He hears the organ and the swelling song.  
 And bows adoring as the sacring bell  
 Sheds through the minster its sweet mystic spell,  
 Nor doubts the Presence that the rites imply,  
 And shadow broadly to believing eye ;  
 Again, low kneeling, as the rubric saith,  
 He sees the symbol of his Holy Faith,



And where the Curé with the monstrance trod  
He marks the Presence of the very God.

Thus mused the Father till his weary brows  
Sink rudely pillowed on a bed of boughs,  
Then 'neath the roof-tree of the star-gemmed sky,  
Whence bright Arcturus casts a warder's eye,  
He knew the solace of that tranquil sleep  
By king ne'er tasted in his moated keep.

At morn, uprising from his bed of larch,  
He strapped his wallet for his southward march ;  
But first devoutly said a humble prayer,  
That upward mounted on the sweet June air,  
While nimble echoes far the suffrage toss,  
Around the summit of the rustic cross  
Reared by the Father and a tawny guide,  
Who knelt all rev'rent by the Black Robe's side,  
A simple Savage, yet would gladly pay  
To Christ due worship on this festal day ;  
And thus the Father to his sober sight  
Brought cup and paten for the sacred rite,  
Observed the Office, but ere south he went,  
Named these fair waters, " Lake Saint Sacrament."  
By toilsome stages to the Mohawk land  
The Father journeyed with his peaceful band ;  
Each wily red man, hailed as willing friend,  
Where firm but stainless his due footsteps tend.

In solemn council the proud Mohawks meet  
Montmagny's Envoy at their chosen seat ;  
Jogues' late tormentor framing crafty phrase  
To blunt remembrance of past cruel days ;  
For though implacable and black at heart,  
The astute savage blandly plays his part ;  
Accepting gladly each enamelled bead ;  
Assuring friendship, if in time of need  
A weary Frenchman should demand relief  
Within the borders of a Mohawk chief ;  
Nor dreamed the Father that himself would be  
The first great victim of dread treachery.  
The council ended, the decision learned,  
With pledge of friendship the doomed Envoy turned,  
And marching northward with a high content,  
Arrived, full weary, at Saint Sacrament.

Afar now ranging, his Algonquin guide,  
Finds in the forest, clad in pristine pride,

A royal birch tree of superior mark,  
 Its huge trunk gleaming in fair silver bark.  
 One long incision with the cruel knife  
 Robs the fair monarch of his robe and life.  
 A slender framework next he ordered, like  
 The bony structure of the greedy pike,  
 And deftly toiling on the shining strand,  
 With osier ready for his cunning hand,  
 He binds each stanchion and each knee ties fast,  
 The mid-rib lashing to the gunwale last.  
 The bark then treated with persuasive skill  
 He renders pliant to his subtle will,  
 And slowly yielding to his savage strength,  
 Around the framework it is drawn at length;  
 When, clinging firmly to its graceful side,  
 With elm-tree fibre it is firmly tied,  
 Each fissure sealing with gum pure as dew,  
 And thus the red man builds his fair canoe.  
 Next, all impatient, he would launch away  
 To test its merits on yon shining bay;  
 Yet ere embarking o'er the lake to dash  
 He carves a paddle from the supple ash.

At length the water wins its new-found bride,  
 In beauty floating on the brilliant tide,  
 The proud Algonquin stepping safe on board,  
 In conscious power, as some feudal lord,  
 And bears him stately with an honest pride,  
 The able builder would not deign to hide:—  
 Poised on his paddle, like some Eastern bonze  
 He stands the image of his God in bronze.  
 But while thus posing, his keen eyes aglow,  
 Caught the bright picture of himself below,  
 Where, full reflected in the crystal wave,  
 With all his trappings stood the splendid brave:—  
 Thrilled with a vanity his face confessed,  
 He plunged his paddle in the phantom's breast,  
 And, deftly balancing the light canoe,  
 With graceful motion o'er the water flew.

Meanwhile the Father, who no skilful hand  
 For savage labor could at will command,  
 Mused 'mid the forest, where the solemn shade  
 With weird enchantment his slow footsteps stayed;  
 Or read his Office 'neath the oak's gnarled form,  
 And said his Paters where the summer's storm,  
 Advancing swiftly in its angry march,  
 Smote dead the branches of the graceful larch;

While lightnings, flashing in the whirlwind's line,  
 Consumed the verdure of the plumed pine.  
 But now white cloudlets float in peace at will,  
 The mute air list'ning to the tiny rill,  
 That, cautious, ventures from a tinkling nook  
 To join the water of a pearly brook,  
 Which, singing, joyous in its beauty went  
 To lend its crystal to Saint Sacrament.

Thus roaming, pensive, on the Indian trail,  
 He heard the echo of the loon's lone wail,  
 Saw chatting squirrels climb from branch to branch,  
 Or bird-like, daring on the air to launch;  
 While 'mid the thicket rose the antlered deer,  
 His soft eye flashing with a needless fear,  
 And from the eyrie, 'mong the crags on high,  
 Through dizzy tree-tops came the eagle's cry.  
 Again, emerging from the sombre shade,  
 He seeks the sunlight of the grassy glade,  
 Where, by the margin, he might clearly view  
 The Indians toiling at the bark canoe,  
 Broad scan the waters of the sleeping lake,  
 And mark the mountains where they softly break  
 In serried order 'gainst the azure sky,  
 Or veil their summits from the wishful eye.

At last a third day to its end has run,  
 And, with the rising of the morrow's sun,  
 Embarking, thankful, they glide smoothly forth  
 O'er calm Saint Sacrament and journey north.  
 Thus first a Black Robe his lithe paddle laves  
 Beneath the surface of these crystal waves,  
 Sails past the border of each verdant isle,  
 Or seeks the shelter of some cliff's tall pile;  
 And all the windings of the lake explores  
 Free-ranging safely to its farthest shores.

Thus fared they onward till the day was done,  
 And purple glories from the setting sun,  
 Flashed through the gorges of the mountain chain,  
 While, 'midst the gloaming of the haze, they strain  
 The weary paddle on the lake's last reach,  
 To gain the margin of the golden beach,  
 And build the camp-fire ere again they leave  
 The spot selected *Corpus Christi* Eve;  
 Illuming woodland with the festal light  
 The faithful kindle for midsummer night.  
 Here while the evening hastens swiftly by,

And night bejewels the blue summer sky,  
 Once more the Father stays beneath the ledge  
 Which rose in mid-air near the water's edge,  
 Close by the hillock whence at first he saw  
 These waters rippling on the circling shore ;  
 And whence, far southward, heavy laden went  
 Around the border of Saint Sacrament.

Again his lodging he prepares for night,  
 And, thoughtful, muses by the fire's red light,  
 Talks of the journey with his savage guide,  
 Whose skill the forest has so often tried,  
 Lists to the legends that the red men tell,  
 Of sprites that linger round each rock and fell,  
 Or haunt the recess of the wood and take  
 Their merry pastime on the sparkling lake.  
 He hears Jean Bourdon, whose strategic eye  
 Ranged o'er the region both afar and nigh,  
 Discerning stations with a soldier's glance  
 For future castles of imperial France.  
 Long with the savant the good priest conferred,  
 With pious patience each opinion heard ;  
 How, 'gainst the English, these fair waters held,  
 The French possessions would to oneness weld,  
 And close all access to an open door  
 The foe might enter in a time of war ;  
 Till growing weary, as the hour grew late,  
 Of treaty, fortress and affair of state,  
 He spread his blanket, then low breathed a prayer,  
 Reposing calmly in the summer air.

Swift flew the night-watch as the Frenchmen slept,  
 While red flames slowly 'mong the firelogs crept ;  
 Nought broke the stillness of the lake or hill,  
 Save the lone wailing of the whippoorwill,  
 Whose notes so plaintive, as the calm night wore,  
 Slow floated, dying, to the farthest shore.

At last the fire-fly folds its phosphor wing  
 And Saturn, paling, hides his mighty ring,  
 While starry watchers of the radiant skies  
 In slow succession veil their holy eyes.  
 Then morn in beauty soft begins to break,  
 In sweet effulgence o'er the glassy lake,  
 While, fresh from covert, larks begin their lay,  
 Of joyous welcome for the rosy day,  
 The Jesuit rises from his leafy couch  
 And compact buckles his impervious pouch ;  
 Then, humbly kneeling on the red-lipped moss,

Beneath the shadow of the greenwood Cross,  
 His simple cortège as accustomed raise  
 Their prayer, sent upward with a hymn of praise.  
 The Matins ended with a simple zeal,  
 Each takes his portion of the morning meal ;  
 When Bourdon enters on the dusky trail,  
 That leads the wanderer o'er the interval,  
 And winds through mazes past the chiming fall,  
 Below whose rapids the wild surges brawl,  
 And 'mid huge bowlders, hoarsely-voiced, complain,  
 Gored in the passage down to proud Champlain ;  
 While agile red men their light boats upbore,  
 Safe to the margin of the distant shore ;  
 Where, reembarking, they must breast anew  
 The heaving billows in the swift canoe.

The Father tarried by the camp-fire last,  
 And parting glances o'er the fair lake cast.  
 Apocalyptic, it serenely shone,  
 As that John pictured, calm, before the throne,  
 Its wondrous beauty with pure crystal blent  
 To win the guerdon of " Saint Sacrament : "  
 But, going, kens not that a day is nigh,  
 When grander vision will salute his eye,  
 The vision promised to the soul renowned  
 Who walks in paradise a martyr crowned—  
 His bark is waiting for Quebec at noon,  
*Urbs Zion mystica* will claim him soon.



## ZEAL.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

**Z**EAL is a much-needed virtue at all times and it requires careful cultivation in a restless age like our own, when so much time and energy are wasted on trifles or employed for evil.

It sounds like a revelation to some ears, to say that every man should be zealous for his neighbor's good. The ministers of evil seem to recognize naturally enough that they have a mission to sow evil in every human heart, and their zeal in doing so never varies; good men look on, astounded at their destructive activities, feel that they must save themselves, but never dream that they have a mission to save others.

Although God "hath given every man commandment concerning his neighbor," strangely enough, some people think that only certain men or classes of men are bound to observe it. The layman leaves it to the priest; and, but too often, the priest takes it exclusively to himself. Many timid souls prefer to leave good work undone rather than employ, in attempting it, a zeal which might, for want of proper direction, prove to be indiscreet. In this way the wicked have it all their own way, rivalling one another in their evil, and outdoing the doers of iniquity.

Christian zeal is very rare, rare as charity, whose fruit it is. There is no lack of a certain ardor for worldly enterprise, for honorable advancement, social influence, mental or bodily improvement; but there is comparatively little effort to make all these contribute to God's welfare and the salvation of souls.

There is, it is true, in all of us some concern about the welfare of our neighbors, real satisfaction when we have reason to believe that our friends are upright, and grief when we hear of their delinquency; but seldom, perhaps, is this concern prompted by a love for the glory of God, and too often we are content when those whom we love attain a mere worldly prosperity, or at most a semblance of spiritual progress.

Zeal makes us prize the salvation of one soul more than all the riches, comfort, influence of this world, more than all the worldly ties of flesh and blood, the sweet delights of friendship, the fascination of a great name, the fear of disgrace and indignity. Days and nights of labor, menaces to health, risk of life itself, are not reckoned by the zealous man in comparison with a single soul's salvation. Nay, real zeal makes one sacrifice what would often seem a means or source of one's own perfection, the peace of solitude, the inspiration of prayer, the practice of some favorite devotion, for the spiritual good of a brother needing our aid.

Zeal is a vehement movement of charity in our souls; it is the impulse of this heavenly virtue which makes us labor most ardently to communicate some good to our neighbor, or to ward off from him some impending evil. It is charity so intense that it cannot be pent up, but like flame must break out and manifest its activity. It is a certain excess of charity which, besides overcoming every resistance, can melt away

even the ice of ingratitude. It longs to excite in all men a knowledge and love of God, grieves over the aberration and obstinacy of His enemies, rejoices when souls are won to Christ, and when it cannot hinder them from deserting Him, seeks consolation in offering Him some reparation for their infidelity.

Zeal is, therefore, something more than mere natural activity; indeed, this is only a quality of zeal. In religious work activity without piety usually does more harm than good. It harms those who display it, by leading them gradually to indulge their love of external occupations to the neglect of the internal spirit they should bring to these. Thousands of people run wild to meet demands on their attention who would not dare spend five minutes listening to the warning voices of their conscience. Hands are reaching out for new tasks, but hearts are idle. Again, activity without piety rarely benefits the souls on whose behalf it is exercised, because they are quick to detect that it is cold, self-interested, mechanical and insincere. They are craving for something divine, and they find what is, at best, human in its motive and manner: to recognize a message from above they look for something more than the energy or skill which would recommend the possessor for a social or commercial, but not for a religious enterprise.

Some mistake natural impetuosity for religious zeal; others fancy they are zealous when taking part in a general outburst of enthusiasm; some think they must take up every work that presents itself, and be doing a multitude of things at one and the same time, or constantly relinquishing one task for another, and, what is worse, inconsiderately resigning the burdens they have rashly assumed into the hands of others already, it may be, overburdened. Then there is the zeal which lacks measure or discretion, which creates work for others to accomplish, commits those in charge of a work to a number of schemes they would fain have avoided, acts more out of season

than in season, never studying its limitations or opportunities, but always misjudging its own capacities and imposing on the good nature of others.

True zeal, then, is the love of God and of our neighbor actively manifesting itself in our efforts for the glory of the one and the salvation of the other. It is not self seeking, it detests notoriety, and prefers to expend time and energy in doing good, rather than in clamorous self-advertisement. It is universal in its scope, excluding nothing from its charity. It extends to persons of all nations, age, condition, to infidels and heretics as well as to Catholics, to men in humble as well as to those in high station, to criminals as well as to saints, to the unfortunate as well as to the fortunate. No service or ministry is too difficult or menial it for: teaching Christian doctrine, or the principles of science, preaching, administering the sacraments, engaging in edifying conversations, visiting the sick, helping the poor, consoling the afflicted. It embraces the whole world in charity, praying for those it cannot hope to help in other ways, finding its greatest joy in learning what they do for God, its deepest sorrow in knowing that anyone should give Him displeasure.

It is a gift of God which comes with sanctifying grace, but it is also to some extent a fruit of our own prayers and labors. "In my meditation a flame shall burst forth." Without prayer it cannot be sustained; without labor it languishes. Knowledge is a great incentive to it, the knowledge of God's glory, and of what it means to save a soul, the interests of the Church at home and abroad, the special needs of individual souls. As God desires our salvation He is truly zealous in our regard: "In this hath the love of God appeared, that He has sent His only son into the world, that we may live by Him." God hath so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that all who believe in Him may not perish, but have eternal life. With this same love He has filled

the heart of His Son, who has loved and delivered Himself up for us all. From the life of Christ, and especially from His death for the salvation of men, we learn best what true zeal is, and how there can be no thought of excess of labor, or of suffering when a human soul is to be saved.

There are many incentives to zeal. God's will, "who hath given to every man a commandment concerning his brother" is by far the greatest. His first great law makes zeal imperative; His wish "that all men be saved and come to a knowledge of the truth," invites all men to practise this virtue to their utmost. This divine will has given us its highest expression in the example of His Son; the Son of God in turn has imparted to us all in some measure His own spirit of zeal: "The charity of Christ is pressing us on." There is no one, therefore, who can complain either of want of motive or of power to practise zeal. We need not look with uneasiness, much less envy, on the activity and resources of men and women who are hostile to our faith, or seek to rival their zeal or fanaticism, as it frequently is, in a spirit of contention. We must not waste our wit or energy in denying or belittling their results, or impugning their motives; detraction has nought to do with zeal. God forbid that we should mistrust one another's motives or depreciate the good our own brethren in the faith are doing, no matter how they may differ in views or methods from ourselves. So that Christ be preached and men learn to know and love him, we should rejoice. Zeal to-day is what it was on the day of Pentecost, a special impulse of the Holy Spirit, who breathes where He lists and who is not limited in power to make any proper method of helping others most effective.

Never in the history of the Church has there been greater need of zeal on the part of every Catholic than there is to-day. Never before were men forced to meet and communicate with one an-

other so freely; never has the press been such a universal medium of information as it has become the past five years; never was there such a demand for ready popular explanations of the one Faith, which is gradually impressing even unbelievers by its integrity and consistency. The common-school system with all its defects, helps people to read and to understand such brief accounts of our doctrine and practices well enough at least to lessen prejudice and mistrust. Meantime the enemies of religion are fanatical in their efforts to destroy it. Having dissolved in most countries the union between Church and State, they employ all the civil power to rob and ruin the Church. Its members are sedulously excluded from public office, its most active associations are treated as illegal, disbanded, crippled in their efficiency, or taxed out of existence. Its children are perverted by the pernicious teaching in the schools; its charities are laicized, not so as to leave them under the control of Catholic, but at the mercy of irreligious men, whose first law of charity is their own support and advancement. Many of the scholars of the age, and the seats of learning which they influence, seek to array science after science in hostility to the Church, making the sacred revelation of the Scriptures their chief point of attack. Her traditions are brought into question, and some of her own members are ungrateful enough to resist her discipline, or clamor for its accommodation to their licentious tendencies, to the grief of the venerable Pontiff, whose own zeal and learning, shining out as they do from the recesses of his prison-house, should command the admiration and love of all men.

Here then is the field of our zeal, the study of Catholic truth, the practice of charity to non-Catholics without sympathy with their errors, the rights of Catholics before the State, the welfare of our schools, the independence of our charities, a veneration for Sacred Scripture, a love for the discipline of the



Church and a reverent affection for the august person of the Pontiff, who is Vicar of Christ. There is no excuse for not being zealous, and no limit for our

zeal. Every parish should be a center of zeal, priests and people vying with one another to do most to save even the weakest brother for whom Christ died.

## OUR HONEYMOON.

### IV.

#### MISSIONARY "AT HOMES."

*By D. Gresham.*

*(Concluded.)*

TWO weeks have passed. The chaplain had improved from the first, and is now another man, in walk and bearing, longing more and more for a parish in the valley. We have been everywhere and he and I are like acquaintances of a lifetime. I know his best friends in the Seminary; he reads their letters, tells me of their characters, and together we laugh over their wit and banter at the "best man," who used to be regarded as the best man in quite another sense among his class fellows. It seems Father Paul had the now historic wedding inserted in the mountain papers with a flourish of trumpets, "the best man being Mr. Stanislaus Howard Mansfield." This, of course, promptly found its way to the Seminary well outlined, and went its rounds at the recreation, and great was the would-be disedification and ridicule thereof. Of the chaplain's past I know nothing, but that he is a scholar and a gentleman is patent to anyone who knows him for an hour. Some day I know he will speak of his people, meantime I like him for himself, and rejoice in the day that I met him. Lucy's "At Homes" are never mentioned between us. I showed my disapproval by a cold silence when she proceeded to tell me the first evening of the interview with her unwashed. If she felt it she has betrayed no sign. Since then I have studiously absented myself at her hours of reception and do not even know if "the children" have persevered in their visits.

It is a warm evening early in April and returning from the station I meet Brian coming down the hill from the house. We had not met for some days, and he expressed delight at the improvement in the chaplain, whom he had been to see, with Mrs. Boreall's respects, to ask if he could preach on the mountain Sunday morning. "We had a nice talk," Brian adds with deep content; "he is a nice gentleman and he wanted to know everything up there, all about the people and where their fathers came from, and the children, and everything. He said he would be glad to go up Sunday and was only waiting till Mrs. Boreall was ready for him; it would do him good, he said."

"Who is going to drive Mr. Mansfield?" I ask.

"Well, meself, sir, if there is no wan else. I thought I'd go up early and give a hand in gettin' the room ready and seats for thim all."

"Did you tell Mrs. Dalrymple about this?"

"No, sir, I did not see her as I came out and as 'twas growin' late I thought I'd see her before Sunday."

Brian's dinner pail is swinging on his arm and I realize he has just walked five miles after his work all day and must need his supper, so I promise to meet him on the morrow and bid him "good night." The old fellow softens me; I feel ashamed of my churlishness and march off in search of Lucy to do something nice—I do not quite know what.

I find her deep in her correspondence instead, as I supposed, with her class. "Did you know Brian had been here?" depositing myself in an easy chair beside the window. "He wants the chaplain to instruct the ignorant on Sunday; your Mrs. Boreall sent the request. I asked Brian who was to drive him; he seemed astonished at my question and said he would do so since there was no one else."

"Oh, that can be easily arranged; Brian will be only too delighted."

"Yes, I know, but he said something about helping Mrs. Boreall in providing pews for the congregation."

Lucy smiles sadly. "Poor Brian, he is so good and so anxious to make this a success." She dashes along with her letters and then, as if to change the conversation, "Do you not want to send your love to Aunt Kate?"

"Yes, yes," I say impatiently, "all you like; but is it kind to let the chaplain go alone?"

"He understands, of course, that you do not care to accompany him and that is sufficient."

"But would you not like to see those people?" I ask insinuatingly.

"Yes, but I can meet them some other time."

"Well, I think I would like to have a peep at them. I could make some sketches and that sort of thing," rather lamely.

Lucy's eyes are raised from her desk and then fall on me earnestly and sadly. "Jack, dear, you must not bore yourself for my sake. Mr. Mansfield would never, I am sure, make either his religion or his duty a burden to you. Brian will take good care of him and there your obligations as host cease. Come," she breaks off abruptly, "let us run down with my letters to the post. I have not been out to-day."

Evidently my lady *has* felt my indifference and scorn of her unwashed and intends giving me no further chance of being injured. We enjoy the walk to the village in the soft waning light, and as

we climb the hill, I try another attempt to make an amende. "What have you been doing all the afternoon?" I ask cautiously, thinking she will say she has been with the children, but to my surprise Lucy answers brightly: "Paying up all my correspondents; no one comes on Saturdays, as the girls are busy baking and washing; everything it seems is left to the last day of the week, and the last hour of the day, if possible, and I am not sorry to have my one afternoon, though I am waging war against this miserable system. Next week the chaplain begins with them twice a week. I know them all now very well, and they are quite impressed with the fact that the chaplain is to give them two special instructions in the week. I am afraid it will be a tax on his voice, but he seems as anxious as the children."

There is no apology, and if I have any injury to air, I must do so, for Lucy goes gaily on to some other subject, without any apparent sign of offense. Nothing is said about the Sunday service on the mountain that evening, which is spent in our usual pleasant way around the log fire, chatting over the day's experience. Freddie comes in hurriedly with a telegram. Lucy tears it open, the chaplain and myself looking on rather excitedly—"Listen to this, an old friend will arrive by afternoon train Friday, and it is signed by—you will never guess whom—Father Paul."

We tease and laugh and speculate and torment ourselves till long after our usual hour of night, and then decide we shall go in a body to meet the arrival. Lucy says the morning will never come, but it does, and what it brought us, and how the old friend came and took us all to the sermon on the mountain, you shall hear when the time comes.

## V.

### THE LAST SCENES.

Our "old," but unknown friend could not arrive until the evening, and the chaplain expected to be home from the

"preachin'" in time. Old Brian arrived early to see if "His Reverence was well and able to talk wud his throat this damp mornin'." Yes, he was in excellent form. As the old man turned away down the drive to get ready for the road, he looked up at me with the most wistful appeal in his bright, childlike old eyes. "'Tisn't comin' wud us yourself you'd be, sir?"

It was too much for me. I felt ashamed of my—well, not bigotry—perhaps pigheadedness, maybe Lucy's absorbing love for her faith, and I answered impetuously: "Well, Brian, suppose we do, can you get us something to take us up that vile mountain road?"

"To be sure, sir; just you lave it to me and I'll see the Mistress is comfortable."

Without the least show of having changed my mind, I announced at breakfast that Brian would be at the door in an hour with some sort of vehicle to carry us all to the "service." Lucy looked up in surprise to see if I really meant it, the chaplain said nothing.

We were standing on the piazza waiting for Brian, when with much dash he drove up in a wagon drawn by four mules. Laura and the three nephews appeared bearing chairs, which were arranged with the greatest care. Then solemnly Lucy was handed up, Brian saying softly to her when she was seated comfortably: "I was thinking, ma'am, it would be a good thing if I could take the childer up to hear His Reverence, the craythurs, they never see nothing Catholic. Mr. Dalrymple would drive ye and I'll get another wagon." So it was settled to his intense satisfaction, and as the old man departed the chaplain set off on his first missionary work in a four-in-hand.

Mrs Boreall's cottage looks becomingly expectant as we discover it in the woods two hours later. The parlor, exquisitely neat and low-roofed, is prepared for the service, and we take our seats with the motley crowd of mountaineers. Strange, withered faces of the middle-

aged and old; handsome, almost classic features of the children and youth. How ungracefully they age is one's first thought; the children so unlike the parents, the parents caricatures of the children. The chaplain is at home, one look at the congregation and he knows his material. His eye kindles and he flings himself into the work. Standing behind a chair, he forgets us, forgets everything, but those unlovely men and women who are *souls*, and every fibre of his being cries out for their salvation. I came to be amused, I am astounded, touched, humbled, and as the undoubted truth of the existence of God, His divine attributes of mercy, justice and love, were simply but wonderfully told to the mountaineers, they struck a new note unheard of in my being until this morning. The goodness of the Creator, the duties of the creature, and the account one day to be rendered to the Man-God who gave His life for His own, His own who knew Him not of old, who know Him to-day and do not love Him!

The women sobbed outright, the men awoke from their lethargic solemnity and looked and listened as if new life had been suddenly given to them.

The faith of the old Church, the priceless gifts of her children and the unfruitful, unblessed lives of the careless Catholics, many of whom were now before him. Here he rose to real eloquence, pleading with sluggish mothers for the souls of their little children, their maidens and their young men. Heedless of their religious instruction, their training, their prayers, allowing them to wander into strange folds and among false shepherds, when they had received the great blessing of truth unchanged and unchanging, owning a Church which no one could so fully appreciate as those who had lived in a mist of doubt, with no head, no light, no guide, to show them the harbour of peace and true happiness. It was only for a half an hour that he spoke, but for hours in the

orchard he sat with them, heard their stories, taught their children, sorrowed over their past, rejoiced over their future, and he left them at set of sun with all their secrets, hopes and fears. He made himself one of them, and they marvelled at his power and wonderful manner of winning them, little dreaming that the quiet, pleasant young man in their midst was a gentleman of gentlemen, ennobled by spirituality, who had given up riches and honors and congenial society for such as they.

The train pulled up, and eagerly watching for our guest, we stood an expectant trio at the little mountain station. Coming briskly out on the platform, a gleam of mischief in his eyes, a white-haired priest looked hurriedly around and before he had time to reach the ground Lucy was awaiting him with outstretched hands.

"Father, where did you come from?" His kindly old face beams on the child he had baptized, and whom he had so lately married, and sent off into her new life with his blessings. He lays his hand on my shoulder and he goes on, "Well, my boy, how are you getting on down here?" then looking earnestly at the chaplain, "I have heard of you from Father Paul," clasping his hand warmly. "The bishop needed a rest, and the doctor ordered him south; he brought me off with him and I ran down to surprise you. I must leave on Tuesday." He is full of joy and we gather around him, Lucy bombarding him with questions about all her family, and half the town. He scorns Roland's "carriage" and we set off up the steep road, absorbed in answers and inquiries. He wants to make the most of his stay, and we plan a long excursion on the morrow. Tuesday morning he is to say Mass, Brian to spread the good news among the neophytes and the wayward.

We had made a day of it; the old priest had been an athlete, and the energy and fire of his youth was not wholly extinguished. He climbed and walked and

rode with the best of us. We returned well spent in the late afternoon, Lucy anxious to get home to the "children" for last touches about Confession and things. Rather stiff and weary, I threw myself on the library sofa and must have fallen sound asleep. A soft, piping voice is reading monotonously, and I languidly awake to realize that Lucy and her class are on the other side of the portière. I am too comfortable to rise, and settle myself for another nap, but the voice continues and I listen. "The Jews therefore strove among themselves saying: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?' Then Jesus said to them: 'Amen, Amen, I say unto you: Except you eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink his blood you shall not have life in you. . . . For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.' . . . Many therefore of his disciples hearing it said: 'This is hard and who can hear it?' . . . After this many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve: 'Will you also go away?' And Simon Peter answered him: 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'"

"You see, Ally," Lucy is saying to the mountain girl, "why we believe that we receive our Lord in Holy Communion: if any one should ask you again, tell him to read that whole sixth chapter of St. John." Then she goes on to explain the beauty and real meaning of the "Blessed Sacrament" with a depth of feeling and love such as I had never seen in her. It revealed a new side to her character, showing so plainly what her religion meant, what it was to her and all that it had made her. Why had she not spoken so to me of her faith? But then I remembered with a pang I had never asked her; indeed I had made the compact that it was not so much as to be mentioned between us. I waited quietly until she had sent the children off, and then stole away to unearth my own Protestant Bible and see for myself if those

were the words of St. John. Slowly I went over the texts, weighing every word, and like a flash I realized that to us Protestants they were nothing, to Catholics everything! Henceforth I was an invisible but an interested member of the mountain class.

Next morning at the Mass I watched them with a strange interest kneel for Holy Communion. The chaplain first, kneeling apart where he served the Mass, then Lucy, Mrs. Boreall, old Brian, and those uncouth mountaineers. They all had the same expression of awe and reverence. There was no doubt they believed. So then it was no symbol. It was all that the Lord had said!

That evening we were once more alone—we two, Lucy and I. The chaplain had been requested by the bishop to meet him in "the city," and see if his health would permit his return to the seminary, to prepare for his ordination. What a happy soul he was! though he tried hard to show grief, when we reproached him for his lack of regret at leaving us. He and I set off to the station long before the others. I had much to ask him, and a solemn promise of regular correspondence of which Lucy was to be kept in ignorance. There was a long silence as we strode through the woods.

"You will never know," he says quietly, at last, "what this visit has been to me. You know I have not always been a Catholic, and strange I got my first doubts at Harvard. I had always an especial fancy for the Epistles of St. Peter. They struck me as being spoken with an air of authority. I asked a clergyman why the tone was so different from the other Apostles, and why, indeed, was St. Peter mentioned by our Lord in a different manner from the others. He said, in an off-hand sort of way, that St. Peter was a troublesome kind of fellow, and that it was necessary to conciliate him. My efforts to discover more weighty reasons from other divines, brought no better results. I therefore

hunted up the matter on my own account, coming down on a priest for *his* explanation, and he convinced me, that Peter was the Rock, and the Head, and I had but to follow his successors. There was nothing to do but abandon the old beliefs, and with them my family and friends. I was then penniless, but was accepted by a bishop, and I entered the seminary. I was tried in many ways to test my sincerity; my health failing was the greatest blow of all. I was at my lowest ebb, physically and mentally, when you invited me here, and some day I hope God will lift you up in a dark hour as you have me." He lays his hand in mine which I grasp in silence. Dear good fellow! does he know what his patient cheerfulness and spirituality have been to me all these weeks, steeped as I had been for years in materialism and unbelief?

It is June, and we must leave our solitude and ideal days among our mountains. Lucy is loath to go, and only our determination to return next year makes our departure the least joyous. She has grown to love them all, and she knows our life can never again be as now. We must live in the throng and bustle of the world, filled with cares and distractions foreign to all we have known in this quiet happy retreat. We have delayed until now to arrive in Baltimore in time for the chaplain's ordination. We are to be "his own people" on this, the great day of his life. No notice has been taken by his friends of his announcement. His mother, he had hoped to the last, would forgive him.

We are in the Cathedral, in special seats near the altar, anxiously awaiting the appearance of the chaplain from the sacristy. He comes, a bright, triumphant soul with downcast eyes, and the sweet, gentle, but manly air, that won me, the day he was best man at the mountain wedding. Through it all, Mass, music, and ceremonies, I am thinking one thought, one sudden inspiration, that catches and holds me. When it is

all over, and we two advance to kiss the anointed hands of the new priest, and he stands there while the long procession files up to him, from the bishop, down to an old colored woman, the idea brings with it yet a deeper joy and peace.

I leave Lucy in the Cathedral; she scarcely notices that I have gone, she is so touched by it all, and is absorbed in her prayers, perhaps, for the absent mother and sisters of the new Levite. I see the bishop, Father Mansfield's bishop (how well it sounds), and I astonish him by demanding if the new priest cannot hear my confession, and give me Holy Communion at his first Mass. His Lordship looks at me, as no doubt he well might, but before he refuses with authority, I open fire by telling him I have been under instruction by correspondence and reading, besides, with a satisfied smile, being an invisible member of a mountain catechism class, winding up with a declaration that I am the chaplain's first fruits and I want the matter consummated before we part this week. I stand my examination fairly well; the bishop is pretty severe, and he says, if my theology is not quite all that it might be, my desire and good will weigh in the balance. I have won! "Faculties," "dispensations" and such, are gravely alluded to, but I bound over all obstacles.

Next day Father Mansfield and I go for a walk, as I tell Lucy, and we walk into a little out-of-the-way confessional and—we stay there for a long time. I

went in his brother and comrade I come out—his son! A new tie, a new affection; the old is lost in the new strange feeling such as none other. The following morning Father Mansfield says his first Mass in a convent chapel without the city. Lucy wishes to receive Holy Communion from his hands. For the first time she asks me if I will come with her. Politely, but not *too* willingly I acquiesce. We are both silent on the way, and very much affected; the young priest is assisted by another, as he goes through the ceremony. The bell rings at the *Domine non sum dignus*, and it strikes fear and awe all through me. A few moments, Lucy rises, and reverently approaches the altar; an instant, and I follow, kneeling beside her. She does not notice, her eyes are closed, her head bowed. "*Domine non sum dignus*," Father Mansfield says again, and yet again; each time more earnestly and solemnly. Oh! God, how unworthy You know. He comes down the altar steps, Lucy receives, and then—he comes to me!

We go back to our places, and as I follow her into the pew, she raises her eyes in joyous wonder—and she knows.

We kneel together until long after Mass, and Father Mansfield comes to call us away. As we leave the chapel, Lucy turns to me with a new light—such a happy light in her eyes. "Jack," and we go forth, one heart and one soul, on our new honeymoon.

## A UNITED STATES PILGRIM AT PARAY-LE-MONIAL.

FEAST OF THE SACRED HEART, 1900.

FOR years one of my day dreams and night thoughts had been to spend the Feast of the Adorable Heart of Jesus at the City of the Sacred Heart. The dawning of the realization of a long-cherished plan brings to us all a mental sensation which though common in its

occurrence is indescribable in its effects. Such were my mingled thoughts when the train from Paris puffed out for Paray-le-Monial on the evening of June the twenty-first, with myself as one of a motley throng of passengers.

There was no sleeping-car on the

trains and I regaled myself with the fauteuil familiar to all travellers in France. This method of sleeping may be pleasurable to a Frenchman but it certainly is anything but that to an American. Fortunately for me, however, I wanted to sleep with one eye open so that I would be sure to change cars at Moulins. I did not want my long cherished visit to Paray-le-Monial on the morrow's feast to be substituted for by a dream in a fauteuil. At first I did sleep with one eye open, but the jolting of the cars and the stillness of the night soon closed the other. The rumbling of voices close to my ear soon opened them both and I awakened to find two strangers in my compartment. As assurances had been given me that I would be alone, I was therefore at a loss to account for the presence of my companions. Further experience in France taught me that assurances were generally given for the purpose of reward and that they were forgotten for the same reason. The haziness of sleep was on my eyes and through the *mist* I could see what appeared to be a dangerous looking Frenchman whispering to a meek little woman, then looking at me, then pointing at the lights, and all the while keeping his hands in motion like the arms to a windmill in a September gale. While he whispered and squinted and motioned, I sat and wondered if he intended to eject me from my own compartment, borrow my pocket-book or make my acquaintance. My wonderment came to end, however, when he started to cover the lights with the shades in order to darken the compartment. No sooner had he commenced this than I started to talk and move my arms, and I kept on motioning and talking until I convinced my French brother that an American preferred light to darkness—especially when travelling in his own compartment and having as guests people whom he neither knew nor courted, as companions. Our confab brought me the information that the strangers were very good people and bound for the same

place as myself and upon the same mission. So the rest of the journey was continued without misgivings.

We arrived at Moulins at 1 o'clock A. M. and after waiting here two hours, continued our journey, arriving at the Holy City at 5:30 in the morning. Boarding the only conveyance at the depot, which proved to be a mail coach as well as a public carriage, I drove directly to the Jesuit house. Here I was cordially received by Father Zelle, a most courtly and dignified gentleman whom I found to have all those qualifications of mind and heart so essential to one possessing his high calling.

It would take a great word painter to attempt to describe the chapel of the Visitation on the morning of June 22d. Although the readers of the MESSENGER are familiar with the description of this holy place, it may not be amiss to describe it in my humble way, as it appeared on that memorable morning.

Situated directly opposite the public hotel in the very heart of the little city, stands the small chapel. Its appearance from the outside tells the story of age and betrays the efforts to stay the withering hand of time. Being privileged with entrance to the sanctuary and arriving at the chapel when the adorable sacrifice was being offered by many of the dignitaries of the Church, among them Archbishop Corrigan (and it was the great privilege of the writer to receive communion from his hands on that occasion), the view which met the eye was indeed edifying. The chapel was crowded to the very doors with pious people, anxious to make their way to the altar rails to receive their Lord, and for many hours a constant procession was kept up.

To the right of the sanctuary, separated by a lattice-work, is the Convent of the Visitation and the chanting of these holy nuns during the sacrifice of the Mass still echoes strains of music in my ears. To the right of the altar, in front of the rail, lie the remains of

Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, who appears as beautiful in death as she lived in life.

One cannot appreciate the feeling of awe that overcomes you, knowing that you are on the very spot where our Divine Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary 230 years ago and selected her as the cherished one to give to mankind this great devotion now extending throughout the length and breadth of the land and eagerly fostered by some thirty millions of members of the Apostleship of Prayer, all of whom have in some measure felt the influence and comfort this devotion brings.

During the same time, in the beautiful chapel of the Jesuit fathers, where all that is mortal rests of the Venerable Père de la Colombière whom Our Lord directed and selected to assist Blessed Margaret Mary to make known to the world the fruits His Divine Heart held for all, the same beautiful spectacle was to be seen of a pious people flocking to the Holy Table where Jesus waits, always happy to give Himself to the truly penitent.

If it were not that the inner-man was reminding me most emphatically of having been awake many hours fasting, I would have been lost in my feelings of pleasure and happiness.

After breakfast I wended my way to the Basilica of the Sacred Heart where solemn Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. As many of the twelve thousand pilgrims as could, crowded in the church, were impressed by the grandeur of the service and the eloquence of the preacher of the day, Father Coubé, S.J., while others, unable to gain admittance to the church, crowded the garden, there to hear Mass from a temporary altar erected on a spot made sacred by our Blessed

Lord's appearance to Blessed Margaret Mary during one of her recreation walks. In the afternoon, in the same garden took place the Act of Consecration of the whole Catholic world to the Sacred Heart, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. This ceremony was indescribably impressive.

Imagine ten thousand people walking through the streets of this little antique place at night, carrying lighted tapers, singing hymns to the Sacred Heart, passing houses decorated with lights and emblems of that Adorable Heart and you can form a concept of the truly grand spectacle that took place in the evening. It is worthy of comment that no frivolity was to be seen in this vast crowd, but upon the faces of all was a look of complete happiness, peaceful contentment and quiet determination.

Thus ended a glorious day which cannot but remain always in the minds of those present and have a tendency to fill them with increased ardor for this grand devotion and arouse in their hearts a still greater desire to live better, in order to truly merit the benefits our Lord has promised to His children of the Sacred Heart.

To whom do I owe thanks for the opportunity of being permitted to go as a pilgrim to the City of the Sacred Heart during this Jubilee year and especially on the glorious feast, if not to the thousands of members of the League who prayed for the General Intention during the month of March? To them I return my thanks, feeling sure that only the great distance and the inconvenience of travel prevented them being my companions. I know their hearts were there and feel assured their intentions will receive from that bountiful Heart of Jesus the same consideration and graces as if the journey had been made.





## EDITORIAL.

### THE REAL IGNATIUS OF LOYOLA.

When one reads some of the reviews of the *Acta*, or "Testament of Ignatius Loyola," as it is styled in English, one doubts whether it be advisable to put such documents before the popular or superficial reader. One is inclined to think, better leave them in their original text in which scholars only, who are capable of interpreting them, can read them. This inclination grows when we consider the "ignorance, pious fraud and preconception," which certain reviewers bring to the examination of such sacred documents. It is all very well to complain of the distorted views of sanctity of some saints' biographers, but a distorted view is never so harmful as downright misrepresentation of fact made with the purpose of recommending an erroneous view. The writer who can affect to revel in the insight which this brief narrative, reported by Father Gonzalez, gives into the soul of Ignatius, and proceed in the same paragraph to present the saint according to his own ignorant, piously fraudulent, or preconceived view, is far worse than the biographer, who, as panegyrist of a saint, may have magnified his virtues and left it to our common sense to form a proper estimate of his weakness, vices, or struggle with human passion. To say of Ignatius that, "his theological science seemed to be in the inverse ratio of his zeal for preaching," and this of a time when he had never thought, according to this document, of doing more than teach catechism as our Sunday-school teachers

do, is manifestly a misrepresentation. To say he was unlearned, the man who spent two years at letters in Barcelona, fully twelve months in Alcala, and at least five years at philosophy and theology at the University of Paris, may be history in the spirit in which its growth has been so "phenomenal in recent years," but it is a false statement all the same. To pronounce indocile, incorrigible, irrepressible, the man whom this document represents as submissive in every iota to the tribunals before which he was haled, and to base on any statement in this document the enumeration, "civil magistrates, religious provincials, inquisitors, bishops, cardinals, the Supreme Pontiff himself," as offering each "his quota of opposition" to the plan of Ignatius, is surely evidence of an attempt to adjust his life and doctrine to a preconception of sanctity, which may possibly have satisfied certain characters, but not Ignatius of Loyola, nor his best biographers and followers. However, we are glad the *Acta* are in English. Simple-minded people will read them aright, and we are glad that Father Thurston has elucidated them, much as ordinarily we dislike commentary with texts so sacred as these.

### WILL IT BE CONFISCATION?

"The danger in our relation to the Philippine islands is that we shall exploit them as a result of private greed and of official ignorance." So writes the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant, in the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopalian) of July 7. The dangers from private greed and official

ignorance are not so great as the danger from men who, like Mr. Grant, are bent on confiscating the property owned by the Church in those islands. Assuming that its title is vague, that it has come into possession by squatting, land-grabbing, and dispossessing the rightful owners for failing to pay church taxes, he makes a desultory plea for state ownership of all the land by assuming all property to which title cannot be shown by present owners, including, of course, monastic lands, and by condemning and purchasing at a fair valuation all lands privately held on clear titles. Rev. Mr. Grant, who, it may be remembered, spent some four days in the city of Manila, is to write more in this strain. He is not alone in the press crusade to create a public opinion favorable to the confiscation of the property of the Catholic Church in the Philippines. The *Independent* has taken up the Lea cry of "The Dead Hand," and, in its issue of July 26, its editor actually repeats the main points of Mr. Grant's article in favor of United States landlordism, to use his own phrase, or socialism, to speak plainly, as the *Independent* does, in the Philippines, after the model of India, Ceylon, Japan, the Malay peninsula, and Asia generally.

It is amazing to consider the lessons which some people are willing to take from what they are fond of calling the effete East. At home we argue that private ownership of land is an essential condition alike of individual enterprise and of national prosperity, and we have been accustomed to account for what we regard as the inertia of oriental civilization by excessive State control in every department of civil life; but then, the Filipinos are only brown men, and they need the reservation system quite as much as our red men did, while we suffered them to exist! In Mr. Grant's words, the "land must be reserved in trust" for the "millions of savages on the islands who must be civilized (that is, brought out of the forest and taught

agriculture)." Now it is well known that the so-called friars own little, if any, land in the districts inhabited by savages; the Church property in such places is scarcely worth dispute. It is also well known that there are millions of civilized Filipinos, exceeding in number the savages, who own too much property to admit the facile solution suggested by Rev. Mr. Grant and the editor of the *Independent*.

Why cannot Protestant Episcopal ministers and Methodist editors write on matters affecting the Catholic Church as impartially as Mr. F. F. Hilder in *The Forum* for August, who very wisely says: "The public interest demands that an examination be made as speedily as possible, not only into the title of monastic orders concerning the vast tracts of land claimed by them, but also in regard to the claims of all individuals or corporations, lay or ecclesiastical, who base their ownership on grants from the Spanish government, as well as the claims of that more numerous class who can show a title by actual possession only." Or, why should they not give a fair hearing to the Catholic Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Chappelle, no uncertain friend of the Government in its attempts to pacify the Filipinos? His conclusions about monastic properties in the Philippines, as reported in the daily press, are:

"That the Filipinos owe to the monastic brotherhoods all the education and civilization they possess; that it would be a great injustice to the friars to expel them from the field in which they have worked for centuries, or to deprive them of the estates which they have acquired honestly and have administered to the public good; that it would be impossible to replace them with other priests, because there is no other clerical force acquainted with the country and the languages of the people, and the Filipino priests are not competent to hold any but the subordinate positions in the Church; that the opposition to the friars is an artificial propaganda fostered by the

insurgents and by the Filipino priests, who are themselves leaders in the insurrection and are using it to obtain control of the Church in the islands." Mr. Grant is with the insurgents.

#### THE "DEAD HAND" FALLACY.

In raising the cry of "Dead Hand," as a reason for dispossessing the so-called friars from their property in the Philippines, the Protestant press is following the infidel press of France in the anti-religious campaign now so active there. It seems, though, that the communal and various other civil or social corporations in that country would suffer more than the religious congregations from legislation against mortmain property. The budget of the French minister of finance shows that the communes hold such property to the extent of a tax of 2,800,000 francs, and other associations to the extent of 3,000,000 francs, while the mortmain property held by religious associations is so small as to yield a tax of only 400,000 francs, and their share of such property is decreasing annually. For other property, the religious are taxed as other citizens, and they have to meet their income tax and the tax *d'abonnement*. Surely if the cry of mortmain be raised against their possession of property, it cannot be applied to their labor and devotion. As an instance of the activity with which they advance the interest of the State, we repeat here the statement made by Dr. Werthmann, of Freiburg, at the last general meeting of the German Catholic societies in Nice, "that thirty thousand Brothers and Sisters in one thousand cities care for half a million sick and helpless people. 'Is not that,' the Doctor asks, 'a national work?'" In France two hundred and eight convents, containing thirty-four hundred Little Sister of the Poor, day and night care for twenty-five thousand poor old people. They support them by the alms the Sisters beg from door to door. The best of what they beg is given to the poor, and the leavings are

taken by themselves. . . . The religious orders do not merely talk about the love of country, but manifest their love of Fatherland by their self-sacrificing deeds. And what they do, they do without reward, giving time and labor and life to charitable deeds."

#### SOME NEWS OF CHINA.

In default of more definite news concerning the present disturbed state of the missions in China, *Les Missions Catholiques* prints this letter of last April from Father Marquet, S. J., stationed at South-East Tsche-Li: "We are in the midst of a persecution. The fierce sect of the I-ho-Kinen or Boxers are at the bottom of the trouble and the watchword is, 'Death to Europeans and their friends!' No town, no village is without its quota of Boxers. These unscrupulous fellows play on the superstitious instincts of the Chinese, pretending that at the instance of certain incantations they pass into the protecting favor of guardian spirits and become other Achilles, invulnerable to attack, heels and all. They complain however that the unwelcome presence of a Christian or a church operates as a stay against the handy spirit and puts invulnerability out of range. As a matter of fact three members of a Boxer lodge made disastrous trial of their gift the other day not far from the Christian settlement of Tchou-kia-ho. Like stuffed fools, after invoking the charm, they stood up in front of loaded guns to stop the bullets. One was killed outright, the other two were seriously wounded. It was market day and small need to say that the invulnerable I-ho-Kinen lost caste with the people. The Boxers fearing results made a loud outcry declaring that the Christians were wholly to blame for the unfortunate turn proceedings took. They accused the neophytes of murdering one of their number and fatally wounding two others. Speeches were made urging the Boxers to attack the Christians, pillage their

houses and burn their churches to the ground. To fan hatred into a flame, they gave out far and wide that the Christians had poisoned the wells. The pagans, though it was mid-winter, duteously emptied their wells to investigate and in no case failed to find the poison. The Mandarin of King-tcheou, ridiculously unable to cope with the bandits by force, offered to personally make in the name of the Christians whatever recompense the Boxers demanded. In spite of the protestations of Father Mangin it was decided to appease their wrath with a banquet and a present of 300 bandages and three days of entertainment after the manner of old Rome's circus. In this very Chinese fashion the Mandarin thought to head off heavier evils. But he was mistaken. The wretches grew bolder and straightway commenced their work of pillage and destruction. They sacked every Christian settlement in the neighborhood of King-tcheou, with the exception of five. Three of these in anticipation of trouble had armed themselves to the teeth and gave the Boxers more than they bargained for. The other two were protected and ultimately saved by pagan chiefs in the villages. At Leou-pa-tchoang one Christian in attempting to save his house from fire was thrust through with a dagger. The fiends then piled his body with combustible material, touching it off with a match whilst the unfortunate man still breathed. A few days later the Christian settlements at Fou-tcheng, Kiao-ho and Tong-Koang met the same fate.

"The district belonging to Father Andlauer, a very hotbed of the Boxers, was treated with peculiar ferocity. The miscreants first demanded the Christians to apostatize, but, as far as we know, no community acceded to their diabolical request. Failing in this, they completely razed the settlements. Only one was spared, that of Fou-Kia-Tchoang, and that because the Christians were fled. In their absence their pagan parents loaded the robbers with money and set

up idolatrous images at the doorposts to make believe that the families were apostates. Some days before Mgr. Bulté ran great risks in this quarter. The courtyard of the inn where he put up for the night was surrounded by a threatening crowd. But the suite of the Bishop, hearing that his death was contemplated, hastened their departure. Father Denn, in whose parish the recent trouble first took its rise, is shut up in the town of Fou-tcheng and for two months has been unable to escape. Once he ventured out on a sick-call, only to be pursued on his return. Himself and his companion owe their lives to the swiftness of their horses. One whole section of the Christian settlements is in ruins. Father Heitzler has had to retire to Ou-Kiao. The Boxers have crossed the Imperial canal and invaded his district to effect a junction with comrades at Chan-tong. The brave Christians, though taken by surprise, valiantly defended themselves, using their arms, and, when short of powder, having recourse to bricks, raining them down on the robbers from the roofs of their houses. They saved their houses, but the church went up in flames. The soldiers of Ou-Kiao, when advertised of the occurrence, gave chase to the bandits. From Chenn-Tcheou Father Wibaux writes that 21 villages are utterly destroyed. He himself narrowly escaped death, having to seek shelter in the town whilst the enemy repeatedly attacked his house, shouting the while 'Death to the European, who poisoned our wells!' The Mandarin was able with great difficulty to restrain the infuriated mob.

"Districts in the South enjoy a measure of peace. The harm done some neophytes by bands of 'The Great Knife,' has been to some extent repaired. Some Boxers have been beheaded and an indemnity of three or four hundred francs has been paid to each injured family. Districts in the North, when apprised of what was happening in the central section of the country, armed themselves and stand in readiness for an attack.

They have not been yet molested. Our residence has for the past several months been in daily danger. As a precaution we have already started special prayers. Moreover, not to neglect the human means at our disposal, we have had recourse to the French Consul at Tien-tsin and through him to the Viceroy of Tchély, calling for enough troops to keep back the enemy, daily growing stronger and bolder. In the meantime we have hauled out from the old arsenal our cannon and guns of 1860 pattern, and, after polishing and oiling them, have mounted the cannon on the walls and put the guns in the hands of volunteer Christians, who hasten from all sides to our assistance. Within the last two days as many as 300 have come in, armed in the most grotesque fashion, with guns, swords, lances, knives, staves, hatchets and bars of iron.

"The Boxers, 800 strong, began operations at Tong-tai-Kouo. But the Christians were a match for them. From the roofs of their houses they rained death down on their ranks. The Boxers rallied at the next village only to break into full flight at sound of a trumpet charge, announcing the arrival of a squadron of regular cavalry, sent at the earnest solicitation of Father Becker by the Mandarin.

"At the present writing we count forty-five villages actually in ruins. If further trouble detains the soldiers along the coast or at Peking, we are going to be in very serious straits, at the mercy of fanatics without number and fired with an implacable hatred of Europeans and Christianity.

"These Boxers are intent first of all on making the Christians apostatize. At this sad price our neophytes can always purchase freedom from pillage and bloodshed. And yet, not a single settlement has thus far weakened, and we notice in villages hitherto unmolested a growth in fervor that can come only from on high. Our Christians approach the tribunal of penance with regularity in their fear

of being surprised. The persecuted faithful courageously bear up under their misfortunes, made all the keener by the severity of an extraordinarily sharp winter. The unusually large number of heroes willing to surrender everything rather than lose their faith is a source of much consolation. Every day we meet with touching examples. The Boxers thought to win over by threats and promises one of Father Isoré's Christians. But they had their pains for nothing. He treated their advances with contempt. For penalty he had his ears cut off and after four days of torture was cruelly put to death."

A Presbyterian minister lately from China is out in a statement to the effect that Germany comes in for the lion's share of the hatred entertained by the Chinese for Europeans. For proof, he alleges his own experience, and adverts to the singular fact that of all the foreign ambassadors Baron von Ketteler, the accredited representative of Germany, is the only one whose violent death is, at present, a certainty. *L'Univers*, in a recent issue shifts the blame for the present upheaval of affairs in China from the shoulders of the missionaries to those of the Powers, and to those of Germany in particular. "In the great crisis," the writer says, "sectarians see an argument against religion and its supporters. Politicians and statesmen, to hide their own shortcomings, vigorously applaud the trick. They lift their voices, and, with an assurance meant to carry conviction, cry out: 'The missionaries are to blame! The missionaries are to blame!' Even were there a grain of truth in the accusation, Europe ought to never forget the services rendered civilization by these missionaries. They opened the way to the wealth of the Empire, making industry, commerce and new markets for capital possible. They introduced into the very heart of China, hostile and defiant before their coming, a new generation of people, friendly to us, devoted to our interests, and our trusty defenders.

Therefore, even if some new access of zeal raised difficulties in the way of progress, Europe must remember that the aforesaid way was first opened, marked out and paved with the bones and the blood of Christian missionaries. Apart, however, from the danger of proving ungrateful, Europe is without even the shadow of a pretext for its aspersions on Christianity. The missionaries count for just nothing in this outburst of Chinese nationalism." The writer then proceeds to make good his position by referring to a long article in the *Journal*, of Paris, a paper professedly indifferent to Catholicity. The drift of the article in question is to the effect that many of the accusations against missionaries printed at intervals in the daily sheets are founded on vague letters and telegrams hinting in a general sort of way that the Empress Regent has no love for missionaries or merchants. She certainly has gone out of her way to compliment the missionaries for their austere lives, for their high moral ideas, for the education they scattered broadcast on her shores. She recognizes, too, the immense advantages conferred on her country by the business activity of foreign merchants. The trouble is that the Empress Regent looks with a jealous eye on the encroachments made by foreign Powers under the pretext of securing the missionaries from harm. France magnanimously extends protection to every missionary, whatever his nationality; and cannot, on this very account, be suspected of selfishness or ulterior motives. But when William II. devotes his attention to workers of his own race, protection, which was hitherto religious and moral, becomes political and open to very grave suspicion. The Chinese, if we can believe the *Journal*, of Paris, are not so much opposed to railroads as they are to the appropriation of Chinese territory for their construction by European Powers. "Therefore," it concludes, "the whole trouble lies at the doors, not of the missionaries, nor of the

engineers, nor yet of the merchants, but of the intriguing politicians who want to rule the court at Peking and wrest territory from the Chinese." The writer in *L'Univers* thus concludes: "The *Journal's* remarks are in strict accord with facts and the evidence of reason. The Imperial decree of last year in favor of Catholic missionaries is proof abundant that the Chinese entertain nothing but deep respect for religious workmen. It proclaimed liberty of religion, it even accorded unusual honors and privileges to Catholic bishops and priests. But a devouring appetite for conquest is abroad in the land. Germany has already thrown off the mask and in a brutal fashion. She is in need of new ports, new possessions. The other Powers refuse to be distanced in the race of greed. Under the vague and uncertain terms of civil and commercial right, Europe has already commenced to dismember China preparatory to a feast. We have no desire to weigh the moral worth of the methods employed. They can, perhaps, be defended. But what is absolutely without defense is the hasty improvidence displayed by European governments in the contemplated steal. They give no thought to the momentous complications likely to arise amongst themselves when the plucked goose comes to be handed around. Now that they are all enjoying the harmony of a love feast, they seem to think that their supremest duty is to grab, seize and take everything in sight. It has never occurred to them to think that the Chinese themselves may enter a vigorous protest against these high-handed proceedings. This improvidence is at the root of the whole trouble, and the missionaries, as usual, far from being its cause or occasion, are its first and most innocent victims."

#### A RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

The best answer to the request of the Director of the Census for views about compiling statistics of the religious beliefs or practices followed in this country,

is contained in the plea of Mr. Charles P. Neill for a chair of statistics in the Catholic University. In this way a complete Catholic census could be obtained. Statistics of the Church and of the sects, as well as of the vast number of people in the United States who are not Christians, are very useful. The latter might be computed by elimination if each Christian body would compile according to its own requirements of membership the number of souls in its fold.

#### TWO SIDES.

We read very much in Protestant newspapers about the defection of Catholic priests in France. For some reason the editors of these newspapers never notice or publish items like the following from the French newspapers. The *Semaine Religieuse*, of Autun, gives this form of retraction lately made in public by one of these misguided men :

"I am and wish to be faithful to the Catholic Church and to all the obligations which I have contracted towards. I have no right nor mission to change her teaching in any way. I promise to do nothing that could constrain my superiors to deprive me of the incomparable favor conferred on me by my ordination to the priesthood."

#### CATHOLIC FEDERATION.

The movement for Catholic Federation is growing rapidly, to the great encouragement of its zealous organizers and to the foolish alarm of some politicians and members of Protestant associations who fear it may upset their calculations about the present campaign. The proposal for this federation was made first by laymen, chiefly by the Knights of St. John, and is therefore Democratic in its origin ; it is also thoroughly Catholic, as the letters of approbation from His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, of the Most Reverend Archbishops Elder, Ryan and Corrigan, and of the Right Reverend Bishops Gabriels, Wigger, Horstman, McQuaid, Matz, Montgomery, Phelan, Maes and McFaul ; as a consequence of its being Catholic, it is not partisan or political,

as Bishop McFaul, its most active advocate in the hierarchy, has so well shown in his timely utterances on this subject, which prove so well its immediate necessity.

#### FROM CALIFORNIA.

Among many excellent things that come to us from California we may number this month Father Yorke's "Education in California," a pamphlet containing the articles he has published on : The Smaller Colleges ; The State University ; The San Francisco School Board. The Text Book Publishing Co., 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, publish the pamphlet. Then the Catholic Truth Society of that city, Room 37 Flood Building, have added to their issues, "What Catholics Do Not Believe," by the Most Rev. P. J. Ryan, D.D. ; and "Catholicism and Reason," by Henry C. Dillon. We trust they may soon publish in pamphlet form the address of the Hon. Zach Montgomery, on "The Sphere of the Catholic Layman." This latter topic, as so many others, was briefly but capably treated in the *Providence Visitor* of July 7th.

#### FROM THIBET.

The following is the text of the decree permitting religious freedom in the districts of Thibet depending on the Viceroy of Sze-chuen :

"The natives of Bathany who desire to become Christians, have full liberty to do so; those who are settled on the tributary territory may also become Christians and reside on their land; they will pay tribute, like everyone else, but shall not be charged more for being Christians.

"As for the building of lamaderies, recitation of prayers by the lamas, personal corvée, money, subscriptions, etc., all this shall not affect Christians.

"In case of lawsuits involving Christians, the Chinese mandarins and native chiefs shall try them; they shall not be allowed to refuse.

"Natives depend upon the Chinese mandarins and the native chiefs; the lamas have no right to interfere.

"The lamas are also placed under the authority of the Chinese mandarins."

This decree opens one portion of the "Forbidden Land" to our missionaries, who have long sought to enter there.



With the large number of charitable and benevolent institutions and societies existing in the Archdiocese of New York, it would seem that no room had been left for other organizations of this kind. A distinct field of activity has however been found by the Guild of the Infant Saviour, whose aim is to keep guard over the numerous public and non-Catholic private institutions, to see that an infant is either adopted by Catholics or sent to a Catholic institution, in the case of a death of a Catholic mother; to secure or afford shelter and support for mother and infant until the latter grows strong and the former fond of her child and willing to keep and provide for it; to provide employment for the mother allowed to keep her child, or to keep the child, until the mother, helped in securing a situation, is ready to assume charge of it. Figures are quoted in the prospectus published to enlist the interest and help of Catholics, to prove that the work undertaken by the Guild is important and urgent.

The Second Annual Report of the Free Hospital for Poor Consumptives, shows much good work done by this charitable Philadelphia association. During its five years of existence, the society has paid out nearly nineteen thousand dollars, in providing board and treatment for poor consumptives, and an effort is now being made to get a surplus with which to buy a home.

It is not generally known that the Society of the Holy Spirit, under whose auspices the sessions of the Catholic Winter School at New Orleans are held, has charge of the humbler, yet not less meritorious work of providing schools

and teachers for country missions. It also busies itself in distributing gratuitously Catholic books, tracts, leaflets and magazines. Within the last year a few zealous Catholic ladies have established the Sisterhood of the Holy Spirit to promote these and other worthy objects of kindred character.

The International Catholic Truth Society, incorporated under the presidency of Rev. W. F. McGinniss, D.D., of Brooklyn, proposes to itself a three-fold mission: 1. The systematic refutation of calumnies, misstatements, etc., appearing in the daily papers, magazines, text books, etc. 2. The methodical distribution of lists of Catholic books, that a taste for such literature may be stimulated and that a legitimate demand for it may cause our standard works to be placed upon the shelves of public libraries from which they have been hitherto sedulously excluded. 3. The supplying of Catholic papers and magazines, by remailing them to homes in sparsely settled sections of the country. Many letters of approbation from archbishops and bishops to the promoters of the work render testimony to the need and usefulness of this Truth Society.

Trinity College, the new Catholic Institution in Washington, D.C., will open its classes November 6th, of the current year. A neat prospectus has just been issued by the Sisters of Notre Dame, giving the requirements for entrance examination, courses to be followed, and other points of information. The scope of the new college is thus defined: "Trinity College has for its purpose the higher education of women under the auspices of the Catholic Church. As a



first step toward the attainment of this end, its courses of study are planned according to the best standards of our American educational system. It is proposed that every facility shall be offered the students of Trinity College to fit themselves for graduate work."

The influx of pilgrims to Rome to gain the Jubilee indulgence has surpassed in numbers all expectations. Their piety has been equally remarkable, and it is sufficient to see them in groups or in large, organized bodies making the required visits to the different basilicas, to form a concept of the virile Catholicity that holds the mastery of their hearts. At the sight of this manifestation of faith and loyalty the Holy Father seems to have grown young again, and his strength and energy in receiving in public audience so many thousands is little short of marvellous.

At a meeting of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, held at Maynooth, on June 20th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

#### I. THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

1. In view of the general elections which are believed to be imminent, we deem it our duty to express our earnest hope that Catholic electors will not support any candidate who will not expressly pledge himself in his election address to use his best exertions for the establishment of a University to which the Catholics of Ireland can repair without sacrifice of their religious convictions.

2. As certain English politicians and religious bodies are said to be already adopting means to oppose the granting of our legitimate demands in this matter of University education, we appeal to our fellow-countrymen, to our co-religionists, and to all fair-minded men in England to use

their influence in counteracting this movement, made in opposition to the just claims of Irish Catholics.

3. Furthermore, seeing that Irish Catholics are practically excluded from higher Government appointments on the plea of their want of University education, we trust that the various public bodies in Ireland will do their part towards remedying this injustice, so long as it continues, by giving the appointments in their gifts to properly qualified candidates from amongst those who suffer so great a wrong from their loyal adherence to their religious principles.

#### II. THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

1. We strongly recommend that in the Primary Schools in all Irish-speaking districts, the instruction should be bilingual, English being taught through the medium of Irish.

2. We also regard it as most desirable that in the Primary Schools in other districts, the Irish language should be taught to children of the third and higher classes, wherever the Manager of the school deems it advisable, and the parents make no objection.

#### III. THE WORK OF THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

We deem it our duty to repeat what we have affirmed in a resolution of a former meeting, that the creation of a peasant proprietary, and the subdivision of the uncultivated grass lands, are amongst the most efficient means of aiding and improving agriculture in Ireland, and therefore seem to us to come within both the letter and the spirit of the Act recently passed for the express purpose of aiding and improving Irish agriculture.

Whilst we recognize that the new Department cannot be expected to adopt the policy of carrying out these measures at once on any large scale, we trust that when suitable opportunities arise, the Agricultural Board will not be excluded from the consideration and adoption of the means best calculated in their judgment to secure the realization of this wise and beneficent policy.

Signed on behalf of the meeting,

✠ MICHAEL, CARDINAL LOGUE, Chairman.

✠ JOHN, Bishop of Clonfert.

✠ RICHARD ALPHONSUS,  
Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, *Secretaries*.

## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.—XXI.

When Jesus had said these things, He went forth with His disciples over the brook Cedron, where there was a garden, into which He entered with His disciples.

And Judas also, who betrayed Him, knew the place : because Jesus had often resorted thither together with His disciples.—St. John, xviii. 1 2.

And going out He went according to His custom to the Mount of Olives, and His disciples also followed Him.

And when He was come to the place, He said to them : Pray, lest ye enter into temptation.

And He was withdrawn away from them a stone's cast : and kneeling down He prayed,

Saying : Father, if Thou wilt, remove this chalice from me : But yet not my will, but thine be done.

And there appeared to Him an angel from heaven, strengthening Him. And being in an agony, He prayed the longer.

And His sweat became as drops of blood trickling down upon the ground.

And when He rose up from prayer and was come to His disciples, He found them sleeping for sorrow.

And He said to them : Why sleep you? arise, pray, lest you enter into temptation.—St. Luke, xxii. 39-46.

Then Jesus came with them into a country place which is called Geth-

semani, and He said to His disciples : Sit you here, till I go yonder and pray.

And taking with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, He began to grow sorrowful and to be sad.

Then He saith to them : My soul is sorrowful even unto death : Stay you here, and watch with me.

And going a little further, he fell upon his face, praying, and saying : My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me : nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.

And He cometh to His disciples, and findeth them asleep, and He saith to Peter : What ! could you not watch one hour with me ?

Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh weak.

Again the second time He went and prayed, saying : My Father, if this chalice may not pass away but

I must drink it, thy will be done.

And He cometh again and findeth them sleeping : for their eyes were heavy.

And leaving them, He went again, and He prayed the third time, saying the self same word.

Then He cometh to His disciples, and saith to them : Sleep ye now and take your rest : behold the hour is at hand, and the Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners.—Matt. xxvi. 36-46.



## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The Promoters' pages in the *Leaflets* for September speak of zeal as their special virtue. Directors whose duty it is to develop and cultivate a spirit of zeal in their Promoters should read these pages carefully, as they contain some valuable suggestions for increasing the number of Promoters, for insuring their fidelity and for extending as well as improving their work, not only for the League but for every parish interest. Since "zeal" is the subject of the General Intention, Directors will find this month opportune for renewing and guiding the zeal of their Promoters and of the many Associates who would do so much more work if encouraged or permitted.

Since we are to pray for zeal this month, it may be well to consider that we owe a great deal to our Catholic brethren in Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, Hawaii, Samoa, and the Philippine Islands. In Cuba the Brookes' civil marriage law has been repealed, owing to the decided opposition, not of Catholics only, but of all who wish to uphold the sanctity of marriage; now the charities of that island are to become a State affair, to the gradual exclusion of Catholic enterprise; its school system is in the hands of non-Catholics, and the Government is quite as dilatory as the Spanish authorities were to make a settlement about the Church property which is now virtually alienated by the State. We have the spirited example of the attentions of the

Catholics of Boston to the Cuban teachers there, to show how much can and should be done for Catholic interests in our new dependencies. Thus, Professor Bernard Moses of the Philippine Commission has informed President Wheeler of California State University that the Commission thinks it advisable to send some bright young natives here for their education and have them return to teach their people. Who is to select the colleges they are to attend? Will they be permitted to attend schools of their own faith? Or will Catholics be ignored in this as in everything else? The urgent need of action in this matter is clear from the address of Bishop McFaul referred to in these columns, and the article of Mr. Wright in *Donahue's Magazine* for August.

In the *Weekly Register* (London) of July 20, Ethelred L. Taunton asks information on a question of vital importance. He wants to know the origin and the history of the practice of the nine First Fridays; why is it we (no doubt he means *he*) have heard of it only in recent years; what is to be thought of the practice; does it answer? We have sent him a copy of the *MESSENGER* for February, 1898.

The London *Tablet* of July 28 publishes an answer to these questions. *Sacerdos Hibernicus*, and the chapter from the English Handbook of the Apostleship of Prayer which explains the practice.

### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

RACINE, WIS.—The Feast of the Sacred Heart was appropriately celebrated here this year. Suitable services were held the three days preceding the Feast, on which day many of the Associates received Holy Communion. In the even-

ing there was a Promoters' Reception, after which the parish was again consecrated to the Sacred Heart. Solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament and Benediction concluded the services. Much good has been accomplished

through the League during the past year, and we look forward to a large increase in membership during the coming one. Our register in June, 1900, showed total number of Associates, 505 in first degree, 286 in second, and 151 in third, an average increase in each degree of 56 members. We have 41 Promoters.

GIRGAUM, INDIA. Silver Jubilee of the Apostleship of Prayer.—Sunday evening, June 10th, St. Teresa's Chapel, Girgaum, was the scene of a very memorable event. This little congregation was celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the establishment of the League of the Sacred Heart at that place, and they had made bold to invite all the Local Directors and Promoters within Bombay and its suburbs. Promoters from different places mingled together like one happy and holy family. There was a big contingent from Thanna, headed by their zealous director, Father Pereira. Mathraparcady also came in full numbers with their Director, Father D'Cruz. There were also a few Promoters from Kalbadevi, Dadar and Bandora. His Grace, Dr. Dalhoff, S.J., Diocese Director for the Archdiocese of Bombay, presided at the meeting. By 5 P. M. the school-room, which was decked up for the occasion, was filled to its utmost capacity by the Promoters, when His Grace said the opening prayers from the manual, and called upon the secretary to read his Jubilee report. This was quite detailed and exhaustive, and concluded by two very practical suggestions: first, that at least once a year or oftener a meeting of all the Local Directors and Promoters should be held in some central place to exchange views and encourage one another in fostering and spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart; second, to hold a great general meeting of all the members of the Apostleship from both jurisdictions in some capacious church once a year. Archbishop Dalhoff expressed approval of both suggestions. His Grace said the closing prayer from

the Handbook, and gave the meeting his blessing. Souvenir pictures of the Silver Jubilee were then distributed to all present. The meeting was followed by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by His Grace, who also recited aloud the Act of Consecration, in which the whole congregation joined. A word about the chapel. This was most tastefully decorated. The high altar was filled with candles and trees, and a heart of fairy lamps encircled the monstrance, the background being formed by a pretty screen of crinkled paper with the words, *Adoremus in æternum* in silver on it. The inscription, *Come all ye who labour and are burdened and I will refresh you*, in moss on a blue foundation, covered the arch opening into the sanctuary. The altar of the Sacred Heart was one mass of clouds with the statue in the centre of it, while the body of the chapel was hung with garlands of leaves, fern baskets and sago palms. A large drawing of the Sacred Heart with the words, "Thy Kingdom Come" underneath, overlooked the entrance leading to the meeting-hall. —Abridged from *Bombay Catholic Examiner*.

PARAY-LE-MONIAL.—The Pilgrimage of the Apostleship of Prayer on June 26 brought together some two thousand Promoters and Associates from more than fifteen different French dioceses. A marked feature was the number of young men who took part in it. During the month of July there were pilgrimages from Marseilles, Firminy, Autun, Saint-Symphorien-de-Laye, Diocese of Nevers, Paris, Le Creusot, Pouilly-sous-Charlieu and Cette. For August and September dates have been already assigned to other pilgrimages from the Dioceses of Nancy, Rheims, Mende, Bayeux, Metz and Annecy. Worthy of note in this connection are the many pilgrimages during June made by students from the various Catholic colleges, and a pilgrimage of four thousand workmen during the same month.

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,220,579.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes. v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.* — PADUA, MINN.—"In fulfilment of promise I beg to record that during the late awful drought in the Northwest, earnest petition was made for the prayers of the League. Masses and a statue to St. Joseph were promised, should God send us rain. And the rain came, so plentiful, far and wide, that crops and pastures are saved."

PHILA., PA.—"After the death of their parents, a large and growing family were left in great financial straits. A mortgage on their home had to be met, and the money not being forthcoming foreclosure proceedings were instituted. It was hard to give up the old place, but we determined to sell it, in the hope of clearing the mortgage and having a little money left over. But no purchaser could be found when it was offered at public sale. This meant that it must pass into the hands of the sheriff. However, just at the last moment two gentlemen came to buy the property and relieve our anxiety. All through these trying days we had placed our confidence in the Sacred Heart, and by Masses, Novenas and prayers besought the assistance which was given us when we had almost despaired of any help."

*Spiritual Favors.*—A husband's return to the practice of his religion; a father's conversion after many years' neglect of the sacraments; help in spiritual difficulties; reform of two brothers given up to drink and idleness; a holy and successful retreat; conversion and happy death of a father after fifty years' neglect of his religious duties; removal of uneasiness about past confessions; a reconciliation between two at enmity; the amicable adjustment of a great family trouble; a very special favor through prayer to the Infant Jesus; conversion of friend and reform of a brother.

*Temporal Favors.*—Successful examination of a graduating class at the parochial school for admission to the High School; cure of sore throat; recovery from scarlet fever of four children; adjustment of a business difficulty with less loss than was anticipated; restoration to health of a person who had been given up by the physicians and had received the last sacraments; a good position; freedom to devote time to the pursuit of a chosen profession; preservation of a house in imminent danger of burning; success in studies; a Mother Superior's recovery of health; the settlement of a law-suit; the going down of a swelling; escape from threatened and unjust indictment; cure of an abscess in the ear; recovery of a gold watch and a sum of money that had been lost; success in examination; positions as stenographer for two; success in passing a difficult, Civil Service examination; escape from serious bodily harm from a dangerous fall on stone steps; means to pay off indebtedness.

### OBITUARY.

#### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Camille Broussard, Sacred Heart Centre, Galveston, Texas; Mary Frances Haston, St. Andrew's Centre, Abilene, Kans.; Clara Paff, Beaver, Pa.; Annie E. Wiedling, St. Peter's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Daniel J. Tobin, Margaret Hearn, Cathedral Centre, New York City; Margaret M. Furey, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ella M. Scott, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Sister M. Jerome, O.S.D., St. Peter's Centre, Steubenville, Ohio; Mother M. Dominic, O.S.D., New York City; Sister Francis Joseph, Nazareth Convent, Rochester, N. Y.; Hanorah Wheeler, St. Ignatius Loyola Centre, New York City.

*May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



Mr. Wilfrid Ward has tried the rôle of peacemaker with the usual results. The Liberals have fallen upon him and the "Intransigents"—the name hurts no one—look on him with mistrust. It is to be hoped that he may deem such comments as the following quite sufficient answer to Mr. Dell and his sympathizers. The first is from the *London Tablet*, of July 7. The second from the *Catholic Times*, of Liverpool, June 29.

"In the large number of converts who are annually received into the pale of the Church, it is to be expected that at least a few persons will find their way thither who are not of her spirit, and who carry with them a large measure of that pretentiousness which leads them to bring all things—and especially the policy, practice and government of the Catholic Church—to the bar of their own petty, personal views. Apparently, it requires some years for such persons to get it into their heads that Christ intends that His Church upon earth shall be guided by the Holy Ghost, and her responsible authorities, and not by the private judgment of this or that individual. It is only justice to such unripe converts to say that when they finally reach a further stage of widening and sobering experience, and come to know the Church as she really exists, they themselves are usually the first to be ashamed of the '*ignorantia*' and ineptitudes to which they have given expression during the days of their Catholic immaturity, and while they saw men—especially Jesuits!—like trees walking. Such unassimilated converts are notoriously few and exceptional, and stand out in marked contrast to the multitudes of true converts who are being gathered into the Church from all classes, and who never cease to thank God for what they have found within the fold. Indeed, by no one would the obliquities and perversities of a silly and

sedition few be more vehemently rebuked and condemned than by the hosts of their fellow converts, who have had happily sufficient grace and instruction to grasp the meaning and spirit of the Faith, and the humility and docility of heart and judgment which Christ has made the *sine qua non* of His followers.

"If, however, the British public has any special interest in following the psychological phases of the dissatisfied few, rather than knowing the mind and conviction of the experienced and satisfied many, it will have an opportunity of doing so in such articles as that which a writer who assumes the name of 'Fidelis' has contributed to *The Contemporary*, and that which Mr. R. E. Dell has contributed to *The Nineteenth Century*. In both they will find the same visionary and distorted estimate of Catholic policy and practice, the same narrowness of insularity and race prejudice, the same hysterical aversion to the 'Curia,' the 'Inquisition' and the 'Jesuits,' and we may add, the same recklessness of uncharitable indictment which, in writers of any weight, would amount to impertinence. It may afford some harmless amusement to Catholics who have a lifelong knowledge of the Church, her spirit and her working, to find a small group of converts of yesterday, ready here in England to undertake the reform of the Catholic Church from the See of Peter downwards, and to assist Leo XIII. and the Catholic Episcopate generally in the work of putting their house in order. That they possess the qualifications spiritual and intellectual required for such a task need not be doubted. But Catholics (and especially those who have every sympathy with every measure of wise and orderly and Catholic reform) may feel, all the same, that the Church of God is likely to walk steadily on in the way of her wisdom, treasuring her deposit of revealed truth, and smiting heresy and falsehood, assimilating the humble and

reverent, and shedding the proud and disloyal; keeping indeed the Dupanlous and Lacordaires, but casting the Doëlingers and the de Lamennais. In the meantime the visionary grievances which a few disaffected neophytes may offer to the pages of the non-Catholic press will find their best refutation in the reform, purely subjective and much-needed, which time, and a riper and a fuller and more accurate acquaintance with the Catholic Church, will, no doubt, operate in the minds of their authors.

"So much for a type of convert which is happily rare, though for the moment unpleasantly conspicuous. If we turn to Mr. Dell in particular, it is impossible not to remember that a very few years ago he was firmly convinced of the truth of the great Continuity fable. We are reminded how recent his conversion still is by the curious influence which certain familiar Protestant bogeys still seem to exercise over his imagination. For instance, in his paper this month criticising Mr. Wilfrid Ward's 'Apologetics,' he speaks with perfect gravity and good faith of the Jesuits who to-day make the action of the Society a factor 'in the history of Western Europe.' It is probably fortunate that the article was in type before we announced that a cadet corps was being formed at Stonyhurst. It is bad enough that the Jesuits should be influencing the history of Western Europe, but really Mr. Dell should see to it that alarm-bells ring out now that these same Jesuits have been detected arming and drilling their adherents among the Lancashire hills. The Jesuits might be tolerated while they confined themselves to influencing the history of Western Europe, but now that they are admittedly preparing for war, and in the heart of the United Kingdom, surely something should be done. The case is the more suspicious because the Jesuits have selected a rifle range which is understood to be hidden among the hills, and far from human habitation. That shows their great cunning."

To the Editor, *Catholic Times* :

Sir—Apropos of your remarks touching the experiences of a supposed "Convert," as related in the pages of the *Contemporary Review*, your readers

should know that the *Contemporary Review* has, ever since the editorship of Mr. Bunting, been accustomed from time to time to insert attacks upon the Church from the pens of supposed "Catholics." These articles, curiously enough, are invariably unsigned. When the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Contemporary Review* were first established, it was taken for granted in the world of letters that these reviews were about to establish a new era in reviewing, viz., that whereas the *Quarterly Review* and the *Edinburgh*, as representing the old school, printed only unsigned articles, the *Contemporary*, etc., were going to insert signed contributions. However, if you will turn over back numbers of the *Contemporary* you will find that articles supposed to come from Roman Catholic contributors criticising the Roman Catholic Church, its government, its discipline, its philosophy or its religious Orders is, as I have said, invariably from some "Fidelis," "Verax," or "Catholicus," never over a name capable of identification. Some years ago I discovered by the merest chance that the contributor of two very bitter articles that appeared in the *Church Times* against certain Catholic devotions on the Continent was not, as everybody supposed, a Roman Catholic at all, but a beneficed Anglican parson of the diocese of Winchester. His "explanation," given privately, was that as he belonged to the Church of England and the Church of England belonged to the Western Patriarchate which was governed by the Bishop of Rome, he was entitled to criticise that Church as a member.

But the suspicion that naturally attaches to the persistent anonymity of these anti-Catholic or, any rate, hostile articles is not the full extent of the trouble. The trouble is that no answer is permitted to appear. Not long since when a reply to one of these articles was tendered by a Catholic of acknowledged literary ability and standing, Mr. Bunting returned the contribution under plea of lack of room, or some other equally flimsy excuse. Unless I am greatly misinformed Mr. Bunting, the editor of the *Contemporary Review* is a Methodist and an ardent admirer of that

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, whose remarks about capturing the press from the "Romanists" and utilizing it in the interests of "our National Protestantism" caused so much amusement in journalistic circles a year or two ago.

Pray excuse the liberty I have taken in thus intruding upon your space, but I am of opinion that a *caveat* against unreservedly accepting the *bona fide* of these *Contemporary Review* articles is, under the circumstances, not altogether uncalled for.—Yours, etc.,

AN EX-ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN.

The review of Mme. Marholm's books on the reaction against feminism in Germany, by Ernest Sailliere in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has not received the attention it deserves. It was translated and published in *The Living Age* for May 5 and 12. Among the many passages that must interest our readers is the following:

"Her sympathetic comprehension of Catholicism, her sweeping disdain for the pretended moral conquests of the Reformation furnish a spectacle sufficiently rare in Germany, but which recalls certain tendencies in the England of to-day.

"Why, demands Mme. Marholm after having painted in the most gloomy colors the present existence of woman, why are the marriages of to-day devoid of happiness, its love deprived of wings? And why is it that all this is yet more conspicuous in Protestant than in Catholic countries? It is because Catholicism is, *par excellence*, the religion of woman.

"Mme. Marholm has written some really exquisite pages on the worship of the Virgin Mary, which she regards as homage paid to the whole sex. It is a bold interpretation, and one which the Church herself would hardly sanction without reservations, but it is also a most poetic and ingenious analysis of sentiments which are sacred and eternal. Long ago Feuerbach wrote in his 'Essence of Christiannity,' 'Protestantism has set aside the Mother of God, and by so doing has degraded woman; but woman has avenged herself cruelly for the outrage put upon her.'

"'The worship of Mary,' says Mme. Marholm in her turn, 'was the great

poetic achievement of the masculine soul, sending up to heaven, as from a natural fount, that longing for something detached from the senses and higher than they, by which man has always been tormented. It represented the sweetest note of his inner music. He showed his most complete understanding of the high destiny of woman, and the mystery of human life, when he raised the mother and child to a place above the altar. When he transfigured the companion of his existence into a sacred being, and showed the baby stretching out its little arms toward the heart of every man, he sanctified woman in her function as a mother, and made it sacrilege to ill-treat a child. Infinite was the softening of hearts, incalculable the amelioration of manners which beamed from every one of those images of God's Mother enthroned above the altar. The Christ, at once Deity and sucking babe, in the arms of the blessed Virgin, showed his naked baby-body with an admonition at once tender and awe-inspiring. "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these," was what it said, "ye did it unto me"—to Me, the divine in the infant, and the infant in God. And always the youthful virgin-mother spread her mantle over mothers and young maids alike; and every sin committed against a woman became a mortal sin in the eyes of man.'

"But Mme. Marholm deduces consequences more plausible and remarkable yet, from that cult which she so reproaches Protestantism with having rejected; for the glorification of the mother, she insists, was calculated to deliver man from the baleful fascination of the mere woman. 'She' (the woman, and observe that it is not a man who speaks), 'by her humors, her tears, her vanity and her inveterate acting, the nonsense that she talks and her contracted views, is often a heavy drag on her companion. There is a perpetual misunderstanding between the husband who desires rest and the wife who will give him none.'

"If we are to believe our author, one blessed result of the worship of Mary is that it helped to clear up this misunderstanding by delivering man from a too-direct contact with woman. It made him patient with the companion of a day,



by lifting his thoughts to a superhuman ideal. It made him tolerant without weakness and compassionate without servility. But Protestantism, by suppressing the worship of the Virgin and the devotion to images, has committed the huge mistake of transferring the adoration of man from womankind in the abstract to some particular woman. The next step was to require of all mortal women the virtues of the celestial woman, and to scan, with a distrustful eye, their persons, their bearing, their actions and sentiments. Protestantism asked more of women than had ever been asked before, and got less. Nor is this the only earnest protest launched by Mme. Marholm against a too-ethereal conception of her sex. In her eyes a woman is a creature of flesh and instinct—anything but an angel.

“Catholicism, on the other hand, has shown a perfect comprehension of all the inevitable weaknesses of human nature. In the middle ages it absorbed the whole sentimental life of the epoch, stimulating and soothing by turns, teaching the art of fine distinctions, developing in the woman a more subtle and powerful charm, and at the period of the Renaissance, sending her back into the life of the age stronger than of old and better equipped.”

*The Heiress of Cronenstein.* By the Countess Hahn-Hahn. Adapted from the German, by Mary H. Allies. Cloth. Pages, 223. \$1.25. Benziger Brothers, New York.

A refreshing air of Catholic piety permeates the whole story. Little effort is made to compass the elegances of style, and grace of language is studiously, not to say disagreeably, neglected. The sentences, whilst correct, are short, choppy and artless; and the whole book is singularly devoid of literary ornament. But these lesser defects are more than compensated for by the rapidity with which the story moves, and by the altogether entertaining way in which morals are conveyed. Marriages follow one another in quick succession, but are mercifully free from the tediously sickening preliminaries that tire and disgust

readers in the usual modern novel. Suitors are sensibly quick and, other scenes omitted, we are at a bound introduced to the final signing of papers. A theological student loses his vocation by silly admiration for a painted actress. A lovable youth, a sculptor, finds and follows a call to the priesthood, when at the height of success and on the eve of a most desirable match. The girl duteously enters a convent. By way of contrast, no doubt, to the domestic felicity everywhere apparent in the story's pages, one preposterously giddy creature is introduced, the youngest daughter of a family. She holds her head so high that she missed golden opportunities, only to catch a free-thinking bigot, without affection and without religion. She very naturally loses his admiration with her good looks and, instead of turning princess, has to sew all her life as she sewed when a girl at school. The heiress herself, and heroine of the story, is a model woman in every respect. The unfortunate circumstance of marriage with a reformed gambler, a melancholy example of slavery to that consuming passion, only serves to bring out her strength of character and abiding trust in God.

*The People of our Parish.* By Lelia Hardin Bugg. Cloth. Pages, 254. \$1.00. Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston.

Like all books of a censorious nature, this sometimes offends on the side of cynicism. Its very first chapter creates no prejudice in its favor and is by no means a fair sample of the really good things that follow. Barring an odd, unpleasant remark here and there, the questions discussed are ably enough handled; and the wit that gives point to satire is conspicuously present everywhere. The writer ranges through a wide field of subjects, embracing marriages of various hues and colors, home environment, care of children, vocations, women wage-earners, charity, literature, education, schools and colleges, funerals and topics of a less in-

teresting nature. The language employed is of the best without any special claims to vividness or picturesqueness. With the author's treatment of things, we have no fault to find, only remarking that the average reader is on the alert for pleasing traits in human nature and impatient with idiosyncrasies.

*Sermons on the Blessed Sacrament.* From the German of Rev. J. B. Scheurer, D.D. By Rev. F. X. Lasance. Cloth. Pages, 351. \$1.25. Benziger Brothers, New York.

All printed sermons undoubtedly suffer loss in the process and this set, we presume, is no exception to the general rule. The translator in his Preface holds out promise of "many precious gems of thought, sunbursts of brilliant word-painting, splendid similes, apt Scriptural references, and, above all, solid doctrine." The doctrine is solid enough, and, because the myriad graces of English are neglected in its presentation, its reading is unnecessarily heavy. Indeed, so bare is the language of gem and sunburst that we should hesitate to recommend its perusal to anybody possessed of a style and at all solicitous about its preservation. Nothing so damages literary taste and nice discrimination in the art of writing as long residence in the atmosphere of mediocrity surrounding works of this kind. The thoughts are in great measure so worn and old that they lack lustre, and the language used to convey them is dull, commonplace and sometimes incorrect. Catholic truth deserves richer garments, and, when these are not forthcoming, better nakedness. In fact, the best and safest use to which the sermons can be put is to strip them of their awkward covering and keep the skeletons. Their English dress is not going to rank Father Scheurer among the immortals. The volume closes with two superior extracts from Dr. Lieber and Father Faber. Their literary beauty invites comparison, and the comparison only intensifies regret for the company they keep.

*Jack Hildreth on the Nile.* By Marion Ames Taggart. Cloth. Pages, 250. 85 cents. Benziger Brothers, New York.

The author has written more wisely. Anxiety to crowd the narrative with incident spoils the work. Nearly every chapter contains a thrilling escape, reminiscent of the prodigies served up to wondering youth by the redoubtable historians of Indian warfare on our western plains. In justice to the hero it must be said that he kills nobody. He is a marvelous man with his fist and contrives to always put his victims to sleep temporarily with a well-directed blow. And no enemy escapes, no wrong is left unrighted. The last page sets Jack down safe and sound at home in the land of his fathers.

*The Church of Christ the Same Forever.* By D. McLane, S.J. Cloth. Pages, 163. 50 cents. B. Herder, St. Louis.

This simple and strong presentation of the Catholic Church's claim to mankind's allegiance ought to be in the hands of every Catholic and can be of much service to honest searchers for the truth. Its length need appal no one, and its clearness puts it within reach of every ordinary mind. It can perhaps be best described as a running commentary on what texts of Scripture make for belief in the dogma that the Catholic Church is the true Church of Christ.

*Helpful Thoughts from Many Sources.* Paper. Pages, 46. 5 cents. Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Some literary flowers, culled by tasteful piety from many gardens. Even strangers to our faith, like Carlyle, Longfellow and Irving contribute to its pages, and awaken a melancholy pity that men capable of such sentiments, for hidden reasons clear to God, lived and died aliens to the truth. A richer edition of this little work in cloth, and meant to do service as a birthday gift, is issued at the small cost of twenty-five cents.

*The Art of Being Happy.* From the French. By Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J.

Paper. Pages 63. H. & L. Casterman, Tournai, Belgium. 86 St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

These fifty-nine short lessons in an art of more than ordinary importance, richly deserved translation, and had the rare good fortune of happening on a sympathetic friend. They contain no large surprises, no startling discoveries. Their chiefest merit lies in gathering together and presenting, as it were, in a heap salutary axioms known in a scattered way, and meditated at vanishing intervals by even novices in the spiritual life. If their perusal serves to brighten the mental vision and warm the cockles of an old heart, oftener cold than hot, then it does seem that constant companionship with them ought to fix fast the smile they so much recommend, and enable the soul to be at home when God calls. Each of the fifty-nine lessons is followed by an apt and altogether striking quotation from some spiritual writer. Everything transferred from the writings of the venerable Curé d'Ars, is peculiarly wholesome and refreshing.

*Altar Flowers.* By Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J. Cloth. Pages 103. 1s. M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin.

As described in its sub-title, this is a book of prayers in verse. It is, as the preface informs us, a reprint with additions of the *Harp of Jesus*, published some years ago, and circulated to the extent of three thousand copies. The author betrays remarkable dexterity in turning verses, and when he gets away from mere translation gives expression to really striking sentiments.

*The Little Treasury of Leaflets.* Vol. IV. Morocco. 198 leaflets. 70 cents. M. & S. Eaton, Dublin. Benziger Brothers, New York.

We have not seen the companion volumes, but if the latest issue in the series is a warrant of their quality, they fully deserve the praise lavished on them by critics. Even the metrical selections introduced were evidently chosen in many cases with a view to literature as well as piety. The book is ornate, and whilst a complete manual of prayers, contains not a few instructive pieces able to supply the mind with food for hours of devout meditation. The volumes already issued have met with wide favor in Ireland, Scotland and England, and with them this need only become generally known to be extensively used in the States.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

FROM B. HERDER.  
Saint-Louis.

- "Meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office." By Peregrinus. Cloth. Pages, 140. 75 cents.
- "The Flowing Tide." By Madame Belloc. Cloth. Pages 198. \$1.60
- "A Son of St. Francis." By Lady Amabel Kerr. Cloth. Pages, 200. \$1.00.

FROM MARLIER, CALLANAN & CO.,  
Boston.

- "Studies in Poetry." By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D. Cloth. Pages, 114. 50 cents.

FROM CATHOLIC UNIVERSE PUBLISHING CO.,  
Cleveland, O.

- "A Journey with the Sun Around the World." By Rev. William McMahon. Cloth. Pages, 676. \$2.00.

FROM UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA,  
Ontario, Canada.

- "Les Hymnes du Breviaire Romain." By Rev. P. Gladu, O.M.I. Paper. 4 vols. 75 cents.

FROM THE AUTHOR,  
Quebec, Canada.

- "La Bonne Ste. Anne." By Rev. F. de Ghyselde O.S.F. Paper. Pages, 370.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of July, 1903, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre	No.
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	6
	Waldorf, Md.	St. Peter's . . . . . "	2
Boston	Lowell, Mass.	" . . . . . "	2
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Cathedral	3
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	Holy Angels . . . . . Church	12
		Mercy . . . . . Hospita	1
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Lawrence . . . . . Church	5
	Urbana, Ohio	St. Mary's . . . . . Convent	3
Cleveland	Hudson, Ohio	" . . . . . Church	7
	Toledo, O.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Convent	1
Concordia	Hanover, Kan.	St. John's . . . . . Church	2
Dallas	Fort Worth, Tex.	St. Patrick's . . . . . "	4
Fargo	Lidgerwood, N. D.	St. John's . . . . . "	2
Green Bay	Appleton, Wis.	Sacred Heart . . . . . "	3
Hartford	Ansonia, Conn.	Assumption . . . . . "	11
Leavenworth	Atchison, Kan.	St. Benedict's . . . . . "	33
Louisville	Knottsville, Ky.	St. William's . . . . . "	1
Natchez	Yazoo, Miss.	Santa Clara . . . . . Academy	1
Newark	Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's . . . . . Church	6
New York	New York, N. Y.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel . . . . . "	11
Ogdensburg	Cape Vincent, N. Y.	St. Vincent de Paul's . . . . . "	2
*Philadelphia	Philadelphia	Cathedral . . . . . "	122
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	Holy Trinity . . . . . "	3
Providence	No. Attleboro, Mass.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	3
St. Augustine	Tampa, Fla.	St. Louis' . . . . . "	12
St. Cloud	Padua, Minn.	St. Anthony's . . . . . "	6
St. Joseph	Conception, Mo.	St. Mary's . . . . . College	2
St. Louis	Bonne Terre, Mo.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Church	10
"	Mexico, Mo.	St. Brendan's . . . . . "	3
"	Perryville, Mo.	St. Mary's . . . . . Seminary	2
"	St. Louis, Mo.	St. John's . . . . . Church	1
Syracuse	Utica, N. Y.	" . . . . . "	1
Vincennes	Princeton, Ind.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	10

Total Number of Receptions, 32.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 271.

\*This reception was published last month, but by an oversight only 22 instead of 122 were recorded.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, July 1 to 31, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Alton	Hume, Ill.	St. Michael's . . . . . Church	July 3
Cleveland	Bucyrus, O.	Holy Trinity . . . . . "	July 9
"	Canton, O.	Immaculate Conception . . . . . "	July 9
Fargo	Bathgate, N. Dak.	St. Anthony's . . . . . "	July 7
Indian Territory	Guthrie, Okla.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Retreat	July 7
Louisville	Irrington, Ky.	Guardian Angels . . . . . Church	July 13
New York	Livingston Manor, N. Y.	St. Aloysius . . . . . "	July 31
St. Louis	St. Louis, Mo.	St. John Nepomucene . . . . . "	July 13
San Francisco	Mill Valley, Cal.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel . . . . . "	May 20
"	Sausalito, Cal.	St. Mary's . . . . . "	May 20
Vancouver's Island	Clayoquot Sound, V. I., B. C.	Indian Boarding School . . . . . "	July 9
Wichita	Castleton, Kan.	St. Agnes' . . . . . Church	July 9
"	Great Bend, Kan.	St. Rose of Lima . . . . . "	July 9
"	Liberty, Kan.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	July 9
"	Liebenthal, Kan.	St. Joseph's . . . . . "	July 21
"	Owl Creek, Kan.	Immaculate Conception . . . . . "	July 9

Aggregations, 16; churches, 14; convent, 1; school, 1.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, SEPTEMBER, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Zeal**.

1	S.	St. Agidius or Giles, Ab. C. (720).	Humility.	1,220,579 for thanksgivings.
2	S.	13th after Pentecost.—St. Stephen, K.C. (Hungary, 1038).	Beneficence.	135,382 for the afflicted.
3	M.	St. Serapia, V.M. (119)	Decorum.	151,766 for the sick, infirm.
4	T.	St. Rosalia, V. (1160).—St. Rose of Viterbo, V. (1252).	Love of Jesus.	223,218 for dead associates.
5	W.	St. Lawrence Justinian, Bp. C. (1455).	Charity to the poor.	19,268 for Local Centres.
6	Th.	St. Onesiphorus, M. (I Century).—H. H.	Obedience.	252,255 for Directors.
7	F.	First Friday.—St. John, M. (303).—1st D., A.C.	Serenity.	69,964 for Promoters.
8	S.	Nativity B.V.M.—A.I. A.C.	Holy joy	193,888 for the departed.
9	S.	14th after Pentecost.—Holy Name of Mary.—St. Peter Claver (S.J., 654).	Praise of Mary.	188,588 for perseverance.
10	M.	St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C. (O.S.A., 1305).	Attention at Mass.	148,889 for the young.
11	T.	SS. Protus and Hyacinth, MM. (262).	Self-control.	61,862 for 1st Communions.
12	W.	St. Guv. C. (1012).	Persevering prayer.	99,587 for parents.
13	Th.	St. Maurilius, Bp. C. (about 431).—H. H.	Hatred of superstition.	80,793 for families.
14	F.	Exaltation of the Holy Cross.	Glorying in the Faith.	48,614 for reconciliations.
15	S.	St. Nicomedes, M. (71).—St. Catharine of Genoa, W. (O.F.M., 1410).—Pr.	Thought of Purgatory.	163,674 for work, means.
16	S.	15th after Pentecost.—Seven Dolours B.V.M.—C. R.	Compass on with Mary.	236,331 for the clergy.
17	M.	Impression of the Stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi.	Invitation of Christ.	181,211 for religious.
18	T.	St. Joseph of Cupertino, C. (O.M.C., 1664).	Simplicity.	53,192 for seminarians, novices.
19	W.	Ember Day.—St. January and Companions, M.M. (118).	Sociability.	40,292 for vocations.
20	Th.	Vigil.—SS. Eustace and Companions, MM. (115). H. H.	Trust in God.	39,830 for parishes.
21	F.	Ember Day.—St. Matthew, Ap. (60).—A.I.	Answering call of [grace.	28,047 for schools.
22	S.	Ember Day.—St. Thomas of Villanova, Bp. C. (O.S.A., 1535).	Pity for the wretched.	60,051 for superiors.
23	S.	16th after Pentecost. St. Linus, P.M. (71)	Vigilance	38,075 for missions, retreats.
24	M.	Our Lady of Mercy.	Works of mercy.	91,251 for societies, works.
25	T.	St. Cleophas, Disciple of our Lord.	Frequent Communion.	246,731 for conversions.
26	W.	SS. Cyprian and Justina, MM. (304).	Good example.	293,410 for sinners.
27	Th.	SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM. (286).—H. H.	Working for God alone.	79,235 for intemperate.
28	F.	St. Wencelas, M. (King of Bohemia, 938).	Devotion to Bl. Sacra-	8,707 for spiritual favors.
29	S.	Dedication of St. Michael, Archangel.—Pr.	Constancy. [ment.	46,337 for temporal favors.
30	S.	17th after Pentecost.—St. Jerome, C.D. (420).	Respect for Scripture	For Messenger readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Reparation, H. H.—Holy Hour); A. I.—Apostolic; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	10,328,238	11. Masses heard . . . . .	221,785
2. Beads . . . . .	2,039,360	12. Mortifications . . . . .	8,684,118
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	172,006	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	1,230,372
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	146,342	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	4,068,417
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	1,158,101	15. Prayers . . . . .	5,071,597
6. Examen of Conscience . . . . .	556,564	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,998,161
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	692,595	17. Suffering, afflictions . . . . .	127,635
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	803,418	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	373,130
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	132,332	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	476,946
10. Masses read . . . . .	36,032	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	1,440,015
		Total, 38,757,184	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar MESSENGER*, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.





INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, BRUSSELS.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 10.

### A NINETEENTH CENTURY APOSTLE.

By Miss E. Lummis.

THE Eucharist is the fundamental devotion of Christianity, the Omnipotent Sacrifice and Sacrament, and the primitive Church, revealing the secret of the heroic sanctity of her saints and martyrs, who went to death and torture "as to the marriage feast," gives but the simple reason: "*They persevered in the breaking of the bread.*" Inspired by the Eucharist a Francis Xavier conquered alone the nations of the East, a Clare of Assisi put to flight the barbaric hordes; but like a mournful echo of the words of St. Paul arises from later ages the plaintive cry of the Psalmist: "*My soul is withered within me, because I forgot to eat my bread!*"

It is a too general custom in our day to look upon the Eucharist as the reward of virtue, a luxury of the spiritual life, rather than as the daily bread of the wayfarer, the armor of the Christian soldier, the Alpha and Omega of the soul that seeks perfection. When, therefore, abstract virtue is exalted above the adequate worship of, and participation in, the Eucharist, it is no longer viewed as the central mystery of faith, poor human nature forgets the dignity and obligation of the children of God and readily accepts the excuses that exempt it from living up to the requirements of the

Eucharist. Christ becomes the Viaticum of the journey to eternity, but not the light and the way that lead us through the desert of life.

The enlightened and saintly Leo XIII. enthrones the Eucharist in glorious relief against the clouds of materialism and misbelief that obscure the promises of the dawning century, as the remedy for all our modern ills. Like the electric spark his gentle mandates encircle the globe, bidding all Christian nations, at one appointed hour, to hail the Sacred Heart by a united and universal act of adoration, and his venerable voice is lifted up to proclaim the Kingdom of Christ and to call upon all Christians, not only to adore, but to find their sanctification in the Eucharist.\*

It was the thought of the impiety of the age, the needs of the Church, the indifference of Catholics and the love and loneliness of Jesus, so often neglected in the Tabernacle, that fired a soul, prepared by Divine Providence and led him to found a religious congregation of priests whose mission should be to pray perpetually before Jesus in the Eucharist and to preach His kingdom by an apos-

\*Letter to R. P. Courbé, S. J., on frequent Communion.



tolate that should unite souls the world over in sublime devotion.

Pierre Julius Eymard, founder of the Congregation and of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament was born at La Mure d'Isère, in the south of France, on February 4, 1811. He was the son of an oil presser, which fact he loved to recall in after years, when the rich and great thronged his door and waited their turn to speak with him. From the very dawn of reason the heart of the child turned with singular love to the Tabernacle, and at four years of age he already heard and recognized the interior voice that called him imperatively to the priesthood.

As he grew older his love for Jesus led him to seek the Sacraments with irrepressible ardor, that his soul might be purified from every stain. He sought the boon of confession under many difficulties, walking barefoot in the snow many a long mile to the neighboring village where the kind Curé, more enlightened than others, seeing the extraordinary piety of the boy, allowed him frequent and even daily Communion. In the plea for his beatification, already prepared, Rev. Father Touche, his confessor and friend from earliest childhood, does not hesitate to affirm that he never lost his baptismal innocence, a fact admitted later by the naïve utterances of the venerable Father Eymard himself.

His vocation to the priesthood was realized by his entrance into the seminary at Grenoble, where he was noted for pre-eminence in learning as well as virtue, and was one of the first admitted to the tonsure. He was ordained at Grenoble on July 20, 1834, and fled to a secluded sanctuary of Mary that he might pass in solitude and recollection the day of his first Mass, an anniversary never celebrated by him for years after, without visible emotion. Shortly after his ordination Father Eymard was appointed to the district of Chatte and later to Monteynard, where he labored for seven years with a simplicity and paternal devotion that vividly recalls the life of the curé of

Ars, who loved and esteemed him as a saint. So beloved was the young priest by his people that when, fifteen years afterward, in one of his journeys, the road led through the scene of his former labors, he made a detour to avoid it, confessing that even in a closed carriage he dared not face the love of his people nor look upon the familiar scenes so endeared to him.

The life of a village curé, however, could not satisfy the apostolic zeal of Father Eymard. He longed to be a religious and a missionary, and joined the Marist order, then recently founded, entering the novitiate in 1834.

He was much beloved by his religious brethren, and filled many important offices, becoming Provincial in 1844. It was at this time that he founded the Third Order of Mary, an association which united people of the world in honoring the virtues of Mary, each in his state of life. The associates were to be distinguished by a special love and devotion to the Holy Eucharist and to act as zealous apostles in spreading Christian virtue throughout the world. The Third Order of Mary was so well received by ecclesiastical authority everywhere that Father Eymard desired to devote his life to this work alone, propagating it throughout the schools and colleges in France.

He was too useful to his superiors to be spared. In spite of the rapid growth of the work, the great success that attended his direction of souls, and the reputation of sanctity that followed him everywhere, he was transferred to another post with formal orders to relinquish the direction of the Third Order of Mary. It was a painful cross, for his heart was in the work, which seemed wonderfully blessed, but God had other things in view for him, not then to be foreseen.

Success attended him in every field of labor. Whether as master of novices, superior, visitor, or in retreats, missions, and the direction of souls, everywhere

his zeal assumed new labors and won new crowns, in spite of his frail health and delicate constitution, which threatened a speedy collapse.

He writes to a friend, R. P. Mayer: "My life is a continual immolation. From morning to night I must be at the service of everyone. At every moment comes a knock at my door on a thousand pretexts. I have no time to open a book, to take up my pen, to make a spiritual reading. If I could only do as some do, put on a severe expression, an uninviting manner, and cut short some of these interminable interviews! *But charity would suffer!*" And he added those beautiful words that he knew so well how to practise: "The secret of doing great things for God is to do little things whenever He wills. There is only one road to every end, fidelity. God's graces are links of a chain, they increase, develop. The known is a step to the unknown."

The testimony of others reveals still more his popularity. He was called by one of his Marist brethren *a fascinator of souls*, so wonderful was the attraction which drew to him wherever he went all classes of society. "A child with the children, a mother with the mothers, a soldier with the soldiers, and a good business man at need," remarked another, once a pupil at La Seyne. Rich and poor, working men, servants, ladies of the world, soldiers and sailors, the superior officers of the marine, all alike sought him, won by the spiritual charm of his personality, and



FATHER EYMARD.

all found in him the help they desired. The attraction to the Eucharist, so marked in his childhood, so evident in every detail of his priestly life, was ever increasing. The Eucharist was his inspiration. He lived and worked in the very shadow of the Divine Presence, and in return the Lord of the Eucharist spurred him on by many special graces.

He writes in 1845: "From the beginning of this month I have been impelled by a great attraction to the Eucharist. It has never before been so

intense. It leads me on by direction, by preaching, to bring the whole world to Jesus in the Eucharist, to preach nothing but Jesus, and Jesus in the Eucharist. It is decided. This will henceforth be the object of all my prayers, all my actions." It was the dawn of his special vocation. During the years that preceded the foundation of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament the Eucharist continued to be the celestial magnet that drew the hearts of the disciple by ever stronger bonds toward the Master, while at the same time Father Eymard was intensely drawn toward the hidden life and the entire abandonment of his own will.

His notes reveal the spirit of his vocation. "Abandonment, interior poverty of spirit, self-abnegation and the entire submission to the will of the Lord," sought unceasingly in prayer and earnest desire.

He writes later: "Let me tell you that I do not want to die until I have carried out a great and holy desire the Lord has given to me. It is so sublime that poor nature is fearful, so beautiful that the thought of it leads me on to every sacrifice."

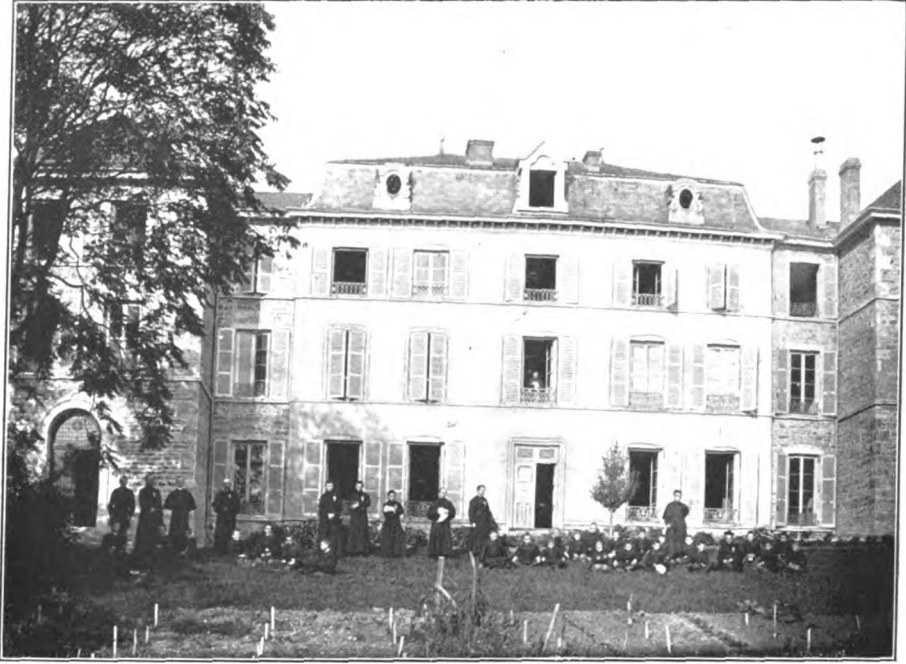
Later still: "Pray much for the work of the Blessed Sacrament. *We must have men—priests of fire!*" Though the outlines of the new work became gradually clear to him, and he was urged

to it by irresistible graces, ten years elapsed before he dared to give exterior expression to it, so serious and grave were the difficulties that intervened between his desire and its accomplishment. Yet he dared not be unfaithful to the task which he felt convinced he was called by heaven to undertake. The work of the Eucharist was with him, as he said, "not merely a dominating thought, but a sacred obligation of conscience." A seminarian who knew him writes at this time: "He took us apart and spoke of the desire that filled his heart, to do something very great for the honor of the Blessed Sacrament. With what ardor he spoke of the Eucharist! Like the disciples at Emmaus, our hearts burned within us, and we asked ourselves how this noble zeal for the glory of Our Lord could confine itself within the limitations of his life as a Marist, and whether it would not shatter the frail vase that contained it."

At the beginning of the year 1851, Father Eymard was honored, we are told, by a triple apparition of the Blessed Virgin, at Fourvières. She appeared to him on the 1st and 21st of January, and the 2d of February, as we gather from the lines written to a friend to whom he could speak in confidence, and later from the evidence of another to whom he confided the secret shortly before his death,



NOVITIATE, —SARCELLES.



ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL. —TREVOUX.

R. P. Tesnière. It was then that the particular nature of the new work was revealed to him and also that of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament, which Order he was later to found for women.

He began to write a draft of the constitutions, which after being commended by several eminent minds, was forwarded to Rome for the approbation of the Holy Father. Many zealous priests were preparing to join him. The moment seemed near at hand.

But while the world crowns the founder with roses, the Lord takes good care to hide beneath them many a piercing thorn. The bitterness of a great sacrifice awaited Father Eymard. It was necessary for him to leave the Marists, to be free to carry out his designs, as it was not considered wise for this congregation to adopt his project as its own. It was an inevitable step, the fruit of an intense struggle with divine grace, only decided upon after years of prayer and deeply mourned by the loving heart that held duty dearer than life.

The encouragement of the Holy Father was added to the decision of three holy bishops to whom he had submitted his case. "The Lord has spoken!" said the former tribunal. "The Church has need of it!" said Pius IX. The die was cast. Henceforward there could be no turning back, in spite of obstacles, frail health, or the bitterness of the chalice of suffering.

In 1856 the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Sibour, Archbishop of Paris, installed Father Eymard and his single companion, Father de Cuers, in a house formerly occupied by the religious of the Sacred Heart, at 114 Rue de l'Enfer.

While the sanctuary was being enlarged, the parlor served as a chapel. It was a veritable Bethlehem. A little white muslin, "at eight sous a yard," covered the bare white wood of the altar. The Tabernacle was "four planks, nothing more." The altar decorations were borrowed. There was but one amice for the founder and his companion, and a complete dearth of every



SIDE CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH  
IN BRUSSELS.

household necessity. Father Eymard writes that he had never known real poverty before.

"Four walls," he said, "are our possessions and neither kitchen nor cooks." When one day two friends join them for breakfast there are only three spoons

"Happily," says Father Eymard, "I observed it in time, and said I would not take any

coffee." "The altar alone was resplendent," is the souvenir of a visitor to the little chapel, and the disciples did not murmur as long as the wants of the Master were supplied. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the first end of the new work, was deferred until the new chapel had been built and the Feast of the Epiphany was chosen for the First Exposition. All the religious orders were represented at the ceremony, and the members of the Nocturnal Adoration founded by Father Herman hastened to join in the warm welcome extended to the new congregation whose aim was so sublime.

The Blessed Sacrament was at first exposed three times a week only, for want of recruits. Vocations were rare. Many came, but few remained. The trial was a severe one, however patiently accepted. The friends upon whom Father Eymard had depended failed him one by one. Those who had been ready to praise were now more ready to reproach, and bitter

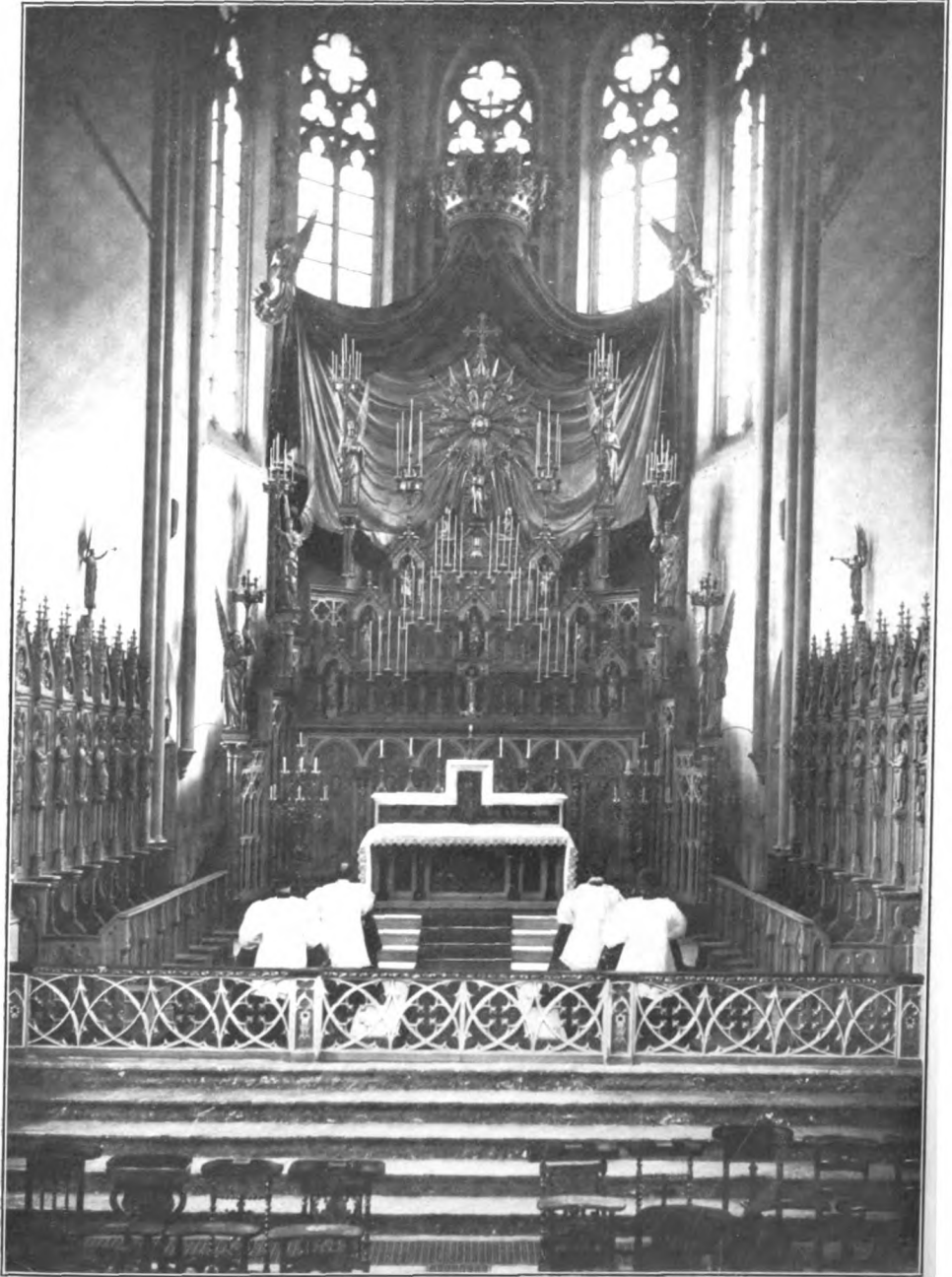
things were said of the brave priest whom even the Lord seemed to abandon in his utmost need.

The supreme trial came, and he was left alone. The solitary companion who had heretofore withstood all the temptations and trials of the foundation left him for twenty-four hours. The faith of Father Eymard did not fail. Exposing the Blessed Sacrament amid lights and flowers, he knelt alone in his accustomed place on the *prie-dieu* of adoration.

"*Lord, that is your place, this is mine! The rest is your affair!*" And ere the shades of evening fell his companion had returned. A few days after several postulants arrived.

In founding the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament Father Eymard sought to accentuate the honor due to the Eucharistic Presence of Our Lord. Though hidden and annihilated in the Sacrament of His love, Jesus is ever Sovereign Lord and King of heaven and earth. In heaven He receives the homage of angels and saints. He should, therefore, possess His court upon earth and be exalted upon a throne of glory, honored and served by all classes of society. As King He should have His special body guard to wait upon His royal pleasure, to surround and protect Him, and to serve His interests as the sole purpose of their lives.

Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament is also a special need of the times. The Church, according to Holy Scripture, "is like a householder who bringeth forth from his treasures both old and new, providing new remedies for the evils of every age." According to the Councils of the Vatican, naturalism is the radical evil of our day, and the purpose and result of all naturalistic societies is the negation of the rights of Jesus Christ. In proportion, therefore, as the world places its reliance upon motives and resources merely human, and the natural forces of intellect and science, a spirit which insinuates itself even into the lives of Catholics, so strongly should



ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT EXPOSED IN THE CHURCH IN BRUSSELS.

the Church oppose to it the spectacle of aims wholly supernatural, as impressively shown forth by a body of religious whose lives of prayer and contemplation are passed, not in secluded cloisters, but in public churches, in the midst of busy cities, lives wholly given to the single aim of glorifying God amid the thousand conflicting interests of the world about them. The presence of Jesus Christ in

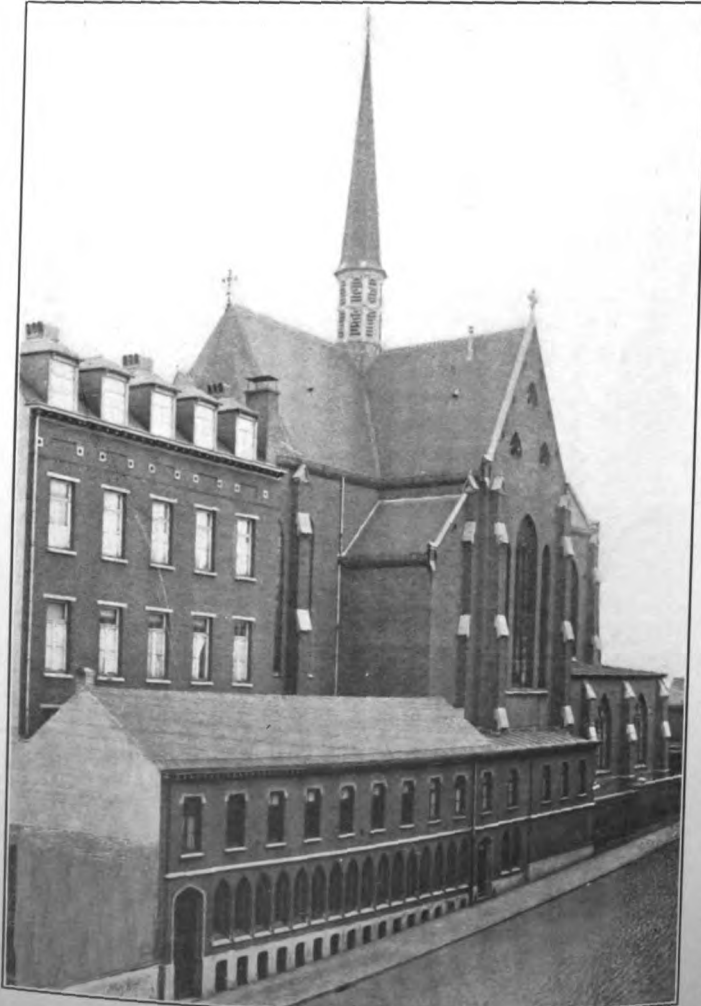
the world of to-day should not be a hidden grace, a mystery of concealed power, but a protestation of His royal rights over humanity. These rights should be affirmed by splendid ceremonial and the public homage of society, and the Eucharist should be viewed, not as a source of occasional grace, but as the necessary aliment of souls and the foundation of all Christian virtue. The religious of the Blessed Sacrament find their delight in being the constant companions of Our Lord, in daily and nocturnal adoration.

But besides their personal service, they surround the exposition of the Blessed

Sacrament with solemn grandeur and exquisite reverence. Jesus is King in their houses and in their hearts. His rights are royal rights which may not be disputed. His altars are thrones of glory, radiant in all seasons with a wealth of flowers and brilliant with lights, thrones whereon His Majesty compels acknowledgment as the Majesty of the Sovereign Ruler of the world and all it contains. There were not wanting the Pharisees who condemned what seemed to them useless extravagance. To such Father Eymard would reply: "Jesus is King in the Blessed Sacrament. Let us give Him royal honors. Without doubt one

must give to the poor, but is not Jesus the poorest of the poor?" To others he spoke differently: "To give to Jesus! What a privilege! He could not leave His Tabernacle without your generosity. These lights, these flowers, are the requirements of His reign. Raise to Him a magnificent throne, sparkling with light and beauty and say to Him: *Lord, our love has raised it in Thine honor!* Oh, may you often have the privilege of saying, *I have given to Jesus Christ!*"

The members of the congregation were to be not only men of prayer, but apostles, preaching the kingdom of Christ to the world by every manner of apostolate that more directly concerned the Eucharist. Their



RESIDENCE AND SCHOLASTICATE,—BRUSSELS.

talents were to advance His interests in art and science, and they themselves, as servants of the Divine Master, ever ready to execute His commands, ever to be spiritually at His sole disposition, "*Absque sui proprio*." Self-abnegation was the badge of their service, the livery of the Master.

Father Eymard thus explains it: "Jesus annihilates Himself for us in the Blessed Sacrament, in order that He may live in us. Therefore, if we receive Jesus, since there can be but one principle of action, one single will, we leave to Jesus the inspiration of our lives, we live, we act, but Jesus is the principle of our lives and actions. This thought is not a new one. It is the gift of self, the *Vivo, jam non ego, vivit vero in me Christus*, of St. Paul. We do but make it the principle of a body of religious."

And to encourage them, he would say: "Never fear, our reward will come some day. If we forget ourselves for Jesus, He will not forget us. People of the world do these things without recompense. Does the mother ask of the child a reward for her devotion, or the wife from the husband? Let us then serve our Lord with like delicacy, and may He say when He sees us: *They love Me for Myself alone*!"

The religious were to cherish the special virtues of humility and simplicity. "When you raise a throne to Our Lord," quaintly remarks the founder to his spiritual sons, "do not build one for yourself beside it;" and he urged them to be specially distinguished by these unpretentious virtues, the humility that comes from utter forgetfulness of the rights of self, and the simplicity of the little ones of Christ, Who said: "Unless ye become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven."

The method of prayer was that of the Four Ends of Sacrifice, the prayer *par excellence* of Christ in the Mass, wherein as victim He adores, gives thanks, makes reparation and prays for all men, a prayer in which the Christian should



STATUE OF ST. JULIANA IN THE CHURCH  
IN BRUSSELS.

unite himself with his divine mediator. Father Eymard explains this method at length, recommending it to all Christians. He respected the attractions of his religious, however, for the best method of prayer is that which the Holy Ghost inspires in each soul. In time of dryness, the prayer of the Four Ends may be applied to every mystery, for in each we may adore, give thanks, make reparation and pray for ourselves and our brethren.

The religious of the Blessed Sacrament, though priests, remain free from



parish work, in order to correspond with their first duty, that of adoration. They take the religious vows, and recite the office in choir. They preach, give retreats to priests in seminaries, to religious in convents, first Communicants, and to people of the world. They direct the members of their affiliated associations, and carry out the numberless works connected with the service of the Eucharist. A special clause in the constitution enjoins upon the religious absolute devotion to the Holy See. They are required to observe, not only the expressed will of the Holy Father, but to anticipate his desires. The first hour of adoration every day is offered for his intentions, the second for those of the ordinary, in every house of the congregation.

"*Priests, priests, I would give up all for priests.*" cried one day the venerable founder of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament. Estimating at its just value the incomparable dignity of the priesthood and its relations to the Eucharist, his heart went out in loving veneration to the ministers of Christ, and he left to his spiritual sons the heritage of his affectionate reverence. Among the first works of the Society is that of receiving into its houses such priests as desire to spend some days in retreat or recollection before the altar, to refresh their souls in solitude "face to face with Jesus," and to gather strength for their mission to souls. "All priests have parishes," said Father Eymard, "the Eucharist should be the centre of their thoughts, the goal of their desires, the most efficacious means for their own sanctification and that of their people."

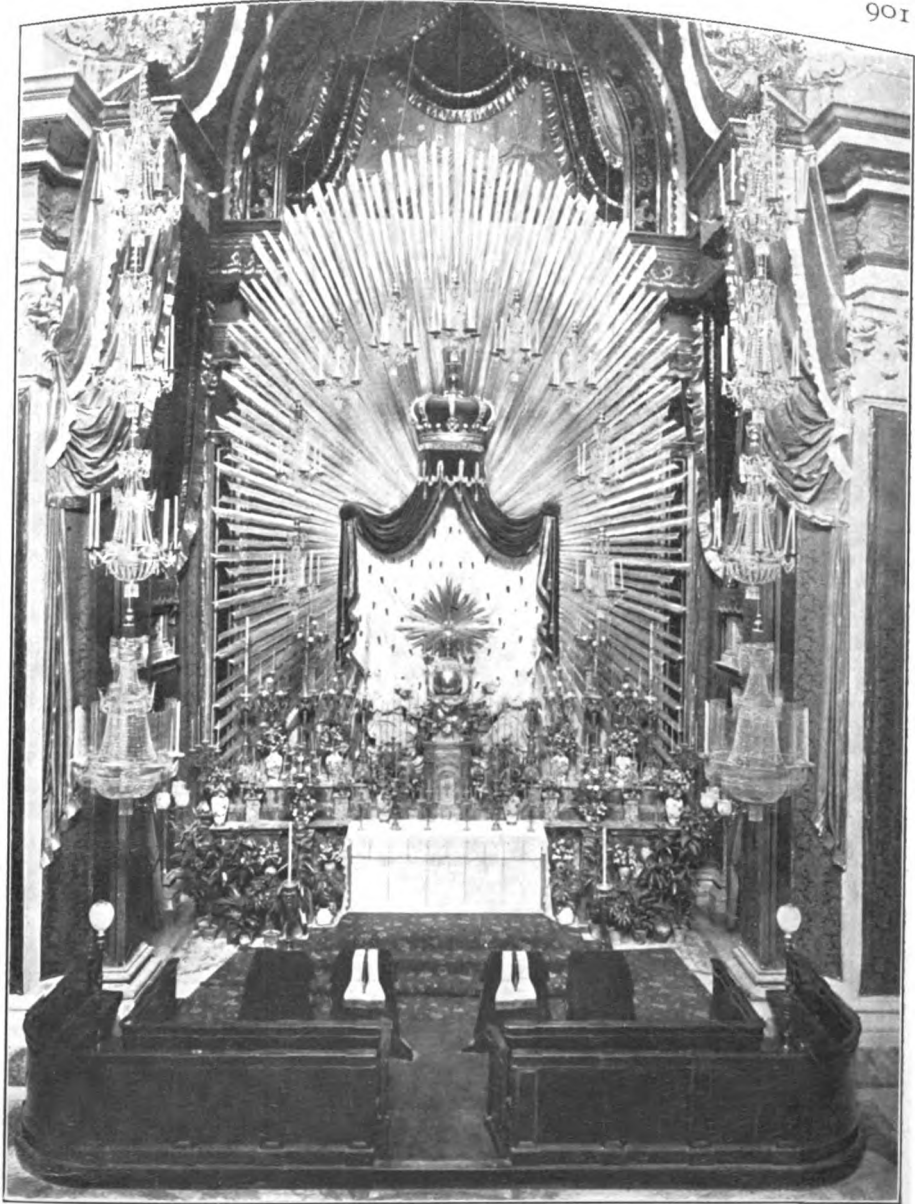
Understanding the spiritual isolation and many difficulties of the parish priest, and his influence with the souls confided to his care, Père Eymard desired to unite the secular priesthood in seeking the highest spiritual aims and preserving the spirit of prayer, so imperiled by the too active methods of the present day. He wished to unite them by prayer,

certain rules, periodical conferences, and to sanctify them by the Eucharist.

This aim was realized in the *Prêtres Adorateurs* (in America, the *Priests' Eucharistic League*), numbering now sixty thousand members and extending even to the shores of India.

Similar organizations, such as the *Aggregation*, and *Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament*, afforded to people of the world a means of spiritual union with the congregation perpetually adoring and serving the Eucharistic Lord. Father Eymard well understood that the reign of Christ, to be firmly established, must penetrate into the Christian life of the great army of the faithful. He wished to bring the thought of the love of Jesus into the lives of people of the world and to restore to the Eucharist its primary place in the divine Order as the sacrament of the spiritual life. These works attained marvelous success even in his lifetime. All the foreign houses of the congregation, at Marseilles, Angers, Paris, etc., were centres of devotion for immense bands of Eucharistic adorers, who are now numbered by hundreds of thousands. The writings of Father Eymard are mainly extracts from his sermons and conferences to the members of these associations, for he further sanctified them by publishing pious pamphlets which kept alive their devotion and developed their spiritual life. One might linger long over the beautiful counsels addressed to the aggregated members and summed up in his work, "*La Divine Eucharistie*," which considers the Eucharist in its relation to the Christian soul, whether under the form of Holy Communion or as a means to the spiritual life.

Among the many good works established in the lifetime of Father Eymard, and which is inseparably connected with his memory, is the work of the "*First Communion of Poor Adults*," which had for its object the instruction of young men and women who had passed the age of the parochial catechism classes. In the



MAIN ALTAR OF THE CHURCH IN ROME.

most dangerous slums of Paris, where the officials of the law dared not penetrate, the devoted priest was a frequent visitor, and the rough men and women who would have resented with insult and violence the appearance of a stranger, revered and respected the good Father who had prepared their children for their First Communion.

Father Eymard sought his recruits in streets or factories, and was their first catechist. After a few simple instructions adapted to their limited intelligence, a short retreat, a good confession, the great act was possible. White dresses were to be had, and all was beautiful as befitted so fair an occasion. A joyous little feast followed the Mass and the

participants were invited to return when the year was ended, for their Easter duty in the chapel forever sanctified to their simple hearts.

The children themselves were made apostles to propagate the work. Each communicant sent a substitute to replace him the ensuing Sunday. Sometimes it



MAIN ALTAR OF THE CHURCH IN BOTZEN  
(AUSTRIA).

was a brother or a sister, sometimes a father or a mother. Baptisms followed, marriages were validated, whole families were brought to God, and this work of the First Communion, heretofore unknown in Paris, became one of the most important of the congregation.

“What a wonderful priest that must

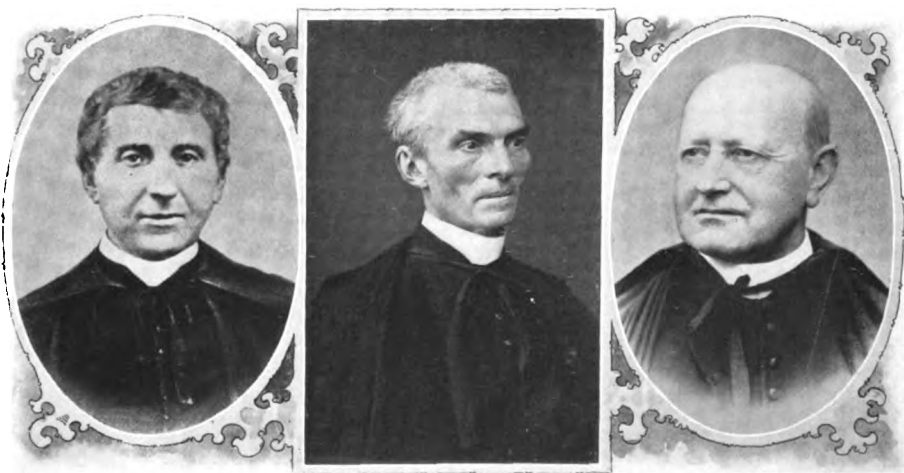
be,” said one day a young girl who had come with her mother to hear Father Eymard, then Provincial of the Marists, preach the stations at Lyons. “He seems to speak of my difficulties from the pulpit.” He had been preaching on “The Interior Trials of the Soul.” Some days later she was drawn to seek him in the confessional and found that God had indeed given him special lights for the direction of her soul, as the founder of a new institute of which she was to be the cornerstone. Marguerite Guillot (Mère Marguerite du Très St. Sacrament), after spending some years under his guidance, became the directress of the Third Order of Mary and later helped him to found a religious order under the title of the “Servants of the Blessed Sacrament,” the aim of which is similar to that of the congregation, the perpetual exposition and adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. The order is contemplative without excessive penances, and its spirit may be resumed in the “*ecce ancilla Domine*” of Mary, the model adorer and servant of the Lord. The servants of the Blessed Sacrament possess at present four houses abroad: at Angers, the mother house, Paris, Lyons and Binche (Belgium). There are about 200 religious and the future of the order is promising.

One wish of Father Eymard's heart was not destined to be realized in his lifetime, though he labored most zealously to attain it—to see the Blessed Sacrament exposed and adored in the holy city, in the cenacle that witnessed its institution. He longed to build there a grand basilica, a magnificent eucharistic throne, and to bring the nations of the world to worthily honor the supreme gift of Christ. But in spite of the approval of the Holy Father of the visits made to Rome and to Jerusalem, insuperable difficulties deferred its accomplishment.

We cannot close this brief summary of Father Eymard's works without mention of a flower added to Mary's crown by the

priest who so loved her and whom she so honored in return. This was to bestow upon her a new title, and to trace for imitation a new phase of her life, that of adorer of the Eucharistic Jesus. "*Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament*" is the name under which Mary is especially invoked in the congregation, in remembrance of the long years after the death of Christ, which, her public mission ended, Mary spent in solitude and adoration, sharing the hidden life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; a period unnoted by the sacred historian, but full of graces for the sanctification of souls. The founder lived to see his work can-

ing the poverty of early days. On one of these occasions Father Eymard writes of the magnificence of the altar, the distinguished ecclesiastics and concourse of people present, the grandeur of the services, but adds: "When we came to the Refectory, everything was borrowed, and Providence had to provide the food." "There is nothing so fine," he says, "as a foundation made by men. Everything is wanting, from a pin up." There was plenty of hard work, too, and when Brother Francis had his "migraine" (sick headache) as often happened, even the superior general had to serve in the kitchen.



R. P. DE CUERS.

R. P. EYMARD.

R. P. CHAMPION.

onically approved by the Church in the brief of June 3, 1873, signed by Pius IX. with his own hand. Later Leo XIII. approved the constitutions in "mother perpetuity.

The little chapel in Rue d'Enfer was soon abandoned for another in the Rue St. Jacques, hallowed by so many wonderful graces that it was called the "chapel of miracles." This in turn was left for the present edifice at 23 Avenue Friedland, where Father Eymard is buried, and which is known as the "mother house" of the congregation.

Other foundations followed, at Marseilles, Angers and Nemours, all repeat-

ing the poverty of early days. But what did it matter? Riches or poverty, prayer or service, menial labors or exalted missions, it was all one to the great soul who had begged of Our Lord the grace to serve Him without consolation. He was ever the same, gay and light of heart, overflowing with kindness to the multitude who besieged him hour after hour in the streets, in the parlor and the confessional.

"Why do you not have regular hours for seeing people?" some one asked of the over-wearied priest.

"That would be a good idea," he replied, "but it would not be doing as Our Lord did. He did not have His hours."

The Lord tried him, too, as gold in the furnace, by many interior trials, to refine the love so pure already. Father Eymard labored to sanctify his own soul with an ardor that grew more intense as he came nearer to the unveiled vision of God, whose holiness he saw with ever clearer eyes.

"All my good works," he said, "do not equal in God's sight the value of one act of the will." The unremitting war against self, the unflinching severity with which he judged his own actions, his constant mortifications, left their trace on the ascetic face, so full of sweetness to all the world beside, and his delicate frame paid the debt of ceaseless labors. A dropsical rheumatism that enfeebled first one member and then another, kept his whole body in pain.

"A discerning ailment this," he said one day. "It gives no outward sign, and yet is a constant source of suffering. One gets less compassion, and *Our Lord has everything.*"

The neuralgic pains to which he had always been subject, increased also, and became violent at the slightest cause. In these attacks, when he lay unable to speak or move, the slightest sound, the least ray of light, causing him excruciating pain, he could still conquer nature and be sweet and amiable to all who came to consult him. After a sleepless night some one would say, "Father, I am afraid you are going to have one of your headaches." "Very well," he would answer, "let it come; it will be welcome, if Our Lord sends it." In spite of his sufferings he never renounced his adoration. It was the keynote of his life service, the expression of the heroic faith that was his distinctive virtue. On the *prie-dieu* of adoration, where his life was exhaled, to use a comparison of his own, "like the candles burning before the altar," he seemed more like a marble statue than a being of flesh and blood, so immovably knelt he there, his body erect, his hands folded, his eyes fixed in mute affection on the Sacred Host, never

leaning reposefully to ease the body, but ever erect in the intense reverence of a faith that pierced the accidents that veiled the presence of his Divine Master. People came to look at him making his adoration, just as they came to see him say Mass. It was his supreme duty, which he never slighted for other calls.

"I make people wait hours, sometimes," he would say with a smile. "If they get tired and go away, so much the worse for them."

One of the nobility waited thus to see him, when told that he was making his adoration, and losing patience, called the lay brother: "Please tell Father Eymard who I am. Give him my name." The brother smiled. "It would be of no use. You are not yet so great a lord that Father Eymard would leave the Blessed Sacrament for you. You do not know what the Blessed Sacrament is!"

The end was drawing near. Father Eymard himself predicted his death to several friends. Parting from his sisters in 1868, they begged him to visit them more frequently.

"*I shall return sooner than you imagine,*" he answered.

It was at La Mure, indeed, where he had first given his heart to Jesus in the Tabernacle, that he was to breathe his last sigh a few months later, far from his spiritual brethren, far from the glories of the Eucharistic throne, and deprived of the honor of dying on the *prie-dieu* of adoration, as he had hoped. The Lord willed to complete the sacrifice. On the 17th of July, 1868, he left Paris to take a complete rest, and started on a journey he could scarcely finish. When the carriage stopped at La Mure, he was already very ill and hardly able to speak. The intense heat had caused a cerebral congestion with paralysis. The symptoms grew serious, but he lingered many days. The little chamber was filled with testimonies of affection, for the whole village loved him and came to receive a parting benediction. But when the doctor, knowing the vast interests of

the dying priest, asked him for his last wishes or commands, he had none to give. Death was wholly the Lord's, as *life had been*. It was only to fold the tired hands and to rest in Jesus, after having lived in Him.

Far away at Angers, in the convent of the Servants of the Blessed Sacrament, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the first of August, 1868, Sister Marie of the Blessed Sacrament, busy in the sanctuary, had a singular presentiment, and ran weeping to the superior, crying, "Père Eymard is dead!" It was but too true. They had scarcely known of his illness, but in a few hours came the sad news that their father in Christ had died at that hour. The news was a thunderbolt to his spiritual family, so early deprived of their founder and guide, and to the numberless souls who looked to him for direction.

At La Mure the news of his death was scarcely made known before crowds came to look upon him for the last time, to touch the bier with their medals and rosaries, with even the keys of their houses, thus constituting him the guardian of their possessions.

He lay upon his bed clothed in the robes of the priesthood that had been his glory, but death had lent to the worn face a celestial beauty it had never before possessed. Old men wept over him, whom they had known in the holy innocence of childhood and little children in their mothers' arms were brought to gaze, unaffrighted, upon death in a guise so fair.

The funeral procession was led by the superior of the house of the congregation at Marseilles and the most venerable priests at La Mure begged the honor of carrying the coffin. All the civic and military associations of the town took part in the procession, the concourse of people overflowing the church joined in the prayers from outside.

He was laid to rest in the cemetery at La Mure almost in sight of the Tabernacle where he had come, a little child,

to listen to Jesus. His tomb is marked by a *prie-dieu* of marble, surmounted by an *ostensorium*. Upon the *prie-dieu* is an open book on which is written :

AIMONS JESUS QUI NOUS AIME TANT  
DANS SON DIVIN SACREMENT.

From all parts came testimonies to the virtues and sanctity of Father Eymard. Cardinals and bishops, superiors, generals and founders of religious orders, celebrated Jesuits and eminent men of the time united in praise of the holy life that was ended and the work he had established. Many miraculous cures were attributed to his intercession.

Deeply as the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament coveted the possession of the remains of their founder, they had not thought it possible to press their claims in face of the affection of his sisters and of the whole population of La Mure, which would have risen in protest. Several attempts were made later, but in vain. Nine years afterward, in 1877, having an authorization from the Minister of the Interior, they again made arrangements to remove the body, but the opposition of the citizens was still so violent that both the mayor of the town and the prefect of Isère found themselves powerless to carry out the civic commands. The mayor lost the esteem of his people. He was accused of receiving bribes from the Fathers and was called in derision "a seller of the dead."

He was obliged to resign his position, and popular feeling ran so high that an insurrection was feared. It became necessary to station a guard of soldiers in the cemetery to guard against any clandestine attempt to remove the body.

The military was at last called out and the order of the Minister enforced. Then, to force alone, the people yielded and it was a touching sight when the whole population of La Mure, a town of 5,000 souls, followed the catafalque upon which rested the precious remains of him they so loved and revered, kneeling with the most profound respect in the dust of

the roadside as the procession passed and invoking him as one beloved of God.

The superior general, Very Rev. Father Champion, and two Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament accompanied their precious charge. Reaching Paris, the leaden casket was opened and the spiritual sons of Father Eymard looked once more upon the revered features that, unchanged, seemed to wear still for them the serene and heavenly smile with which, nine years before, he had given them his last benediction. Death had respected even his sacerdotal garments; the soutane, the alb, the stole, were fresh and untouched by the taint of corruption. It seemed an apparition, the return of a beloved father to the children who had wept his absence so long.

The obsequies were celebrated in the Church of Corpus Christi, Avenue Friedland, with due magnificence.

The chapel was filled with priests and eminent representatives of the Church, among whom was the Pope's Chamberlain. Rev. Father Tesnière had the honor of preaching the funeral oration.

When all was over, the body of Father Eymard was laid to rest in a crypt beneath the sanctuary, where he could mutely evidence that heroic love unto death with which he had glorified the Lord of the Eucharist.

The Holy See has already convoked the first congregation for the momentous question of his beatification, and it is the earnest belief of all who knew him in life that the Church will one day raise upon her altars this humble adorer of Jesus, who longed "to become a saint for the glory of Jesus in the Eucharist, and to win souls for His service."

*(To be continued.)*



## SOME SPIRITUAL PROBLEMS.

*By Rev. D. A. Merrick, S.J.*

ALL of us who wish to be good Christians are more or less students of spirituality and seekers for the road to perfection. Sometimes in trying to satisfy our curiosity on this subject, we meet with statements which cause confusion in the mind. Acknowledged authorities appear to contradict each other. The object of this paper will be to give some illustrations of this statement, and to suggest what appears to the writer to be the solution of the apparent contradictions. One example is in respect to the all-important matter of prayer. St. Ignatius Loyola is admittedly one of the greatest masters of the

spiritual life; St. John of the Cross, decidedly another, probably as great. Now if there is one thing that St. Ignatius insists upon in connection with prayer and meditation, it is that we should carefully prepare the matter of our meditation, dividing it into points, using all the faculties of the mind, memory, reason, to excite the will. And it is related of many holy men, that, following St. Ignatius' advice, no matter how advanced they were in prayer, they always carefully prepared their meditations and entered upon them in the same way as when they were novices in the spiritual life. St. Ignatius himself, as we know from

his life, was both a great mystic and led by what are called the extraordinary ways of contemplation. He therefore went to God by the same road as St. John of the Cross, all Carmelite as he was. But how different seems to be the teaching of St. John! He looks upon meditation only as a ladder, to be thrown away when one is safe on the wall. Read the title to the 13th chapter, Book Second, of the Ascent of Mt. Carmel: "The signs to be observed by the spiritual man that he may know when to withdraw the understanding from imaginary forms and discursive meditations." What I desire to make out is that St. Ignatius appears to wish the spiritual man always to be ready to make use of the powers of his soul to help him in prayer, no matter how advanced he is: he does not exclude contemplations (it must be remembered that he was a contemplative himself), nor those who are led by what are called the extraordinary ways. On the other hand, the impression made by reading St. John of the Cross is that he wants all to get rid of these incumbrances as soon as possible, so as to remain simply quiet and attentive, awaiting the divine union which is the object of all effort in prayer. St. Teresa speaks also of a state of recollecteness, which she says is the highest condition a soul can rise to with the ordinary helps of grace, and which appears to correspond to St. John's prayer of attention.

In attempting to reconcile these two great doctors of the spiritual life, we may admit and premise that a difference of expression at least was to be expected between the founder of the Jesuits and the great saint of the Carmelite reform. St. Ignatius instituted an order which was to do immense work in the Church. St. John of the Cross helped in the great work of bringing back the order of Mt. Carmel to a life of retirement and contemplation. That most of the sons of Ignatius should be led by the ordinary method of prayer, was to be expected; that very many of the Carmelite reform

should be elevated to the rarest privileges of contemplation, was no greater matter of wonder. Yet to me it seems that the saints must agree at bottom, for here there is question of a general truth, namely, the way the Holy Ghost works, or desires to work, in all souls which give themselves to the search for union with God in prayer. This union is the object to be attained and the end of all one's efforts. St. Ignatius would no more hold a soul back from this union to dwell in fanciful imaginations or reasonings than St. John. The solution then of the apparent difference of direction (may we call it?) between the two saints may be this: St. Ignatius, in his book of exercises, full as it is of instructions for the most advanced, wrote primarily for beginners. So, too, in his rules, he addresses proficients rather than the perfect. St. John, on the other hand, in his writings, looks more to the goal in view: You wanted to be united to God? You must detach yourself from everything, from your understanding; you must be naked before God. St. Ignatius points to the means: Do your work, till God takes the work out of your hands. St. John points to the end: Drop tools which you no longer need to use; you are in the presence of God, rest there. St. Ignatius wishes us not to neglect the means, St. John wishes us not to lose time. Both saints would agree, in all probability, if we were allowed to ask them, telling us to be always ready to take to our oars if the wind should fail; that is, no matter how advanced we may be, to try to do something with our own natural faculties, if God wholly withdraws his presence—and indeed in some passages St. John admits as much—and on the other hand, when God makes known His presence and enlightens the soul with His own illumination, that it would be very unwise to try at that time to improve our knowledge or warm our will by reasoning of our own; we are in port, we should be quiet, like a vessel at anchor. More or



less rapidly, according to the Divine presence, each soul advances to that union. One saint wishes to help us to advance rapidly, the other tries to remove all obstacles. Help yourself, says St. Ignatius. Cease from action, says St. John, when activity on your part becomes a hindrance rather than help. But he says we must always be attentive, *i. e.*, wide awake, which is action of some kind; no saint wants us to go to sleep in prayer.

Another apparent contradiction in the teaching of our spiritual masters is this: St. Ignatius, on learning from one of his Fathers that the latter had examined his conscience quite a number of times in the day, expressed dissatisfaction that he had not done so a great many times more. Now if there is anything that souls are frequently told in the confessional (and I might say in particular by the sons of St. Ignatius), it is that they should not be always examining their conscience, but serve God with greater liberty. How are we to reconcile these two kinds of directions? We are not talking of the scrupulous. They form a very numerous class. But, speaking in general, directors tell us that we should serve God with liberty, not dwelling too much on our little sins, but trying to love Him, in the belief that we shall please Him more by so doing, even though we commit faults, than by narrowing our conscience and in our anxiety to avoid the appearance of offense, degenerating into the spirit of fear. On the other hand, St. Ignatius insists on very frequent examens of conscience. How can we reconcile these two kinds of advice?

There is a story told that the saint appeared to a young man who was anxious about his confessions. "Tell your venial sins," said he, "which lead to mortal sins: don't tell those which lead to scruples." How would this saint—to come to what is most practical—who insisted on self-knowledge as much as he opposed scrupulosity, direct

a soul neither particularly careless nor over-solicitous in the acquisition of perfection? That is the question. It seems to me that the perpetual examination asked by Ignatius was something like reminding oneself of the presence of God, purifying one's intention, something similar to the notice we take of things while travelling. There is no *trouble* in this; we notice quietly what has happened and make our comment on it. What the saint wants us to apply ourselves to with all the vigor we possess is what he calls the particular examen. Take the case of a man with a bad temper: St. Ignatius would have that man remind himself a thousand times in the day, and with all the authority of a tyrant, that he must fight down his temper, kill it, annihilate it. I may be mistaken, but, in my opinion, if there is a man who will act thus with regard to one great defect, St. Ignatius would tell such a one to let all the rest go; God will take care of him in every other respect, that there is for him no cause to worry.

Many people occupy themselves about what may be called dreams—a very poor occupation. Let them neglect dreams; there are facts enough in life for us to concentrate our attention on. Like every sensible director, St. Ignatius wanted no dreams, but facts—and acts. There is a healthy and a morbid anatomy. A good physician examines a case sufficiently to form his diagnosis and prescribe. The sick patient will talk for hours, to the disgust of his hearers, about all that is monstrous and abominable in his disease, and enjoy himself in the talking. The spiritual man ought to find out where his enemy is, and that should not take so long, and hit hard there. No one ever blamed a man for fighting against his vices, and Don Quixote would not have been laughed at if he had run against a giant instead of a windmill. Now every vice is such a giant that a man will be forgiven if he neglects the other giants whilst fighting against that one. Perfection consists in loving God.

That love is acquired by acts, and develops in acts. But we are so inclined to love ourselves that we enjoy even the contemplation of our miseries, while hypocritically pretending that we lament them. The man who fights, like a soldier in battle, as fast as he can load and fire his gun, against one positive foe, and thinks no more about himself, good or bad, that is the man who will learn to love God and then do great things for God. Unhappily the number of persons who thus wage war against their manifest passions is less great than the number of those who spend their time in useless analysis of all their ramified impressions and imaginations. The work of perfection is achieved, not by metaphysics, but by detachment; it is a work of the heart more than the mind. And, therefore, it is work, and hard work. For which very reason St. Ignatius, with all good directors, will say: Examine, that is, follow up your enemies, let not one of them escape; and at the same he will say: Do not spend your time in foolish thinking, serve God with a brave heart; don't pick your steps like a dandy, and if you fall and hurt or soil yourself, why get up and run again with a smiling countenance, and God will bless you. "I do not know why a religious man should be sad," said St. Francis of Assisi, "for either he is in sin or he is not; if he is, let him go to Confession." We should do all in our power to make ourselves pleasing to God, but we should do it in confidence, not with fear.

Another matter which gives anxiety to souls is that of corporal austerity. To believe, on the one hand, that you can not become a saint unless you practise penance and, on the other, to wish very hard to be a saint without that difficult condition, naturally produces a certain amount of distress of mind. Probably ours is the most effeminate age the world has ever seen. The world must be worn out. Where is the man nowadays, not to speak of a woman, who can sit up straight in a chair? Some of the lux-

ury of Sardanapalus or of Heliogabulus would be downright hardship even to the plain people of to-day. Why, we have become so tender with regard to the sufferings of other people also, even of animals. No beating of wives or horses for us, no vivisection, no hanging; we'll execute our criminals by electricity, if it is gentle enough, if not, we'll try chloroform. It is true, a band of rough men took a peaceful citizen not long ago and lashed him from his neck to his heels till the flesh hung from the bones, and that another party burned a woman and her children to death, and some others shot a bride at the altar in order to hurt somebody else. That does not prove against the delicateness of our civilization, however, though it may go to show that something of the savage remains in men yet. Cruelty and self-indulgence have always gone hand in hand. What is certain is that our age dislikes physical suffering, even physical incommodity; we don't want to see it, we don't want to hear of it; above all, we don't want to experience it. Who at the present day practises penance? Penance! Why, I might ask, who observes the laws of the Church? How many fast during Lent? How then are men and women going to become saints at the end of this 19th century? Oh! some spiritual men might say, sanctity is something interior. The spirit is the thing. It is more important to break one's will than one's bones. The Pharisees fasted. Here is then a new contradiction. The saints—if you wish, the saints of old—did penance, and they did it heroically. The new saints—no, not the saints, but such new doctors on sanctity—would discard the old fashion. On the one hand, all will agree that we should be on our guard against new doctrines; the 19th century is going to teach the Church very little that is new and *true*, either in America or elsewhere. On the other hand, I believe that everybody will admit that physical mortification is

practically a thing of the past. If people are to sanctify themselves, it must be by some other road or at least by finding some substitute for penances no longer in practice. A third remark may be added, that our good Lord wishes us still to be holy, and indeed that it is His nature to condescend to man's weakness. Here perhaps we may find a light which may help us to see our way out of this dilemma.

In the days of yore one of those often wrong-doing, always strong-believing, knights of the kind of whom so many stories are told, would receive for penance to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land on foot, with harness on his back, and so obtain forgiveness of his sins. To-day as great a rascal (in the sight of God) is told to say a few prayers and to receive Communion the next morning, and with it the benefit of a plenary indulgence. Here is an example of the modification of the discipline of the Church. May we suppose that, as the Church changes its outward conduct in conformity with the changes in the manners of human society, so God modifies His action in conformity with the changing disposition of men's interior which accompanies this variation of social manners? Of course, sanctity is interior, virtue is interior. External mortification is only a means to an end. One way in which the Lord may supply the want of voluntary penance on our part is by sending us physical pain in the form of disease. Our very self indulgence leads to disease. Take for example the condition of women at the present day. Look at the hospitals for their special complaints. How many even young women at the present day are without painful dragging infirmities? Indeed, our modern civilization—to say nothing of its accompanying vices, and the sins of the parents which are visited on their children—seems to be a cause of general debility for the whole human race.

Again, if we will not offer to Him the sacrifice of our flesh, He may multiply

our mental and spiritual trials. If He has to take the whole case into His own hands, we may be sure that He will find a way to crucify us till we are dead to the world, the devil—and the flesh. But what substitute can man offer to Him for those macerations which no longer form a part of the curriculum of the spiritual education? In the first place, we can practise patience under the trials and afflictions which He sends us in His wise and loving providence. Another kind of penance we can still perform, and one of the very best, is hard work, hard work from a supernatural motive, in the interest of God and of souls. Again, we can insist more than ever on interior purity and fervor and earnestness. If we are so much more intellectual than our ancestors, let us make use of our culture and development to be more truly and more thoroughly spiritual men. Let us practise interior mortification—which is not much the spirit of the modern age either—more than ever it was practised before. St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi ascribed the sanctity of St. Aloysius to his being an interior man, though he was so austere. Why so? Because the interiorly mortified man practises the watchfulness demanded by St Ignatius for progress in the spiritual life, and being therefore in a state of habitual recollection, according to the doctrine of St. John of the Cross, may be said to be constantly in prayer and attentive to the voice of God. Let us be more charitable, more obedient, more meek. Let our justice and our humility be known to all men. The Scripture says let your modesty, *i. e.*, your moderation, your perfect decorum, be manifest. This leads us to the consideration of a sort of mortification which is not as horrible to the imagination as scourgings, watchings and prolonged fasting. I mean the mortification of the senses. In our days the man who would entirely mortify his senses must practise vigilance indeed. To never look at, to never listen to, what flatters the senses, is a mortifica-

tion of no slight kind. Whatever may be said of the great austerities of the saints, this kind of self-denial can never be omitted by any one who aspires to spiritual perfection. Nor are we without examples in the lives of the saints of some who reached the highest sanctity apparently only by such means. We all know the story of St. Doritheus, of whom his master St. Dorotheus said that, having spent but a few years in religion, and being prevented by his bodily infirmities from practising much austerity, nevertheless he had obtained the reward of the great Anthony by his obedience and fidelity in doing what was in his power and what was asked of him. St. John Berchmans lived five years in the

Society of Jesus, did nothing that was extraordinary, and to-day his name is in the Calendar of the Saints. So there is some hope for us after all. The ladder of perfection, says St. Bernard, has two sides, mortification and humility; mortification is not indispensable, humility is.

If we cannot or will not imitate the saints in their practices of penance, at least, by trying to resemble them in their interior virtue, by the mortification of our passions, and in particular by vigilant watchfulness over our senses, we may hope, if not to rival them in their glory, at least to obtain a good corner in that home where our Lord says there are many dwelling-places.

## MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

PIONEER SISTER OF MERCY IN CALIFORNIA.

(*Concluded.*)

AND now for the great act of dying. Death did not come as an abrupt surprise for our Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California. Every day of her life, we might say truly, had been not only implicitly, but explicitly, a preparation for death. Her letters are full of allusions to death; nothing austere or melancholy, but very cheerful, though very serious. She made herself at home with the thought of death: for, like the "Great Good Man" of Coleridge's fifteen line sonnet, she had

"— three treasures, life and light  
And calm thoughts equable as infant's  
breath,  
And three fast friends, surer than day or  
night,  
Herself, her Maker, and the Angel  
Death."

In Mother Baptist's letters there are many descriptions of deathbeds of various Sisters, some details of which have a

pathetic interest for those who know what her own death was to be.

When some of the community were proposing plans for a certain Sister's Silver Jubilee, still at some distance in the future, their Reverend Mother wrote what might have been written of herself nine years after: "Certainly we will do everything in our power to honor the day when it comes; but who can tell how many of us will then be on the land of the living? Let us learn a lesson from our poor dear Sister now lying in the infirmary. (She began her letter by saying "Our dear, kind-hearted, devoted Sister Mary Agnes is to all appearances near death.") Not a prayer can she say, not a look can she cast on her crucifix. Even when Father Prelato called and tried to rouse her to consciousness, she could give no sign that she had even heard him, though it is possible she may know what is going on.

She has not opened her eyes since she was anointed. It is indeed little we can do when dying. I will send you a few lines each day as long as she is in this precarious state."

June 5, 1888, was the Golden Jubilee of Sister Mary Bernard Hamill, the fiftieth anniversary of her profession in St. Clare's Convent, Newry. Writing to her before that epoch, her god child says: "The year 1901, if I ever see it, will be my Golden Jubilee. But I don't expect to live so long, nor do I wish it, either; in fact, I wish for nothing, knowing that the very thing I might be naturally inclined to desire may be the least desirable for me, so I have no wishes whatever except to be a good religious, and for that I beg your prayers always. May God graciously hear all the prayers offered for you on your Golden Jubilee, and may eternity be for you one long jubilee of love and praise."

Writing in anticipation of another Golden Jubilee—that of Mother Gertrude of Kinsale—she refers to her own. "You know I will be fifty years in religion next November if I live so long. Dear Mother Gabriel and others wanted me to celebrate my Golden Jubilee then, but I objected. I think they feared I might not live for my jubilee of profession; but, if I do not, I will, please God, be sooner in heaven. Though life is precarious, and I am perfectly indifferent on that point, I am inclined to think I will see August 2, 1901, which will be my Golden Jubilee."

This long letter, which we have not yet done with, ends with these words: "And now, once more, farewell, my ever dear Sister, until we meet in the everlasting jubilee of heaven." A strange expression coming after her allusion to the year 1901; but it was nearer the truth, for she was stricken down two or three weeks afterwards, and this seems to be the very last of her letters. This circumstance adds solemnity to the frequent references which it

makes to death. "I intend sending you a sketch of our cemetery with the names of all our dear departed. Our dead form a goodly company."

"It seems to me we lose more in proportion to our number than any community I know—forty-five in not quite forty-four years—and the climate is good, proverbially pleasant, and we give them good food and plenty of it; but the doctors have many times said that the air breathed in the schools, home and hospital is not the best, as we know very well; but we rejoice at having now a quiet little spot by the seaside, where we can spend a week or two in turn during vacation, and have salt-water baths. I enjoyed it so myself in the early part of last summer; but, as I got some serious or rather alarming attacks in the fall, no one will hear of my venturing near the water again."

Later on, in this same letter, she adds:

"One of the Sisters, seeing the dead the chief subject of my letter, remarked that it was scarcely a suitable subject for a jubilee letter, but I know you are like myself, thinking more of the dead than of the living, and among our dead are some very dear to you, so I think you will not object to all I have said."

"I must tell you about myself. I do not know whether you heard of the rather alarming attacks I had many times last fall and winter. They have almost disappeared, and as I sleep well, eat well, and am not allowed to do much, I am getting fat, but that does not make long life any more certain, as we see day after day; so I must try to be prepared, should God call me out of life suddenly. I therefore recommend myself earnestly to your prayers, and, as you are naturally expecting your summons before long. I will not fail to recommend you often to St. Joseph, the patron of a holy death. In our infirmary at the asylum we have a picture of that saint, with Our Lord on one side, and the Blessed Virgin on the other. No wonder he is invoked for

that great and supreme blessing of a happy death.

"The last Sister we lost, Sr. Mary Cecilia, was not long ill, about ten days, but very sick from the first. It was that fatal pneumonia that carried her off. When scarcely able to articulate, I could hear her repeating, though half raving:

" 'O Mary, when I come to die,  
Be thou, thy spouse and Jesus nigh.' "

"Indeed, all our dear departed had enviable deaths, thank God! I love to reflect on some of them, they were so especially holy and edifying "

What we may call Mother Baptist's special devotion to death was shown most of all perhaps in some letters addressed to her half-brother, Arthur Hamill, of whom mention was made towards the beginning of this sketch. He himself was very faithful to the memory of his deceased kindred and friends. When his youngest brother became a priest he would often say to him, "Remember the dead ;" and, when All Souls' Day came round, he would draw up each year a list of those whom he wished

to be commemorated at the altar. When he in his turn was lying on his deathbed his sister wrote of him, July 27, 1884 :

"Why should we desire to retard his happy entrance to the kingdom of God? He has had a long life, being seventy last April, and has I trust earned for himself a happy eternity. Often since I saw something of the world I have reflected *with admiration* on what I recol-

lect of Arthur, his wonderful respect and submission to mamma, his devotedness to *us* young ones, and the repeated journeys he took on Saturdays from Dundalk merely to spend the Sunday with us in our quiet old-fashioned home in Killowen, instead of enjoying himself with young people of his own age."

Judge Hamill lingered so long that more than a year later Mother Baptist wrote the following letter, a strange one to send to a man of the world so much older than herself that he had been appointed the guardian of her and her

brothers and sisters on their father's death.

ST. MARY'S

HOSPITAL,

SAN FRANCISCO,

October 25, 1885.

MY DEAREST ARTHUR:—At first I thought I would not bother you with a letter, and so addressed dear Mary, who will, I know, write to me in return; but now I am adding a few lines to yourself.

So death has sent you "three warnings" that he will call for you some day. Please God, you will not be found unprepared, and so you do not dread his



ARTHUR HAMILL, Q. C.

approach. I met some time ago a few sweet lines on death which I would copy, could I now lay my hands on them ; but the substance was that we should welcome death as angel ; for he alone shows us that *man is immortal, the soul can never die*. Still, being the penalty of sin, there is a certain solemnity about death that makes us naturally shrink from it, and it is this very fact that makes so pleasing to God our entire

conformity to His holy will. Like every one, you feel, too, having to be separated from those you love; but this separation is only *for a time*. We will all, please God, be reunited in eternity. You willingly allowed Mary and the girls to go to Germany, etc., etc., believing it was for their happiness and benefit, and looking forward to the pleasure of meeting them again. In like manner you and they must rather anticipate the happiness of being reunited in a blessed eternity than dwell on the necessary separation in time. You used to have rather too stringent ideas of the preparation required for Holy Communion, but you must lay that view aside and avail yourself of every opportunity of receiving Holy Communion and dwell, not so much on the infinite justice and sanctity of Our Divine Lord as on His infinite mercy and love. You have great advantages, dear Arthur, in such a city as Dublin, with dear Mary and Matthew to urge you on in the path of sanctity, and so many grateful loving hearts praying for you continually. You won't object to my alluding thus to your death, though you are better, thank God, at present, and may be spared a few years. Yet at your age we know it must be only *a few*; and, as death is the only means by which we can be united to God, never again to be separated, we should not shrink from it. [After some remarks of a less grave kind, she ends thus:] Another time I will write more, provided you are not *mad* with me for this production. I fear dear Mary will, but I am so familiar with death, I half imagine you must be the same. I pray for you every day, and I promise to pray for you more and more. I must now stop. Ever, dearest Arthur, your fondly attached and affectionate sister,

MARY B. RUSSELL,  
Sister of Mercy.

Mother Baptist, before posting this letter, showed it to an aged kinswoman whom she cherished tenderly in her last days. "She says it was a terrible letter

to send to a sick man, so I added a postscript, telling her to use her own judgment about giving it or not. We are so habituated to the thought of death that it has lost its terror for us; but, as cousin Kate says, it is different with seculars."

Ten years before, she had given a description of the little cemetery where she was herself to be buried, in the course of a letter of eight huge foolscap pages to "My dear Arthur and Mary," dated February 8, 1874. After speaking of two deceased friends she goes on: "May God have mercy on them all! Is it in Glasnevin you have your two darlings laid? It is nicely kept; but the poor old graveyard in Newry, though a sanctified spot, was desolate-looking in the extreme. Here the cemeteries are laid out with walks and trees, and are cheerful-looking; but in general there is too much gingerbread show about the tombs, etc., for my taste. I wish you could see our sweet little cemetery; it is at the Magdalen Asylum where we have seven acres of ground. We keep the cemetery green by constant irrigation; without this it would be parched by the long dry seasons and fresh breezes that keep our summers so cool. We have eight sisters already laid in their narrow homes and four or five of the penitents. *They* have one-half appropriated to themselves, but only those who make their consecration for life are buried there; the others are interred in the common cemetery. We have in it a small mortuary chapel in which some of the penitents say the Office for the Dead on the first Sunday in each month and in which is a mock coffin with a skeleton (drawing), on top, appropriate pictures and mottoes, as the dead Christ, death of St. Joseph and St. Patrick. All these little things help and interest the inmates whose *world* is limited by the enclosure and for whom we have to provide every little comfort in our power. You would wonder how holy some of them are, but of course it is the smallest number."

Like very many of the saints and others whom God has asked to do great works for Him, Mary Baptist Russell was blessed with a very robust constitution. She had hardly the slightest interruption from ill-health till the last two years of her life. As far back, however, as December, 1888, she writes to her sister: "I fear Sister Mary Francis's letter may make you more or less anxious about my health; so I will tell you I have since had an examination, and it is found that the first opinion given by the doctor was not correct. My case is not so serious as he feared, and in the course of a month or so I will, please God, be all right. But he keeps me lying either on a lounge or in bed, and has ordered me lots of good things to take, even meat on Fridays! *So my day has come.*"

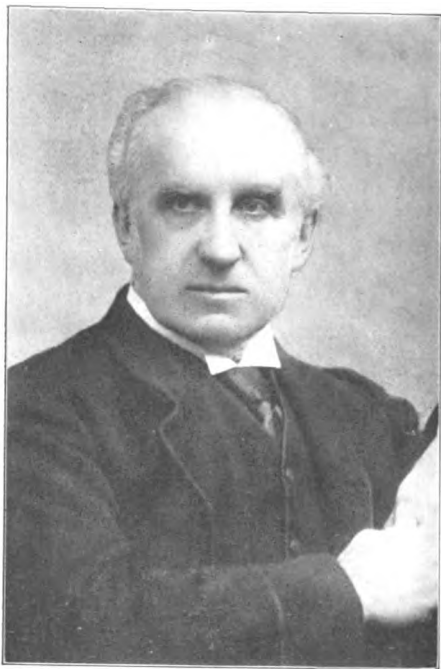
But her day of life lasted ten years more. On the 17th of January, 1898, she reports of herself: "At present I am very well; but, as those attacks have come back unexpectedly, I cannot say I am all right. If it be God's will, I should like much to build the Home next summer. Pray for this intention." And ten days later: "I shall be sixty-nine in April. My health has been shaky all last year, and I may say I did nothing during that time but rest and nurse myself. *Now*, thank God, I feel well, and hope to continue so for a few

years with the blessing of God." As near to the end as June 28, 1898, she writes to a friend: "You will be glad, I know, to hear that my health is as good as it was years ago." No letter of a later date than this has come into our hands. Her last letter home to her sister, Mother Emmanuel of Newry, is dated June 7, 1898: "Mother Austin Carroll says she has not one delicate Sister in her community of sixty! I envy her. We have many, and I head the list; but I am not suffering in any way. Yet, without any premonitory symptoms, I lose for an instant the power of my right side; and, as long as I am subject to such attacks I can't say I am *well*. Still I am stouter than ever, and no wonder—for I sleep well,



MEMORIAL CROSS, ST. MICHAEL'S CEMETERY.





THE LATE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE RUSSELL  
OF KILLOWEN.

eat well, and cannot go around as much as formerly. These symptoms ceased for several months, but have returned of late, though I still follow the doctor's regimen." The last words of this last letter are, "I am glad Mr. Fegan has acted so nobly"—namely, in giving at his sole expense to the Sisters of Mercy in Newry such a Home for the Aged as Mother Baptist had for years desired in San Francisco. However, I find that these last words are followed by a postscript which ends thus: "How grand the workhouses are getting! Nothing will do them but trained and certificated nurses. The world is changing; it must be coming to an end."

It was coming to an end for *her*. In July letters reached her friends in Ireland, which made her loving sister write thus: "I fear they expect her death. Well, she has served God and loved Him all her life, and we must not wish to keep her from her reward. We must bless and praise God for the great graces He has granted her through life; and

He will surround her death-bed with them too, He is so good and generous to His faithful servants."

Sister Columba, after announcing Mother Baptist's dangerous state, exclaims: "What shall we do if the good God takes her? I cannot imagine this House and Community without her: she is its heart and its life. She was always ready to help us and make everything light and pleasant; and oh! her charity was really boundless. Her right hand did not know what her left hand did. No one ever saw her angry or impatient—always willing to forgive, no matter how often one had offended. Indeed, she was a faithful copy of our mild and loving Jesus. She lived and moved in and for God. Her charity and sympathy for the poor were unbounded. She always helped every one who applied to her. Her very last direction to me was to send some money to a leper settlement in Japan."

Another of her community (Sister Mary Aquin) writes on the 28th July, while they were still expecting her death: "We have prayed hard that God would leave her with us a few years longer; but He wants her, and we must submit, however hard it may be to our poor hearts. She was a perfect model of every Christian virtue, but, above all, charity in word and deed. Her tongue, now silent forever in this world, never wounded any one, but was always ready to pour the balm of consolation into the wounded heart. How the poor will miss her! God alone knows what she has been to them during her long, useful life." And two days later Mother Columba, her assistant then and soon to be her successor, sends her report to Mother Emmanuel: "Our dear Mother is still with us, but each day growing weaker. Her eyes are dark to this world. Ah! how much brightness she will gaze on for all eternity! She cannot see for the past few days. It is so sad not to hear her voice; and to know that she cannot hear us is inexpressibly sad."

Those lines of an anonymous American poem on the death of St. John the Evangelist were pathetically verified in the death-bed at which we are kneeling in spirit :

“ E'en my lips  
Refuse to form the words my  
heart sends forth,  
My ears are dull; they scarcely  
hear the sobs  
Of my dear children gathered  
round my couch ;  
My eyes so dim they cannot  
see the tears.”

Not blind only, but dumb and deaf, the senses one after the other being dulled by that clogging of the arteries of the brain which was the immediate cause of death. Dumb and deaf and blind to creatures and to all outward things ; but in her inmost heart, through all those silent hours, doubtless the holy strain went on which had gone on uninterruptedly from her earliest conscious life and which will need little change in heaven. “ God's will be done ! My Jesus, mercy ! My God, I love Thee ! Thanks be to God ! ”

And so with all the graces and consolations, sacramental and unsacramental, that can strengthen and gladden the last hours of a true Christian and a fervent religious, the dying nun passed through her tedious but seemingly painless dissolution. “ Five weeks (all but one day) of living death.” The great change came about seven o'clock in the evening of August 5th, and many of the Sisters stayed with her, praying ; but she lingered through the night. A Dominican Father, who was a patient in the hospital, gave her the last absolution and said the prayers for the dying on his way to the altar to offer up Mass for her. He must have been in doubt whether her



THE LATE MOTHER MARY BAPTIST RUSSELL.

place was in the Memento of the Living or in the Memento of the Dead. Perhaps she died between the two and shared in both, for the soul passed away peacefully about twenty minutes after six o'clock in the morning of the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1898, which was the seventieth year of her life on earth and the fiftieth of her life in the religious state. May she rest in peace, and may my last end be like to hers !

All the public journals of San Francisco, when Mother Baptist's illness showed fatal symptoms, gave minute accounts of her condition day by day, as of one in whom all their readers were interested. The announcement of her death in *The San Francisco Call* begins with these words :

“ No death in recent years has been heard of with greater regret in this community than that of Mother Superior,

Mary Baptist Russell, the sweet woman who watched over the destinies of various charitable institutions in this city during the past half century. The tidings of her calm leave-taking of this life will fill with sorrow the thousands who were fortunate enough to meet her and those who have heard or read of her beautiful deeds of charity since her advent in this State. A more lovable character than hers has been rarely found. Her constant aim in life has been to uplift the suffering and the wounded, and in this she was entirely successful."

The other secular journals also, *The Chronicle*, *The Examiner*, etc., and, of course, the Catholic organ, *The San Francisco Monitor*, devoted several columns to a minute and enthusiastic appreciation of the life and labors of the humble religious. From Saturday to Tuesday thousands visited the convent chapel where she now lay in death, and where in life she had offered up so many holy prayers, made so many fervent Communions, and assisted with vivid faith and tender piety at so many Masses, often two or three in succession, even in the failing health of her last two years. It was remarked by many that in her coffin she looked thirty years younger than she was. "The throng was so great," writes one of the nuns, "that we were really frightened—at least I was!" Hundreds touched the precious remains with medals, crosses, etc. The scene might remind us of what we read of many of the saints, among populations more impressionable than the shrewd and worldly inhabitants of an American commercial city like the metropolis of the West.

On the day of the funeral the Archbishop of San Francisco, Dr. P. W. Riordan, celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass in the presence of some fifty of his priests, and as many of his people as the convent chapel could contain, not one-tenth of the crowds that sought admittance. Two hours before the obsequies it was impossible to get near the chapel.

"No dead sovereign," said *The San Francisco Chronicle* (a non-Catholic journal), "ever had prouder burial than Mother Mary Baptist Russell, whose life of self-denial and good works has crowned her in a city's memory."

The farewell words were spoken by the Rev. Hugh Gallagher, S.J., nephew of the good priest of the same name who had conducted her to the distant sphere of her labors fifty years before. Her body was then borne to the cemetery attached to her beloved Magdalen Asylum, amidst a crowd that (according to the journalist last quoted) "swelled to such immense proportions that the utmost efforts of the police were barely sufficient to hold it in restraint." An eye-witness states that, when the burial rites were finished, and the crowds had melted away, many still lingered on, more inclined to pray to than for the departed; and persons of all creeds (this circumstance is mentioned expressly) and of different degrees of social standing carried home with them handfuls of clay from the newly-made grave.

The spot in which that grave was made has been lovingly described for us by Mother Baptist herself in a letter printed in a previous page. St. Michael's Cemetery had always been a favorite haunt of hers, ever since it was blessed, May 8, 1867. The large Celtic Cross, which she had long wished to erect as the crowning consecration of that little garden of graves, has been erected since her death, as a special memorial of the Foundress, and bears this inscription: "In Memory of Mother M. B. Russell, First Superior of the Sisters of Mercy, San Francisco. Born April 18, 1829. Entered Religion November 24, 1848. Professed August 2, 1851. Died August 6, 1898." Lower down above the base of the monument is this text from Proverbs xxxi., 20: "She has opened her hand to the needy and has stretched out her hands to the poor." A good text surely to place over our "valiant woman," who not only opened her

right hand to give alms to those in want, but who, when the sick and suffering presented themselves, stretched out both her hands, opened wide her arms to embrace them, to cherish them, to nurse them back to health, while using a quiet and prudent zeal for the health of their souls.

Perhaps Mother Baptist's memorial cross might have borne a second text alluding to her other overmastering passion, supernatural love for little children, especially when poor and destitute. A saint, whose name she bore from the baptismal font — though I think she looked more to St. Catherine of Siena as her patron — St. Catherine of Genoa complained once to her Divine Spouse: "Lord, you bid me to love others, and I can love only *you*." "Catherine, he who loves Me loves those whom I love." Christ's favorites are little children and the poor; and these also were objects of predilection for His handmaid, Katherine Russell. "Reverend Mother," writes one of the Sisters, "was the children's best and dearest friend. She made it a point to answer all their letters.

When hardly able to go, she insisted on being present at the Monthly Roll of Honor."

I have striven to make this account of a holy and useful life as much as possible a mosaic of testimonies more impartial than a brother's could claim to be. And therefore I will now bring it to an end by taking a phrase or two from various letters written after her death, both by those who knew her intimately within or without the walls of her convent, and by those who were almost strangers to her.

The one who was nearest to her by



THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.  
WRITER OF THIS LIFE.

birth and likeness of disposition and vocation, though far separated from her by that sublime vocation through much the greater part of their lives, wrote a fortnight after the cablegram had brought us the news of her death: "Glory be to God, He enabled her to do great things for Him, and the purifying five weeks—powerless, speechless, blind—I trust have left little for the merciful fires of purgatory to do." On the 6th of November following, one of her own Community writes: "To-day is the third Month's Mind of Reverend Mother's death, and it seems like years since she was with us. I am sure she is happy in the company of her divine Spouse, whom she served so faithfully and is looking down upon us, and will obtain for us many favors."

And another, "Each day we miss our dear Mother more and more. Her illness seemed but a day, but since the funeral it seems years. I find myself saying: 'O my Mother, will you not intercede with the Sacred Heart for us?' Yes, we feel that she is now enjoying the vision of that God, whom she loved and served so well. She was a saint, and the people revered her as such. During the days her remains were in the chapel thousands came to pay their last respects and to touch her with medals, beads, etc. . . . A few days ago I found a letter which our dear one wrote to me when I was in East Oakland, informing us that our dear Mother Mary Borgia was dying. In it she remarked: 'Once again we have the lesson—do what you can for your soul and eternity while you have health; when we are sick, we can do little, but we then show what *we are*.' I could not but reflect back on her own case. Yes, dear darling Mother showed what she was—the same calm, patient, submissive and resigned spirit she had always shown. She would take whatever we gave her, and by motioning with her eyes or hand show that she wished us to give part of what she was getting to any Sister who happened to be present. This was an old practice of hers."

The author of "Leaves from the Annals of the Sisters of Mercy," wrote to the author of these leaves as follows: "I have just read a description of the more than royal obsequies of your saintly and eminently charitable sister (may she rest in peace!) And my thoughts turn to you and your loved Mother Emmanuel in Newry as those who feel most keenly and grieve most deeply for the great loss we have all sustained in the death of our dearly loved Mother M. Baptist. For myself, I have no words to describe my grief. Humanly speaking, I could not have a greater loss. For almost two score years we loved each other in God, and interchanged thoughts and mutually sought of each other advice and direction in matters which all outsiders could not readily understand. I never knew a more generous, charitable soul. A Sister of ours who knew her in San Francisco wrote to me from Pensacola: 'She was one of God's heroines. Her good acts go into the millions.' She is a great loss every way. Being the oldest religious in California as to residence, she was looked up to by all, and her example and influence for good were powerful."

→ Mr. Richard White, of San Francisco, brother of the late Dr. Dudley White, of Dublin, speaks of having attended the obsequies on August 9: "The last time I was in this chapel Mother Russell was with me, and I could not but think of something she then told me. One of the nuns was dying in the hospital, another nun of the same family had died a short time previously, and a surviving sister in the world had remarked: Well, that is the last of our family who will go into the Sisters of Mercy to die off in that manner;" and Mother Russell added: 'As if anything could be happier than such a death.' Dear Father, I wish I could describe to you how much Mother Russell was beloved by those who knew her, and how much she was respected by everyone in the city. In over a quarter of a century that I have been

in San Francisco no death of anyone in religion has created the profound impression that the death of Mother Russell has done."

Mrs. Margaret Weston, of Philadelphia, seems to have seen Mother Baptist only in a passing way as a visitor from the East. "Though my acquaintance with her was so brief, I was more deeply impressed with the nobility, humility and loveliness of her character than I was ever before with any one whom I have met. She was so simply, genuinely good. How sad it was to lose her presence and the wisdom of her counsel! May her mantle descend upon her successor, and may her godlike charity and contempt of money be an inheritance among you."

I am not sure that the writer of the following, Dr. C. G. Kenyon, is a Catholic:

"I wish in the strongest possible language to express the feeling entertained by thousands of residents of this city of sympathy for the Sisters of your Community for the loss they have suffered in the death of Mother Russell. During the period of three years that I occupied the position of Resident Physician of the Hospital, I was a witness to her great worth, not only as to her superiority in mental attainments, but in the Christian graces of charity and universal love for suffering humanity. During that time I acquired a feeling of reverence for her that time has not dimmed. Mother Russell was a tower of strength in this city, and her death is a public loss. I beg to intrude upon your sorrow at this time to offer this tribute to her memory."

Father R. E. Kenna, S. J., writes thus to Mother Columba: "I need not tell you how deeply I sympathize with the grief-stricken children of the good, gentle and great-hearted Mother Russell. She was a grand soul, and well worthy to be one of the pioneers of Holy Church in this western land. Gentle as a little child, she was brave and resolute

as a Crusader. Prudence itself, yet she was fearless in doing good to the needy, and in advancing the interests of religion. All who met her were forced to admire; and those who knew her best loved her most. It was my happy lot to know her since 1864, and I had many dealings with her; and my admiration and profound esteem ever grew with the years. She was a saintly soul, with a wondrous allotment of common sense and practical zeal. We should thank Our Lord for giving to our young State such a wonderful example of religious virtue and heroic self-sacrifice."

A Paulist Father, the Rev. A. P. Doyle, writes: "I feel her loss as keenly as though she were of my own kith and kin, for she was associated with my earliest recollections of devoted religious work in San Francisco. There are few figures which stand out as prominently as hers in the history of the past forty years, and fewer still on whose bier are heaped the benedictions of the poor and unfortunate more abundantly than on hers. She goes down to her grave with the consciousness of having rounded out in the fullest measure years of usefulness for the Church and for poor humanity. She goes not unattended to her reward. A cloud of witnesses follow her to testify to her very great charity. It will be some consolation to her bereaved children to realize that though she is gone, her spirit still lives and will continue to make fruitful their lives."

Mrs. Mary A. O'Sullivan speaks of the tide of "sympathy that has been poured out by the whole city for the loss of the great, good Mother of the Poor, whom God has taken to her throne in heaven. Ah! Sister, was there ever another like her, so gentle, so tender, so sympathetic, so big-hearted, so gay and light-hearted? And that rich contralto voice, and those beautiful grey eyes; 'tis sure we shall never look on her like again. And now she has left you all, sorrowing and lonesome. But, ah! if we were good Christians, 'tis singing canticles we ought to-

be that the Bride has gone to her Bridegroom, and is enjoying the happiness of heaven. Little did she have to atone for. Possibly she may have had to say, 'Lord, I loved the poor too much ;' and inasmuch as He Himself became a fool through love, He will not have found it hard to forgive her."

Miss Harriet M. Skidmore, to whom the Catholic literature of America owes a volume marked by deep poetic feeling, pure taste, and tender piety, paid her tribute to the memory of one of whom she says: "For many years I have been privileged to call her friend, and her death leaves in my heart (as in the almost numberless hearts to whom she was so wonderfully endeared) a sorrowful void that will never be filled until, by God's grace, we shall meet her in the Eternal Kingdom of His Love." Miss Skidmore calls her affectionate elegy *Mulier Fortis*, for she paraphrases the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs which is quoted on Mother Baptist's memorial cross.

The last witness I shall bring forward is another foundress, in even a stricter sense of that title. Mother Magdalen Taylor,\* with the cooperation of the saintly and gifted Lady Georgiana Fullerton, has established many convents of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God, modeled (with modifications according to local wants) on an Institute founded in Poland by a holy layman, Edmund Bojanowski, who died in 1871. There are convents of this congregation in Rome, London, Blackburn, etc., and in Ireland, at Carrigtwohill, at Loughlinstown Workhouse, and St. Joseph's Asylum for Aged Females in Portland Row, Dublin. Miss Taylor has published many pleasant and edifying books, beginning with a record of her experiences as an Anglican nurse during the war in the Crimea, at which time she was received into the Church by the Rev.

William Ronan, S.J., who was acting as Army Chaplain. Hence the reference in her letter to her conversation with Mrs. Bridgeman at Scutari:

"How sorry I am you have lost your dear and good sister! What a long life of excellence hers has been! What a reward is hers for sacrifices made, souls gained, Our Lord loved! I never met her, but I seemed always to know her from hearing so much about her. Mother Francis Bridgeman was never weary of the subject, and so I used to hear of her by the shores of the Bosphorus and in the garden of Kinsale. Your affectionate heart must feel the pang, but the sweet picture of her whole life will console you."

"We place Catherine McAuley in the first rank among foundresses; unsurpassed by any of them in varied intelligence, in strong practical sense, in clear insight, and in what seems to us true heroic virtue." What Dr. Orestes Brownson said of Mother Mary Catherine I would dare, within due measure, to say of her daughter, Mary Baptist Russell. Though she did not found a new religious institute, she did part of the work and had many of the attributes of a model foundress, both in heart and head; for both head and heart are needed in those who are called to band together their fellows in some heroic enterprise and so to merit in a transcendent degree the fulfilment of that promise: "They who instruct many unto justice shall shine like stars for perpetual eternities." (Dan. xii., 3.) God alone knows how many souls have been and will be influenced by the gentle ministry of Mary Baptist Russell, Pioneer Sister of Mercy in California—how many have been drawn to God by her directly or indirectly, through her own efforts and prayers or through those who worked with her and those who will continue her work through the coming century or centuries. A life and character like hers might well convert an atheist from his hideous creed to a belief in goodness and heaven and God.

\* Since the above lines were written Mother Magdalen Taylor has passed to her reward, on June 9th.

## A PILGRIMAGE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

*By John P. Ritter.*

*(Concluded.)*

### CHAPTER IX.

IN WHICH MARY'S PRAYER IS ANSWERED.

**W**ALTER felt his blood congeal with horror.

"Are you sure, father?" he asked.

Without pausing in his flight, the blind man answered :

"Perfectly. I passed my younger days in Wales, lad, and I have heard the wolf bark too often amid the hills of Snowden to mistake the sound when I hear it now."

At another time this reference to his birthplace would have aroused the young man's curiosity ; but he was at present so completely absorbed with the peril of their situation that he failed to notice it.

"Come, father," he said, taking the blind man's disengaged hand, "Mary and I will lead you. If you hurry on in this reckless manner, you may stumble and come to grief."

"Ay, lad, lead on!" cried the blind man. "And see that ye do not let me loiter, for the wolves will be soon on our tracks."

"Wolves? I thought there was but one."

"True, there is but one that has scented us as yet ; but it will not be long ere his warning howls will bring scores of his fellows about him. But let us save our breath for flight, lad. We shall be sore in need of it presently."

So they relapsed into silence.

Forsome time they pushed on at their topmost speed, the blind pilgrim exhibiting an endurance remarkable for one of his years. He had passed his life in travel and his limbs were inured to fatigue. Not so Master Grislet. The rapid pace began presently to tell on him. His legs tottered and he panted for breath.

"My strength fails me," he moaned.

"I can go no further."

And with that he sank down upon a stone and gave way to despair.

"Leave me, friends!" he cried out between his gasps. "Leave me and save yourselves!"

"Courage, old man!" said Luke, assured. "Come, lean on me, and you'll find the going easier."

So, aided by the strong arm of the sturdy archer, the old draper staggered feebly onward. It was now pitch dark and they were obliged to grope their way. At every few steps they stumbled over a root, or collided with a tree-trunk. Moreover, they were in constant danger of straying from the right path. So they were compelled to proceed with caution, notwithstanding that the howl of the wolf sounded nearer and nearer each moment. Suddenly the blind man came to an abrupt stop and whispered in awe-struck tones :

"Listen!"

All strained their sense of hearing to the utmost. For a brief interval not a sound disturbed the death-like silence of the wood. Then from out of the gloom behind them came a dismal howl—then a second—then a third—each in a different key.

"'Tis as I feared," groaned the blind man. "The wolves are gathering from far and near to attack us. We have not long to wait now."

"Let us take to the trees," suggested Luke. "They can ne'er reach us there."

"Trees?" said the blind man. "Are there any save pines in this wood?"

"It is in sooth a pine forest."

"So I judged by its odor, and, if I mistake not, it is centuries old. Go find me a tree whose trunk I can span, and I'll mount it."



"There is none such," answered Luke.

"Then we must push on until we find a fitting place to stand at bay."

They continued their flight. But it soon became evident that at least one of the party was failing with exhaustion. Master Grislet was growing weaker and weaker with each step. Finally Luke was obliged to carry him on his back. When the blind pilgrim learned of this he called an immediate halt.

"Why waste our strength," he said, "when we will need it so soon? Since Master Grislet is exhausted, let us make our stand here."

But at this Mary protested, saying:

"No, father. I implore you not to stop! If Master Grislet is faint we can carry him. To stop now would be madness."

At that instant a wolf gave mouth close behind them. Its howl was taken up by a second, a third, a fourth, a fifth, until it seemed that pandemonium had broken loose in the forest.

The blind pilgrim drew the little maid to his bosom.

"'Tis useless to proceed, Mary," he said, with a groan of despair. "We are doomed."

"What, hast lost thy faith in God?" she cried, disengaging herself from his embrace. "Cannot He Who delivered Daniel from the den of lions, save us now from wolves if it is His will? On, father, I beseech you to press on!"

Her faith was contagious.

"Let her have her way," urged Walter.

"Ay," said Luke. "I can carry Master Grislet a while longer."

And the draper added hopefully:

"Besides, we may be nearer a habitation than we wot of."

"Very well, then," said the blind man. "Let Mary be our guardian angel, and lead the way."

The girl took his hand and sprang forward with alacrity. Walter seized his staff more firmly and advanced to her

side, while Luke lifted Grislet on his shoulders and followed close behind them.

"Mary," said Walter, when they had proceeded some distance without speaking, "I have something to confess to you."

"To me?"

"Yes. You asked me a while ago if I were afraid."

"I remember."

"And I answered boldly—'No.'"

"Well?"

"That was a falsehood. I was terribly afraid when I made that boast; but I am not now. You have taught me a lesson in courage that I sorely needed. I undertook to defend you, trusting in my own weak strength, and, when danger threatened, my heart failed me. But now that you have reminded me that we are in the hands of God, I no longer fear."

While he was speaking the girl's excited ear caught the pattering of swift feet behind them, and, glancing over her shoulder, she descried two glittering eyeballs gleaming out of the gloom. She uttered a little cry of terror. Then, recovering her self-possession, she stripped the cloak from her shoulders and tossed it back of her on the ground.

"Run!" she cried. "Run, father! Run, Walter! Run, Luke! as fast as ever you can. The wolves are close behind us."

And, setting them an example, she tightened her grasp on the hand of the blind man and darted forward like a frightened deer. The others followed; but they had not gone far before the wood was filled with a hideous tumult. For the wolves had reached the spot where Mary's cloak had fallen, and were rending the garment with snarls and howls of rage.

The fugitives made the most of the respite thus accorded them. But the wolves renewed the chase only too soon, and it was necessary to toss them another cloak to bring them to a pause. Thus were thrown to them in quick succes-

sion hats, belts, jerkins and scarfs. The pilgrims were in a fair way of being completely stripped of their raiments. And all the while the ravenous pack were drawing nearer and nearer until but a few yards separated them from their fainting victims.

On a sudden the silvery detonations of a bell smote upon the ears of the fugitives—Ding! dong! Ding! dong!—and not a hundred yards ahead of them.

"The convent!" shouted Luke in a transport. "On, friends! On! We may escape yet."

But the wolves were now close on their heels, and, realizing that they could never reach the monastery gate before the savage creatures, Walter resolved upon an act of heroic self-sacrifice.

"If I can hold these demons in play for a while," he murmured determinedly, "my friends may reach the convent in safety."

And dropping behind his companions, he clubbed his staff, placed his back to a tree-trunk and awaited the onrush of the furious beasts.

In a few seconds the leader of the pack ran up and leaped snarling around him, too cowardly to attack him until reinforced by the others. Walter could just descry his lanky form in the darkness, and, commending his soul to his Saviour, aimed a blow at it with his staff. The heavy ash stick fell crashing upon the wolf's skull, and it rolled over on the ground stunned. An instant later its ravenous fellows were snarling and wrangling over its dismembered body, while Walter was beating a retreat to a tree farther off.

As he faced to meet the second onrush of the raging wolves he prayed. For himself? No. He realized that nothing short of a miracle could save him, and was resigned to meet his awful fate. But his friends might escape if he could hold the beasts in check a while longer; so his prayers were for them.

"Jesus! Mary! Joseph!" he cried out imploringly, "let not my sacrifice be offered in vain!"

Then, hearing the wolves approaching, he prepared for the final struggle.

In the meantime his friends pressed on to the convent, unconscious of his act of devotion. And as they ran they shouted loudly:

"Help! Help!"

Their cries reached the ears of the monks, who immediately rushed forth to their rescue. As the fugitives drew near the convent they saw the gate open, and a score of friars come running out of it, with torches and cudgels, and accompanied by a pack of boar hounds.

A moment later the pilgrims were surrounded by their deliverers.

"May God be praised!" cried Mary.

"We are saved."

Then she turned to congratulate Walter; but he had disappeared.

"He is lost!" she exclaimed in horror. "Alas! the wolves have devoured him."

"Of whom are you speaking, lass?" inquired Luke.

"Of Walter, your friend and my preserver," she answered, sobbing.

Luke waited to hear no more. Turning abruptly in his tracks he rushed back into the darkness, resolved, true soldier that he was, either to save his youthful comrade or perish with him. It is probable that death would have been the reward of his fidelity had not Providence sent him unexpected aid.

As he approached the spot where Walter was fighting desperately with the wolves, the boar hounds swept past him like a whirlwind, and, attacking them with incredible fury, soon put them to the rout. They turned and scurried off howling into the wood, leaving several of their number dead at Walter's feet.

When Luke reached his side the combat was at an end.

"Thank God you are alive!" he cried out in an ecstasy; and clasping him to his heart, he broke down and wept for joy.

Presently the monks came up and joined them, and, when they had con-

ducted them safely to their friends, they proceeded in a body to the monastery, where the pilgrims were entertained with such kindness that they soon forgot the terrifying experience through which they had passed. They offered thanks for their deliverance in the convent chapel; then, having partaken of a frugal supper, retired to the cells allotted them, to sleep tranquilly until morning.

## CHAPTER X.

### LOST IN THE SNOW.

As they approached Bingen, five days later, they came upon a company of pilgrims, resting by the roadside under the spreading branches of a great oak. Some were sleeping in the shade; some were making merry with wine and song; while a group of four were wrangling over the dice.

As they drew nearer, one of the band arose and accosted them in English.

"Art bound for Rome, friends?" he asked; and on receiving an affirmative answer, continued heartily, "Then welcome to our company, for our destination is the same."

Rejoiced at meeting their own countrymen in a foreign land, and eager to avail themselves of the protection of numbers on such a dangerous road, they immediately accepted the invitation. But they had not been in the society of their new acquaintances long before they began to repent their acquiescence. For it soon became apparent that these pilgrims were making a mad frolic of their journey.

Walter in particular was shocked at their ribald conversation, gross intemperance and reckless extravagance in dicing. Could it be possible that they had forgotten the pious object of their pilgrimage?

While the gambling was at its height, a Benedictine passed that way, and observing that the gamesters wore the habits of pilgrims, commanded them to stand before him.

"Your passports?" he demanded sternly.

They produced the documents promptly and submitted them to his inspection.

"Good, you have them!" he said. "Now the letters of communion given you by your bishop?"

This time they looked shamefacedly upon the ground and began to stammer out excuses; but he silenced them with a word.

"Cease!"

When he again spoke, his voice quivered with just wrath.

"Miserable hypocrites!" he exclaimed, "I asked for your letters of communion. Ye have them not, and that proclaims ye to be impostors. Why do ye bring scandal upon devout pilgrims by assuming their humble habits? Ye are journeying to Rome not for the good of your souls, but to dice and drink and riot by the way. What wickedness! What abomination! Have ye no fear of God?"

Having delivered this scathing denunciation, the Benedictine passed on diligently reading his book of prayer.

A short time afterward the pilgrims resumed their journey and entered Bingen just as the sun was setting.

"Let us to an inn where we can make merry," suggested one of the recreant pilgrims.

To which Master Grislet responded sternly:

"Nay, friends, a monastery, not an inn, is the proper hospice for pilgrims."

"The monastery indeed!" sneered the other contemptuously.

So the two companies of wayfarers parted, the devout pilgrims proceeding to a convent for shelter, while the recreants stopped at the first tavern they passed to spend the night in revelry and debauchery.

Walter was not a little disappointed and shocked at the wicked behavior of these men. As travel was new to him he had yet to learn that, in the age in which he lived it was not only the devout who undertook pilgrimages, but the impious as well. Men went on pilgrimages to see the world and to enjoy its pleas-

ures, and, in many instances, their behavior was so profligate that the Church was compelled to adopt the most stringent regulations to prevent scandal. Hence the letters of communion, which were equivalent to certificates of good character.

At the convent where they lodged in Bingen, the wayfarers were introduced to a company of pilgrims of quite a different character.

A religious confraternity had arrived there, *en route* for Rome, about an hour before them, and were in the guest chamber when they entered it with the prior.

The confraternity numbered about one hundred souls, and wore a distinctive dress apart from the customary pilgrim's garb. The leader of the band invited the five wayfarers to join them on their journey, a proposition which they readily acceded to.

On the following morning, therefore, they marched out of the convent together and took the road to Mayence. The members of the confraternity walked bare-footed, by way of penitential discipline, and chanted a litany at stated intervals of the march. They proceeded two by two with sacred banners waving above them, and, when not engaged in pious exercises, maintained the strictest silence.

One advantage of traveling with these pious men was the rapidity with which they passed over the ground. Thus it happened that they reached Mayence within three days after leaving Bingen, and within a fortnight had come within sight of the Alps.

The route taken by pilgrims who had Rome for their destination was over the St. Bernard Pass into Italy. Near the summit of this defile stood the great monastery of St. Bernard, erected by the monks for the accommodation of wayfarers.

Early one summer morning the pilgrims started for this hospice, intending to reach it in time to put up there for

the night. They traveled at first rapidly, but, as the road became more rough and precipitous, were compelled to halt at frequent intervals to rest. At noon they were high up in the mountains, and having stopped to refresh themselves with a light repast, started once more to ascend the winding road. Soon they came to the region of snow, and saw immense glaciers extending on all sides of them. But the trail was well defined and they experienced no difficulty in following it. As the afternoon advanced, however, and they climbed higher and higher from the earth, they began to suffer from the rarity of the atmosphere and the intense cold.

"May God help me!" gasped Master Grislet. "I can scarcely catch my breath. I trust it is not far to the hospice now."

He sat down to rest for a while, his four friends waiting with him, while the confraternity pilgrims continued on their way. Suddenly a blinding snowstorm fell between the two separated bands of pilgrims, effectually blotting them out from each others' view.

"Come!" cried Walter in alarm, "let us hasten on after the others. If we linger here we will be lost and perish in the snow."

While speaking he led the way up the pass, the others following behind him. But they soon became bewildered by the driving snowflakes, and paused again to take their bearings.

"If we keep to the trail," said Luke, "we shall soon overtake the band."

"True," said Walter, "but who can show us the trail?"

"We can follow the footprints of the band in the snow," suggested Luke.

"Where are they?" asked Walter, gloomily.

Luke made a hasty scrutiny of the ground, then exclaimed in awestruck undertones:

"The snow has covered them. They are no longer to be seen."

## CHAPTER XI.

## SAVED.

It was some moments before the bewildered pilgrims awoke to a full realization of the misfortune that had befallen them. Then they began to call loudly for help; but their voices were drowned in the roar of the wind which was now blowing with a fury that almost swept them from their feet.

"What is to be done?" shouted Luke, looking appealingly toward Walter.

"We must continue our efforts to overtake the band," was the reply.

With this idea in view, they endeavored to press forward. Luke and Walter led the way, breaking a path through the drifts for their less hardy companions.

Meanwhile the snow was descending in dense clouds. It swept around them in whirls and eddies, and drifted in high ridges across their way. The air was so filled with flying flakes that they were enveloped in a ghastly twilight. All round them everything was white.

Gradually the snow deepened. The wind piled it into higher drifts, until at last it was impossible to pass through it, and they were compelled to come to a halt. A moment afterwards Grislet sank down exhausted. He was completely spent. Realizing the danger of permitting him to give way to fatigue, Luke and Walter lifted him in their arms and endeavored to carry him. But his added weight rendered this impossible. They sank still deeper in the snow and could make no headway.

Now that they were obliged to stand still, they felt a sense of uncontrollable drowsiness steal over them. It was in vain that they endeavored to overcome it by exercise. It crept insidiously upon them, until one by one they gave way to its influence. Grislet was the first to succumb. He sank down moaning into a snow-bank and was soon covered by the drifting flakes. The blind pilgrim was the second to surrender. Clasp little Mary

in his arms, he dropped languidly to the ground, and, with a peaceful smile upon his aged face, gave way to an overwhelming stupor. Luke and Walter battled for a while longer. They continued to call loudly for aid and encouraged each other to shake off their deadly drowsiness by constant motion. But it was in vain. Finally they also fell unconscious in their tracks, and were speedily covered by a white pall.

Walter was awakened from this sleep of death by a violent tugging at his garments. At first he was annoyed at being aroused from the delicious repose in which his senses were steeped.

"Go 'way," he moaned feebly, "and for mercy's sake let me rest!"

But the tugging was renewed with greater violence than before. Presently he was dimly conscious of a warm breath blowing in his face; then of something soft and moist rubbing against his cheeks. At last he was startled by a prolonged barking. It was the deep-mouthed bay of a dog calling for help. With a supreme effort he opened his eyes and beheld a gigantic Saint Bernard standing over him. He knew at once that it was one of the sagacious animals that the pious monks of the Alpine convent of Saint Bernard had trained to rescue lost pilgrims from the snow of the mountain pass.

A glimmer of hope appeared to him, and, with renewed courage, he struggled from the snow drift. But he was so benumbed that he could scarcely stand. In the meantime the dog was busy in digging his comrades from the snow, pausing at intervals to repeat its warning bark. Walter noticed that there was a small cask attached to its neck by a leather band, and, approaching the animal, examined it closer. It contained an invigorating cordial. Unfastening the cask, he raised it in his hands, and, putting his mouth to the spigot with which it was provided, took a deep draught of the liquor. It revived him

wonderfully. The blood renewed its course through his veins, and he felt a warm glow pass through his stiffened limbs. He now applied himself to aiding his four-footed rescuer in its efforts to arouse the other pilgrims. He removed the snow from their bodies, chafed their hands and temples, applied the cask of cordial to their lips, and helped them to an upright position. To Mary in particular he devoted the most loving care, and was overjoyed when she responded to his exertions.

"Drink!" he said, holding the cask to her mouth.

She obeyed, and afterward was so much resuscitated that she was enabled to assist him in reviving her blind guardian.

While they were so engaged the dog left them and ran off. It was gone for some time. Walter was beginning to despair of its return, when he noticed lights approaching through the storm. As they drew nearer he descried several monks forcing their way through the snow-drifts, led on by the faithful dog. The animal conducted them straight to the place where the pilgrims were snow-bound, and Walter was overjoyed to see that the rescuing party had brought litters and blankets along with them. On reaching the pilgrims, the monks wrapped them carefully in the blankets, and placing them on the litters, started off in the direction whence they had come.

The great convent of St. Bernard has been so often described, that it would be superfluous to draw a picture of it here. It will be sufficient to state that, during the period of the first Jubilee, it was at the height of its usefulness as a hospice. Within its immense stone walls resided a thriving community of devoted monks, engaged in the noble work of rescuing and sheltering wayfarers on their way to and from Italy.

On being borne into this building the pilgrims were given the tenderest care. Strengthening cordials were administered to them, and, when they were in a con-

dition to warrant it, they were supplied with nourishing food, and afterward placed in warm beds to recover from their exhaustion.

After a day's repose in the peaceful convent, the pilgrims once more took to the road. They left the convent before sunrise, passed the morning among the clouds, and, in the afternoon, began to descend into the plains of Italy.

They had left the region of perpetual snow behind, and were winding their way down into a land of vineyards and sunny slopes; the sun was declining in the west, and the shadows were beginning to lengthen, when they sat down by the wayside to rest. It chanced that Walter and Mary were sitting apart from their companions and were beyond their hearing.

"Mary," said the youth, "we have passed through many dangers together. You have been confronted with perils and difficulties that might well have tested the courage of the bravest man; yet I have never seen you falter or your trust in God waver. Is it a wonder then that you have grown inexpressibly dear to me?"

She looked up at him with a charming blush.

"It pleases me to hear you say so," she answered, "for I have learned to esteem you also. We shall always be the best of friends, I hope."

"Friends?" said Walter. "Why, we were that from the time I rescued you from the robber baron's castle. When I said you were dear to me, I meant something more than friendship," he added. "I adore you, Mary, and would have you for my wife. Tell me when we have completed the vows of our pilgrimage, will you not consent to share my future lot?"

She looked down and began to tremble.

"Oh, Walter!" she answered sorrowfully, "why do you ask me that? Why can you not remain my friend? It grieves me to say no; but I must. I can never

marry any man, dear Walter, for I have vowed to devote my life to the noble man who rescued me from my wicked aunt. He is old, he is blind, and it would be wrong for me to selfishly abandon him. Consider what would become of him were I to leave him now ! ”

Walter was silent.

“No,” she went on, “I cannot, will not abandon him. He has been like a father to me, and I love him with a daughter’s deep affection. So, I pray you, do not speak to me again of marriage, for it fills my heart with pain.”

When she had finished, she dropped her face into her hands and broke into a passion of tears.

Deeply touched by her distress, Walter begged her to forgive him, saying :

“I did not mean to hurt you, Mary ; forget what I have said.”

And from that moment until they arrived in Rome, he never broached the subject of his love to her again.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ROME.

As they drew nearer and nearer to the Eternal City the road became more and more densely thronged with wayfarers. They overtook bands of confraternity pilgrims at every few miles. They were of all nationalities—English, German, French, Spanish, Poles, Danes and Scandinavians.

Some of the companies had the appearance of armies; for thousands marched in line under their crosses and banners. The inns along the road were unable to accommodate so vast a throng, and the wayside fields were converted into improvised camps. In the morning and evening these camps resounded with sacred chantings. The very atmosphere seemed pervaded with religion.

Now that they were traveling through a safe country, the pilgrims held aloof from associating with other wayfarers, finding it more convenient to continue their journey alone. They passed through

picturesque hamlets and villages, between highly cultivated fields, and across broad savannas dotted over with browsing kine. For they were traversing the garden region of the world. Day after day they pushed on slowly, rendered indolent by the balmy influences that surrounded them, and at last neared their journey’s end.

One afternoon at sunset they emerged from a grove of olives and came suddenly within view of the Eternal City. At that period Rome was insignificant in point of population, numbering only about twenty-five thousand souls. But it contained many magnificent buildings and was the capital of the Christian world. Those who approached it from the north could see the gilded dome of St. Peter’s and the immense black citadel of St. Angelo’s Castle rising grandly against the sky.

On beholding them, the pilgrims were overwhelmed with awe.

“Look ! ” exclaimed Master Grislet, reverently, “yonder stands the shrine of the great Apostle. How magnificent ! ”

“It is indeed a noble building,” remarked Luke; “but what is that great black tower rising to the left of it ? ”

“That,” explained Grislet, “is the Castle of St. Angelo. Originally built as a tomb for the Emperor Hadrian, it afterwards became the citadel of Rome. Many are the dark tragedies that have been enacted within its grim walls. Popes have been imprisoned there and murdered. In the time of the great Pope Gregory, Rome was stricken with a pestilence, and the Pope went forth at the head of a great procession to implore the Divine Intercession. While he was on his way to St. Peter’s, he chanced to look up at the battlements of the castle, and behold ! an angel stood there sheathing a bloody sword. Gregory knew at once that his prayers had been heard. From that moment the pestilence stopped, and the citadel has been since called ‘St. Angelo’s’ in commemoration of the miraculous event.”

While the draper was telling this story

the pilgrims drew near the Tiber and came to the entrance of the Ponte di St. Angelo, a noble bridge that spanned the Tiber near the citadel.

A vast concourse of people were crossing it. Joining the throng they passed over the bridge to the great gate on its opposite side. They entered Rome in the company of thousands of pilgrims representing every nation of Europe. Banners were above them; gilt crosses quivered in the light of the declining sun; fervid acclamations filled the air. It was like the triumphal entry of an army returning to Rome after a great victory.

"How inspiring!" exclaimed Walter.

"Ay, lad," returned the blind man. "I can not see the glorious sight; but my ears inform me that I am participating in an event that will live through centuries."

A moment afterwards the five wayfarers joined their voices to the jubilant shouting, completely carried away by the enthusiasm of those around them.

It was indeed an inspiring occasion. The pilgrims, who were entering Rome, had reached the end of a long and fatiguing journey. Many of them had come from remote parts of the world, from the wild northlands and the far Orient. Small wonder then that they celebrated the termination of their way-faring with demonstrations of gratitude and joy.

"Where shall we lodge?" asked Walter, as they made their way on into the city.

"The Holy Father, who has invited us hither, will provide for that," returned the blind man.

This proved to be true. While they were wandering in search of lodgings, an officer of the Papal household approached them, asking:

"Have you been provided with shelter, good pilgrims?"

"No," answered Walter, "we are searching for a hospice."

"Then come with me," said the officer, "I will find you one."

With these words he led the way through the crowded streets to a large building that was evidently a hospital and conducted the pilgrims into a small room to the right of the entrance.

"Rest here," he said, "until I return."

And he departed to inquire of the prior whether he could accommodate the little band.

He returned presently in the company of the venerable monk, who extended a hearty welcome to the pilgrims, and informed them that he could make room for them in the establishment.

The building under his charge was the immense *Hospital of Santo Spirito*, situated on the bank of the Tiber. This institution was founded in 1198 by Pope Innocent III. It comprised a hospital for every kind of disease, containing in ordinary times 1,620 beds. It also had accommodations for 450 sufferers from mental diseases, and to it was attached an asylum for foundlings. Over three thousand little waifs have passed through this asylum in the course of one year.

In the year 1300, as now, the person who wished to deposit an infant, rang a bell, when a little bed was turned toward the grille near the door in which the baby is laid. Close to this was another grille, without any apparent use. "What is that for?" you asked. "Because," it was answered, "when nurses come in from the country they might be tempted to take the children for money, and yet not feel any natural tendency toward them; but, by looking through the second grille, they can see the child and discover if it is *simplicato*, and if not, they can go away and leave it."

Pope Benedict VIII., in the year of the first great Jubilee, had converted this institution into a hospice for the entertainment of pilgrims. It could easily accommodate between three and four thousand guests. Walter and his companions were conducted by the prior into a large dormitory on the third floor, and shown the cots they were to occupy during their stay in Rome.



"Remember," said the prior, as he turned to leave them, "that you are the guests of the Pope. Do not hesitate, therefore, to state your needs, whatever they may be, and they will be satisfied to the best of our poor ability."

A short time afterwards the bell of the hospital announced the supper hour.

The pilgrims were shown into a large hall set with tables, and, in the company of a host of guests, partook of a hearty repast. Afterwards they visited a large church nearby, to receive the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, preparatory to paying their first visit to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul on the following morning.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### VISITING THE SHRINES.

When the pilgrims started forth the next morning, they found the streets of Rome crowded. A vast multitude was moving in the direction of St. Peter's to visit the great Apostle's shrine in accordance with their vows. The five wayfarers fell in line with this procession and marched on. After walking for some distance they came within sight of the splendid basilica.

In 1300 the church of St. Peter was not the immense structure that now stands upon the same site. But although not so vast in proportions, it was almost as imposing.

In 306, Constantine the Great yielded to the request of Pope Sylvester, and began the erection of a basilica on the spot where St. Peter was buried after his crucifixion. The Emperor labored with his own hands at the work, himself carrying away twelve basket loads of earth in honor of the twelve Apostles. Anastasia describes how the body of the great Apostle was exhumed at this time, and re-interred, in a shrine of silver, inclosed in a sarcophagus of gilt bronze.

The early basilica measured 395 feet in length, by 212 in width. Its naves were divided by eighty-six marble pillars

of different sizes, and it had an atrium and a *paradisus*, or quadrangular portico, along its front. Though only half the size of the present cathedral, still it covered a greater space than any mediæval cathedral except those of Milan and Seville, with which it ranked in size. It was surmounted by a magnificent gilt dome, and its interior was adorned with the most beautiful and costly works of art.

The pilgrims approached the magnificent door of bronze, that opened on the central nave of the basilica, and entered. Walter had heard of the marvels of St. Peter's church, and his imagination had been impressed by descriptions of it. But now, its interior burst upon his astonished gaze, resplendent in light and beauty, beyond all that his fancy had conceived. As he walked slowly up its long nave, empanelled with the rarest and richest marbles, and adorned with sculptures and paintings, and caught from the lofty arches opening views of chapels, tombs and altars of surpassing splendor, he felt that it was, indeed, one of the noblest works of man.

He associated himself in a spirit of reverence with the early pilgrims who had visited this magnificent temple; with Theodosius, who came to pray for a victory over Eugenius; with Valentinian, Emperor of the East, who came hither with his wife, Eudoxia, and his mother, Galla-Placidia; with Belisarius, Totilia and Caedwalla, king of the West Saxons, who came for baptism and died immediately afterward; with Cenred, King of the Mercians, who came to remain as a monk, having cut off and consecrated his long hair at the tomb of St. Peter; with Luitprand, King of the Lombards, Ina, of Wessex, who founded a church in Rome in honor of the Blessed Virgin, that Anglo-Saxons might have a place of prayer, and those who died, a grave; with Carloman of France, Richard of England, Offa, the Saxon, who made his kingdom tributary to St. Peter; with Charlemagne, who

visited St. Peter's four times, and was crowned in the basilica by Leo III.; and lastly with Ethelwolf, King of the Anglo-Saxons, who was crowned here, remained a year, and who brought with him his boy of six years old, afterward the great King Alfred.

Walter traversed the length of the nave without uttering a word. Walking in line with thousands, he advanced to the great open space beneath the gilded dome, that loomed like a firmament above him, and knelt before the high altar in which were enshrined the remains of the great Apostle. He was conscious of the hush and calm of worship, and felt in his inmost being a sense of vastness, splendor and of awe.

"Oh, glorious St. Peter," he murmured, "intercede for me. Restore to me my father!"

Then, having performed the prescribed devotions, he arose and passed on with the crowd.

On leaving St. Peter's church, the procession made its way to the great basilica of St. Paul, outside the walls of Rome. It was built in the time of Constantine, who erected a small oratory over the spot where St. Paul was interred. This building was enlarged into a basilica in 368 by the Emperors Valentinian II. and Theodosius. Every succeeding century increased its beauty and magnificence. The sovereigns of England before the Reformation were the protectors of this basilica—as those of France are of St. John Lateran, and of Spain of St. Maria Maggiore—and the emblem of the Order of the Garter may still be seen among its decorations.

As he approached the noble edifice, Walter was impressed with the loneliness of its situation, standing in solitary grandeur on the banks of the Tiber. As he passed through the portal he observed that no chapels, altars or mural monuments softened the severity of its outlines. Unbroken rows of columns along each side carried the eye forward to the great central object—the altar and its

"Confession;" while secondary rows of pillars, running behind the principal ones, gave depth and shadow, mass and solidity to back up the noble avenue along which Walter glanced. Slowly the procession passed up the aisle, and, when it came Walter's turn to prostrate himself before the altar, he again murmured:

"Oh, glorious St. Paul! Intercede for me! Restore to me my father!"

Thus the obligations of the first day in Rome were performed.

Being now free to visit other churches and shrines, the pilgrims returned to the city walls, passed in and made their way to the great church of Saint John Lateran, beyond the Cœlian.

The Lateran derives its name from a rich patrician family whose estates were confiscated by Nero, when their head, Plautius Lateranus, was put to death for taking part in the heresy of Piso. It became an imperial residence, and a portion of it was occupied by Fausta, second wife of Constantine. It was this which was subsequently given by Constantine to Pope Melchades, in whose reign the first basilica was built here and consecrated in 324. The church was overthrown by an earthquake in 896, but was rebuilt by Sergius III., being then dedicated to St. John the Baptist.

This second basilica was the one visited by the pilgrims.

Walter was impressed by its noble interior. He knew that it was the church in which a long succession of Popes had been crowned, and that several great councils had been held there. But the object which most appealed to his reverence was the ancient wooden table upon which St. Peter celebrated Mass in the house of Pudens. This table was enshrined in a splendid canopy, and served the purpose of the Pope's private altar. Another object which fastened his attention was a grand mosaic head of the Saviour, fashioned in the time of Constantine, in commemoration of a well-authenticated vision. It is said that on

the day the church was consecrated, by Pope Sylvester, the Redeemer appeared above the altar, looking down upon the congregation, and solemnly hallowing the work with His visible presence.

On returning to the hospital that evening, they were informed that, on the following day, all the pilgrims in Rome were to visit the Pope in the Lateran Palace, where he was to accord to them the privilege of ascending the Scala Santa, or sacred staircase, which at that period was preserved in the Papal residence. This famous staircase once belonged to the house of Pilate, and was ascended by Our Saviour on His way to judgment. It was brought from Jerusalem by St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, and has always been regarded with special reverence by Christians.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE PILGRIMS SEE THE POPE.

On the following day, therefore, having paid their visits of obligation to the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul, the five pilgrims started for the Lateran to receive the Papal benediction and to avail themselves of the privilege of ascending the Sacred Stairs.

They reached the palace of the Lateran early in the afternoon. An immense throng of pilgrims were standing in the plaza in front of it. Presently a window facing upon a little balcony was slowly opened and the Pope stepped forth, attended by several of his household. Walter observed that he was a stern-featured man of commanding presence. Lifting his hands above the people, he pronounced a blessing upon them, while they bowed their heads and knelt in reverence before him. This ceremony over, the Pope retired into the palace and appeared in the principal doorway a moment later to conduct the pilgrims to the Sacred Stairs.

With a feeling of reverence and awe, Walter fell in with the procession and began moving slowly toward the portal of the Lateran. Mary walked at his side,

leading the blind pilgrim by the hand, while behind them came Luke and Master Grislet, side by side. On passing into the palace, they proceeded along a noble hall to a corridor leading to the right, and came presently within view of the Scala Santa. Numerous indulgences have been granted by different Popes to those who ascended with prayer at every step. In the olden time public penance used to be performed by penitents while kneeling upon the steps the Saviour had sanctified by ascending. Thus the saintly matron, Fabiola, there appeared a penitent before the public gaze in sackcloth and ashes, in the year 390.

The Pope led the way and, on reaching the foot of the staircase, began to ascend the steps on his knees, with bowed head and hands crossed upon his breast, praying fervently. Behind him came the members of his household, followed by the pilgrims. As they ascended higher and higher, the multitude completely covered the structure, appearing like a swarm of bees settling upon flowers.

Presently Walter and his comrades reached the lower step and prostrated themselves in an attitude of humiliation. Slowly they mounted step after step of the hard stone, worn into hollows by the knees of thousands of penitents and pilgrims. At last they reached the outside of the Sancta Sanctorum, a chapel situated at the head of the Scala Santa, which is held so sacred that none but the Pope can officiate at its altar. It is never open to others, except on the morning before Palm Sunday, when the canons of the Lateran come hither to worship in solemn procession. Although the Scala Santa and its sacred chapel have long since occupied another building, the ceremonies attending a visit to them have not been changed. Then, as now, it was permitted to gaze through a grating upon the picturesque glories of the interior; its altar supported by two porphyry columns, and its beautiful silver tabernacle, which contains the precious relic that in-

vests the chapel with its peculiar sanctity—the portrait of the Saviour, begun by St. Luke and finished by an angel.

Here, in the time when the old Lateran palace was inhabited, the feet of twelve sub-deacons were annually washed by the Pope on Holy Thursday. On the Feast of the Assumption, the sacred picture used to be borne in triumph through the city, halting in the Forum, where the feet of the Pope were washed in perfumed water and the Kyrie Eleison was chanted a hundred times. This custom was abolished by Pius V. in 1566.

While the pilgrims were performing their act of piety, they refrained from speaking to one another. This was a hardship on the blind pilgrim, as he was obliged to dispense with Mary's descriptions to assist his devotions. When they returned to the hospital, therefore, he called her aside and begged her to relate in detail everything she had heard and witnessed.

The girl gave him a glowing description of the experiences through which they had passed and of the marvelous sights they had witnessed, and he was satisfied.

"Truly," he said, "Rome is a city of marvels."

During the days that followed they paid regular visits to the shrines of St. Peter and St. Paul in fulfillment of the vows of their pilgrimage and, when they had performed each day this duty, they visited all the basilicas, churches and other religious edifices then standing in Rome.

Meanwhile they were entertained magnificently by the Pope. Although Rome was thronged with strangers from every part of the world, accommodations were provided for them all. No one suffered from lack of attention, notwithstanding that they came unprovided with money.

They had been in Rome for over a fortnight and had visited the tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul the required fifteen times. The obligations they had come to perform, therefore, were accomplished.

As they had also visited every object of interest in the city, there was no reason for them to prolong their stay. In fact, the immense number of strangers who entered Rome daily rendered a long sojourn there impossible. Those pilgrims, therefore, who had gained the indulgence of the Pope by complying with the demands of the Church, found it expedient to leave in order to make room for the newcomers.

The five pilgrims were sitting together in the hospital, conferring on the subject of starting on their return journey as soon as possible.

"I think," said Master Grislet, "that it would be wise for us to leave for England to-morrow morning."

To this the blind man added :

"Ay, friend, it behooves us to do so. We have been entertained at the Pope's cost long enough. It would be a breach of hospitality to impose on him longer."

Walter and Mary were of the same opinion, but Luke hesitated to express his views. Noticing his reticence, Walter turned to him and asked :

"What say you, comrade?"

"That it is right for you four to return home to-morrow," answered Luke, "but for me there is another course of duty."

"Explain yourself," said Walter.

"I mean," returned the archer, "that I am too great a sinner to be satisfied with the penance I have done. I must make further sacrifices for my soul's salvation."

Walter looked at him in surprise.

"Ay, stare at me if you will," continued Luke, "but I mean every word I have uttered. I intend making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and we must part."

It was in vain that his companions endeavored to dissuade him from this pious intent. He remained proof against all their entreaties. So it was settled that the archer should journey to Palestine, while his four friends returned home on the morrow.

CHAPTER XV.  
FATHER AND SON.

While they were still engaged in the discussion, the prior entered, and, advancing towards them with a gracious smile, said :

"I congratulate you, good pilgrims, on having accomplished your vows and gained the great indulgences of the Jubilee. If it is your pleasure to remain in Rome a while longer you will be most heartily welcome to our hospitality."

"We thank you, reverend sir," answered Master Grislet, acting as spokesman for the pilgrims, "but we have decided to start for England on the morrow."

"As you will," returned the prior, adding, "but I would be loath to have you depart without showing you more special attention. Come with me, therefore, into the recreation hall, where I can entertain you for an hour with minstrelsy."

While speaking he led the way out of the dormitory into a lofty corridor, and ushered them into a large hall in a wing of the building, where a number of pilgrims were congregated.

"Be seated," he said, pointing to an unoccupied bench. "The minstrels will be here presently."

After a short period of waiting, the musicians made their appearance and took seats reserved for them on a raised platform at one end of the hall. They were provided with psalteries; dulcimers and bassoons, and there was one who carried a harp. On taking their places, they began to attune their instruments to accord harmoniously together, and as the harper ran his fingers over the strings of his instrument, it could be observed that the face of the blind pilgrim glowed with pleasure.

"Ah, a harp !" he exclaimed in tones of enthusiasm. "That is an instrument that always arouses tender recollections within me."

"What," cried Walter, "you are a lover of the harp?"

"Ay, lad," was the melancholy answer, "in my younger days I was counted a skilled harper."

"It is a divine instrument," said Walter.

"And a most ancient one," added the blind man. "We read in Scripture that King David was a harper, and doubtless the harp dates back to even a remoter period of antiquity. Alas !" he continued, with a profound sigh, "it is many years since I played it ; for King Edward has placed it under a ban."

At this point their conversation was interrupted by a burst of minstrelsy. The musicians had begun to play. It was a soft Italian air that first floated to the delighted senses of the auditors ; and then a sacred chant that inspired them with feelings of devotion. The third piece played by the musicians called for a solo on the part of the harper. He touched the instrument with rare delicacy, but he failed to bring out its sonorous qualities. The blind pilgrim was greatly agitated.

"The man is but a novice," he muttered, in tones of annoyance. "It is a fine instrument, but he lacks the craft to play it."

Suddenly he left his seat and groped his way toward the platform of the minstrels.

"Friend," he cried as he mounted it and approached the harper, "pray lend me your harp for awhile. I would fain try my skill at harmony."

Greatly wondering at his singular request, the minstrel surrendered his instrument to the sightless graybeard and retired to a place in the rear of the musicians. There was a momentary hush as the old man sat down to perform ; but it was followed by murmurs of admiration when his fingers struck a short prelude from the strings. For it was apparent that the instrument was now in the hands of a master.

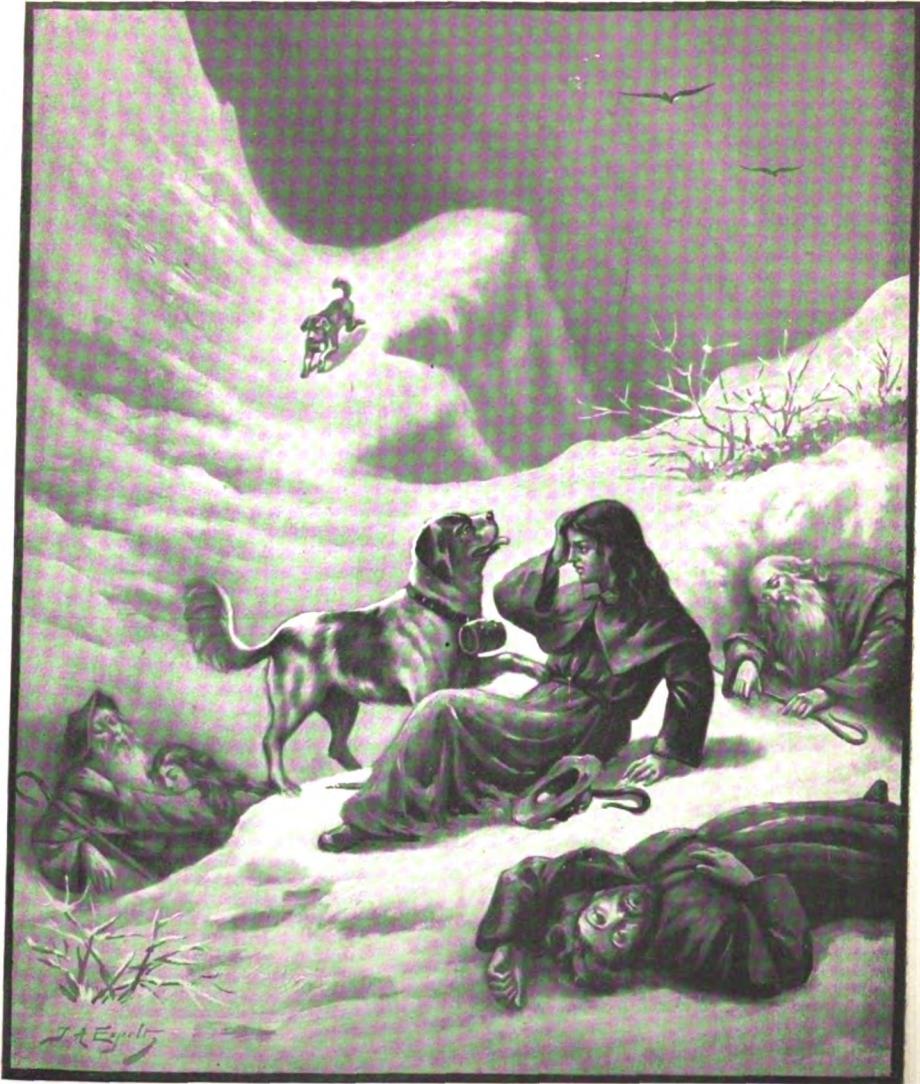
After playing a few fugitive snatches of minstrelsy, the blind harper suddenly trucks into a wild and inspiring ballad,

and, uplifting his voice, began to pour forth in the Welsh language a stirring and heroic narrative of the deeds of a great warrior.

Walter turned pale and trembled.

and turned his sightless orbs upon his questioner.

"I am a poor wanderer," he answered in quavering tones. "Why do you ask?"



"BUT THE TUGGING WAS RENEUED WITH GREATER VIOLENCE THAN BEFORE."

Then he gazed as one fascinated at the musician, and finally arose to his feet and tottered toward the platform, crying out :

"Who are you, old man? Speak !"

The minstrel stopped short in his song

"Because," cried Walter, quivering with excitement, "I had a father who sang the ballad you have just chanted. He was a bard in Wales, and fled from the hills of Snowden when I was a child, leaving me in the care of pious monks.

I have made this pilgrimage hoping that God would restore him to me."

The blind man gasped for breath.

"By what name was your father known?" he inquired faintly.

"He was called David the Minstrel," answered Walter. "Tell me, mysterious man, did you know him?"

The blind man staggered to his feet and uplifting his streaming eyes to heaven, exclaimed in a transport of delight:

"I am that man!"

In an instant Walter's arms were around him.

"My father! my beloved father!" he exclaimed fervently.

It would be impossible to describe the joy of the father and son at being reunited after so many years of separation. They embraced each other again and again, calling each other by the most endearing names and sobbing hysterically, while the onlookers withdrew to a respectful distance, regarding them with glances of surprise and wonder.

When their first ecstatic emotions had subsided, they retired from the hall to relate to one another all that had transpired since their parting years before in the hills of Snowden.

It appeared that Walter's father, after leaving his son in the convent, had fled to Ireland, from whence he had returned to England after a period of several years spent in perfecting himself as a scrivener. His subsequent life was uneventful, until the adventure occurred which deprived him of his sight and brought him the little maid to be his guide and companion.

"After that," he told Walter, "my life was varied with adventure enough. For I became a wanderer again and traveled through many lands. Ah, my son," he went on, "I could never tell you the comfort Mary has been to me! She is an angel, lad, and I trust you will always treat her as a sister."

"A sister, father?" said the young man modestly. "No; let me treat her

rather as a wife, for I love her with all my heart."

"And have you told her of your love?" asked the blind man.

"I have," was the reply.

"And what did she say, lad?"

"She refused to listen to my suit."

"Did she state any reason?"

"Yes, she told me she had vowed to devote her life to you; that she regarded you with the affection of a daughter, and would not abandon you while you lived."

David the Minstrel remained silent for a time, pondering deeply. At last he resumed:

"Does Mary love thee, lad?"

"Yes, father," answered Walter, "I believe that she does."

"And it is because of me that she has rejected you?"

The young man answered that it was.

"Then, tell the girl that I would see her," said his father.

In pursuance of this request, Walter departed in search of Mary and found her sitting with Luke and Master Grislet in the hall. She had evidently been weeping, for her eyes were red and swollen. On learning that the blind man wished to see her, she followed Walter into his presence, and stood meekly before him waiting for him to speak.

"Mary," he began, "do you love my son, Walter?"

She lowered her face, blushed crimson and answered faintly:

"Yes."

"It is well," he said.

Then he took her hand and set it in that of Walter, saying:

"Love one another, my children, and be happy."

What more is there to tell?

Within a week after reaching London, Walter and Mary were united in the church of St. Mary-le-Bow.

My Lord of Heresford found them a place in his household, while David the Minstrel became one of his pensioners.



# VANCOUVER ISLAND AND ITS MISSIONS.

1874-1900.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. A. J. BRABANT.

*Illustrated with Photographs taken by the Author.*

*(Concluded.)*

“**W**EWIKS,” an Indian boy, the son of parents whose great pride it was to entertain the tribe with food and presents and had only half fed and clothed their own children, got in trouble and died a few weeks ago. It has been stormy and dangerous-looking for me ever since, and I now have a paper on my table stating that, if I do not turn up and that my body is found with evidence of having been murdered, traces of it can be found on the lower limbs of the man who committed the deed. I have since the beginning of the trouble carried a revolver in my pocket with the object of wounding in the lower limbs, the man who committed the assault, so that nobody but the guilty party may be hauled up.

Wewiks broke into the store of a trader. He was condemned to six months' imprisonment, contracted consumption in prison, and died a week after his return home. Three days before his death his father came to my house and began to abuse and threaten me fearfully. I took it calmly and simply cast the blame on the one to whom it belonged, namely, the boy who had broken into the store. Just before leaving me the old man changed his tone and gave me to understand that my services as a priest would not be rejected. So I went over and prepared the poor young fellow for death. I was, however, informed that trouble was brewing and to be on my guard. The sick man had in his possession a brand new gun, and it was lying alongside of his bed. What was the use of his parents buying a new gun, when it was evident that their boy must soon die; and then, was the bed of the

dying man the proper place to keep the dangerous weapon? Such were the remarks which were made and thence the hints thrown out to me. I could easily see that my position was not a safe one.

Now, the evening before the young fellow died, a messenger, in the person of the sick boy's brother, came to ask me to go over to the house. It was dark, the Indians had retired for the night and the sick man was dying in a house away from the settlement, and had no company there save his wicked parents. A coasting trader was with me when the invitation was made. He jumped up as I rose to follow the messenger and entreated me not to go, that they were going to kill me, the last word I heard him call out being “Oh! Father, come back, for God's sake do not go!”

I knew that I was running a great risk, but how could I in conscience refuse to go and see a dying man? On my way I called on a man whom I could trust, and asked him to accompany me. He was quite willing, but how disappointed the sick man's parents looked when they saw that I was not alone! My presence as a priest was not wanted—not one of them spoke a single word to me—but they all entered in conversation with my companion, and so after a while I returned to my house with this one consolation that I had done my duty.

Wewiks died, but his people objected to having him buried from the church. They were bent upon making trouble. His body was placed on the branches of a huge tree, covered and decorated with blankets, and the famous gun is also in evidence as an ornament. All this is against the rules of the Christians and even the pagans, having for



some time since renounced many of their old customs, now found fault with the conduct of the bereaved relatives. But it is evident that this transgression of our newly established regulations was only made with the object of creating trouble.

The lamentations of the nearest relatives, their shrieks of despair and the expression of the wickedness of their hearts surpass all limits. They call me a liar and all sorts of names, the curses directed against me are of such a nature that the children and young people feel horrified. You can hear their maledictions against the poor priest from morning till evening, and for no other motive save that the man who had the boy arrested and punished was a white man like myself.

March, 1886.—For the first time in the history of the world was Confirmation administered on this coast. On the 28th of February, the Most Rev. C. J. Seghers, Archbishop of Vancouver, administered here in the Church of Hesquiat, this sacrament to thirty-seven adult Indians.

We had tried to give him a good reception as becomes a Bishop of the Church, and the Indians being now almost all Catholics, we succeeded to a great extent. You can now read happiness and joy on the countenances of these poor people who, a few years ago, were the slaves of pagan practices. The Bishop seemed glad to see that the work which we had commenced together twelve years ago, was at last becoming successful.

It is now only a matter of time to see the non-baptized Indians imitate their more fortunate friends. There is an element though of people who are still far from adopting Christianity. It is a family of chiefs who suspect that Christianity will have the effect of lowering them in the esteem of the other Indians of the coast. The idea of seeing people of low rank raised to their own level, as all Christians are alike, and have the same spiritual privileges, hurts their feelings. Pride is at the bottom, that Indian pride

which is among the greatest obstacles to the conversion of all Indian nations. But I must continue and try to get them all gathered into the fold. Things look well now, and I begin to enjoy some of the consolations of the priests of God who administer to civilized Catholic congregations.

On the occasion of his visit to the coast, the Bishop went to Kyuquot, where I accompanied him with Father Lemmens. We went on a schooner and were well received by the Kyuquot Indians, who had been duly prepared by their priest, the Rev. Father Nicolaye, who was glad to receive us.

The Bishop on this occasion blessed the cemetery at Kyuquot; thence we returned in canoe and visited the different tribes on our way back, preached to the people and baptized their children. We came near being drowned close to Bayo Point; but escaped as by a miracle; then we made our home for a week, on account of bad weather, in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound, where our provisions gave out; at last we managed to reach Hesquiat and enjoy a full if not a luxurious meal.

From Hesquiat we went to Ahousat, and the Bishop here made arrangements to appoint a priest for this tribe, where at one time I had built a chapel and dwelling rooms; thence we continued in our canoe to Clayoquot, where we saw the Indians. There my trip was at an end and after receiving the Bishop's blessing I bade him good-bye and returned to my headquarters in Hesquiat.

The next news which I received was that Father Lemmens was stationed in Clayoquot Sound and that my work was reduced to looking after the Hesquiat, Nootka and Matchleat Indians.

1887.—On the occasion of his last visit the Bishop made arrangements for building a new dwelling house, my old quarters having become almost uninhabitable. We therefore commenced work early in June. I had logs squared and ready for the men on their arrival and the



foundations were laid. The house was to be a log house with lining inside and rustic outside. The two white men employed did their best, but understood very little about building a log house. It took more time than we expected and was much more costly.

While this was going on, Archbishop Seghers was absent in Alaska and we were overwhelmed with grief when we learned in August that he had been murdered. The news was so unexpected and of such an unheard-of nature that my men dropped their tools in complete discouragement. We had no details, but the Bishop was dead and the news utterly upset us.

Most of my Indians were also absent; they had been induced to leave their homes and go to the hopfields on Puget Sound, Washington Territory. With the news of the death of our lamented Bishop came almost simultaneously the news of sickness amongst the thousands of Indians who were in the hopfields.

Later on some of the people began to come home, their children had died of measles. Others brought their little ones home, but they had the sickness with them. Having been exposed to the cold in their canoes, many died and those who seemed to have recovered became consumptive and soon followed the others to the grave. Before long I counted over forty children of Hesquiat alone who had become victims of the disease and had died. With my Bishop murdered and my young people dying around me, I closed this year with many, many sad feelings.

February, 1888.—Depression and gloom seems to be in the air all around. Most of the Indians have now come back to their Hesquiat homes. This used to be an occasion for rejoicing and good feeling. It is different now. From morning till night you can hear the women cry and lament; some of them express anger and passion. But it is touching and sad beyond expression to hear the young mothers who have lost their little ones

bemoan their loss. It would draw tears from the eyes of stolid men to see them in groups of three or four, with their eyes filled with tears, squatted before the houses and hear each one of them tell in song-like words that can be heard all over the village the greatness of her loss and the sufferings of her motherly heart.

The men also take part in the general mourning. Like the women, they clip their hair short, neglect their attire and seem to be deprived of all ambition. Some look morose and sullen, others are the picture of men with broken hearts.

It is terribly hard on me to be here just now, for one cannot help commiserating and feeling for his poor people. However, there is no use sitting down and crying. But the worst is that some of the pagans look very bad and by their conduct are very provoking. May this state of affairs soon cease and have no evil consequences!

June 5.—A couple of schooners called here for a crew and are now off to the Behring Sea on a fur-sealing expedition.

The news arrived that Father Lemmens is to be our new Bishop.

June 25.—Unexpectedly the steamer *Maude* called in Hesquiat harbor and I took passage on her and went to Victoria.

The steamer called at "Clayoquot Mission." I went to see the Bishop-elect, whom I found in his shirt sleeves, with an axe in his hands, splitting firewood. After taking a pot of coffee, which he prepared for me in good style, we talked the matter over and we left together for Victoria.

July.—Here the new Bishop-elect was welcomed by the clergy and especially the Very Rev. J. J. Jouckau, the administrator. This last-named gentleman was very weak and evidently suffering very much.

Rev. Father Lemmens objected to becoming Bishop, but he was eventually persuaded to accept and his consecration was set for August 5.

On the Sunday previous his adminis-

trator, the Very Rev. J. J. Jouckau, died quite suddenly and his funeral, at which I was made to preach, took place on the following Tuesday.

August 17.—Two days later I received word through the wife of the Indian agent for the coast, that a murder had been committed at Hesquiat; that the body of a little boy of four years had been found behind one of the houses, but that there was no evidence to prove by whom he had been killed.

This news spoiled all the pleasure and enjoyment of my presence at the consecration of the Bishop, when all the priests of the diocese met together. I went home with a crew of Indians who had specially come for me in a canoe. It was a long, tedious trip, all the more unpleasant as I could see the trouble I had before me on account of the murder.

August 21.—I arrived home shortly before midnight, and retired at once. About two o'clock A. M., I heard somebody knock at the door. I waited for another knock, but the visitor left.

Early next morning a man called Isiniquah came to see me, and as he began to say that he was falsely accused of being the murderer, I would not give him a hearing. Later in the evening he came again and asked me what the Indians had been telling me about him. But again I sent him off without making any statement.

The Indian agent called a couple of days later and went to Victoria to inform the authorities of the circumstances of the crime.

A magistrate and a couple of policemen were sent. Isiniquah underwent a preliminary hearing and was taken to civilization for trial.

Meanwhile the father of the murdered child arrived home from Behring Sea. I never in my life saw a man the victim of such a struggle to control his temper. However, he held out, and I heard him say in my own house to his weeping

wife: "Now let us not be oversad; if we are good we will see our little boy again in heaven." The tears came in my eyes and it struck me then that if I had had my troubles I had at least done some good by remaining and trying to do my duty.

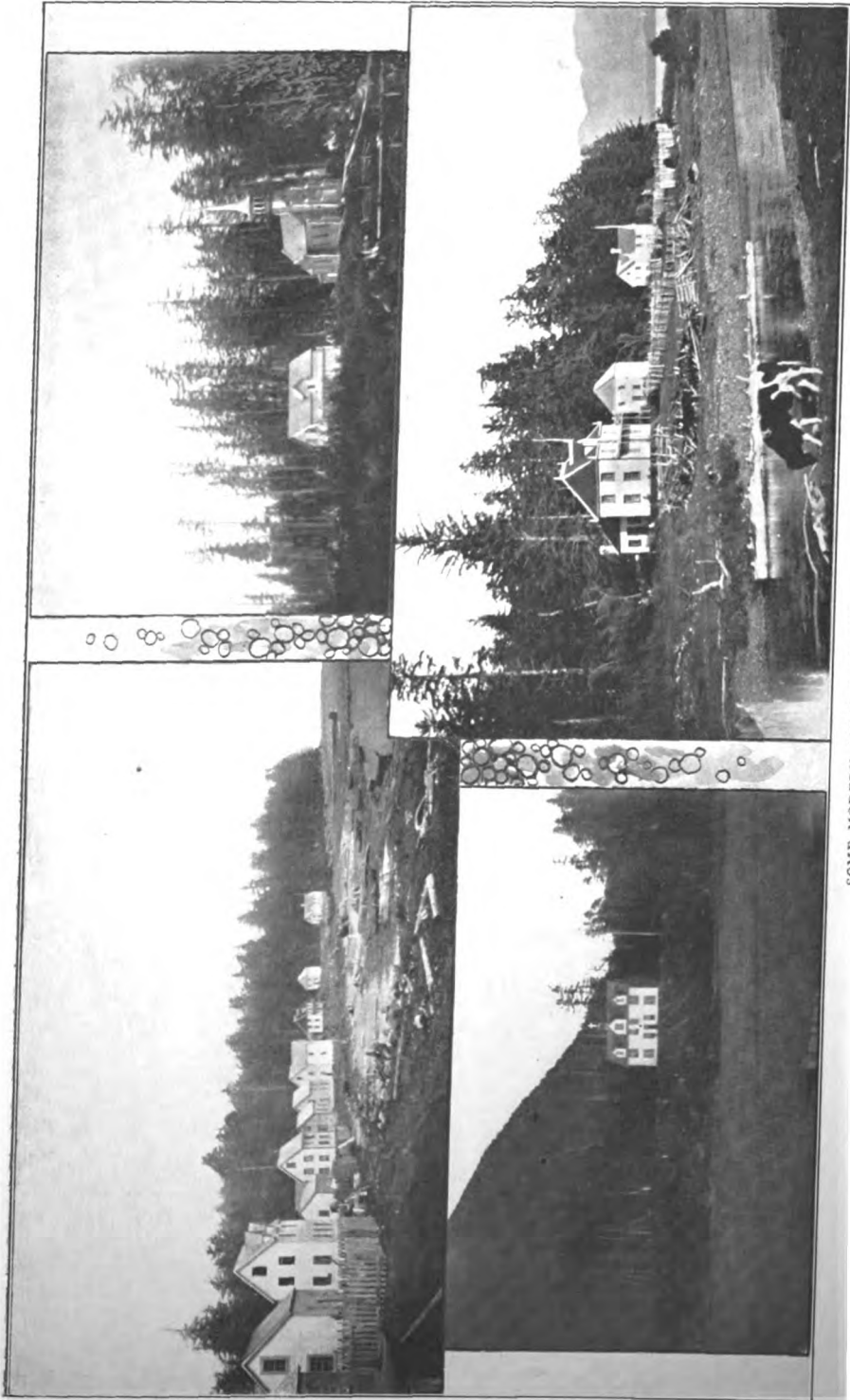
October 25.—The schooner *Kate* arrived here and had been chartered by the government to take the witnesses to Nanaïmo for the trial of Isiniquah. I received a summons to accompany them and act as interpreter, which I did, rather than pay a fine of five hundred dollars for non-attendance.

The trial came off in due time, lasted three days and Isiniquah was condemned to be hanged December 12th.

The Methodist ministers and one Presbyterian bigot got up a petition to have the sentence commuted, or rather, have the prisoner discharged. They considered it a piece of persecution and compared the proceedings to the proceedings of the "Spanish Inquisition." Their object at the bottom was, to gain the good will of the natives who were related to the murderer, excite them against the Catholic priest, and thus prepare the field to put a Protestant mission on the coast. This was the first attempt they made to intrude on our missions on that coast.

December 19.—Isiniquah was hanged on December 12th, after being duly prepared by baptism and instruction in our holy religion.

The motive of his crime had, presumably, been the fact that one of his children who had died of measles was called Moses, and the boy whom he killed had the French name Moise; this latter boy was the child of Michel, a good Christian. Isiniquah and his friends, according to an old pagan custom, wanted this man to give another name to his child on account of the similarity of the two names. Michel having refused to do so, the murderer availed himself of the absence of the parent and the grandfather of the boy in Behring



SOME MODERN ASPECTS OF THE MISSIONS.

Sea to get him out of the way, and he unmercifully took the little fellow in the bush, put his strong hand firmly on the mouth and nostrils of the child and then choked him to death. When the sentence was pronounced in court, a white, Catholic woman, the mother of several little children, was heard to say, "that a rope was too good to hang a man who had choked to death an innocent child."

When the time of going back to the mission had arrived, the government put at our disposition the schooner *Favorite*, (80 tons), Captain L. McLean. The Indians took along a supply of building lumber and other material with the object of improving their habitations and their mode of living. I had also on board several thousand feet of lumber and bricks for a new church in Friendly Cove, Nootka Sound. These Indians had for a long time refused my services as a priest, and, as they now had repeatedly asked me to do so, I concluded to build a chapel at their place.

After discharging men and freight at Hesquiat, at the request of the captain, I returned on board of the vessel, as she put up sail, and so we started on December 17th, about noon. The wind was favorable but there was considerable sea on and the weather as a whole looked bad. In less than two hours we were sailing into Nootka Sound. As we neared Friendly Cove, our destination, the wind abated and soon began to blow against us.

It was now dark and the wind shifting again it became favorable. I was down below when the captain, quite excited, came down, told me to put on his "mackintosh" and follow him on deck. He wanted me to act as interpreter. There were two Indians on board whom he could not understand, but, being of this district, he wanted them to act for us as pilots. The captain had been only once before in Friendly Cove, and, the weather being so very thick, he was not sure that he could make the harbor. The rain fell in torrents and the wind

blew a hurricane. I now stood against the mainmast and the Indians were giving their orders, which I interpreted for the captain. The skipper had his misgivings about the directions given by his Indian pilots. But he followed them.

. . . The Indians knew the entrance to Friendly Cove. Yes, that was the cove. But it was not the cove . . . it was a small bay, close to the entrance of the real harbor, which we had to make; and the *Favorite*, having sailed in at full speed, was before long looked upon as in extreme danger close to and touching the rocky shore. The would-be pilots were despondent; the skipper kept cool and ordered his sailors to run lines on shore, fasten them to the rocks and then try to keep the vessel from going to pieces. I heard him make only one sour remark and he did so in a solemn, stern way. "I could," said he "shoot those sons of savages as they stand in their boots." The mistake was they wore no boots.

The sailors, after fastening lines to the rock to keep the vessel from striking, came back on board and began to put their clothes and belongings in their traps and bags to have them ready when ordered to abandon the vessel. As for myself, I was advised by the kind captain to turn in, if I wanted a couple of hours' rest. But how could I do so with my shoes full of water and on a vessel that might go to pieces at any time? That night was a dreary one for us all, as the vessel began to roll on the rocks and keeled over considerably. Early in the morning, as the tide came in, she slid down from the boulders and finally was afloat again. The men, later in the day, hauled her out from her dangerous position and anchored her in Friendly Cove. She was damaged very noticeably and from the very start she took in quite a deal of water.

The next six days were spent in Friendly Cove — about the most dreary days I have spent in this worldly sphere. There were no Indians around,

the weather was bad and everyone on board seemed dejected and downcast.

However, we made a start for home on Friday—a week since we had entered Nootka Sound—a light, northerly breeze was blowing, hardly strong enough to move us out of the channel. When the everlasting easterly (toochi) wind sprung up, it favored us for a time. At four o'clock P. M. we were off Hole-in-the-Wall, at the mouth of the great harbor.

But the weather looked thick and the captain determined to "lay to" that night. I forgot to state that as soon as the vessel began to roll, her pumps were called into requisition every fifteen minutes and an amount of water came forth each time.

Meanwhile the *Favorite* was drifting southwest; the wind increased as night advanced, and about ten o'clock the second mate came down, drenched with rain, and reported, for my consolation, that we were drifting to the southwest like a "bundle of straw." Later, at the shift of the sailors' watch, I overheard a secret conversation which was to the effect that, if they ever got into port, the sailors would abandon the vessel and get to town the best way they could, rather than stay on the leaking craft.

Further details would be superfluous. Suffice it to say that for a whole week we were in a continuation of gales of wind and rain. The sailors were at the pumps day and night. The waves rolled right over the vessel . . . the mainsail was split to atoms. . . .

At last a westerly wind came to our assistance, land was sighted and after sailing a full day before the wind we at last cast anchor in Hesquiat harbor. According to our captain's reckoning we had been blown a hundred miles from shore and out of our course.

We had a fine Christmas—all the savages of this neighborhood were present, all the Christians went to Confession and those who had been accustomed to do so received Holy Communion.

Close of 1888.—There are now in

Hesquiat only three or four families of real pagan Indians and a few old men and women. The rest of the settlement are Christians—some of them very fervent, the others less so; yet always attentive at church and of good behavior.

1889. May.—The old chief Townsien, the father of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, and who was accused, for plausible reasons, of having encouraged his son to commit the deed, died here the other day. The old man had a better chance than his son, who had died unbaptized and impenitent, to meet his Maker and Judge. For several years he had been a regular attendant at church, was an example to his subjects and was baptized and received all the rites of the Church before his death. R.I.P.

August.—I built a new chapel in Friendly Cove for the Nootka Indians. I employed three Indians to help me. I did the carpenter work myself. The Indians made shingles and generally helped me to put up the building. It is a very neat structure, but the inside work is not finished for the want of lining. As soon as possible I assembled the people and baptized their newly-born children. I then left them for the winter season. As I was preparing my canoe to return to Hesquiat, most of the people made also arrangements to go up the rivers for the salmon season.

1890.—I saw the Nootka Indians, stayed with them a short time and then went on a voyage to Europe—the first since my arrival in the country twenty-one years ago.

November.—I returned from the old country, where I had spent four months, and secured the necessary funds for a new church in Hesquiat. It was about time to move out of the old building, for it had become a complete wreck. It rained on my head as I was saying Mass, and the floor of the body of the building was covered with water. It was the poorest church in Christendom. One of the fruits of my European voyage will

be the possession of a better place for Divine Service.

1891, March.—Two French Canadian carpenters arrived here last month on the schooner *Favorite*, loaded with building material, in order to build our new church at Hesquiat. On account of the general boom in British Columbia the wages are very high, my men being paid three dollars and fifty cents per day (each) and their board. The plan of the new church was made by Stephen Donovan, of Victoria, but was considerably modified on account of lack of means to put up a building such as he had designed.

October.—I understand that a young man representing the Presbyterian Church of Canada has taken up his residence at Alberin, Barclay Sound, and has been introduced by the Indian agent to the natives of that district.

1892.—Some of the Indians are not behaving as well as they ought to do. Their contact with the sailors on the leaking schooners has a bad effect. It is too bad that after all the trouble I have had a class of white men, who ought to know better, should excite them against me; and yet only for my presence on the coast their life and property would not be safe. Satan has more than one means to pervert good people and hinder the work of God from going ahead. In the present case so-called Christian white men are his chosen tools.

July.—There is great excitement here since several days, and the old pagan people are exceedingly provoking. It was known all along the coast that Antonin, the young chief here, and the son of Matlahaw, the would-be murderer, was sick and sinking fast of consumption. The young man, a good lad, was preparing for death as a Christian. Now the chiefs from the neighborhood sent medicine-men and medicine-women to tempt him and make him renounce Christianity and have recourse to the old superstitious practices. All their efforts were of no avail, and the young lad died after re-

ceiving the last rites of the Church. He was buried in the cemetery with grand solemnity, but the old people objected and used every means to prevent it. Being defeated in this matter they insisted that the house of the young chief should be broken down and burned. This was always done in the case of anybody dying childless, especially if the departed was a chief. At first I objected, but as the aunt was willing to allow the movers to have their own way I withdrew my opposition. And so the young chief's house, which he had built and intended to occupy as soon as he was married, was torn down and burned on the beach. The Hesquiat have no chief again. The aunt of the departed boy will now be considered as occupying the dignity until her infant son becomes of age.

February, 1893.—The Right Rev. Bishop Lemmens paid his first visit to the Indians of this district. As the Bishop had not given notice of his arrival, no reception was prepared for him. Most of the Indians were absent, but when they heard of the presence of His Lordship they all came to the mission and on Sunday, January 29th, were all present at the blessing of my new church in the morning and the blessing of the Stations of the Cross in the afternoon.

As a piece of bad news the Bishop told me that the Methodists were preparing to put up a mission in Nittinat and had obtained a grant of five hundred dollars from the Dominion Government for missionary purposes. They had asked and obtained the grant for the building of a school, but of course with them that also means a meeting-house or a church.

December.—My people this year have had considerable sickness in the village and many deaths have occurred. It casts a gloom over the place. Otherwise the outlook is good.

July, 1894.—During my absence a party of Indians from the State of Washington came across the Straits of Luca with a supply of whisky which they in-

tended to dispose of in Hesquiat. As soon as the presence of the liquor in the settlement became known, three of my Christian Indians went and took it away and secreted it in one of the rooms of my house. I reported this to the Indian Department and the men, who had acted so judiciously in confiscating the vile spirits, received each a reward of twenty dollars from the Dominion Government.

Very touching stories reached us from Nootka. The Indians of this district, having refused my services as a priest for a long time, are not as well instructed as they might have been. They were not of real bad will, but the chief having lost his only child the whole tribe went in mourning, the consequence being that they excluded not only their games but also the practice of religion. So that on one occasion as I presented myself I was told in the name of the chief, a true pagan and bigamist, that my presence was not required. Since then, however, they have sent for me and seem to be well disposed again, as I had occasion to notice when I visited them last.

One of their young men, having been sick a very long time and feeling that his end was coming, sent for his nearest relatives. This is usual with all the Indians of this coast and the scenes that are then enacted are sometimes most touching.

The patient is duly prepared for the arrival of the visitors. One comes in after the other, the men stoically, the women with a sad face and a weeping voice, nod their heads to the patient; then when they are all seated they all begin to cry and lament and wail. The noise which they make as they all join in the songs of grief must be a torture to the dying relative, but it is meant as a compliment and it is taken as such; it is a matter of pride and deep consolation to the living when not only near and distant relatives call, but especially if the chief and his subjects related to the patient extend a visit of condolence. After death it is always remembered who

did and who did not call and the feeling of the living is good or bad toward their neighbors in accordance with the fact that they have or have not performed this act of etiquette.

After a spell of crying and lamentations speeches are made by the chiefs telling the patient to have a good heart, reminding him of his acts of daring and his success as a hunter, etc., when all begin to retire, leaving only his nearest relatives to whom he expresses his last wishes, the disposition to be made of his worldly possessions and many other matters.

In this present case the poor young fellow, after the above scenes and formalities had been gone through, being now left alone with his mother, his step-father and a half-brother, gave orders to count the money which he had still left. He had been a great sea-otter hunter and very successful, especially the last season. He then sent his half-brother for a suit of new clothes which he put on—the Indians always put on to the dying their best clothes and blankets. Then he sent for another suit and underclothes. The trader told me that he spent over one hundred dollars for wearing apparel in his place, and the orders of the dying man were that what he could not put on should be enclosed in the coffin or box in which his body was put for burial.

It is a very curious custom, but in most cases the coffin of the Indians contains not only the body, but also a great many things dear to the dead one, such as clothes, toys, money, his own and also blankets presented for the purpose by his friends. His favorite dog is killed, his canoe split up, his watch or clock destroyed; anything and everything that would remind the living of the dead relative is done away with and gotten out of sight. As noticed already, articles or parts of articles having belonged to an enemy are also very often enclosed with the body, the idea and belief being that such a proceeding will have the effect of



causing sickness and death to an adversary.

The other case referred to was that of a young man whose two little children had died before him. He evidently expected to join them in the next world, for shortly before his death he sent a messenger to the nearest trading station with orders to buy such and such toys, at one time dear to his little ones, and he ordered them placed in the coffin with his own body the moment his death would occur.

This was an old practice and the fact that it existed before the arrival of a priest on this coast proves that the natives believed in a life after this life. Were they not ahead of some of our civilized would-be scientists?

✧ 1895.—Our Indians all over the coast are well disposed; the people of Hesquiat, with the exception of some old men and women, being Catholics and most of them very exemplary.

This being known seems to have excited the Presbyterian and Methodist denominations, and their efforts to invade the coast are very pronounced. Now that the Indians are more than half-civilized and are withal peaceable and docile, the sects will come and give us trouble. A monthly steamer now also visits the coast, as the government has established a Scandinavian settlement at Cape Scott, the northern end of the island, and bound itself to carry the mails and provisions once a month. With these facilities of travel and the peaceful behavior of the natives all along the coast, the zeal of the Protestant ministers has grown to the extent that they now have established themselves at different points on the coast. When a man's life was in danger and when the only means of traveling was an Indian canoe; when the mails reached us only once or twice a year . . . we were welcome to do alone the work of converting the natives; but now with the present facilities and the absence of danger, the ministers come in sight to give us trouble and to pervert our Indian children.

After mature reflection I made up my mind to propose to our Bishop a plan for his approbation. I would build in a central part of the coast an industrial school for boys and girls.

August.—We had a retreat for the clergy last month. All the priests of the diocese were present. Before returning to my mission I spoke to the Bishop of the idea of a boarding-school for our children. His Lordship called on the Indian agent, who promised that he would obtain a grant for the support of the teachers and children from the Dominion Government. Next I was sent for and this same agent urged me to put up the buildings at once, and said that as soon as the school was occupied a per capita grant would be available.

Everything we asked for was promised by the agent, and so I returned to my mission, rejoicing in the thought that the efforts of the Protestant ministers would be unsuccessful. If we could keep the children from perversion, our position was safe.

I am now sorry to put on record that, per letter from the head of our diocese, I was yesterday informed that I must abandon the idea of having a boarding-school which, in my mind, is the only means to save the fruits of my labors of more than twenty years. But, it is so! I must submit and be resigned to the regulations of the one who rules over me—my Bishop.

1896.—A young man representing the Presbyterian Church is now stationed in Ahousat. He is a school teacher by profession, but he holds divine service on Sunday. He established himself between two missions having a resident priest. He will do nothing himself, but he will report as a credit to himself, any improvements these Indians will make, and yet all the credit will belong to the example of my people in Hesquiat, and that of the Clayoquot tribe. And the poor little children so anxious to learn to read and to write will be perverted without noticing it.



1897.—News has reached me that Bishop Lemmens died in Guatemala. So then we are again without a Bishop. It is reported that he died of the fever of that swampy country, where he had gone to collect funds for his new cathedral in Victoria. R.I.P.

1898, February.—This year opened with sickness in the settlement. Whooping cough was brought here by a family of visiting strangers. They were here several days and their children having the whooping cough communicated the dreaded disease to our children. I have my hands full just now.

February 15.—To-day, after a spell of vain-glory, I feel terribly disappointed. Here are the details: The night before last I was called out about midnight to visit the child of a young couple. They wanted medical treatment for the coughing infant. It was a dark night but the sky was cloudless. So then I took my lantern, whistled for my dog and wended my way in the direction of the village. I noticed a light in some of the houses, for there was sickness in almost all of them. The wolves were howling in the distance, and the Indian dogs were barking at the rising moon. The sea was breaking against the shore, but there was not a human soul to break the solemnity and the monotony of the midnight hour. Oh, what a wild, lonely country this is after all! In the home I was impatiently expected; the grandparents, four of them, and the young mother looked up to me with eyes full of tears. . . The child was very bad; the chest and lungs very much affected. I administered the usual remedies and returned home with the expectation of having another funeral. Yesterday I went over again; my patient was much better and likely to recover; this made me feel good and the thought of vain-glory got the best of me. To-day I feel bad; the child is dead. This morning, as I went to church to ring my bell for Mass, I found under the bell-tower a small box containing all that was mortal of the dear little child whom yes-

terday I prided myself on having treated and restored to health.

April.—I lost a few days ago one of the most sensible and most pious persons it has been my fortune to have in my parish. This woman for several years refused to become a Christian and gave as a reason that she was afraid that she might be tempted and return to the old pagan practices. She was converted at last and from the day of her reception in the Church by baptism she attended Mass every day of the week and was at church every Sunday twice. She had made her first Communion and was confirmed; and as her son was inclined to be wild and thoughtless she never ceased to warn him. Her last message to her family, was to remain faithful to and follow the instructions of the priest. She received the last sacraments and oh! how touching it was to see her with her beads in her hands; and when she could not speak any more raise up her hand and point her finger towards heaven! The faith of those people and the trust they have in God at their last moments are worthy of all admiration. I have assisted many good people at the hour of death, but I have never been so much edified as when I assisted this good woman a few days ago.

She was buried on Sunday morning at the parochial Mass. Her husband with his beads in hands said the prayers aloud, to which the rest of the people answered. I attempted to say a few words, but the sadness in the church was such that I broke down and cried with the rest. Such a scene of sadness and the feelings of sympathy expressed by the good people cannot be described nor even imagined by anybody who was not present at the funeral last Sunday morning. God rest the good Indian woman and may she pray for us!

May.—The rumor which reached us some time ago that we have a new Bishop proves to be true, for I have just received a letter from Rev. A. Christie, of Minneapolis, inviting me to his consecration,

which is to take place on June 29, in St. Paul, Minn. I know nothing about Father Christie. But I wrote a letter of congratulation to him and bade him welcome to Vancouver. *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini, and ad multos annos.*

August.—Bishop Christie was consecrated in St. Paul, Minn., June 29th, and arrived in his new diocese on the 5th of August. He received a grand reception from the people and his presence made a good impression on them.

With new courage and the prospects of an early visit to our missions by the new prelate, I returned to my house in Hesquiat and began at once to prepare some of my people for Confirmation.

1899.—I received a letter from Bishop Christie with this message: "Come to Victoria at once. I want to consult with you about building a boarding school for the Indian children of the west coast. I have just returned from Ottawa and have obtained a per capita grant from the Government for fifty children. If we do not accept the grant it will be given to one of the sects; your children will be perverted and you will lose the fruit of all your labors."

Since Bishop Lemmens had abandoned the idea of such a school, as I had proposed to him five years ago, I had never mentioned to him the advisability of the undertaking since that time. It must have become evident to the priests nearer to the Bishop than myself that the work was a real necessity for the salvation of our Indian children.

In Victoria the good Bishop Christie explained all his plans. "But," said he, "Father, we have no money to do the work. However, let us commence at once, *Deus providebit*. Return to the coast at the first opportunity, choose a central location and I will send up lumber and men to do the work."

I went back a few days later and chose Clayoquot Sound as a location easily accessible to all the Indians of the coast.

At the foot of a mountain in Deception Channel I found and secured a large piece of table land open to pre-emption and away from all Indian settlements. It is fifty feet above the surface of a fine bay which at low water has a sandy beach of more than twenty acres—a magnificent playground for the children. It is also in proximity to another bay, a real clam-field, so that with a bay swarming with salmon and other fish and a large field of clams, the expense of supporting the children will be considerably reduced and their health will be benefited, for all our people from their very infancy look upon fish as their main food and they acknowledge that without fish they cannot live and keep their health.

A few days later I received another letter from Bishop Christie, announcing that he was to leave us and go to Portland, Ore., as the successor of Archbishop Gross. The Archbishop-elect now told me again to go ahead with the work, insisting that if the school was not built now it would never be built, and that either the Methodists or the Presbyterians would get our grant and use it to pervert our Catholic children. In the course of conversation afterwards His Grace told me that he had talked the matter over with his Vicar-General, and they had come to the conclusion that as soon as the work was well started I should go abroad to collect the necessary funds. "And," said he, "Father, let us go ahead; the work of your life will be destroyed. It will be lost if we neglect this chance offered by the Government. We must put up the buildings and pay for them ourselves, but the Indian Department will by a generous yearly grant do the rest. I have ordered the lumber and the men will go up next month; but when the buildings are up, you will have to go East and ask the good people out there to extend to us a helping hand. And, Father, do not be uneasy; you will do well. The people out there do not know what you are doing for the salvation of souls; I

had no idea of it myself before coming here. Do not prepare any lectures, but speak to the people as you speak to us. . . . The priests will allow you to speak in their churches; whatever you get from their people will not affect them. I have experienced that myself when I was rector of St. Stephen's church in Minneapolis."

October.—Our school is now built. . .

1874-1899.

Twenty-five years have now elapsed since I first set foot on the western shore of Vancouver Island. When I first met the inhabitants of that desolate coast, they were savage, immoral and treacherous. Their dwellings were hovels of filth and misery; their attire a blanket of cedar bark, dog's hair or other inferior article; they were addicted to witchcraft and innumerable superstitious practices. All alone in the wilderness, deprived of the company of friends or white men, with no mails except once or twice a year, I have spent many mournful seasons without seeing any encouraging results of my arduous labors.

But God has been kind to me and has granted me the grace to persevere, and has rewarded my labors by the conversion of many of my poor people. With Christianity, they have adopted civilization. The people immediately under my charge are now, as a whole, docile and law abiding. They have used their earnings to improve their material conditions. They have built neat and clean dwelling houses; they dress well, both men and women, after the fashion of civilized people; they are regular at church and at the Sacraments. Visitors are edified to see them at church and do

not cease praising them for the spectacle they present when at their devotions. They look more like a congregation of white people than one of native Indians.

It is to be regretted that now, when these people have so much improved by our instructions, outsiders should come: that Methodist and Presbyterian ministers should intrude and sow discord amongst them. Yet it was to be expected, for it is their pride, not to civilize savage nations, but to pervert them, after the Catholic priests have converted them to Christianity, and sown the seed of civilization. Our case is not an exceptional one, but it is none the less saddening and painful.

However, with the grace of God, no means will be spared to protect our people. It may have been rash on our part to put up for our dear Indian children, with the object that they may not be perverted, the buildings of a central boarding-school for which we have to pay, although we have not the means. But under the protection of St. Joseph, and with the assistance of St. Antony, we hope to be able to secure the necessary funds to pay for the work just completed, the Indian Boarding School in St. Mary's Bay, Clayoquot Sound, Vancouver Island.

With the blessing of Archbishop Christie, and his best wishes of "God speed," I must now set out and ask the good Catholics of the Eastern States to extend a helping and generous hand to bring this work, in all probability the last of my life, to a successful issue.

A. J. BRABANT,

Hesquiat, W. Coast,

Vancouver Island, Canada.

October, 1899.

## AURIESVILLE.

THE VILLAGE SITUATED ON THE SCENE OF THE  
CAPTIVITY, MISSION AND DEATH OF FATHER  
ISAAC JOGUES AND RENÉ GOUPIL.

*By William Hickling.*

GRAND plateau, nobly rising  
Above the Mohawk vale,  
A richly vested altar  
Incensed by summer gale ;  
Where hymns to holy martyrs  
The bannered pilgrim thrill,  
Canonical thy verdure,  
O emerald Auriesville !

A sanctuaried upland,  
Yet once alarms of war,  
By savage cohorts sounded,  
Awoke the farthest shore ;  
But now where din of battle  
The woodland's recess smote,  
Sweet bells the faithful summon  
To prayer with silver note.

Here Jogues sublimely suffered,  
Here Goupil meekly fell,  
While fresh the glowing annals  
Their fadeless story tell ;  
And now they joy forever,  
The martyrs never die—  
Em-Paradised, benignant,  
They glad us from on high.

O Auriesville, transfigured  
By Mohawk's tranquil tide,  
America will own thee  
At last with sacred pride ;  
And strength and exaltation  
Shall come to pilgrim faint,  
Who 'mid the greenwood kneeling,  
Invokes a noble saint.





## REPARATION.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR OCTOBER, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

**R**EPARATION is the restoration of a thing to its original and proper condition. A house must be kept in repair or it will fall away in ruins; our bodily health and strength need constantly to be restored from infirmity and disease; our souls likewise need reparation for the loss they incur by sin. Life, therefore, is one long struggle to repair the dissolution and decay, which, in the moral as well as in the physical order, threaten every creature. Considering the defects and evil tendencies of our nature, the law of reparation is quite as obligatory on us as the law of progress. It may be more pleasing to our pride to speak of the progress and amelioration of our humanity than of the reparation of its disorders and malice, but true progress is impossible until the evils which grow out of these be repaired.

Even if these evils affected no one but ourselves we should still be accountable for their reparation. We owe it to ourselves to cultivate every faculty and good quality we possess. Eye and ear and tongue, intellect, reason and will, all the sensible and spiritual powers or virtues we can exercise are talents too precious to bury or lose, and we cannot afford to sacrifice one iota of the perfection of which they are capable. Charity requires us to keep what is necessary for our welfare; justice requires us to seek to regain it when lost. It is not enough to bewail lost time, wasted opportunities, neglected advan-

tages. We are obliged by the very laws of our nature to seek to repair such loss. This obligation impels us with much greater force when we recollect that our talents are gifts conferred on us by God for His glory and for the benefit of our neighbor. Were they entirely our own, or intended only for our own good, we might resign ourselves to neglect, or part with them without feeling constrained to repair the loss; but they come from God, and they are under the influence of His grace, they are all subject to His laws, and by His first and greatest law we must use them for His honor, and for the welfare of our neighbor, as well as for our own salvation. We are therefore bound both in charity and in justice to keep and cultivate them, and to repair, so far as it is in our power, every loss either of the gifts themselves or of the grace which is given us to control and perfect them.

Viewed in this light reparation is the life work of every human being. To restore our nature wounded by the sin of our first parents, and brought low again and again by our own voluntary loss of God's healing and supporting grace; to restore and maintain the order which should rule the relations of the spiritual and carnal elements of our composition, to check our wayward imaginations, to dispel the clouds of ignorance and to enlighten the darkness which blinds our reason, to strengthen our weak wills and gradually to approach in perfection the human creature which

came forth from God's hands, infused with His spirit, bearing His image, and reflecting from every feature the light of His divine countenance, all this is a work of reparation which requires more than human effort. It was to effect this reparation that the Son of God assumed our nature, "was made flesh and dwelt among us," not only to make manifest the perfect work of His Father in the creation of the first man, and make us long to be restored to our true dignity, but by His labors and sufferings to appease His Father's wrath, to satisfy His justice, to expiate our crimes, to conciliate His favor and to restore us to our lost estate, to share with us His own abundance of life and grace and merit, and thus to uplift our fallen nature, and dignify it so far as to make its weakest attempts at reparation satisfactory and consoling to its Creator.

*Reparator salutis humanæ* is the phrase which expresses best the work of Christ on earth, and since He died the years of our era are measured *ab anno reparate salutis*, from the year in which He restored salvation unto us. Hence to the motives of justice and charity, since Christ died to repair our fallen nature, we must add His friendship as a motive compelling us to take up this work of reparation. He was not content with restoring us to the life of grace, but willed that we should have it so abundantly that we might cooperate with Him in the work of reparation, that our merits might avail to satisfy Almighty God for the offences of others as well as for our own, and propitiate Him to be merciful to sinners, in view of our humble efforts to make reparation for sin. Lest we might doubt about this extraordinary power of our good works, Christ reveals Himself to us in Holy Scripture as yearning for the consolation of our sympathy and for our active cooperation with Him in repairing the evils of mankind. "I looked about for some one to console me;" "Could ye not watch one hour with me?" "And you, will you,

also, go away from me," are words which show clearly enough how much He prizes the satisfaction and comfort He derives from our company and cooperation. From time to time He has specially revealed to some of His chosen servants this same appreciation of the reparation we can make to Him, notably to Blessed Margaret Mary, whom he bade to repair, and to induce others to repair, the irreverence, sacrileges, coldness and contempt, in a word, the ingratitude shown to Him even for the sacrament of His love.

We may very properly, therefore, say of reparation what the Church sings in the Preface of the Mass of thanksgiving, that it is meet and just, right and salutary that we should at all times and in every place endeavor to repair the offences we have committed against God and the loss of His grace we have sustained thereby, and, so far as we can, seek to satisfy, console and propitiate Him for the crimes which others daily perpetrate to the injury of His Name and the loss of their own souls. Daily are men striving to shut out the light of their reason, to deny His existence and his power; daily are they falling away in despair of His mercy, or presuming on His goodness. In their hearts there is no true love for Him, and in secret they wish they could free themselves from a sense of His presence, His providence and power. His law they pronounce unreasonable and its sanction unbearable. His name and day and temple they ignore or profane. His image they have marred until His creatures are become to Him a source of disgrace instead of glory; drunkenness, cruelty, avarice and lust corrupt the bodies that were fashioned to be the temples of the Holy Ghost; hypocrisy, base desires, envy and pride enslave the spirit which He breathed into man. Truly His work seems lost, and the life and blood and death of His Son offered in reparation for all these evils, also seem lost, and we seem more capable of adding to the loss of His glory than of re-

pairing the evils which sweep as a deluge over the earth. And still Christ calls and His voice rings out in magnificence and power. "Come to me all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you." I will make you anew. I will repair your losses. You have lost the way, and truth has departed from the earth, and souls are dying in despair. "I am the way, the truth and the life;" "I came that you may have life, and have it more abundantly;" I came to restore the lost sheep of Israel. Although we are more concerned than He in the success of his great work of reparation, still He generously regards our slightest co-operation with Him not as selfishness on our part but as a consolation to His Heart which is yearning for our love and gratitude.

The duty of reparation is incumbent on all of us at all times and in all places. There is no one who has not some loss to repair, and even could we say that we have faithfully used every gift of God, we should by this very fidelity have come to appreciate His desire for our cooperation with Christ in repairing the evils of others, and our own great privilege in being admitted to share in this work.

No one can love Christ and live in a

world which ignores or denies His divinity without protesting against this infidelity and bravely proclaiming faith in Him; no one can hear His name invoked in contempt or derision without reverencing it in protestation against the blasphemy; no true friend of His can patiently witness the coldness with which He is treated in the Holy Eucharist, nor think of the sacrileges which are committed against this Sacrament of His love without making every effort to increase the honor, praise and benediction which should be His in the tabernacle, at Holy Mass, in Holy Communion. It is in this august mystery especially that God provides us with the best means of reparation, and the Church keeps this before us in her prayers, particularly in the Postcommunion of the Mass, in which we are frequently made to plead with God for our salvation in virtue of the work of reparation which this divine Sacrament, Christ our Passover immolated for our sins, operates in our souls. It is quite in accord with this spirit that we make reparation the special motive of our Holy Communions, and the uppermost purpose of our devotion to the Heart of Jesus, who has asked for this special manifestation of our love.

## AN ARTIST APOSTLE.

THERE is a famous sculptor in Paris at the present moment whose life ought to be an inspiration to Catholic workingmen all the world over. We do not know much of him here, but that may be our fault. Over in his own country, they know and admire him. Art pilgrims come from everywhere to study and imitate his works. The reproductions of them in bronze by the great founder Barbedienne was sufficient as far back as the Exposition of Moscow in 1891, to constitute the chief attraction in that portion of the art exhibit. We are yet slow in our matters over here.

"I have had hard times," this sculptor

said once, "and they came just when I thought I was going to succeed. An order was given me for an irreligious statue. It meant 10,000 francs and a decoration, but I did not answer the note, though I was hard pressed at the time. Then my dear wife fell sick and I had to take her to St. Malo. Just then I broke my wrist and was laid up for a year. I had my old mother, 82 years old, to support, and my wife and seven children, and I was very blue. But God and His goodness never die. The cloud is lifted now, and we are all happy."

The name of this splendid Christian is Alfred Caravanniez, a Breton name if



ever there was one. Writing of him, a friend says : " Do you want to hear tell of a true artist—a sound Christian, and a lover of his country? Well, he was born on the shores of the ocean. The storms of the Atlantic, as well as the cold blast of misery, rocked his cradle. But God watched over the poor little fellow, and put in his heart the love of the pure and the beautiful. He never thought, when he was a lad, scampering on the beach, barefooted and with his shirt open to the winds of the ocean, that the sacred flame which makes great artists was soon going to leap up in his heart." Evidently his enthusiastic friend loves him deeply, and is not afraid to let it be known. However, the ocean, which the boy used to look out on from the high rocks, was going to claim him for a time.

At eleven, he knew how to read and write, and after having tried five or six trades and left them, he said to his mother one fine morning : " Mother, I am going to be a cabin boy on the *Pie /X.*" She was a sailor's wife—a widow then, and doubtless love of the sea was in the boy's blood; so the poor dear woman gave him her blessing and let him go.

For six years he followed the sea, the servant of all on board, and working hard at his humble task; but his face was always gay, and there was always a song on his lips. In the storm, he made the sign of the cross and prayed to the Blessed Mother and thanked God when He stilled the tempest. At night, when his work was done, he went down with the cook to the galley, and they said the beads together. It is not surprising that the good cook became a monk soon after. The dear little "*mousse*" must have been a sweet and well-trained lad to love such ways amid the wildness of seafaring life.

But one day the thought came to him to make a statue like some of those he had seen in his travels. It came to him of a sudden and he could not resist the impulse. He took a stick of wood and

with his jack-knife carved out a head and eyes and face. He was thinking all the while of a little girl whom he knew at home and whom he used to notice, because she was as poor and as suffering as himself. He did not think then that he would one day lead her as a bride to the altar with the cortège behind him after the beautiful manner in which they have their weddings in Brittany.

After that there was nothing but statues and monuments in his mind, and when he came on shore and kissed his old mother the first thing he said was, "Mother, I'm going to be a sculptor." She thought the boy mad, at first, but planning and acting were close to each other in the boy's character and the next day saw him on the road to Nantes. In some way or other he got employment in the studios and remained there three years studying his profession. After that he started on his journey through the whole of France to see its works of art, its statues, its monuments and its churches of every style and of every age. He lived from hand to mouth, working where he could in modeling or chiseling, and everywhere found sympathy in words and acts.

He lived at Chalet for a year and when he was leaving, the artist whom he had worked for, a man of fine talent and great heart, when bidding him good-bye asked, "Where are you going?" "Back to Nantes where I can find employment." "Well, I am sorry to lose you, but here's your railroad ticket. I bought it for you. It is for Paris, however, and not to Nantes. Here's a hundred francs besides. You'll need it for a start. Good-bye, fear God and be an honest man."

So the young sculptor came to Paris. He worked all day in the studio and till midnight read in the Decorative Art School to form his taste. There he met Aimé Millet, who, quite taken with him, advised him to go to the Beaux Arts, promising to back him up in his endeavors; but slack times came and he set out for Rouen in search of work.

Rouen at first disappointed him sorely. Weary and footsore he tramped the streets, and one day quite discouraged, he entered the cathedral, not to admire, but to pray. At the door he met an old man who asked for charity. Charity from him; it was almost amusing. He had three francs and fifty centimes in his pocket; seventy cents in all. Fifty centimes would get him another day's food. He did not hesitate, however; his faith and his good heart would not let him, so he gave the beggar his fifty centimes and knelt before the altar.

Going out he passed down the next street, and came across a sculptor's studio. He went in and asked for work. He was accepted, to his great delight, and was given a Christ to work on. He did it and his employer was amazed. The poor stray was a master at his art and the pay was handsome.

There he remained for six months, scrimping and saving so as to follow Millet's advice to get into the Beaux Arts at Paris.

He starts for Paris sure of success this time, saying to himself and to others: "The charity I gave to the poor old man was a blessing for my whole life." He went straight to Millet, and at his suggestion made a statue called "The Oath," which he sent to the municipal council of St. Nazaire with a letter of Millet himself, who was President of the jury of the Beaux Arts. The work was admired by all, accepted by his native city, and he got for it the sum of twelve hundred francs, besides the glory.

His dream was realized. He was only twenty and found himself at the fountain head of all that is beautiful and pure and elevated in art.

He entered the studio of Cavalier and passed three years of labor and delight in literary, historical and esthetical studies, widening his artistic horizon, disciplining his talent and sinking deep in his soul the worship of pure beauty. He was always convinced that art should never limit itself to the mere expression

of human beauty, but should rise to the divine, in which alone the true principle of the ideal is to be found. Success rewarded his efforts. In the third competition for place, he came out first over two hundred competitors. As his biographer writes, "glory smiled on him," and, the Conseil Général of the Loire Inférieure gave him an annual income of a thousand francs. The great masters like Cavalier, Millet, Chapu, Barrias and others, expressed their delight and paid homage in public and private to their "dear Caravanniez," as they love to call him.

Such a man ought to be "dear Caravanniez," not only to the great artists, but to every honest Catholic artist and artisan, who, like him, continues to struggle in spite of difficulties, and who knows that "God and his goodness never die."

But it is not merely because of his confidence in God that this workman is an ideal to be imitated. He was apostolic in his work. He was a champion of the cause of Christ, and made an impression on the world with each stroke of his chisel. His marble lives and speaks for God.

Here are some of his works. When he was in Cavalier's studio, he happened one day to pass by the Cemetery of Montparnasse. He missed the cross on the gateway. He had saluted that cross every morning on his way to work. Astonished, he stopped and saw inside the graveyard a gang of men, half drunk and half clad, dancing about and shouting madly and singing impious and blasphemous songs. At early dawn these miscreants had executed or anticipated the orders of the administration, and had battered down the great Christ which from time immemorial had received the remains of the dead and given comfort and consolation to the living in their mourning and sorrow.

Just as Montalembert when a young man saw on the highway the ruins of a Calvary that had been destroyed and knelt

down in the dirt and kissed the pieces of the holy image and then consecrated his life to the defence of outraged religion, so Caravanniez vowed his life as an artist to the glory of Jesus Christ, and of His heroes and His saints, whom the world hated and despised.

As soon as he reaches his studio he sets to work. He busies himself in thought, works furiously at his clay and there springs forth a monument of reparation and glory. But it was only clay as yet. Six months after Cathelineau, the heroic peasant of the Manges, at the foot of a Calvary, his eyes on fire, his hands twitching, and his arm stretched out with the gesture of a king, to hurl back the soldiers of the Revolution who are striving to beat down the cross, starts all living, sublime and quivering with a holy rage from the soul and the chisel of the young sculptor Caravanniez.

His comrades, says his biographer, stood around the statue, amazed and astounded, and Cavalier said to his pupil: "You are a man of talent, Caravanniez, and of faith. If you continue this you will be one of my glories."

He made no mistake in saying that. This work, the first exhibited by the young artist of twenty-four, was noticed and rewarded by the Salon of 1881 and *The Radical*, a paper whose spite makes its testimony all the more precious, said of it: "The Cathelineau of Caravanniez is flighty and fanatical, but it quivers and lives."

After that he made great strides from success to success.

First of all comes "Charette at Lorgny," with his arm lifted, his sword high in air, calling to his Zouaves: "There is the enemy. In the name of Christ, forward!"

Then there is St. Ignatius Loyola, the unpopular saint, *par excellence*, in the eyes of the ignorant and deluded crowd; his right hand stretched out and the left pointing to the Constitutions of the Jesuits. The beautiful and splendid air of the saint extorts from *The Radical* this

impartial approbation: "Aside from all religious preconception, one cannot avoid rendering justice to the talent of the sculptor and admiring the expression given to the inspired and persuasive physiognomy of the founder of this persevering order."

"Persevering" is good and may apply to the artist as well as his hero. Nothing turns him from the path he has marked out for his life work.

At the Salon of 1883 he exhibited a statue of Anne of Brittany which the State (and note it was the State of 1883, which had no love for religion), bought without debate for 5,000 francs and sent to the Museum of Nantes, the native place of the sculptor.

After that there begins the series of his heroes and heroines of olden times, whom the artist wanted to make live again before the eyes and in the hearts of the people of to-day. They were to be placed on the four sides of the monument of the Comte de Chambord, and were to be colossal in size and in bronze. The whole country was eager to see them.

\*There is Duguesclin, the unconquered soldier, Charles the Fifth's faithful constable, on whose lips curls the half gay, half mocking smile so hard to characterize, but which marks the race of the hero.

There is the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, whose fiery glance made brave men out of cowards and who, if the stone could speak, would utter for this generation the knight's favorite axiom: "Without justice and without religion, kingdoms are forests full of brigands."

Among the heroines are St. Genevieve and Joan of Arc, both virgins, both saints, both soldiers, one driving the English from Orleans and the kingdom at the point of the sword, the other hurling Attila and his hordes back from Paris with no other arms than the wood of the cross.

These statues breathe grandeur, generous ardor and love of country. They live



and they make life spring up about them. By their truthfulness, their power of expression and the free-handed manner of their execution, they are like acts of faith, hope and love starting out from stone which bestows upon them a species of immortality.

One last word about his great Christ of St. Servan. The procession of Corpus Christi was coming on, and Caravanniez asked himself how he could honor in some public way the God of his childhood, his art and his life. A thought almost leaped into his brain and into his heart. There was a great mass of chalk before him. He sets at it with his chisel, he works without intermission from dawn till evening. The chalk takes form, lives, and in a few days, lo! a magnificent statue ten feet in height representing the Saviour teaching the multitudes. With a gesture of sovereign authority He points to the heavens while His lips seem to speak and to bless.

Finished Saturday night, the statue was exposed on Sunday morning under a vault of gigantic oaks centuries old. Be-

fore the image of the Saviour stretched the ocean as far as the eye could see, blue as the heaven above. More than ten thousand people gazed at the spectacle. Jesus seemed to have come in person in the midst of his people to teach them the words of eternal life. The emotion of those great throngs was indescribable.

This Christ cut in stone has since been placed in the Church of St. Servan and is the glory of the country-side.

And still he goes on working. He is only a man of 45 and with God's help has many a year before him yet for his apostolate. You will find him in the midst of his busts and statues half done or completed. He stands amid his celebrities living or dead, his bishops and soldiers and grand seigneur in marble or clay, a man of the people, the cabin-boy of earlier times, the hard-working artist through years of poverty and distress, never losing heart, always trusting in God, and making his daily work ever advance the interests of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

## THE PASSING OF ST. AIDAN.

*By the Rev. J. P. Jaggers, S. J.*

ON the mountain the shepherd was tending his sheep,  
Lest away from the shelter they strayed,  
For the chill-laden breezes were haunting the steep  
And the sun to his resting was laid.

He saw in a vision the city of gold,  
That hath of the starlight no need,  
Where the Lamb is the light of this white-stoled fold  
From the night of eternity freed.

Anon the sky gleamed with a flashing of light  
From the robes of the heavenly choir,  
Who, 'mid sweetest minstrelsy winging their flight,  
Were bearing a ball as of fire.

To the shepherd it seemed that the soul of a saint,  
Who the pathways of holiness trod,  
Whose heart never knew of defilement a taint,  
Had been carried by angels to God.

When the rose-flushed rays of the morning appeared  
Over the grassy hill-crest,  
From the lips of the sorrow-wrung shepherds he heard  
That Aidan had passed to his rest.



## EDITORIAL.

### EDUCATION.

President Hadley, of Yale, gives the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, for September, some very helpful advice on the matter of education. It is a little reactionary perhaps, but for that reason is all the more sane. "It must be constantly borne in mind," he writes, "that the training of the free citizen is not so much a development of certain lines of knowledge, as a development of certain essential qualities of character and habits of action." That is very comforting. Catholics have been always trying to impress that on the public, but no one would listen to them.

"Courage, discipline and loftiness of purpose," he continues, "are the things really necessary for maintaining a free government"—a gentle way of saying that morality is the basis and essential element in all education, and that without it the State must inevitably go to pieces. We would like a deeper, broader, a more practical and concrete morality than the kind here described, for "courage and discipline" are not always employed in the cause of righteousness; but "loftiness of purpose," no doubt, is a euphemism for the Ten Commandments. But "loftiness of purpose," unless supplied with solid reasons for action, is only vapid sentimentality, and will never stand the test of hardship or self-sacrifice. A man must have ingrained in him the knowledge of his duty to his Creator, must recognize that he is accountable to Him for the conduct of His life, be actuated by a fear of punishment if he is derelict, and be inspired and stimulated

by the certainty of recompense if he is faithful in what is set for him to do. He will not otherwise sustain that "loftiness of purpose" which is justly said to be indispensable if disaster is to be averted either in individuals or in States. In other words, a man must be moral if he is to be of service to himself and his country; and his morality must be intelligent and enlightened. Moreover, that intelligence and enlightenment which reveals for him the law of God written on his heart can only come through the medium of religious teaching, and hence religion, if our lives are not to be disasters, must enter in the very first place into educational training. He does not say all that, but we hope he means it.

Time was, he adds, when the courts, by their decisions, inspired the people with this loftiness of purpose, by grounding their decisions on the great ethical principles from which the laws emanated. Nowadays judges content themselves with citing precedents as guarantees of the soundness of their verdicts and views. Time was, when great orators, like Webster, Calhoun, Lincoln, appealed to something more permanent than personal interest, which unhappily is the rallying cry of most speakers of to-day. Finally the press, which could be such a mighty instrument in educating and elevating public sentiment, is guided, with but few exceptions, by a mercenary policy, and seeks only to make its publications business enterprises that pay.

To what extent this sweeping arraignment of the legal tribunals, political speakers and the public press may be true,

it is not necessary now to examine. What concerns us is that the writer insists that precisely because of this wholesale dereliction of duty on the part of these great agencies in modern life, the obligation presses with all the greater weight and cogency on institutions of education.

We agree with him, and especially so when he says very pointedly and very graphically that education should not be a "muck rake"—an instrument for hauling out of the heap or puddle something which will be of immediate marketable value; something which will be worth getting from a money point of view. Schools are not for that purpose. They are workshops of character, and it ought to be most encouraging for those who devote their lives to education, not for any pecuniary interest, but for the loftiest of purposes, to recognize that nowhere but in a Catholic school is that purpose realizable. The pupils are not merely bidden to be courageous, amenable to discipline and ambitious of lofty purposes; but they are put in constant contact with the Eternal Lawgiver who writes His command upon their hearts; they are shown the splendid examples of the saints of God, whose lives have been blessings to the world, simply because of compliance with those commands, and they are habituated from their youth to those sacramental helps by which alone "loftiness of purpose" can be maintained. If such an authority as Hadley can demand moral teaching, even though he calls it by another name, as the first requisite in education, we may cherish the hope that what Catholic educators are doing for the nation may one day be recognized and appreciated.

#### POLITICAL ETHICS WITHOUT CHRIST.

It is a noteworthy coincidence that while the distinguished president of Yale is deploring the lack of ethics in the teaching of sociology, political economy and civics, much of which he characterizes as pedagogical chaff, the equally distinguished Lord Bishop of Hereford in

England gives utterance to a similar lament in the August *Contemporary*.

The bishop is convinced that "whereas the private and personal morality of Christian countries has risen as never before or elsewhere, political moral standards rose more rapidly in Israel under the Old Covenant." The dear good Lord Bishop! How the Calvinistic predilection for Judaism asserts itself! More than that. He goes on to say that the Divine Founder of our religion deliberately confined His teaching to personal morals, because He was living under a heathen imperial government which would have crushed Him without mercy had He been suspected of any political or revolutionary aim. Hence He left politics severely alone, content to sow the seeds of new principles in individual hearts.

How amazing and how distressing is such a conception of Jesus Christ in any one, especially in one who professes to be a Christian bishop! But the Lord Bishop of Hereford is at odds in this particular at least with the Lord Bishops of the Old Synagogue, whose grievance against Christ was precisely that "He had forbidden tribute to be given to Cæsar and was stirring up the country from Galilee to Jerusalem." Christ certainly did not address Himself to the political ethics of Tiberius Cæsar, though He told Pilate clearly the origin and limitations of Cæsar's power. There was then no direct occasion for it, and Christ's words are never futile. But confronting the rulers and princes of the Jewish people, for whom His mission was primarily intended, He gave utterance to the most terrible words that ever left human lips in denunciation of their oppression of the people. Again in the council hall of Caiaphas, before the official body of Sanhedrim, he flashed before their eyes that awful picture of the Day of Doom in which the injustices of this world are to be avenged. And lastly, to omit many other instances, He delivered His message of warning to the

entire people when seated upon the hill side with tears flowing down His cheeks, He told them of the ruin that was to come on the Holy City and upon the race, because of the political immorality which prompted them to reject Him. The King of the Jews upon the cross was not the king whom the politicians of Jerusalem wanted. They preferred Cæsar and suffered the consequence. When we hear a Christian bishop say that Christ did not speak because He feared that He would be "sternly crushed by Cæsar," we begin to be convinced that there are Judaic preferences pullulating in the heart of my Lord of Hereford, which, if he lived in old Spain, would have fixed the eye of the Inquisition on him.

The delinquencies of Christ and Christianity in this respect he proposes to repair by teaching more political ethics to the studious youth in the schools of his own and other countries.

"Throughout our whole educational system," he says, "we find very little systematic training in the morals of citizenship. It has come to pass that after all our centuries of moral and religious teaching, with all the treasures of ancient and modern thought on our hands, all the great examples before our eyes and all the spiritual teaching of the ages in our ears, the moral conscience of the nations is still in a very rudimentary state."

The pious remedy which this Christian bishop proposes is to revive the ancient office of prophet like Amos and Micah or Isaiah. The Judaic tendency appears again; he is "still harping on my daughter." He adds, cautiously, that the prophet preacher of righteousness is not as a rule a popular character.

The second is the systematic teaching of ethics in the schools. Such teaching is certainly needed if, as he says, "there is hardly a school in England, even Eton itself, in which we could find any adequate manual setting forth in detail the principles of social and political ethics in regular and general use, or any system-

atic course of instruction on such subjects given and enforced with needful reiteration throughout the growing, impressible, character-forming years of life."

This is a confession that is valuable and very encouraging. It shows how far ahead Catholic schools are in the pedagogical race. The learned, systematic training in ethics which embraces all the obligations and rights, not only of the individual with regard to himself and his fellow-man, but of all social and civic societies, as well as of the states and nations with regard to each other, has always been taught in Catholic colleges from the beginning, and "enforced," as the Bishop desires, "with needful reiteration throughout the growing, impressible, character-forming years of life." We could furnish the Bishop with many excellent manuals on that subject.

Educators seem to be opening their eyes and to be awakening to the necessity of a sound morality in schools which is based on reason and on the teachings of Jesus Christ. We have been teaching it through all the years and have never feared that "Cæsar would crush us."

#### CAPTURING THE HESSIANS.

A short time ago the little Duchy of Hesse lifted itself up to its full height and declared that its dignity suffered in accepting the degrees of the University of Fribourg. It was only a Dominican school and not at all up to Hesse's ideas of what a university should be. Fribourg was not pulverized; in fact not even disturbed. It did not enter into a controversy on the subject, but merely continued teaching. Now comes the *Baseler Nachrichten*, a very bitter anti-Catholic journal, and declares that Hesse is in error. The writer admits that he was not only a fierce opponent of the University, but had worked with might and main against its establishment. He is converted. "Last Sunday," he says, "we inspected the whole of the scientific installation of the University with all the apparatus, and we are able to

declare that in the equipment of the scientific department nothing has been spared and nothing has been neglected. All the installations are abundant, complete and modern; many another Swiss University town would find it difficult to compete with Fribourg in this respect."

Of the philosophy, theology and literary courses he says nothing. The retrogressing Catholics have never retrogressed along those lines. It was quite a revelation for this whilom enemy to find that they not only were not backward in science, but were abreast of the best in the country. Hesse must be silent henceforward and assume its normal proportions. It is but an indifferent judge. Perhaps it would be a good thing for Catholic colleges in this country to exhibit some of their scientific departments to our American Hessians and the respect that is accorded us in logic and literature might be conceded in matters supposed to be more scientific. Capturing the Hessians is a tradition in America.

#### A DEAD PERSECUTOR.

God is omnipotent and we should not forget it when His foes seem about to prevail. How black the sky was a few years ago, for instance, when Bismarck and his creature, Dr. Falk, in the interests of culture and civilization shut up all the Catholic schools, colleges, universities and churches in Prussia, and imprisoned or expelled the bishops and priests! It looked for a time as if they were going to uproot Catholicity from the country. Yet Bismarck has disappeared and is not even missed, for the young Emperor who dropped his pilot has not yet struck a rock. Now Dr. Falk, whose name is identified with those execrable May-laws, is rescued for a moment from oblivion by a brief newspaper notice of his death. He was discarded long before the great man fell, and few were even aware he was alive.

Simultaneously with the death of this enemy of the Church comes the announcement of the funeral of Lieb-

knecht, the great socialist. Thirty thousand sympathizers stood around the grave; silent, orderly, but evidently organized and resolute.

While the State had been busy persecuting Catholics who were the truest patriots in the nation, the enemies of civilization and order were waxing strong under the public eye. They have to be dealt with now, and their numbers make the heads that wear the crowns lie uneasy. What the issue will be who can tell?

Possibly the failure of the Kulturkampf has opened the eyes of the State. Catholics never faltered in their allegiance to the government during all those gloomy years. Their loyalty to the laws of their country, even when the hard hand of the Man of Blood and Iron was heaviest upon them, ought to be a comforting assurance to the rulers of the nation that the same devotion can be counted on now that common justice is accorded them. For the Catholics themselves the persecution was a blessing. It welded them firmly together and corrected evils that might have brought widespread disaster. In point of fact their enemies took the worst means to do them harm. For the quickest way to injure the morals and weaken the faith of Catholics is to give them a long period of worldly prosperity. It is wise to recognize that truth in the little troubles we may meet here. They will not hurt us.

#### A DESIRABLE REACTION.

The *London Spectator*, whose utterances always carry great weight, assures us that there is a change in public sentiment with regard to the advantages which technical and business education was supposed to possess. This will help to steady us somewhat in the pedagogical storm that is raging about us. "Fifteen years ago," says the writer, "everybody who had sons was advising everybody else to avoid sending their boys into the professions. They were crowded up to the lips, and offered few advantages compared with business. As a consequence



everybody who, being anybody, wanted incomes for younger children, sent them into business, or if they had a turn for mechanics, made them electrical engineers. We think we perceive signs of a strong reaction against this idea and a reversion to the old belief that for the cultivated, the older professions offer on the whole the largest chances. It was discovered, and it was a curious surprise, that the city was by no means a desert with gold lying about and only a few with rather peculiar powers could expect a great success. The proportion that succeed in these careers is very much the proportion who succeed elsewhere ; that is to say, one-third fail utterly, and in one way or another 'go under,' that is, die or disappear or live their lives as spongers on their friends ; one-third make an endurable livelihood and one-third succeed."

The writer goes on to say that the professions are not so badly paid after the first few years of weary waiting, and calls attention to the fact that at the present moment the most honored names in the church, bar and army are those of Dr. Temple, the Archbishop of Canterbury ; Lord Russell, whose death the whole nation is now lamenting, and Lord Roberts. All three men had humble beginnings.

It is pleasant to hear such an authority as the *Spectator* describe "technical education" as aiming in all its branches at the accumulation of knowledge instead of the strengthening of mind and character. In other words, it is not education at all.

For the worldly wise who at all risks devote their sons to business it will be a revelation to hear that Cecil Rhodes made a fortune in diamonds, and Dawkins achieved a great financial reputation even though burdened with a knowledge of Greek. In the navy likewise the successful admiral of to-day is often a man of the old culture and always a man of education.

The article concludes with these wise

words to anxious fathers : "Get your boy well trained, develop his character as well as you can, and then unless you have from connections or accident some very special opening, start him along one of the old routes. If he wants to deviate let him do it for himself when he is a little more acquainted with the world. We trust that in the coming century the torch will not flicker much or go out altogether."

Let us hope that our Anglo-Saxon propensities will suggest to the social aspirants among us to imitate their forbears in the important matter of education. They can do it and be consistent, but let them remember that while giving to their sons as good if not a better training in the classics, the Catholic colleges are necessarily without a rival in the formation of character which the *Spectator* assures us is the essential of all education.

#### SOME ROMANCE LEFT.

Whatever may be true of chivalry, the age of oratory has apparently not departed. "The surprise we hinted at," says an English paper, "has come." The omniscience and omnipotence which are the prerogatives of newspapers probably helped it to capture and peruse the proofs of the speech of the King of Italy before it was pronounced. Hence the premonitory hint. "The speech was the occasion of a splendid scene but an unusual one." No doubt it was. Royal oath-takings after such tragic events are not usual, but they are beginning to be. "Standing in front of a brilliant concourse of princes, ambassadors, great nobles and ministers, the King read out his speech, and with the first sentence the Italians who are quick at the up-take (what a strange language English is getting to be! or is this Tedesco Italian?) recognized that the aged Premier Sarocco had never written that, that the new King was reading his own thoughts and his own promises. The speech excited a tempest of enthusiasm. The Italians present quite lost their self-

control, some wept, some almost shrieked applause, and all followed each sentence with salvos of cheers that reached the great crowd outside."

How like each other men are! We have in that occurrence almost a replica of a scene when another famous discourse ending with its dreadful metaphor came near making a President. Or are American methods for instructed assemblies being introduced abroad?

It is noteworthy that the royal orator said never a word of the unholy character of the tradition which he so boldly proposed to uphold.

On the whole, the event is a psychological revelation. If it were not prearranged, it goes to show that men nowadays are not so hard-headed as they profess to be, and are tolerant of other things besides uncontrovertible facts. The moving spectacle of those cynical old politicians going into hysterics and weeping hot tears over this youthful effusion, which we are naively assured the aged Premier did not write for him, is enough to convince us that the age is still romantic, and easily carried off its feet by fiction.

The same account pathetically describes the youthful hero shortly after driving to the scene of a railroad accident, in a hired cab, and all night long directing the operations of the rescue gang. His Majesty's grooms must have been very delinquent on that occasion, but they afforded an opportunity for a picture that is at once democratic and dramatic. In the interest of the injured, however, it is to be hoped that His Royal Highness was only a sympathetic onlooker, and did not direct the operation of the rescue gang. Any underpaid navy would have given wiser orders than this young and generous monarch. But perhaps all this is an intimation that in some way or other, the new ruler may be

the head of a rescue gang in the wreck of the unhappy country of which he happens to be king.

#### MEDICE CURA TEIPSUM.

Not long ago we recorded the outrageous order of the French Minister of the navy, forbidding the usual Good Friday display of flags and bunting on the vessels of the navy. The prohibition, it will be remembered, caused indignation among the Catholics of France, and disgust among M. de Lanessen's own partisans. The respect which he denied to Christ he pays to the religion of China for political motives. Advising General Vayron to be careful to provide fuel for the campfires next winter, he warns him not to cut down the woods about Che-Fou, as the Chinese consider it profanation. Whereupon *La Croix* challenges him to respect the Wood of the Cross, and *L'Univers* respectfully requests him to honor the sign which inspires the troops to fight for their country.

#### A ZEALOUS SPOKESMAN.

The Right Reverend James A. McFaul, Bishop of Trenton, has put his views on the necessity of federating Catholic societies before a new audience in the *North American Review* for September. Our readers have most of the Bishop's statements in the MESSENGER for July and August. His zeal has already been blest. The justification of his various addresses and articles on this matter is the alarm which the *Independent* and other sectarian organs have sounded. The success of his efforts is clear from the willingness of the politicians of the party in power to consider Catholic interests. The Cuban civil marriage law which, according to General Wood's statement, was not to be repealed until autumn, has already been repealed. But that is only one of a dozen similar grievances.



## INTERESTS OF THE HEART OF JESUS.

Writing from the convent of the Sacred Heart in Valparaiso, Chili, a religious thus describes about the grand procession which took place there on Sunday after the feast of the Sacred Heart. "Nothing like it has taken place in South America since the consecration of Ecuador to the Sacred Heart. It left an impression that promises to be lasting. As the encyclical of our Holy Father reached us late last year, and the bishops had but recently returned from council, the consecration of Chili was postponed to the Feast of the Sacred Heart this year. As there was plenty of time to prepare, everything was perfectly organized, after several meetings to decide upon the manner, etc., of the celebration. Several priests were charged with the different parts of the functions—procession, sermon, adornments, etc.—also committees of gentlemen and ladies; it was a perfect success, in spite of sundry predictions of the weather prophets and others. That our Lord was pleased may well be supposed from the, almost, miracle He worked in regard to the same. June is the month of frequent rains, and from about the middle until July usually the rain is almost incessant. As the Feast was to be on the 24th, and several days were required for the arrangements, it was considered impossible by the greater number of people, to carry out the programme agreed upon. The heavy rain commenced this year about the middle of May, contrary to custom. Souls of faith said that this was so that it might not rain for the Feast; others, and the greater number, argued more in accordance with human reason, that this was all the greater sign that the rains in June would be more constant. But Sr. del Cante, the president of the committee of

arrangements (parish priest of the Pro-Cathedral, and an ardent lover of the Sacred Heart) assured everybody that there would be no rain, and proceeded with his work with unlimited confidence in our Lord in spite of all that was said and done to discourage him. Many prayers were offered up, and those of our pupils were perhaps among the most fervent. To one person, who asked why Sr. del Cante persisted in preparing for the Feast, when it would be nothing less than a miracle if it did not rain, he answered: 'At the Sacred Heart convent they told me it was not going to rain. So, of course, it will not.' His confidence was well rewarded, for about ten or twelve days before the Feast there was no rain, but sunshine every day; so that the streets were quite dry, and the day of the procession was one of the most beautiful days that ever shone in Chili.

"At one o'clock, the hour appointed for the assembling of all those who were to take part in the procession, all the bells in the city pealed joyfully until the moment the procession started from the Church of the Twelve Apostles. Every religious order not cloistered was represented; every congregation, sodality, confraternity, guild, etc., of men, women and children, took part—at least twenty thousand persons. The army, the navy, the schools, colleges, everything and everybody were there represented. Our Children of Mary of the world took a conspicuous part. The most perfect order reigned. Triumphal arches were arranged along the way; houses handsomely decorated, etc. A very large and magnificent statue of the Sacred Heart was borne upon the shoulders of a number of most prominent gentlemen of the city. One hand of Our Lord was raised to bless, as He was car-

ried in triumph through the city ; people knelt in the streets and bowed their heads to receive the blessing of the Sacred Heart. After leaving the statue in the principal plaza, the procession continued a little further to the Pro-Cathedral, whose facade was adorned with magnificence and good taste beyond the highest expectations. Clouds of white tulle on a blue background studded with stars covered the whole front, where the procession halted, and all were arranged in perfect order in the wide square before the church, contemplating in admiration and silence the beauty of the arrangement. Suddenly one of the clouds opened as if by magic, disclosing to view a beautiful new statue of the Sacred Heart in a niche above the door quite high up. At the same time out flew a number of pure white doves, which flew back again and nestled at the feet of the Sacred Heart. They had been trained, but did their part beyond expectations. A number of cherub-heads appeared from little openings in the clouds. The effect of the whole was indescribable, according to the words of all who came here to give us an account. Amid the profound silence that reigned, the sermon began. It was one of the most beautiful, touching and eloquent I have ever heard on the Sacred Heart. This we all read, as it was published in the principal papers. After this the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the *Te Deum* sung by two hundred children's voices well trained. Then the solemn consecration of Chili to the Sacred Heart was read by Sr. del Cante. Then the *Tantum Ergo* was sung. When it began, the angels, whose heads only were seen before, came out and remained each in a different posture as if in ecstasy before the Blessed Sacrament. Those who were present say they will never forget that beautiful and touching scene. The procession began at two o'clock, and all was not over till nearly seven. I forgot to say that the statue of the Sacred Heart carried in the procession was

standing in a bark guided by angels and surrounded by silvery waves. You can fancy how large the platform on which all was carried ; the back was formed of flowers ; all the angels were little girls, who had been perfectly well trained and who performed their different parts with a grace and a gravity beyond their years.

“ The new statue of the Sacred Heart is to remain over the portico of the Pro-Cathedral as a memorial of the Act of Consecration. I believe the other is to be placed on one of the hills in the city. Valparaiso is built, you know, not upon seven hills, like Rome, but upon many. The Archbishop wrote a pastoral thanking the clergy and people of Valparaiso for the enthusiasm with which they had responded to his call in the name of the Holy Father, to give all the solemnity possible to this Act of Consecration, and expressing his extreme satisfaction with the manner in which all had been carried out. To show that the consecration included all Chili, Art, Science, Trade, etc., were each represented by symbolical figures around the statue of the Sacred Heart. Little children personated these also.

“ In Santiago there were celebrations also on a grand scale, but I doubt if they equaled those of Valparaiso ; and yet it has the reputation of being the least Catholic of the cities of Chili and one of the worst in the world, as it is a seaport and full of foreigners (not of the best). Yet nothing was seen but the most profound respect and reverence, not even the remotest shadow of disorder ; all was grave, solemn and silent, except during the singing. The best bands of music accompanied the procession. So profound was the silence and attention, that the clear, loud voice of the preacher was perfectly heard by that immense multitude, assembled in the plaza. The procession did not pass here, as our house is not in the principal part of the city.

“ During the month of June we witnessed a remarkable instance of the great mercy of the Heart of Jesus and the

effect of persevering prayer, in the conversion of a notable musician, not from his 'musical ways,' but after a long life away from God. At ninety years of age, he made his first Confession and Holy Communion! His wife, who is very much younger than himself, is a pious Catholic, and had been praying for his conversion for years. One day last month he went to pay a visit to a priest with whom he had been on friendly terms for some years. On entering he said: 'I have come this time, Father, not as a friend, but as a penitent;' and to the joy and astonishment of the Father, he knelt down and commenced his confession. After three days' preparation, he said to his wife: 'If you wish to have a great consolation, come to church with me to-morrow morning.' She went, and her joy and surprise were so great that she almost fainted away when at the moment of Communion he arose and approached the altar with profound reverence. Two days later, he said to her: 'I do not feel well; if I am not better to-morrow, I shall send for Father —.'

He became worse the next day, sent for the same Father, received all the last Sacraments with the greatest fervor and gratitude to Our Lord Who had waited so long for him, and died peacefully, after having made his second Confession and Holy Communion within the space of four days, at the age of ninety! He had been baptized and brought up a Catholic, at least in his very young days; that is all we know. He was very well known, being a famous musician and professor of several instruments. He was never seen without a red carnation in his buttonhole, and for that he went by the name of the 'Red Carnation,' though his name was Sr. Filomeno.

"The ladies of Santiago have lately had a triumph which is not their first under somewhat similar circumstances. On the site of the terrible fire of the 8th of December, 1863, a statue of Despair was erected. This was replaced some time after, at the urgent request of the

principal ladies of Santiago, by a magnificent statue of the Blessed Virgin. Last month a bill was passed in the Senate for the removal of this statue, to place again the statue of Despair, in spite of the protests and reclamations on the part of the Catholic journals, etc. Then the ladies of all the chief families, many of them the wives and daughters of the same members of the Senate, wrote a petition (over a list of signatures long enough to fill several columns of the newspaper) begging that the statue of the Blessed Virgin be left there. Their request was granted. You have, no doubt, heard of the fire above mentioned. It was that of the Church of the Immaculate Conception on the night of the closing of the month of Mary. It is as fresh in the memories of the people of Santiago as if it had occurred last month, as not a family of note is there that had not lost at least one member. Entire families perished; it was worse, according to accounts, than the bazaar of Paris on May 4, '97."

The Right Rev. J. A. Healy, Bishop of Portland, Maine, who died on the 5th of August, was born at Macon, Ga. He first practised as a civil engineer. In 1844 he entered Holy Cross College, Worcester, to study for the Church. He studied theology at the Grand Seminary of Montreal for three years, and then went to Paris and continued his studies at St. Sulpice. On June 10, 1854, he was ordained to the priesthood in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. After being secretary to the Bishop of Boston, chancellor of the diocese and rector of St. James' Church, he succeeded Bishop Bacon as Bishop of Portland, in 1875. When Bishop Healy took up the episcopal charge there were in the diocese, which then included New Hampshire, 58 churches, 6 buildings, 52 priests, 20 students, 4 religious institutions, 2 asylums, 6 academies, and 20 free schools, with a total Catholic population of 80,000. Twenty-five years have made

a change which can only be appreciated by a comparison of figures. At the present time, in Maine alone, which now comprises the diocese, there are 92 priests, 76 secular and 16 religious, 54 churches with resident priests, 32 missions with churches, making a total of 86 churches in the State. There are also 79 stations where Masses are celebrated. There are 8 Christian Brothers and 353 women of religious orders. There are several students for priesthood, 18 colleges and academies. There are also 3 academies for young women with 200 students. There are 20 parishes with parochial schools with a total number of pupils of 7,819. Three Indian schools have 150 pupils. The three orphan asylums of the diocese support 275 children, and 150 orphans, old enough to attend school, are being educated at the orphanage schools. There are two hospitals and a home for aged women. The Catholic population is about 100,000. R.I.P.

But a few months ago we advised the writer of the Life of Mother Mary Baptist Russell, concluded in this number, to withhold the letters and diary of Lord Russell of Killowen during his visit to the United States, out of respect for the feelings of the living. Since then Lord Russell is dead and there is no need of repeating his biography here nor the eulogies which have been pronounced on him in the secular and religious press. We need only ask our readers to pray for the soul of one whose chief claim to our esteem was the admiration with which he inspired his brother and sisters in religion.

His Holiness Leo XIII. has addressed a letter to the Patriarch of Antioch and the Greco Melchite Bishops in which he instructs them to convene a national council to treat of the rights of the patriarchs and the bishops, the adminis-

tration of the faithful, discipline of the clergy, monastic orders and other institutions, necessity of missions, the splendor of divine worship, the sacred liturgy, etc.

Many of the Bishops of France have set apart a day for memorial services and for prayers for the victims of the Chinese massacres. His Eminence, Cardinal Richard has appealed for contributions for the French Red Cross Society in charge of the hospitals and ambulances for the French troops in China.

Bishop Charles Pelvat of the diocese of Nagpeor, India, died July 23d, of cholera, taken while attending those who were stricken with it.

ROME, ITALY.—On July 24 the Sacred Congregation of Rites met to pass judgment on the heroicity of the virtues practised by the Venerable Claude de la Colombière, and to determine whether the cause of his beatification should be advanced. Their decision has not yet been made public.

CANADA.—On June 18, 1700, devotion to the Sacred Heart was formally and publicly inaugurated in the Ursuline Monastery, Quebec. To celebrate the second centenary of this happy event very special and solemn services were held in the Chapel of the Ursulines of that city, and Archbishop Begin took occasion of this to issue an admirable pastoral letter in which he traces the rise and progress of different devotions at different periods of the Church's history, showing how devotion to the Sacred Heart sums up and intensifies and reinforces devotion to the Good Shepherd, to the Cross and to the Blessed Sacrament which obtained successively and generally up to the time of the revelations made to Blessed Margaret Mary.

## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### 23—THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

Pilate, therefore, went forth again, and saith to them : Behold, I bring Him forth to you, that you may know that I find no cause in Him. So Jesus came forth, bearing the crown of thorns, and the purple garment. And he saith to them : Behold the man. When the chief priests, therefore, and the officers had seen Him, they cried out, saying : Crucify Him, crucify Him. Pilate saith to them : Take Him you, and crucify Him, for I find no cause in Him. The Jews answered him : We have a law ; and according to the law He ought to die ; because He made Himself the Son of God. When Pilate, therefore, had heard this saying, he feared the more. And he entered into the hall again ; and he said to Jesus : Whence art Thou ? And Jesus gave him no answer. Pilate, therefore, saith to Him : Speakest Thou not to me ? Knowest Thou not that I have power to crucify Thee, and I have power to release Thee ? Jesus answered : Thou shouldst not have any power against Me, unless it were given thee from above. Therefore, he that hath delivered Me to thee, hath the greater sin. And from thenceforth Pilate sought to release Him. But the Jews cried out, saying : If thou release this man, thou art not Cæsar's friend ; for whosoever maketh himself a

king speaketh against Cæsar. Now, when Pilate had heard these words, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the judgment seat in the place that is called Lithostrotos, in the Hebrew Gabbatha. And it was the parasceve of the pasch, about the sixth hour. And he saith to the Jews : Behold your king. But they cried out : Away with Him, crucify Him. Pilate saith to them : Shall I crucify your king ? The chief priest answered : We have no king but Cæsar.

And Pilate gave sentence that their petition should be granted, and he delivered Him to them to be crucified.

And the soldiers took Jesus and took off the cloak from Him, and put on His own garments, and led Him away to crucify Him. And bearing His own cross, He went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew Golgotha. And there were also two other malefactors led with Him, to be

put to death. And going out they found a man of Cyrene, named Simon, who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus. Him they forced to take up His cross. And they laid the cross on him to carry after Jesus. And there followed Him a great multitude of people and of women, who wailed and lamented Him.



## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

The Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, late Rector of St. John's College, Fordham, N. Y., and the Rev. Denis Lynch, late Missionary in Jamaica, W. I., will assist in editing the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART, and in directing the Apostleship of Prayer in the United States, in place of the Rev. F. J. Lamb, who will spend the coming year in Florissant, Mo., and the Rev. Owen A. Hill, who is now Vice-President of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Pa.

The article on "A Nineteenth Century Apostle," gives the most authentic information about the Priests Adorers of the Blessed Sacrament, a religious congregation which is soon to be introduced into the New York archdiocese.

The account of the pilgrimages to

Paray-le-Monial, the city of the Sacred Heart, under "At Home and Abroad," and the letter about the festivities in honor of the Sacred Heart, in Valparaiso, under "Interests of the Heart of Jesus," are instances of the great tributes of devotion paid to Christ by Catholics the world over.

The confraternity of daily and universal adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, canonically erected in Turin, Italy, has been constituted the *Primaria*, and granted several indulgences.

In the *League Director* for October we recommend to Local Directors and secretaries, the League in Schools, the Holy Hour, the Communion of Reparation, and a triduum in preparation for the Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary.

### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

When inviting France and other nations to come in pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, Father Coubé said: "This would make one of the greatest Christian festivities and a most beautiful act of homage to our Redeemer." The heart of the young orator should be satisfied. The results of his appeal have been most satisfactory, and more are still to come. Crowds of pilgrims have visited the city of the Sacred Heart to pay their tribute of devotion to the immortal and invisible King of ages.

Before the first of July over 50,000 people had come to Paray from all parts of the world to pray and shed tears of joy and join in the sacred chants of the pilgrims and in the outbursts of enthusiasm which signalized the departure of one and the arrival of a new pilgrimage.

Paray is very different from Lourdes; it is a small city, out of the beaten way,

and comparatively few trains pass near it; its accommodations are not very extensive; its thoroughfares were laid long before, not after, it became a place of pilgrimage; its most sacred spot is not easily accessible to worshippers, who are ill disposed to brook restrictions on their piety after having traveled long distances for the privilege of kneeling and kissing the ground about the place of Our Lord's apparition to Blessed Margaret Mary. Still the devotions witnessed there the past few months, if not so imposing, are quite as impressive as those of Lourdes, and surely they were not less blessed.

Father Zelle enumerates the following pilgrimages to Paray from some of the Jesuit colleges in France, between May 9th and July 1st: Dijon, Dole, Moulins, Villefranche, Lyons, Saint-Etienne, Paris and Marseilles. The month of June



brought all classes of people to the shrine of the Sacred Heart. Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer from Lyons began the pilgrimages that month, during which from this same city four large pilgrimages were made. The pilgrimage of June 22d was described by an American pilgrim in our last issue. On June 26th members of the Apostleship of Prayer from all parts of France, principally from Toulouse, the seat of the General Director, Besançon, Clermont, Puy, Angers, Tours and Mans, united together in pilgrimage, and Rev. A. Drive, the delegate Moderator-General, and Rev. P. Vitale, editor of the *Italian Messenger*, were in charge of them.

*Le Pelerin*, of Paray-le-Monial, records in its issue for August these pilgrimages: workingmen from Sept-Fons; ladies from Lyons; groups from Beaune, Fleuries, Avignon and other cities; from Paris and Charolles, Marseilles, Belley, Autun, Dijon, Brazil, Nevers. We regret that space does not permit us to give here some passages from the sermons which were pronounced on these occasions by some of the most distinguished preachers in France. The Feast of the Visitation was observed with special solemnity. The Feast of Blessed Margaret Mary will be the last day of special pilgrimages this year.

WALDORF, MD.—“Personally to your work, after the Sacred Heart, I am very grateful for the extraordinary good done in my congregation through the Apostleship of Prayer, and feel ready to take advantage of the facilities offered in it for improvements of piety in souls.”

—TEX.—“I have a few days ago been sent to C—, where I find there is no League. It is through the League that I reformed St. Paul's, so that when I left it, the League had 150 members, and there were about 100 communions every month. I am in another God-

forsaken place, and I will raise it through the League.”

CAMDEN, N. J.—“I am pleased to say that the members of the congregation have taken nicely to the League, and that the list of candidates already numbers close on to two hundred. I am anxious for the good of the Society to have a reception of Promoters on the first Friday in September.”

BATON ROUGE, LA.—“Through the zeal of our Director, much good has been accomplished in the League during the past year, and we look forward to a large increase of membership during the coming one. Our number of associates is 706. Promoters 36.”

BELA, INDIA.—“I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the copies of MESSENGER. Please accept my cordial thanks for your kind favor. My poor parish being secluded from others, THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART was my companion and guide, which, of course, contains so much matter for the strengthening of the soul. The few who know how to read were also perusing the same. We were sorry that we were deprived of this precious book, as my means are very much limited, which I have already made known to your Reverence. As soon as I saw the parcel, which I received the day before yesterday, it filled me with joy to see that I got back my lost friend. I need not say that you are too good to send me the copies of the MESSENGER as before, and I have full confidence that the most amiable Heart of our dear Lord will enable you to do the same favor also in future. I thank your Reverence again for your kindness, and I think it can't be superfluous. With my humble respects, and recommending myself and my parishioners to the prayers of the League, I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely in Christ,

Rev. P. B. LUIS,

Vicar of Bela.

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 1,709,854.

*"In all things give thanks." (1 Thes. v. 18.)*

*Special Thanksgivings.*—"A member of the Sacred Heart League wishes to fulfil a promise made to publish a favor granted by the Sacred Heart to a dying man. He had been for many years an indifferent Catholic, and during his last sickness, up to a few hours before his death even, he stubbornly refused to make his peace with God, and expressed annoyance at the mention of prayers. When first stricken down, however, he had, to please his nurse, accepted a Badge of the Sacred Heart, and allowed it to be pinned on his pillow, but scoffed at the idea of it meaning anything of a religious act by him. On the feast of the Visitation, July 2d, as the change for death appeared, an appeal was made to him to join in a prayer to our Blessed Lady and ask her for help. With struggling breath he uttered a disapproval, saying, "Do not bother me." Still confiding in the Sacred Heart, prayers were redoubled and a promise of publication made if he would die repentant. A few hours later he consented to the renewed request to have a priest called, and though unable to confess, was anointed and conditionally absolved, to the delight of his almost despairing relatives."

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—"I desire to return thanks to the Sacred Heart for a spiritual favor bestowed upon a person who had neglected the Sacraments for about thirty years, and who had left the Catholic faith. I, as a Promoter, tried to bring her back. She promised to go to Confession, but when the time came she refused. At first I felt discouraged, but prayed and recommended the intention to the League. One evening later I was going to Confession and simply

asked her to visit and assist at Benediction in the church. During the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament I prayed as fervently as I was capable for her conversion. She went to Confession the next week and received Holy Communion this morning. I hope God, in His mercy, gives her the grace to persevere in a holy life."

HARTFORD, CONN.—"A young lady wishes to give thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for the return of her father to the Church from which he had been separated for forty years. Also for the conversion of her grandfather, who had never been baptized, and who was received into the Church on his death-bed at the same time. The young lady, who is at present one of your subscribers, promised to take the MESSENGER if her father became reconciled to the Church, and her request was granted in less than a month."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"In fulfilment of a promise, I desire to have published in the MESSENGER, the conversion of my sister, who had been away from the Church for twenty-five years. All through these years I placed confidence in the Sacred Heart, and by Masses, prayers and novenas, at last obtained my long-desired favor. On August 22d, she received the Sacrament."

KANSAS CITY, MO.—"Kindly publish in the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART the conversion of a man who had neglected his religious duties for thirteen years. Novena after novena had been offered for his conversion, seemingly all to no purpose. Thanks to the loving Heart of Jesus, the man of his own free will, without ever having been asked, attended the mission given in his parish

church last April, and there, by the Grace of God, was converted. He has been assisting daily at Mass ever since."

ST. PAUL, MINN.—"I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for the return of two persons to their duty, having each been away fifteen years. The young man received Holy Communion on the day a novena for the intention ended, and the woman on the following day, the first Friday of August."

———.—"I wrote a letter to the Sacred Heart of Jesus which was placed on the altar for the Feast of the Sacred Heart, asking the conversion of a person who had not been to the Sacraments for at least thirty years, as near as I can remember. I had every hope and confidence that my request would be granted. Just about one month from that time, thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, that person went to Confession and received Holy Communion. Novenas and prayers had also been offered for the same intention, and promise was made to have it published in the MESSENGER, if granted. Thanksgiving also for a happy death obtained through the Sacred Heart."

BALTIMORE, MD.—"Thanks are returned for a man who had been baptized a Catholic, but had never been instructed. He married out of the church, his children attended a Protestant Sunday-school and he himself received communion in the Protestant Church. Through the intercession of Our Lady of Victory and St. Joseph he has returned to the true Faith, his wife, who was a Protestant, has made her first Holy Communion, and their children are under instruction. Husband and wife are both examples for lukewarm and negligent Catholics."

———.—"In fulfilment of promise, I desire to have published the return of my brother from the late war in Africa, and for the grace to make his Easter duty, which he had neglected for a few years."

———.—"Please publish in the MESSENGER a favor granted through a

mission. A young man who had neglected his duties for three years has returned to God and wishes now to express his gratitude."

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—"A sister begs to return sincere thanks to the Merciful Heart of Jesus for the great favor of an intemperate brother becoming temperate. This intention was recommended for years to the prayers of the League and we believe this favor was obtained in answer to these prayers."

PLAINS, PA.—"Our good pastor asks you to kindly publish in the MESSENGER a special thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for three very remarkable conversions in this parish during the past month."

———.—"Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a prominent business man was arrested from a career of dissipation, although previous to promised publication it seemed the inevitable."

———.—"Thanks are offered to the Sacred Heart for the reception of the Sacraments by one who had great difficulty in going to Confession. A badge was worn and publication was promised if the favor were granted. After some months it was happily brought about."

MACON, GA.—"Kindly publish among your thanksgivings the restoration to health of a young lady whose lungs were affected. She promised publication, if her health would permit her to enter religion, which she did in June of this year. Also the recovery of a baby from an eruption which completely covered its body and was pronounced scarlet fever. The badge was applied, the eruption disappeared quickly and the child was restored to health thoroughly."

BALTIMORE, MD.—"A member of the League is sincerely grateful to the Sacred Heart for the cure of a cancer from which she had been suffering for years. Fearing an operation, she made a novena to the Sacred Heart that it might not prove fatal. Shortly after, while taking a sponge bath, the cancer, with the root attached to it, fell from her shoulder."

This happened some time ago and no pain nor effect has been felt since."

———. — "A Promoter wishes to return grateful thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, who, through the intercession of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart and the use of St. Ignatius water, has completely cured a lady who had been a sufferer from throat trouble for many years."

CONCORD, N. H.—"Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor received by the application of a Promoter's cross, the disappearance of a swelling on the neck, which would have necessitated a serious surgical operation."

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Heartfelt thanks are returned to the dear Sacred Heart by a Sister of the Good Shepherd for the cure of her eyes. She had suffered much from them for years, the hope of even a partial cure becoming daily more and more uncertain. Receiving unexpectedly a relic of her Foundress, Ven. Mother of S. Euphrasia Pelletier, the Sister began at once a novena, promising, if she were cured, to publish the favor at the end of a year, in *THE MESSENGER*. Twelve months have passed and the Sister has had no return of her old malady, although her sight is still imperfect."

NEW YORK CITY.—"Some months ago a petition was put into the Intention Box about three times, with the promise of three Masses of Thanksgiving, and notice, if granted, through the *MESSENGER*. It was the relieving of a family from serious financial embarrassment and a mortgage which threatened to result in the loss of the property. The favor had been prayed for previous to that time, but I cannot say if it had been recommended to the Apostleship, and no definite promise of thanksgiving had been made. A few months after the first petition had been placed in the box, the mortgage was paid and other assistance obtained in a most unexpected manner."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—"Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the wonderful recovery of a person from an ope-

ration, which was a most dangerous one. A novena was made to the Sacred Heart, which was finished on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and publication promised in *THE MESSENGER*."

BUFFALO, N. Y.—"In fulfilment of a promise, I beg to record a special favor. A young woman was told by eminent physicians that she must have a serious operation for floating cartilage in the knee. I advised a novena to the Queen of Martyrs for the feast of the Assumption, invoking Father Jogues, René Goupil and Catharine Tegakwitha. Before the close of the novena, after two careful examinations, the physician said positively no operation was needed."

——— — "A woman after having some angry words with her husband took carbolic acid. As there is no doctor here, they sent for me. We did everything we could for her, but nothing would make her vomit, and we thought she was going to die. I put my Promoter's cross on her and promised to say the Litany of the Sacred Heart for thirty days and have it published, if the Sacred Heart would save her. She vomited and got well at once."

PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, WIS.—"A member of a religious community had suffered for several years from a disease which finally seemed to make a painful operation necessary. The patient had recourse to the Sacred Heart by making the Nine Fridays, and is not troubled any longer by the complaint."

———. — "A young man had been seeking a position for some time and, having failed in every way, gave up all hope, when I wrote to the Sacred Heart and promised to make a novena and publish in *THE MESSENGER*, should the position be secured by a certain time. On the exact date he was notified to come to work and has been working ever since. Thanks to the Sacred Heart."

LEE, MASS.—"A bright, lovable daughter of one of our Promoters was taken ill with convulsions, of which the doctor thought that there was no hope of

cessation. A Mass of thanksgiving and publication in the MESSENGER were promised if the Sacred Heart would grant our request to have her become conscious and quiet before she died. The convulsions ceased almost immediately for a short period, giving the priest time to prepare her for her last journey."

HAYCOCK, PA.—"I desire to give thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for the conversion of an aged father, who for eighty-eight years had lived a Protestant and was one of the leading members of his sect. Masses were said and prayers offered to the Sacred Heart for his conversion, till at last he consented to become a Catholic. For four years he was faithful to his religious duties, and died happily, fully appreciating the great grace he had received in his old age."

LIDGERWOOD, N. DAKOTA.—"A most edifying proof of devotion to the Sacred Heart was given here on the First Friday of June. It happened that the Annual Retreat of the clergy only closed that morning. Our pastor had promised to return, if possible, in time to give Holy Communion to the many that had begun the Nine First Fridays, some of whom were to finish them on that day. He had given up all hope of being able to keep his promise, and great was his surprise and consolation on arriving home at four P. M. to find seventeen persons still fasting in order not to miss Communion."

*Spiritual Favors.* — Return to the practice of his religion of a man who had neglected it for some time; the attendance of a man at Mass who refused to make the mission; grace of a religious vocation; a husband who has quit drinking; a reconciliation of two friends; a

deathbed conversion; the averting of a great scandal; conversion of a son to the Faith.

*Temporal Favors.*—Speedy recovery without operation, from a disease which the doctors said would require an operation; recovery from a severe attack of pneumonia; protection from a contagious disease after being exposed; recovery of my mother who was considered beyond recovery; cure of a lady who was confined to her bed with a painful disease, and who was enabled to be around in a short time by the application of the badge; speedy recovery of a mother suffering from vertigo by applying the badge; recovery from sickness of a sister by application of the badge; recovery from stomach trouble and sore throat of a child to whom was applied the Promoter's cross; relief of severe backache and headache; recovery of a relative who was dangerously ill; restoration to mental health of a brother who was temporarily insane; restoration of a mother to health; recovery of a little girl from spasms; cure from an affliction caused by a fall; recovery and safe delivery of a mother; relief from indigestion; gaining of a point at law; successful establishing of an agency; for passing safely through a night of peril; obtaining information of a sister not heard from in nineteen years; business success; return of a gold watch which had been lost; successful sale of a piece of property; lost position regained; employment obtained by one on the verge of destitution; position obtained; means to study medicine; seven successful examinations; cure of one sorely afflicted for six years with kidney and bladder complaint; signal protection in thunder storm; relief from severe pains; recovery from palpitation of the heart.

## THE READER

The article by Richard Davey in the *Fortnightly* for August, "A Few French Facts," is so much in accord with all we have been saying about France the past year that we should gladly publish it entire, did space permit. We select from it the following passages :

"The country is still profoundly Roman Catholic. Did not Louis Veuillot pithily describe Paris as 'half Babylon and half Jerusalem' ? To the superficial observer, religion may seem to retain only a very slight hold on France. But when you come to inquire into the matter, you are surprised to find that, of the two countries, France and England, France is probably the most practically religious—a fact proved by the enormous sums of money which have been collected in various parts of France quite recently for religious purposes. When, for instance, the Government, moved by the intolerant suggestion of some of its wire-pullers, passed a law suppressing religious instruction in the public schools, and the indirect, if not direct fostering of anti-Christian influence, the Parisians in a surprisingly short time collected many millions of francs for the establishment of free schools, which are invariably in the hands of the religious orders. At least two-thirds of the Roman Catholic missions in foreign parts are supported out of French money. The huge Basilica at Montmartre is yet another proof that the religious spirit of the people is by no means so attenuated as many imagine. This enormous church has cost over a hundred millions of francs, and has been entirely erected by public subscription. In literally scores of cases in which the heavy tax known as the *droit d'association* has threatened the extinction of a monastery or a nunnery, the people in the neighborhood have paid it off. Then, again, we have the fact, published officially this year, that the number of scholars attending schools under the direction of ecclesiastics exceeds by one-

fifth that of the attendance at the national Lycees and Colleges, where the God of the Christians is relegated to the mythology! . . .

"At the same time, there is a wide gulf between a just and equitable control and petty persecution such as that recently carried out by M. de Lanessan, the actual Minister of Marine, who ordered the suppression of the time-honored Good Friday observances in the Navy, whereby he offended almost every officer and sailor in the country, simply to curry favor with the socialists who recently employed their leisure in burning down two Parisian churches. The unfortunate part of it is, that antagonism to Christianity has had the effect of driving the majority of the lower orders into socialism, the spread of a spirit of cynicism among the upper classes has resulted in decadentism. . . .

"Here we have a Government which, in the intensity of its liberalism, observes such a neutrality in religious matters as to eliminate, as far as possible, even the mention of the name of God, let alone of Christ, from its school books. It has dragged the crucifixes from every public place except the law courts, and yet it pays salaries to archbishops, bishops, and a host of priests, to say that Mass for attending which more than one Government functionary, especially in the provinces, has been dismissed from his post. Within the last two weeks a leading French paper published an article calling attention to a number of postmen and other petty functionaries who had been dismissed because they sent their children to the free schools and were known to accompany their wives and families to divine service. That the Government should be neutral in religious questions would be a distinct advantage, if that neutrality were as absolutely free from bias as it is, for instance, in this country or the United States. But ever since 1870 a large proportion of the officials in the employment of the

French Government have been mysteriously pushed forward for selection by a certain secret society, whose headquarters are in the Rue Cadet, and which, although popularly described as 'Freemasonry,' has no connection whatsoever with the beneficent brotherhood of that name which enjoys so firm a hold on the sympathies of the people of this country, and which at the present time is engaged in the dangerous game of endeavoring to create a State within a State. . . .

" . . . Experience teaches that opinions gain intensity by persecution, and hence within the past ten or twenty years religion, which was rather at a discount under the lax régime of the Third Empire, had become a distinct power in France, where Catholicism is the only creed which the vast masses of the French people recognize ; and although they seem as much disinclined as ever to submit to the interference of the clergy either in politics or in social matters, many eminent thinkers have materially changed their views with regard to the elimination of all reference to the Deity in schools and colleges. Absolute secularization has fewer supporters to-day in France than it had twenty-five years ago, and people are gradually awakening to the fact that, though it is very easy to honeycomb a religion, it is extremely difficult to rebuild any sort of code of ethics. Without such a code, based upon the authority of an indisputable Revelation, the masses are apt to frame ethical laws for themselves, and these, more frequently than not, are totally at variance with social order and real progress. . . .

" . . . Those only who have examined for themselves the books used in official lay schools both in France and Italy at the present day can form any idea of the ingenuity displayed by their editors in eliminating references to the Deity, even in the department of 'copy-book morality.' One would readily imagine their authors believed the word God to be almost the wickedest an infant's lips can pronounce. 'Nature' takes His place with a very poor grace. The little child thus early trained in official agnosticism soon learns that it is 'the

thing' to show contempt for the religion of its parents. If God does not exist, or is merely a wondrous Force, which takes no interest whatever in Its creations, why address It as 'Our Father?' As to His Son, the less said about Him and His origin the better. With practically a very elementary education, but with a brain teeming with half-digested theories, the lad goes out into the world, to fall an easy prey to the professional socialistic agitator. The *cabaret* and the *petit verre*, assisted by an abominable class of journalism and literature, do the rest of the work, and our youth soon becomes a pest and a danger to himself, his family and neighbors. His lot is a hard one, and his heart is filled with bitterness and envy.

" Sometimes he sinks to the level of the lowest of criminals, even to parricide ; at others, if he possesses an unusual amount of imagination, he takes, like Sipido, to 'sniping' princes, reasoning, naturally enough, that if there is no God to appeal to in the hour of trouble, and no future state of reward or punishment, why should one man have better opportunities for enjoying this world than another? He does not exactly wish to murder an Empress, a President or a prince, but to kill a principle at variance with the logical consequences of the education he has received. The official un-Christianizing of Europe, especially of France, Italy and Belgium, may be an interesting, but it is certainly a dangerous experiment. The governments who attempt it will, I hold, one day wake up to the fact that, like Mrs. Shelley's Frankenstein, they have created a monster which, once started into action, is not easily put to rest. . . .

" . . . There are two points which Englishmen who care to study French politics would do well never to lose sight of. In the first place, the Paris correspondents to the contrary notwithstanding, the opinions of M. Yves Guyot and M. Cornély concerning this country and French affairs in general are not accepted by anyone in France. Both these gentlemen have lessened their cause by neglecting M. de Talleyrand's advice concerning too much zeal, especially the former by his injudicious attempt to float *Le Siècle* on the English market. This

paper, the once famous Voltairian organ of the bourgeoisie under Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., has no following to-day; and the *Figaro* has lost its *raison d'être* by turning in a single night from its Bonaparte and Royalist friends to seek fresh woods and pastures in the opposition camp. As a matter of fact, no paper or writer in France has the power to form or lead public opinion, and if an Englishman wishes to understand French politics he can only do so by living in the country and observing men and manners.

"The second point of vital importance just now is one few English papers seem to care even to hint at, and it is that within the past few years France has awakened to the danger of the attempt on the part of the so-called Masonic lodges, especially of the Paris Grand Orient, to create a State within a State. French Freemasonry, I need not say, differs entirely from English, with which it is no longer in communion. It is a political and anti Christian organization, which meddles in public affairs so audaciously as to have at length roused the susceptibilities even of members of its own organization, and hence a recent split in the more important lodges. Unfortunately, it has also made an enemy of the army, an opponent ten times more powerful than itself. The recent appointment of General Andre to the position of Minister of War and the State interference at the suggestion of the Rue Cadet with well-known Catholic officers, displaced only to be replaced by others whose views are in accordance with those of the occult brotherhood, led to the demission of M. de Gallifet, and now to that of a far more important and remarkable man, General Jamont. On this matter the present Government, even according to the views of such solid, not to say stolid, papers as the *Temps* and *Debats*, is pretty sure before long to come to grief. That senseless anti-religious feeling which is less genuine than interested, that which is flaunted merely to flatter the passions of a large and certainly very low class, is at the bottom of this notorious business. Meanwhile, the Government finds itself very much between the deep sea and his Satanic majesty. . . .

"... *La Croix*, now being conducted on the old lines by laymen, has its merits as well as its glaring faults. It is the French *War Cry*, and has been the means of bringing the names of God and Christ into homes where they were previously unknown, and even, I might say, detested. I have glanced through hundreds of copies of this much-talked-of paper, and in faith I can see very little harm in it. Like most religious papers of all denominations, it is rather dull and assertive. It is not a bit more anti-Dreyfusard or anti English—its chief offence in the eyes of the Paris correspondents to London press—than *Le Gaulois*, for instance, and differs from *L'Intransigeant* in not being blasphemous. It does not publish a daily column or so of pornographic literature, like *Gil Blas*; and I hold that, although much that it publishes might with advantage be gilded with greater charity or left out altogether, that it does do some little good. Inasmuch as it appeals to a class which, if it were written in any other political spirit, would refuse to read it. By its means millions of French men and women have their attention directed to certain measures affecting the free practice of their religion, and the obvious effect of this will be the eventual formation of a political party whose efforts will be mainly directed to a better balancing of the House of Representatives; and this is precisely what France needs most."

Readers keep asking for our opinion of *Quo Vadis*. We cannot see why we should be called upon to pass judgment on such a book. Its literary merit is not of the first order; its immoral character is decidedly plain and revolting. We never could understand how people can read about persons, deeds, scenes and conversations they would shun in real life. We should be ashamed to admit we had read through a book, like *Quo Vadis*, after lighting upon passages when glancing through it, to recall which is not only painful, but wrong. Why did not the author treat his subject like Stearns in *A Friend of Cæsar*, and leave out his vile accounts of Roman lust? St. Paul has told us all we need to



know about that. It is repeated over again in our modern cities, in quarters we dare not frequent, and it is represented on our stage, in plays we may not innocently witness; it is the daily burden of our yellow newspapers. There is no reason whatever for expatiating on it in novels. After all, it was not the worst of the pagan vices. Pride and anger and envy played a more deadly part in the injustice, cruelty and treachery, which more than all other vices show how unprincipled and hopeless pagan civilization was.

Soon after the English translation appeared in April, 1897, Edmund Gosse wrote in the *Contemporary Review*:

"The latest exploit of the Polish novelist has been the production of a romance of the time of Nero, called *Quo Vadis*. This has been translated by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin, the faithful American admirer of Sienkiewicz, to whose patient industry we owe the version of the historic trilogy. If I have not read *Quo Vadis* it is partly because life is short and partly because I have an invincible dislike to stories written for the purpose of 'contrasting the corrupt brilliance of paganism with the austere and self-reliant teaching of early Christianity.' One knows all the 'business' by heart—the orgies, the arena, the Christian maiden with her hair let down her back, the Roman noble's conversion in the nick of time, the glimpse of the 'bloated and sensual figure of the Emperor.' It all lies outside the pale of literature; it should be reserved for the Marie Corellis and the Wilson Barretts. That Sienkiewicz has taken up this facile theme, and that (as I gather from epitomes of his plot) he has treated it in very much the old conventional way, lessens my respect for his talent. An American admirer states that 'the spiritual elements in the character of St. Paul have received virtually no artistic recognition.' I dare say not; but the Polish novelist should have collaborated with Dean Farrar if he wished to succeed in that direction. Another admiring reviewer says that St. Peter 'tells the story of the Crucifixion with artistic lifelikeness.' I feel that I shall never contrive to read *Quo Vadis*."

And early in 1898, Andrew Lang followed with this criticism in *Longman's Magazine*:

"... The popularity of *Quo Vadis* — in America — what does it mean? What is the significance of this unwieldy success which follows the fairy feet of *Trilby*? The fact seems to be that Early Christian novels have always an attraction for what we may call the intellectual middle classes. That they are interested in early Christianity is much to their credit. But that they should prefer to see the most momentous and sacred events through the spectacles of M. Sienkiewicz, or Miss Corelli, or the author of *Ben Hur* (which sounds like the name of a mountain in the Highlands), is certainly curious. We have the Gospels, and the authors of the Gospels, even on the newest and most insane system of criticism, were a great deal nearer the events than Miss Corelli and other novelists. There is also a large body of instructed commentary, but you do not find the public besieging the libraries for *that*.

"All these novels are rather pedantic. One cannot really be interested in balnea, and vomitoria, and atria, and impluvia, and the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, when done into fiction. I have only read the Early Christian romances, Lytton's, Lockhart's and *Marius the Epicurean*, but I always know what is coming. There is always a Briton, enslaved and virtuous. There is always a nice, good Christian girl with a Roman 'District.' There is always a luxurious Roman, 'a-winking at her with his wicked old eye.' There is always a Christian *père noble* who goes to the lions with dignity. There is always a gladiatorial set-to; and Nero, with his emerald eye-glass, and the catacombs. The noble Briton, after performing prodigies of valor, is usually converted and marries the pleasing Early Christian girl. There is commonly a Greek philosopher, a parasite and a minor poet. Now, except for the opportunity of torturing people, and lighting temples with live torches, and describing *l'orgie échelonnée*, and sailing near the wind about Petronius Arbiter, these are not good materials. Atria, vomitoria, the baths, the retiarius, are

now pretty bare. Dean Farrar has done them, or some of them. Everybody has done them. The local colors have been used again and again. This is so evident that nobody could hope for a 'boom' with an archæological novel on pre-Christian Rome. Catiline is a fine black-guard, but he no longer 'abuses our patience.' The flirtations of Ovid and Julia would not win the American reader. The affair of the Bacchic Mysteries is scandalous, but the scandal is too old. These themes are improper; propriety is saved by bringing in Early Christians, as a contrast to the delightful naughtiness of Rome.

"What really does take the public's fancy in *Quo Vadis* and *The Sorrows of Barabbas* and the rest is the element of the reporter and interviewer. Mark Twain 'wrote up' his murder of Caesar in the style of the American penny-a-liner, and probably he was more read than Shakespeare's play on the same topic. There was an air of familiarity, of the contemporary, in Mark Twain's account of the pedantic crime. Not everyone has read the Gospels, but everyone has read of the principal actors. Just as the public does not read books (except a few novels), but likes to read about the authors of the books 'at home,' so it likes to read a lively sketch of an apostle at home. Peter's wife's mother would make good 'copy,' also the treatment of Peter's wife by the local medical man. A demoniac at home is thrilling, and to know what kind of clothes Pontius Pilate wore is a separate ecstasy. Paul's own hired house, the rent he paid, his modest furniture, his library, the fair Thecla (ah, there is a theme for a problem novel), a dinner at Paul's (details out of cribs to Horace or Juvenal); Peter dropping in to see Paul; an altercation with Simon Magus—this kind of rapportage just suits the public. These things are indeed Interviews with Celebrities. How much further the popular novelist dares to go, I confess that I am not anxious to inquire. Judas I have met (in an American novel); he was fond of Mary Magdalene, who had tortoise-shell colored eyes. Judas was represented as 'coming in, more volcanic than ever,' for his flame was not crowned. To like to read such stuff proves a lack of humor, of

imagination and, one would say, of reverence, but many of the clergy seem of a different opinion, and it is their business. Perhaps we should look at these books as analogous to the old Miracle plays, and as proof that the public, though familiar, is not contemptuous, but *bien pensant*. Perhaps they 'do good.' This, I think, is why so many of the clergy approve of Early Christian novels. They exactly answer in our day, and granting our social conditions, to the old dramas in which Biblical history was acted in Miracle and Mystery plays; they fill up the space which the imagination leaves vacant, and show the characters in real dresses and properties. Meanwhile the critic's sense of propriety is offended, though no harm is meant, and probably no harm is done."

#### CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS IN GERMANY.

In no country is the Catholic press better supported or more vigorous in tone than in the land of the Rhine. At present the circulation of three hundred and five papers is divided amongst 1,200,000 subscribers. To this fact alone it may be truthfully said, is due the great success of the Catholic party in the empire. But this is not the only noteworthy fact that may be mentioned of the German Catholics, for the parents in Germany instill into the minds of their children the necessity of keeping in touch with the news of interest to them as Catholics, and the secular journal is avoided. Such loyalty to their press by American Catholics would undoubtedly secure to the people of our faith in this country their rights as citizens and prevent the shameless discrimination which is now not infrequently practised. It would work better than the proposed federation of Catholic societies.—*The New Century*.

#### CIRCULATION OF RELIGIOUS PAPERS.

In very recent statistics the number of distinctively religious journals in this country is put at 1,008, of which 684 are listed in the *Advertisers' Annual* for 1899, and their aggregate circulation

at in round numbers, 5,000,000. Many of these are of minor value and limited range, 113 of the 1,008 having considerably over 3,000,000 of the 5,000,000 subscribers. The weekly issues fall little short of 2,000,000 (the rest being bi-monthly, monthly, quarterly, or annual), and as each copy, it is estimated, is read by five persons the religious journal would seem to have a pretty large constituency and one not likely to melt away immediately.

It is true that it is a hard thing now to make a religious journal pay expenses; but for that matter it never was easy. The genius and practical abilities of John Wesley himself could not long keep afloat *The Armenian Magazine*, which he launched. From 1808, the date of the first American religious weekly, to the present year of 1900, it is safe to say not one religious weekly in ten has survived its first decade; and those which have finally attained a paying basis first sunk fortunes in the attempt. It is estimated by one of the best posted rectors of New York city that Episcopalians in the metropolis saw \$250,000 disappear before either of the papers started by them attained self-support. A paper of the same denomination, but published in the West, used up \$30,000 before its receipts equaled its expenses, even though the able editor of the same gave to the undertaking seven years of hard labor without pecuniary remuneration. So far was that from being exceptional that the sum mentioned was less than one-half what it has cost to nurse through infancy some religious journals which are the source of large incomes to their owners or churches now.

The fact that our Methodist brethren have recently suspended so many of their *Advocates* has been widely published,

but the fact is not so well known that they have a single weekly whose plant and good-will were recently appraised by the courts at \$400,000, and the value of their entire periodical plant was put at \$2,500,000. The circulation of Methodist religious journals is about 250,000 copies a week, and that of all Presbyterian papers, thirty-five in number, at the same figure. In our own denomination the joint circulation of nineteen of these thirty-five is over 200,000, the sixteen others enumerated having but a limited and local constituency. Five of our leading papers have a joint circulation of from 100,000 to 120,000, more than the entire output of the Congregational weekly press, which is said to amount to about 75,000 copies, divided among eighteen journals, two of the eighteen having the bulk of the business. — *The Chicago Interior (Pres.)*.

#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Sister Mary of St. Angela Smyth, Monastery of the Good Shepherd, Indianapolis, Ind; Mrs. Margaret McCarrick, Norfolk, Va; Catherine Misbauer, St. John of Nepomuk's Centre, St. Louis, Mo; Anna J. Cunningham, St. Joseph's Centre, Martinsburg, W. Va.; Sister Mary Felix Neilan, Monastery of the Good Shepherd, Cincinnati, O; Mother Magdalen Taylor, First Superior General of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God and the Poor, the Convent, Soho Square, London, England; Ellen Fitzpatrick, St. Joseph's Asylum Centre, St. Louis, Mo.

*May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates through the mercy of God rest in peace, Amen.*

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of August, 1900, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Boston	Newburyport, Mass	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	5
Brownsville	Encinal, Tex	Sacred Heart of Mary. . . . .	1
"	Laredo, Tex.	St. Augustine's . . . . . Cathedral	2
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Monica's . . . . . Church	1
Cleveland	Villa Maria, Pa.	Villa Maria . . . . . Academy	2
Columbus	Wellston, Ohio	Sts. Peter and Paul's . . . . . Church	1
Fort Wayne	Avilla, Ind.	St. Mary's. . . . .	40
Kansas City	Independence, Mo	" . . . . .	1
Newark	Harrison, N. J.	Holy Cross . . . . .	6
New Orleans	Grand Coteau, La.	St. Charles . . . . . College	3
"	New Orleans, La.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	1
"	"	St. Joseph's . . . . .	1
New York	Milton, N. Y.	St. James'. . . . .	3
"	New York, N. Y.	Our Lady of Mt. Carmel . . . . .	2
"	Yonkers, N. Y.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	28
Peoria	Ottawa, Ill.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Convent	2
Philadelphia	Eden Hall, Pa.	Sacred Heart . . . . .	2
Rochester	Brockport, N. Y.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	3
"	Hornellsville, N. Y.	St. Ann's . . . . . Church	2
St. Louis	Jefferson, Mo.	St. Peter's . . . . .	3
San Francisco	Menlo Park, Cal	Sacred Heart. . . . . Academy	1
"	Oakland, Cal.	Immaculate Conception . . . . . Church	24
Scranton	Stowell, Pa.	St. Anthony's . . . . .	15
Springfield	Springfield, Mass.	Good Shepherd . . . . . Convent	11
Trenton	Camden, N. J.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Church	18

Total Number of Receptions, 25.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 178.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, August 1 to 31, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Brownsville	Dennis O'Connor, Tex	St. Anthony's. . . . . Church	Aug. 30
Dallas	Talty, Tex.	St. Martin's . . . . .	Aug. 11
Detroit	Dayton, Mich	St. Anthony's . . . . .	Aug. 27
"	New Buffalo, Mich.	Immaculate Conception . . . . .	Aug. 27
"	Three Oaks, Mich.	St. Mary's . . . . .	Aug. 27
Indian Territory	Hartshorn, Ind. Ter.	Our Lady of the Rosary . . . . .	Aug. 8
Manchester	Somersworth, N. H.	Holy Rosary . . . . .	Aug. 27
Milwaukee	Argyle, Wis.	St. Joseph's . . . . .	Aug. 15
"	Penimore, Wis.	St. Mary's . . . . .	Aug. 8
"	Mazomanie, Wis.	St. Barnabas' . . . . .	Aug. 20
Monterey and Los Angeles	San Miguel, Cal.	" . . . . .	Aug. 30
Nesqueally	Waterville, Wash	St. John's . . . . .	Aug. 29
Omaha	Racville, Neb.	St. Bonaventure's . . . . .	Aug. 10
San Antonio	San Antonio, Tex	San Fernando . . . . . Cathedral	Aug. 14
Scranton	Blossburg, Pa.	St. Andrew's . . . . .	Aug. 8
Springfield	Springfield, Mass	Good Shepherd . . . . . Institution	Aug. 27
Trenton	Camden, N. J.	Sacred Heart . . . . . Church	Aug. 8
Tucson	Tucson, Ariz.	St. Joseph's . . . . . Academy	Aug. 30

Aggregations, 18; cathedral, 1; churches, 15; school, 1; institution, 1.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, OCTOBER, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for **Reparation**.

1	M.	St. Remigius, Bp.C. (533).	Freedom from pride.	1,799,824 for thanksgivings.
2	T.	Holy Guardian Angels.	Dev'n to Guard'n An-	3,321,250 for the afflicted.
3	W.	St. Gerard, Ab.C. (959).	Guard of our eyes. [gel	515,309 for the sick, infirm.
4	Th.	St. Francis of Assisi, C.F. (O.F.M., 1226).— H.H.—Pr.	Poverty of spirit.	3,280,533 for dead associates.
5	F.	<b>First Friday.</b> —St. Placidus and Com-	Walking before God.	97,423 for Local Centres.
6	S.	panions, MM. (541).—1st D., A.C. St. Bruno, C. F. (Carthusians, 1101).	Recollection.	623,314 for Directors.
7	S.	<b>18th after Pentecost.</b> —Solemnity of the Most Holy Rosary.	Devotion to Rosary.	432,955 for Promoters.
8	M.	St. Bridget of Sweden, W. (137 ).	Devotion to the Pas-	1,095,190 for the departed.
9	T.	St. Denis and Companions, MM. (117).	Self-restraint. [sion.	5,302,595 for perseverance.
10	W.	St. Francis Borgia, C. (S. J., 1572).	Detachment.	1,256,649 for the young.
11	Th.	St. Gummar, C. (VIII. Century).—H. H.	Peace in families.	520,835 for 1st Communions.
12	F.	St. Wilfrid, Bp.C. (709)	Strength of character.	692,817 for parents.
13	S.	St. Edward, K.C. (England, 1066).	Conf'm'y to God's will.	435,963 for families.
14	S.	<b>19th after Pentecost.</b> — St. Callistus, P.M. (22).	Contributing to [churches	293,449 for reconciliations.
15	M.	St. Teresa, V. (Carmelite, 1582).—Pr.	Obedience to Con-	216,967 for work, means.
16	T.	St. Gall, Ab. (about 646).	Piety. [fessors.	12,665,217 for the clergy.
17	W.	St. Hedwiges, V. (1243).—B. Margaret Mary, V. (1690).	Devotion to the [Sacred Heart.	1,830,129 for religious.
18	Th.	St. Luke, Evangelist (90).—H.H.	Employing our talents	1,009,701 for seminarists, novices
19	F.	St. Peter of Alcantara, C. (O.F.M., 1552).	Esteem of penance.	694,502 for vocations.
20	S.	St. John of Kenty, C. (1437).	Hidden sanctity.	361,923 for parishes.
21	S.	<b>20th after Pentecost.</b> —Maternity B.V.M. —St. Ursula and Comp. MM. (343).—C.R.	Dread of sin.	219,729 for schools.
22	M.	St. Mary Salome.	Adorning the altar.	268,725 for superiors.
23	T.	The Most Holy Redeemer.	Gratitude to God.	282,977 for missions, retreats.
24	W.	St. Raphael, Archangel.	Invocation of angels.	2,612,018 for societies, works.
25	Th.	SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM.(384).—SS. Crispin and Crispinian, MM.(285).—H.H.	Resignation.	3,543,220 for conversions.
26	F.	St. Evaristus, P. M. (109).	Fortitude.	1,352,909 for sinners.
27	S.	Vigil.—St. Frumentius, Bp.C. (380).	Good will.	1,058,431 for intemperate.
28	S.	<b>21st after Pentecost.</b> — SS. Simon and Jude, Aps.—A.I.	Faith.	413,614 for spiritual favors.
29	M.	St. Narcissus, Bp.C. (222).	Fear of God's judg-	413,612 for temporal favors.
30	T.	St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C. (S. J., 1617).	Humility. [ments	1,404,382 for special, various.
31	W.	Vigil.—St. Quinctinus, M. (286).	Conquering pain.	For Messenger readers.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Repara-  
tion, H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I.,—Apostolic; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

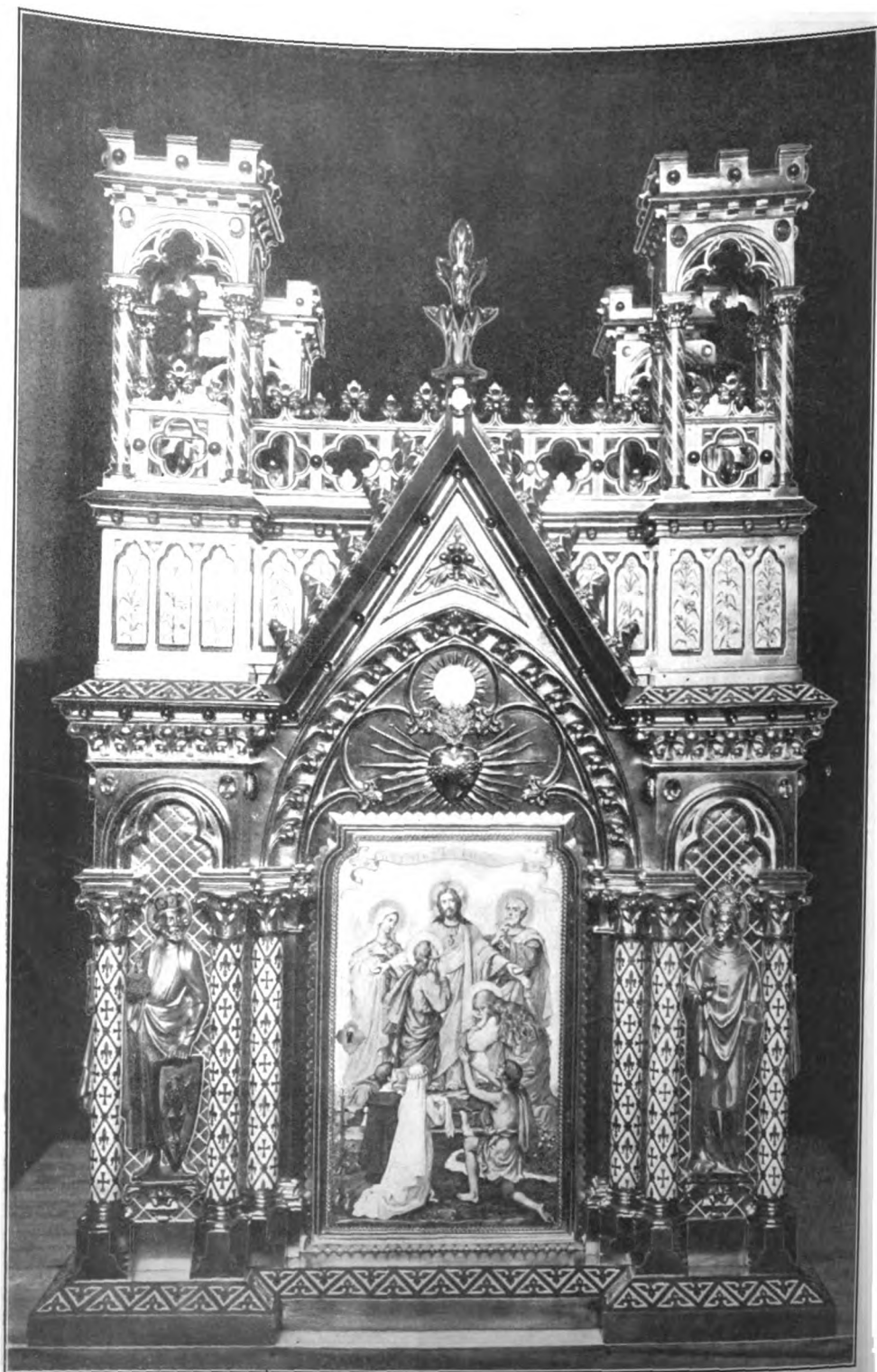
Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	14,835,182	11. Masses heard . . . . .	222,066
2. Beads . . . . .	2,660,400	12. Mortifications . . . . .	15,185,662
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	918,014	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	8,136,046
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	1,015,826	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	11,203,099
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	625,752	15. Prayers . . . . .	29,883,526
6. Examen of Conscience . . . . .	572,228	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	262,449
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	1,447,939	17. Suffering, afflictions . . . . .	190,215
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	432,133	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	367,750
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	320,601	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	309,427
10. Masses read . . . . .	10,580	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	3,643,182
		Total, 92,242,297	

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or  
before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our *Calendar Messenger*, in our  
Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse, and Lourdes.

Nov. 1900



TABERNACLE OF THE MAIN ALTAR OF THE CHURCH OF THE FATHERS OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 11.

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### A NINETEENTH CENTURY APOSTLE.

By Miss E. Lummis.

(Concluded.)

#### II.

ONE cold, snowy Sunday in November, 1895, the writer, yielding to a long-cherished desire to know more of the work of Père Eymard, visited the Church of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament at 320 Mount Royal Avenue, Montreal.

The choir were singing the *Tantum Ergo* as we crossed the threshold, for we could go no farther, so great was the crowd, though it was not a feast day, but an ordinary Sunday just before Advent. The church was large, with wide galleries, but its architectural decorations were simple, and one saw nothing, noted nothing but the high altar, fair in its adornment, but fairer still in the perpetual Presence of the Most Beautiful of the sons of men.

The altar resembled a throne, the successive steps of the reredos magnificently decorated with flowers and ornamental plants. Behind the great monstrance, that sent out its golden rays from the summit, hung an ermine mantle, surmounted by a crown, the royal insignia of the Divine King, everywhere displayed in the houses of the Congregation.

As the last notes of the beautiful hymn died away the officiating priest mounted the lateral stairway beside the altar and took from the monstrance the Sacred Host of Exposition. The church was brilliantly illuminated by electric light, the rich gilding on the altar flashed up in response, the brightness of many tapers twinkled like stars amid the flowers, and in a glory of golden light we knelt to receive the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament from the hand of a son of Père Eymard, "The Apostle of the Eucharist."

When the ceremony was over the priest replaced the Sacred Host in the monstrance and the crowd dispersed—slowly, indeed, for they had come to pray.

The little glass-panelled parlor where we waited to have a chat with the Father Superior was a contrast to the brilliant scene we had just left, with its bare, unpainted floor, spotlessly clean, and its wooden table and two chairs, which, with a bust of Père Eymard, were its only furniture. It preached its silent lesson, nevertheless, and closer acquaintance with the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament made one realize how truly the Blessed Sacrament is their All, and that



their own wants are always secondary to those of the altar.

The Superior greeted us warmly, regretting that the lateness of the hour prevented our seeing the church to advantage, and begged us to come again, promising to introduce us to the friend who had obtained for the Congregation a home on the pious soil of New France. We readily accepted his invitation, for we had been much impressed by our first visit.

Apart from the beauty of ceremonial and the spiritual charm inseparable from the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament we had felt in this favored sanctuary the influence of a devotion that in accentuating the Presence of Jesus Christ in the world as King and Master, must, in time, leave its distinctive mark upon the age. It is a hopeful sign, too, that in these shrines of Exposition, multiplying so fast, Jesus may reign in all His glory, fearlessly, as in the early days when the faith and love of the people were a surer safeguard than bolts and bars. Reliable records tell us that even until the 15th century the Blessed Sacrament was reserved upon the altar in the ciborium, or suspended above it in a silver vessel of symbolic form ever in the sight of the faithful. It was only the growing coldness of men's hearts and the fear of sacrilege and irreverence that caused it to be later enclosed in the Tabernacle, and it is no doubt the awakening fervor of this slumbering faith that calls Jesus forth again from His prison to trust Himself to their watching love.

Perpetual Exposition and Adoration being the first end of the Congregation, the Blessed Sacrament is continually exposed, day and night, and is never left alone, even for a single moment. The solemn service of personal adoration goes on uninterruptedly, hour after hour, day after day. Within the sanctuary the priests succeed each other, always kneeling, bareheaded and vested in stole and surplice, and without the railing the members of the Guard of Honor of the

Blessed Sacrament, distinguished by the medal and white ribbon, their badge of service, faithful to the appointed hour, take their places in turn upon the prie-dieu of Adoration at either side.

The most exquisite reverence governs every detail of the Eucharistic service, for besides the honor due to His Divine Majesty, Jesus is here served from love alone. Immaculate cleanliness prevails in the church and the care of the altar, always handsomely decorated, is a labor for many hands, the good Fathers thinking nothing of working the whole night to make it a dream of beauty on some special feast day. The church is open to the public from 5 A. M. until 10 P. M. daily, and on the 31st day of December and Holy Thursday it is kept open all night for the devotion of the people. The practice of giving to our Lord the first hour of the new year by a solemn hour of Adoration brings hundreds to the churches of the Congregation, and the example of the Holy Father in thus consecrating the new year by solemn Eucharistic services will add new impetus to the devotion.

When, a few days later, we claimed the promise of the Father Superior, he gladly gave us all the information we desired. He took us through the church and the large sacristies behind the altar, where are kept the beautiful ornaments and candelabra, the latter many and imposing, some forming mottoes in letters two feet long, "Alleluia," the name of "Jesus," "Venite adoremus," etc., to sparkle in lines of light on the grand feasts of the year. Here, too, were great boxes of the long wax candles which are burned in such countless numbers all made by the industrious members of the Community.

Besides the manufacture of candles, many industries are represented under one roof, for the Fathers issue the dies and medals required in great numbers for their affiliated members, and publish many books and pious leaflets, as well as a Canadian edition of *Le Petit Mes-*



MAIN ALTAR IN THE CHURCH IN PARIS.

ger du Très St. Sacrement, an agreeable Eucharistic monthly now in its third ar.

The Fathers cultivate their large garden with the assistance of the lay brother and raise vegetables for summer and winter use. In order to insure a supply of fresh flowers in all seasons of the year they maintain an extensive con-

servatory containing many rare and beautiful plants. They wear the dress of the Roman clergy, a soutane with a belt or sash, and in the house add a graceful mantle. Their distinctive emblem is a white ostensorium, embroidered on the left breast of the soutane. Their Eucharistic Apostolate is represented in Montreal by the *Prêtres Adorateurs*, having 1,200

members in Canada, the Aggregation for the People, the Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, *l'Ouvroire* or Altar Society, and the *Fraternité Eucharistique*; all these associations having special reunions and conferences given by the Fathers, who direct them, and to which all the zelatrices and councils of their work among the people are convened. The men of the *Fraternité* who are the most devoted members of the Guard of Honor, assemble at the Church every Sunday morning at 6 A. M. for the recitation of the Office before the Blessed Sacrament. They have also a solemn hour of adoration in union every first Friday of the month at 9 P. M. The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament are greatly in demand as preachers and are constantly occupied in giving retreats to the clergy and people in seminaries, churches and religious communities. They give, also, many private retreats in their own houses to priests and to young men desirous of choosing a state of life. With the establishment of Eucharistic centres and days of monthly Exposition in the parish churches, adoration and sacred office during the day, an hour of nocturnal adoration at whatever time one may be called, constant reunions and conferences, and the spiritual direction of souls (a work of special importance in the Congregation), the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament find their time fully occupied. They have also a Novitiate where thirty subjects are at present preparing to enter the Congregation, and hope soon to possess a preparatory college for training poor boys for the priesthood, where novices also may, if they choose, make their religious courses in theology without going to Europe. The time of novitiate is two years, at the conclusion of which simple vows are made, to be renewed annually for three years, when the religious profession is made and the vows become perpetual.

The Father Superior gladly told us the history of the foundation in Montreal :

Some years before a French lady who

had been identified with the work in Paris, conceived the idea of founding a house of the Congregation in Canada. She met with opposition on every side, and the affair at the outset seemed hopeless. Bringing with her a beautiful oratorio and a store of rich altar furniture for the prospective chapel, she sailed alone across the sea, to meet only with new disappointments.

But Mademoiselle de la Rousselière was not one to be discouraged, and after working for five or six years to make friends for the new work, in 1890 her hopes were realized. The first Mass in the new house of the Congregation was said by the Archbishop of Montreal, in a small house on the site of the present building, in a parlor accommodating only forty persons. Rev. Père Letellier was placed in charge of the new foundation, being joined a few months later by Rev. Père Boscher and Rev. Père Estevenon, recently reelected for the third time Superior of the Montreal house. They began literally without a cent, and had to undergo the privations of all religious pioneers. On the site of the little house on Mount Royal Avenue now stands a large church, with the residence of the Fathers on the left, while on the right, the novitiate, that was a dream of the future in 1895, is now a substantial reality. There are about thirty members of the Community in the Montreal house, including the lay brothers, and thirty students in the novitiate, making a "personnel" of sixty persons. To the approbations given to the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament by Pius IX. in the lifetime of Père Eymard, is now added that of Leo XIII. who, in his brief of August 12th 1895, confirmed it in perpetuity. The Holy Father, after commending the aims and purposes of the Congregation, thus states its spirit :

"A spirit of love and humility, which leads its members to the renunciation of all ownership of themselves, a spirit of truth, of simplicity, of submission, not only toward ourselves, but toward Bish-

ops and the Superiors of the Congregation. Therefore, . . . it pleases us to confirm and sanction finally its rules and statutes. We, who have nothing so much at heart as to see the Holy Eucharist take a higher and higher place among the people, *approve and confirm* in perpetuity, and we ratify all that our predecessor has provisionally approved and sanctioned in its regard."

We regret that space will not allow of our quoting in full the beautiful letter of the Holy Father. The Congregation of

Three Eucharistic periodicals are published by the Congregation, *The Annales de l' Association des Prêtres Adorateurs*, which reaches over 60,000 priests and is published in ten different languages; *le Très Saint Sacrement*, a review of 90 pages, now in its 24th year, and the *Petit Messager du Très Saint Sacrement*, the organ of the aggregated members, which has a circulation of 100,000 copies and is published in French, German, Italian and Flemish.

Many interesting souvenirs cluster



THE CHILDREN OF THE JUNIORATE.—TRÉVOUX (FRANCE).

the Blessed Sacrament has now eight houses, at Rome, Paris, (the mother house,) Marseilles, Brussels, Bötzen, (Austria,) Sarcelles, near Paris, Trévoux, near Lyons, and Montreal, Canada. Three houses, at Angers, Arras and St. Maurice, were closed on account of the religious persecutions of 1880. Two new foundations are about to be made at Turin, Italy, and New York, and several others are demanded in Buenos Ayres and various parts of South America, as soon as the number of subjects will allow.

about the mother house in Paris. Amid the disasters of the Commune in 1871, the church at Avenue Friedland was unmo- lested and the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament carried on without interrup- tion, though bullets fell thickly in the garden and a Communist guard was sta- tioned before the church. Neither did the Fathers suffer from the famine and distress so prevalent during the siege of Paris—kind hands sending them a daily supply of food. Again, during the relig- ious expulsions of 1880, though seals, etc.,

were placed on all the churches of the religious orders, the church in Rue Le Clerc, where they were then residing, was respected through the intervention of the Spanish Minister, who had secured for the Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament an exemption from the general edict at the request of the Spanish colony.

The church in Avenue Friedland is a place of pilgrimage for adorers from everywhere, who come, wearing away the stones of the pavement with thronging feet. The Fathers are occupied from morning until night in hearing confessions. Here centre many Eucharistic works, and here resides the Father General of the Congregation. The altar vessels in the Paris house are magnificent, set with precious stones of great value. The Tabernacle, the gift of Madame Ponce de Leon, is entirely lined with plates of silver, and with its beautiful door, cost 80,000 francs or about \$16,000. The symbolic group upon the door, exquisitely executed in enamels, typifies the love of Jesus for saint and sinner "*Accipite ex eo omnes!*" and also represents the various works of the Society.

The house in Rome, the Church of St. Claude, is the *Prima Primaria*, or seat of the Arch Confraternity for the people and a special permission from the Holy Father permits here the celebration of the devotion of the Forty Hours four times a year. The Cardinal of Turin delights here to make his daily hour of adoration and is the patron of a new foundation in his own city. A short distance from Rome, at Frascati, the Fathers possess a vacation house, or country villa, where they have also perpetual Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, and where Cardinal Svampa, late Spiritual Director of the Propaganda, is a frequent visitor. The Emperor Francis Joseph I., of Austria, is patron of the house in Bötzen, and the ostensorium of priceless value used there is enriched with the diamonds of the crown princesses. Among the most distinguished members of the Society is Rev. A. Tes-

nière, Assistant General, stationed at present in Paris. He was received into the Congregation by Père Eymard and was honored with the special confidence and friendship of the Founder, and, though a very young man, was chosen to preach his funeral oration at the services in Paris. Rev. Père Tesnière is noted as a preacher and is the author of many Eucharistic works of a high order. His *Somme de la Prédication Eucharistique* is, perhaps, his most beautiful and valuable work, but he has written many others. Rev. Père Tenaillon is also known as the author of *L'Apôtre du Sacré Cœur et de l'Eucharistie*, and as the translator of a work on daily communion, *Le Pain Quotidien*, by Rev. Père Coët, Superior of the house in Paris. The memory of Rev. Père Chanouet, who died a few years ago, is very dear to his companions in religion for the extraordinary holiness of his life, which, they predict, will one day with the virtue of Père Eymard, win official recognition by the Church.

Père Henri Durand, at present attached to the house in Brussels, well deserves the title of the "Apostle of Childhood." His theories for the Eucharistic education of children find ample exercise at the Congresses of Brussels and Paris, where the children have always their special exercises during a part of the session.

Père Durand dearly loves the little ones and keeps up a large correspondence with them. He has published a number of devotional pamphlets for their special use and is actively engaged in forwarding several works which unite children in loving and serving the Eucharist.

Children have their part in the Eucharistic Crusade which, with the work of "The Adoration of Childhood," has lately been approved at Rome. The latter work unites the most pious children in every parish in an association for weekly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. They recite a beautiful little office which, by special permission from Rome, may be recited in the vulgar tongue. They have regular meetings at

which they are instructed in regard to the preparation for confession and communion, are taught the sacred liturgy and the names and uses of the altar vessels. They sing pious hymns and chant the office in turn, wearing a little habit of their own: the boys a red cassock and

The house of the Fathers in Brussels is the centre of the "International Association for First Communion," organized by Mgr. Pitoye, who is now the director-general of the work, which registers over 400,000 children as members. It originated in an obscure country parish,



MAIN ALTAR IN THE CHURCH IN MARSEILLES.

white surplice, and the girls a dress of white wool. It is intended that these parochial Associations of children should have general reunions at certain periods. The work has met with great success, notably at Rome, Lourdes, Paris and Brussels.

where a little boy, anxious to make a good First Communion, conceived the idea of a union of prayer for the great end. Children from their earliest years are invested with the medal of the Association and taught a formula of prayer, begging for themselves and other little

ones the grace of a good First Communion.

A later work, started in the chapel at Brussels during Holy Week of the present year, is touchingly described in *Le Petit Messenger*.

In accordance with the ancient custom of sending the sons of the nobility to court to serve as pages to the king, a number of little boys belonging to the first families in Brussels, were consecrated as Pages of the Eucharistic Jesus. The Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Morosini, officiated at the ceremony on Easter Sunday, when these young boys, richly dressed in red cassocks and white surplices, with capes of red plush, trimmed with ermine—"like little cardinals"—led in the Paschal lamb, which is solemnly blessed on that day in the churches of the congregation. These young pages have their special place in the sanctuary at all great functions and after a certain probation are encouraged to become Knights of the Eucharist and defenders of the honor of their divine King. One must leave this interesting subject to discuss the original and greatest work of Père Eymard after his religious foundations, his associations for priests and people.

The Association of Prêtres Adorateurs carries upon its roll of honor the names of 60,000 priests, among them Cardinals and Archbishops and eminent prelates in every part of the world. The requirement is an hour of Adoration weekly before the Blessed Sacrament and the forwarding of the monthly report or libellum to the Diocesan Director. The work was canonically erected June 16th, 1887, by His Eminence, Cardinal Parocchi, Vicar-General of the Pope.

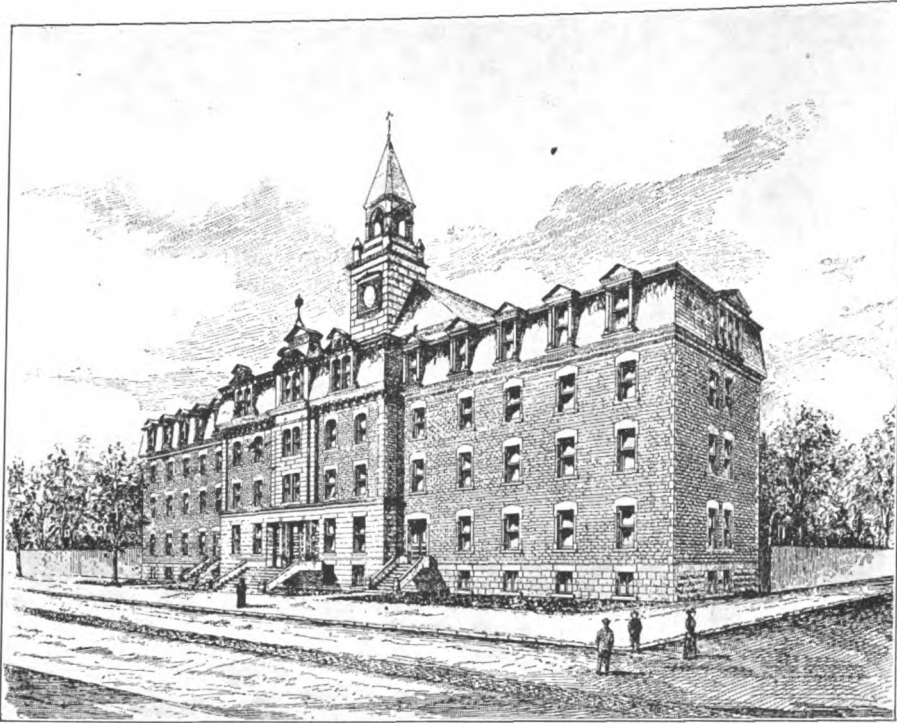
The Rev. Bede Maler, a religious of the Benedictine Order at St. Meinrad, Indiana, was first to call the attention of the priests of the United States to the work of Père Eymard, when in 1890 he joined the Prêtres Adorateurs and forming a nucleus of Associates, gave some prominence to the matter in a Monthly edited by him at St. Meinrad. Interest

was quickly awakened, and in 1893 the Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, Bishop of Covington, Ky., who had been one of the first to respond, was requested by the Rev. Father Maler, to take the direction of the American branch of the work with the title of President of the "Priests' Eucharistic League."

A first convention of Associates was held at the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, in August, 1894, at which 250 priests were present. The convention, held under the auspices of the Most Rev. Wm. Elder, Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes of Covington, was an encouraging success. In accordance with the resolutions presented at the convention a petition was forwarded to the Conference of Most Rev. Archbishops held at Philadelphia in 1894, asking them to convene a first Eucharistic Congress to be held *tempore et loco opportuno*. The petition was agreeably received, and on October 7 and 8, 1895, the first American Eucharistic Congress was formally opened at the Catholic University in Washington by the Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, of twenty Archbishops and Bishops and a large number of priests. The Holy Father honored the Congress with a special letter of encouragement.

An impressive feature of the proceedings was the Hour of Adoration made in union, when the whole distinguished assembly, the Archbishops and Bishops in their rich robes, the priests in cassock and surplice, knelt in reverent silence before the Blessed Sacrament solemnly exposed, to adore the Divine King in whose honor they had come together.

The necessity of a Eucharistic Monthly as the organ of the work becoming apparent, the first number of *Emmanuel*, edited by Rev. Bede Maler, was published in January, 1895. Rev. Father Maler earnestly forwarded the Eucharistic movement, until ill health obliged him to resign his position as Director in favor of Rev. Vincent Wag-



CONVENT AND CHURCH OF THE MOST HOLY SACRAMENT IN MONTREAL.

ner, O.S.B., who holds the office at present. The Rt. Rev. Mgr. Maes has edited *Emmanuel* since his retirement.

At a third convention of Associates of the Priests' Eucharistic League, held in October, 1899, at Philadelphia, the Most Rev. Mgr. Martinelli, celebrated the opening Mass at the Cathedral. The Most Rev. Archbishops Ryan, Elder, Corrigan, Kain and Chrystie and the Rt. Rev. Bishops Maes, Prendergast, Horstman, Gabriels, Allen and Monaghan were present. Many interesting questions were discussed and a second Eucharistic Congress resolved upon, to be held in 1901, by the invitation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Kain, in the city of St. Louis, Mo. The Priests' Eucharistic League has at present over 3,000 members. The Central Direction of the work is at 23 Avenue Friedland, Paris, and the Direction for the United States at the Benedictine Monastery of St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Thus, a little spark falling upon a few zealous hearts, kindled a great fire. The work is daily growing in importance as a means of developing practical devotion to the Eucharist and for the decision of many vital religious questions. At first, under the patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati, and the Bishops of the West, it is now under that of the American Hierarchy. A few notes gleaned in haste from the pages of *Emmanuel* give but a hint of the devotional results of this beautiful work that links together so many priestly hearts by the golden chain of prayer.

A priest, chaplain of a convent, profiting by the permission allowed to members of the League when making their adoration, lighted the six candles on the altar and placed upon it the Blessed Sacrament enclosed in the ciborium. One by one the nuns stole in to the chapel to enjoy the rare favor of private Exposition, and soon it was the weekly



custom of the community and pupils of the convent to make the hour of adoration weekly with the priest. Another priest, one of many, making the hour of adoration in this way, publicly, in the church, drew around him his whole congregation, who delighted to follow the example of their pastor, soon claimed the weekly service as a right. One more example only. In the city of Quebec, which has already many Associates, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed every Friday from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M. in the beautiful chapel of the Holy Family in the Church of Notre Dame, and all the priests of the city come in turn to make their hour's adoration, a most edifying sight.

From priest to people is a natural sequence. Père Eymard founded two Associations for the people, which have spread marvelously and are enriched with many indulgences, the work having recently been erected in Rome as an archconfraternity. The "Aggregation" requires of the people an hour's adoration weekly or monthly before the Blessed Sacrament, and registration of the Christian name and surname at one of the houses of the Congregation or some affiliated centre.

The Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, besides registration, requires the hour of adoration to be made at a fixed time and place, notably in the parish church or a church of the Congregation. To the latter visit is attached a special Plenary Indulgence, which may be gained daily under the usual conditions, if the hour's visit is repeated.

Père Eymard's work besides having as its basis the Hour of Adoration proposes as a secondary aim *the sanctification of the people through their devotion to the Eucharist*. The practice of adoring the Blessed Sacrament is supplemented by the distribution of pious literature and regular conferences, and is made the starting point for higher spiritual aims.

While the question of the Priests' Eucharistic League was being agitated in

the West, the devotion for the people was crystallizing into form in the East. In 1895 the devotion of the Perpetual Adoration, which had been introduced some years before in the Jesuit Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, was revived, and the League of the Sacred Heart registered in a year about 800 adorers, chiefly from among the members of the church. It aimed chiefly only at local devotion but proved the possibilities of the work. When in 1896, therefore, a few simple rules were formed adapting the work of Perpetual Adoration for united action among the churches, and affiliating it to that of Père Eymard, the outlook was still more promising. The formula of rules was sanctioned by the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. The work became a distinct Association. It was first introduced in its amended form at St. Stephen's Church, under the name of "The People's Eucharistic League." St. Francis Xavier's Church organized a Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, St. Patrick's Cathedral followed, and when seven churches in New York had introduced the devotion, the first annual reunion was held on January 25, 1897, at the Cathedral, which had become the head centre of the Eucharistic League. On Corpus Christi of the same year, the centres were again convened for the united celebration of the feast, by a grand procession of the laity, the zelatrices or promoters of the new work, heads of bands of twelve adorers, forming the procession, and distinguished by scarfs of the colors of their local church. So unanimous was the response, and so impressive the ceremony, that the future of the People's Eucharistic League was at once assured. This feast of Corpus Christi, June 1897, recorded also the formal affiliation of the work to the Guard of Honor, in a letter received from the Rev. P. Tesnière, Assistant General of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament.

Five thousand booklets of devotion having been sold to the members of the

Eucharistic League during the first year, the first of January 1898 saw the publication of a monthly review, *The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament*, as organ of the Eucharistic League, representing the English edition of the *Petit Messager*. New churches joined the Eucharistic League, not only in New York and Brooklyn, but in every prominent city in the United States. At the general reunions, the Cathedral was taxed beyond its capacity



MAIN ALTAR IN THE CHURCH IN MONTREAL.

A central committee was also formed to direct the work and represent its general interests. Reunions were held yearly on the 25th of January, and for the united celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi, and councils of the local representatives

with associates wearing the medal and white ribbon, and the procession of Zelators and Zelatrices numbered by hundreds at certain centres, soon outgrew the limits of the long aisles of the largest church in New York. The devo-



REV. BEDE, MALER, O. S. B.

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tion of the Associates was publicly manifested at the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the general communion and solemn services of Corpus Christi, organized adoration on first Fridays, Holy Thursday, and during the Forty Hours. Churches that had been closed during the day were opened, and days of special Exposition established in many. The Associates having been urged to unite in the practice of visiting the Blessed Sacrament during the Forty Hours at all local centres of the League, have persevered for four years in this pious custom, being numbered by hundreds, and even by thousands, each wearing the decorations of the Eucharistic League, and coming for a reverent hour's visit.

The edifying example of these visiting bands also suggested union of parochial Associations in visiting the Blessed Sacrament, and one parish saw 1,200 members of its local good works represented during the Forty Hours before the Blessed Sacrament. The zeal of the Men Associates of the Eucharistic League in attending the Forty Hours culminated in the Nocturnal Adoration, which was kept up during the past winter on Holy Thursday night, and during the Forty Hours by five Centres in New York, one in Brooklyn, one in Washington, and one in New Orleans. The increase in the number of

Men Associates has been very noticeable and has led to the separation of the men from the women at the Local Centres.

The great number of men applying for places in the *Corpus Christi* procession suggested the idea of giving them a separate reunion for the celebration of the Feast. This experiment, tried for the first time on June 17, 1900, met with a success so overwhelming that the separation of the Men's Branch of the Eucharistic League has become a necessity. Over 4,000 tickets were called for and the Cathedral was filled from door to door by a solid mass of men coming in orderly delegations from fourteen Local Centres to join in the impressive procession of the Blessed Sacrament, all vying in earnest desire to forward the one great aim that was their bond of brotherhood. A movement is already on foot to organize the Men's Branch as a general association for Nocturnal Adoration, a model association that will minimize all difficulties and provide adorers during the nights of the Forty Hours and special Eucharistic feasts at all the churches in the city. With a central Council of gentlemen, a general membership, and co-operation at the Local Centres this plan will ere long develop into a practical form that will commend itself to other cities already interested in the Nocturnal Adoration.

The People's Eucharistic League, ap-



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PRES. PRIESTS' EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE.

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PRESENT SUPERIOR GENERAL.

R. P. TESNIÈRE,  
ASS'T SUPERIOR.

proved by nearly every Archbishop and Bishop in the United States, is now awaiting daily an approval at Rome. The Plenary Indulgence attached to the Hour's Adoration may now, by special dispensation, be gained by the half hour's visit. The Eucharistic League is under the special patronage of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, and the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, Pastor of the Cathedral, has been since 1897, its Director General. It has aggregated 15,000 members in nearly 60 Local Centres in the last four years. Its requirements are similar to those of the Guard of Honor of the Blessed Sacrament, the Local Centres of which are consolidated into a League and act in union. The central office of the People's Eucharistic League is at 123 East 50th street, New York.

The foundation of a house of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament in New York City will centralize and develop the beautiful Eucharistic works of Père Eymard. The Fathers are, in fact, already installed in the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, 185 East 76th street, which the Most Reverend Archbishop of New York has placed at their disposition until a more suitable Shrine for the Perpetual Ex-

position of the Blessed Sacrament can build elsewhere. The opening of this Eucharistic Cenacle will be announced shortly. New York, therefore, will be the first and only city in the United States to possess this rare favor, and the Associations of Priests and People that bind together so many cities in loving accord are earnestly invited to join in aiding a cause so worthy and so full of spiritual promise. May all be one in according to the Divine King a welcome worthy of Him and of their abiding faith!

The story is told. It is no longer the servants of the Master who make straight His paths, for the Lord Himself cometh! He cometh—not in the

magnificence of His anger, but in the glory and tenderness of His love, to stand ever, day and night, looking out from the watch tower of His mercy, that no heart may go out from Him un comforted, and no sinner unforgiven. In the beauty of His Face He will win the worldling from his pleasures and the business man from his cares and be the living inspiration of all spiritual works that spring forth from the ever-flowing fountain of the Eucharist.



CIBORIUM IN USE IN THE  
HOUSE IN PARIS.

## ABOUT THE CATACOMBS.

*By Gabriel Francis Powers.*

IT seems idle to write anything about Rome ; more than idle to describe anything in Rome ; still as it always will be the centre of universal interest and the one spot loved above others, there may be a few who, knowing it will enjoy even humble talk of it, and others who, never having been there, yet relish the simplest details—because it is Rome.

Suppose we take an afternoon's ramble through any one of the Catacombs . . . they are similar enough in spite of distinctive details to allow of one description. Each of us has a lighted taper (a *cerino* we call it in Rome) in hand and we proceed, probably in single file, down the first steep flight of steps. At their foot, immediately before us, the gallery tunnels out into the living earth. It may be two, or four, or five feet wide ; six or seven in height, and the rough tufa is scarred still overhead with the strokes of the workman's pick sixteen, eighteen and well-nigh twenty centuries ago. We have not to go far before the tombs begin. They are on either hand of us, usually two, one above the other, but sometimes more. Usually, too, each grave contains one body, but there have been cases when two, three and even four were found lying side by side. The marble slab closing the tomb or *loculus* (so the divisions in a modern burial-vault are still called in Italy) is fixed in its place with a plastering of mortar round the edge and in this many a time when it was fresh, humble hands pressed buttons and shells, signs no doubt by which the loving poor might identify their dead. Words of prayer also were scratched in it occasionally, and, hardening as the cement hardened, read clearly still. So that famous writing which gave to De Rossi the secret of the

burial-place of the martyrs Januarius, Agapetus and Felicissimus: "*Mi refrigeri* Januarius, Agatopos, Felicissim, *martyres*," is in the catacomb of St. Pretexatus on the Appian Way. He knew by long experience that the bodies of the saints invoked must be lying near. The slab closing the tomb is generally of marble cut to the proper size, but at times it is rough and appears to bear signs of having been used for other purposes ere it came to its present use. A fragment of clinging sculpture or peculiar formation, as of a step, seems to indicate that in times of persecution the stones were taken from anywhere, possibly from those very villas of the Campagna falling then into the decay and ruin we see completed now. In the catacomb of St. Agnes we have a slab on the exterior surface of which is graven a Christian epitaph while inside are the strange words : " Give over, thou hast played enough : it is my turn now." They seem to indicate clearly that this was a gaming table or stone bench upon which the Roman youths played games as you can see them doing still, any day, on the Pincio or at the Piazza Navona. It is a singular inscription to be enclosed in a Christian grave : but in the mouth of Death the Allegory or God the living, how terrible those words might be!

Most of the slabs bear the name of the deceased, the age, haply some brief commendation, and the Church's supreme valedictory, *In pace*. It is superfluous to add that the purer forms and more finely-cut letters denote the earlier period ; only as we advance in epoch do they grow uneven and awry. Symbols, rudely graven, abound on them all. The anchor, the dove bearing the olive branch, the  $\chi$  standing for the first two letters of the word Christ in Greek ; the

alpha and omega (first and last letters of Greek alphabet), meaning that He is our beginning and our end, and finally the fish which in its Greek form *χθς* had been found to spell the initials of the five Greek words, Jesus-Christ-God's-Son-Saviour. Many of the inscriptions in the catacombs are in Greek; others blend Greek and Latin or spell Latin names with Greek letters; the two languages appear to have been equally familiar. Sometimes against the tombstone you can still see a broken vial standing, and here there is a palm graven, for the lowly sleeper, whatever his or her name, age or condition, who gave blood and life for Christ. There are few things as touching as those emblems of first hope expressed over the dead and first faith in the divinity of the Redeemer; but as you gaze upon these, the martyrs' record, an uncontrollable emotion seizes you. Who were they? What were they? The stone keeps but a name, a vial, and the palm. They were our brothers in the faith, our kith and kin, our own people who would kneel with us at one altar; but it was asked of them to give agony of pain, sickening tortures, and the death it may be of others dearer than life, for the sake of that which we hold so lightly now. There they sleep, calm at last after their dying and One, who had gone by that road before them, knows each drop of the ruby blood they shed. It matters little that the vials are broken; the fragrance of that pure blood is ascending, fresh still and warm still, because no number of centuries ensuing will wipe out its tale of love.

There is a strange beauty about the memorials of the catacombs, a simplicity and purity of belief revealed, that seems to testify to the great reverence and wonder, the single-heartedness with which those first believers received the creed; verily "like a little child." It must have seemed to them the simplest thing in this world to go to the rack, and the block, and the lions in Christ's name.

If you come straight from the profound silence of those spots where first, in deadly peril, rang the rapture of the music-words, "I am a Christian," to one of our modern churches on a Sunday morning, looking around you, you will ask yourself: what do the words mean here? Yet the Church is offering up the same mysteries at the same altar; and this is the Truth—as new, as living, as vital, as when, for it, Agnes and Cecilia and Urbanus and Sebastian died. The world then must have been strikingly similar to the world now, however, as man has always been like man. In one of the catacombs we were once shown a little primitive ivory figure, poor plaything buried no doubt with some cherished Christian child, eighteen centuries ago. I said to the archæologist that it could not be a doll, but he said it *was* a doll. These were the children who at the age of four and five and seven gave themselves up to die.

As you move down the gallery other galleries intersect it at intervals and these are intersected again until the maze-like intricacy of ways confuses you. From time to time an arch of masonry helps to sustain the vault and usually here, in a mere scooping out of the tufa, stood the tiny lamps lighting the galleries above them. The wall is blackened with smoke. A few were fixed in place and are there still, blackened too where they burnt themselves down as the last Christian departing blew them out for the last time. A little terra-cotta vessel, leaf-shaped, with a ring-handle at one end, a beak at the other, and an aperture at the top. Occasionally the handle is transformed into a monogram of Christ ( $\chi\rho$ ) and a wreath is moulded about the aperture, but as a rule, they are of the plainest design, a mere shape cast by the potter's hand. In our own day the Roman housewife uses a lamp almost exactly similar about her kitchen, though it is made of tin instead of earthenware. It is fed with olive-oil and costs only a few cents. Speaking of lamps, there are very clear

evidences in the catacombs that they were burnt in the earliest times before the tombs of the martyrs and, possibly, even before tombs that were less notable. Though the custom may have been originally heathen, it certainly appears to have been sanctioned by the Church from the beginning, as also the heathen use of tapers and torches at funerals and other processions; we have good authority against those of our non-Catholic friends who object so strenuously to "our candles."

Occasionally the galleries are lighted by an opening in the vault, like the shaft of a mine (*luminare*), which allows the enfeebled daylight to reach one's path; but, as a rule, the long darkness grows oppressive. Ladies are apt to feel faint if they stay any length of time and though air is not wanting even five and seven stories deep underground—as at St. Priscilla—and you know the keys of the catacombs would not be trusted to any but an experienced guide, there is yet some sort of dread in the unfamiliarity of it. I will own to having felt a pleasant little emotion once. The archæologist I was accompanying and to whom the twistings and turnings of galleries are as the ways of his own home, paused at a cross path with bent head. Probably this is like all knowledge. To me every corner was absolutely identical; to him there were signs, but for a moment I thought that we were lost.

Opening off the galleries at intervals are the little vaulted chapels or *cubacula*, sometimes several grouped together, where, having more space, the faithful assembled and the holy mysteries were celebrated. Whether they were the burial places of noble families or the first only shrines dedicated to the martyrs, their use as places of worship is very clear. Besides the *loculi*, similar to those of the galleries, we have here the *arcosolium*, an arch in the wall, covered with paintings; under it the altar, the horizontal slab covering the martyr's grave (to all purposes and appearance

the modern shrine complete), often a credence in the wall beside it; sometimes a bishop's chair *in situ*, the feet thereof showing where once it stood, and a lower seat on either side of it; a bench built against the wall and, as at St. Pontiano, a baptismal font. This font—baptistery would perhaps be the proper word—deserves notice. A streamlet running through the catacombs was utilized for its formation, and the depth of the water in it varies, according to the fluctuation of the Tiber. The paintings here seem to date back only as far as about the eighth century, but it is believed the baptistery itself is of very great antiquity. A feature of it is the beautiful frescoed cross rising out of the water, covered with leaves and flowers, and the arms of which support ten candles, possibly symbolical of the ten commandments. The *alpha* and *omega* are also attached to the arms by little painted chains.

The paintings of the catacombs are, with few exceptions, exclusively in the chapels or cubacula; the vaulted ceilings, the arcosolia and walls being covered with those delicate archaic frescoes, so beautiful still, even where rude and primitive in color and design. In the subjects treated, there is a great similarity; Noah in the ark, Jonah issuing from the mouth of the fish (the resurrection), Moses drawing water from the rock, and scenes from Genesis are repeated constantly. From the New Testament we have the multiplication of loaves, the healing of the paralytic, various other miracles, and the raising of Lazarus which figures in almost every catacomb. Being the Christian *cameteria*, that beautiful Greek word, "a place to sleep in," it is but natural that the paintings should chiefly allude to and symbolize the resurrection. At St. Calixtus, we have also a Chapel of the Sacraments, though authorities are divided as to whether the figures seated at a table, partaking of bread and fish—a common theme—represent the Blessed Eucharist

purely and simply, or also the celestial feast of eternity. It seems likely that they represent both, and it may be, at the same time, the *agape* of the early Church. Occasionally, among the smaller paintings, we find a life-sized head of Christ, rather Byzantine in type, and much like the ancient mosaics. That of SS. Nereo ed Achilleo, probably the oldest Christian burial place in Rome, is held to be the most remarkable. Christ, as the Good Shepherd, bearing a lamb or kid upon His shoulders, or Christ as Orpheus, attracting the wild beasts to Him by the sweetness of His music, are favorite subjects and often very artistic in treatment. In a chapel at St. Calixtus, occurs what is probably one of the earliest instances of reverence paid to the images of saints in art. There are several figures, with names attached to them: Cecilia, Urbanus, Polycamus, Sebastianus and Curinus. Cecilia is richly attired, Urbanus wears his pontifical robes, and Polycamus has a martyr's palm—simple emblems that tradition and the fitness of things have kept to the paintings of our own day. Often the walls are covered with a tracery of vines, birds being among them, which, in spite of their Christian symbolism, remind one strongly of the decoration of Roman banqueting halls. Indeed, the painter may have had the love-feasts in mind when he designed them in the catacombs. Even among the modern decorative painters of Italy, that motive of trailing vines and birds seems to have prevailed as the traditional one best suited to dining rooms. The catacomb of St. Pretextatus has on the chapel-vault four orders of wreaths: roses, corn, vine and laurel, symbolizing the seasons of the year, and haply, the seasons of life. In execution they are very beautiful, and rank perhaps among the finest paintings of the catacombs. Under these, another band has the rather rare subject of reapers gathering in the corn. Landscapes, isolated, or forming the background of the Good Shepherd and other

themes are sometimes found, but they are not among the notable features.

At St. Priscilla there is a fresco which has delighted the souls of archæologists and been frequently studied and discussed. It is the figure of a woman seated with an infant child in her lap. Near her a man is standing with an open book in one hand, and he points above him to a star. No reasonable doubt could be entertained as to whom this represents, and the date of its execution has been fixed to times almost (if not minus the almost) apostolical. Common opinion regards the man as one of the Holy Kings and names this the Adoration of the Magi, nothing daunted by the fact that there is one figure only where tradition usually places three—whether accurately or inaccurately I do not know. Other authorities incline to the opinion that this may be St. Joseph. De Rossi, with perhaps the most luminous interpretation yet offered, suggests Isaiah, one of the Virgin's prophets, and one whose predictions "abound with imagery borrowed from light." Might he not be also some nameless one buried here who—*volens Deo*, for he wears the pallium—had worked by and explained Her? To us, the humble and unlearned, who listen to the talk of wiser men, and sometimes do not grasp it, that figure, whomsoever it may have represented, is but an archetype. Luke, bowed with reverence over his script, had written and the words have kept the hush and pause of his breath as he slowly penned them: "The name of the Virgin was Mary." This man for well-nigh twenty centuries has stood looking towards her and he says, pointing to the sky whence the light shines upon him, that which thousands and millions since have repeated after him and the great voice of the Church goes singing still day by day in her golden liturgy: "She is my Star."

Constant discoveries are being made in the catacombs owing to the fact that large fractions of them were blocked off



in succeeding ages either by the Christians when the loculi of that portion were filled, to render them safer in times of persecution, or possibly, by natural slides of the tufa itself. In the fourteenth century only the catacomb of St. Sebastiano was open and frequented, and it may be for that reason we hear of so many saints spending their time there in prayer. Save for the memory of its patron, "Blessed Sebastian, the athlete of Christ," one of the most beautiful and inspiring figures of the early Church both in life and in death, the catacomb has no very special interest. That of St. Agnes is infinitely preferable on account of the large number of tombs absolutely untouched. So many were rifled during the barbaric invasions in the hope of discovering treasure that this is quite a notable feature. Some years since, while the Brother was conducting a party of *carabinieri* through this, one of the men—they are usually large and heavy—stumbled against a grave and smashed the marble in. The skeleton lay inside in perfect preservation with the hair glossy still about the head. Since exposure to the air only scraps of this remain. Where the tombs are open, skulls and fragments of bones are to be seen, and spices have been found among them, proving that the Christians must have sought to imitate with their own dead the burial of the Lord. Roughly speaking, there are some twenty or more catacombs about Rome underlying the campagna in every direction, though they do not usually extend outward beyond the third milestone. In depth and multiplicity of galleries they simply honeycomb the whole soil, rendering it elastic and almost immune against the shocks of earthquake. Many of them were undoubtedly in communication; some few, probably the burial-places of Christian noble families and excavated in their own grounds, are not important enough to mention save where they received some martyrs of note.

A curious instance of how the campagna

is undermined with galleries, was given some years ago to strange archæological witnesses, the members of the Roman Fox Hunt. Reynard running on the open in full view suddenly disappeared and after him the whole pack of hounds which the riders following on, above cover, could hear running and yapping underground until it emerged again some half-mile beyond. Occasionally, as at St. Priscilla, there is but one means of entrance and exit, and this caused the dread tragedy enacted there in the third century. Christians having been seen to enter the catacomb, where the bodies of the martyrs Chrysanthus and Daria attracted their homage, the entrance was closed after them. In later ages skeletons of men, women and children were found where this last Mass was said, together with the silver vessels used for the celebration of the holy mysteries.

Before turning away finally from this oft-mentioned and most interesting catacomb I may be pardoned if I mention a very valuable and much-prized personal possession. This is the tracing, taken direct from the grave, of one of the most remarkable among the tombstones. Its artistic merit is very great. At the left-hand end Christ, the Shepherd, sits upon what appears to be a rock or the stump of a tree; another tree behind Him spreads its leaf and fruit above His head; the left foot is poised upon a stone, and a lamb reclines at His side which turns its head towards Him and seems to be listening to the music which He draws from a pastoral pipe raised to His lips. The left hand holds a crook against which he leans. The workmanship is rude certainly and the limbs and feet poorly drawn, but there is beauty and art and the purity of classical tradition, in what it pleases me to call the *pre-Raphaellesque* foliage, the close-curved classic head, the extremely artistic pose of the figure and the graceful motion of the left hand on the staff. The pipe appears to be the four-fluted compact one, ruder no doubt and more primitive

than that of seven tones. Opposite the carving the inscription reads—and there is art too in the disposition of the uneven words—*Geronti Vivas in Deo* (Gerontius, mayest thou live with God).

In connection with the catacombs there exists in Rome a society whose designation, the *Collegium Cultorum Martyrum*, sufficiently explains its end and object. The members make the early martyrs of the Church and all appertaining to them, relics, tombs, history, one of their special studies. Foremost and chief among them stand, naturally enough, the Christian archæologists, men whose work is at once deeply interesting and of the highest importance. The college also numbers many erudite priests among its members and a few secular scholars. One of the principal cares of the society is to have Mass celebrated at the tomb of the martyr on his or her festival-day (the day of their death, which is still called natalitia, birthday) and a procession frequently follows the Mass, during which the litanies of the saints are sung as the faithful go in dusky trailing lines between the graves of those they are invoking. There is a wonderful spell cast about the old passages when they are fragrant again with incense and vocal with Christian prayer. Here and there a light gleams upon the stone; the martyr's name stands out and the broken glass of the ampullæ catches the ray. It is a very different thing to read through that litany hastily in a gilded modern church and to hear it chanted with strange, stifled echoes in those subterranean galleries. Haply as you move the sleeve of your twentieth century coat brushes the marble slab which stands now identical, untouched as when the newly-dead body was laid within its shelter—"in beauty like a flower from which as yet neither its bright colors nor fair form is gone."

Immediately after the religious ceremony the participants come out into the open air, which is very sweet and glad after the darkness, and one of the archæologists gives a brief lecture upon the

catacomb they have just left. It used always to be De Rossi, the great, wonderful old man of whom his fellow-workers say it would take eight of them to make up the sum total of his powers and knowledge, adding that much would be wanting even then. I can see now the large figure in its archaic frock-coat, the curl of hair tucked into each ear (a peculiarity that filled the young members of the audience with delight), and the broad, kindly face beaming under the hat. He would stand very likely on a curbstone, beside an arch of masonry going up into the blue, and talk to the people grouped there in the sunshine as simply, though as learnedly, as only such men can. Sometimes there would be a little joke and a big smile always given back to him, and he took pains to explain gravely and carefully about points of interest; he was not airing himself before an audience. We were children in knowledge, and he wished us to understand. After him some other might perhaps speak. In all probability it would be Marucchi, with his, strongly marked profile and gravely abstracted gaze; another of the great simple ones and a well of science brimming over with accumulated lore. Then, most delightful of hours, the college would repair to some neighboring osteria where a plain, abundant meal was served, to which some few of us, the profane, were graciously admitted. The plates were an inch thick, also the glasses, and the forks were of tin, but the coarse cloth was clean, and De Rossi took the head of the table. He had a chair; we sat on wooden benches; it was part of the charm. A Roman dinner is usually lively and the conversation noisy. This, which they never call anything but "the agape," is no exception to the rule; but the guests had sense enough to pause and listen when the patriarch of the feast began to tell in his own quaint, unpretentious way of the small incidents and insignificant events that had led him to his great findings. There was a story about a very valuable inscription that the old man told

with infinite pleasure and grace. Allowing for the possible inaccuracies of memory, it is as follows: He had found some small fragments of a slab and had spent hours vainly searching for the rest and trying to reconstruct the sentences. Going into the osteria at last, worn out and discouraged, in search of refreshment and rest, and loitering there—no doubt while dinner was preparing—he noticed a barrel placed on end upon what appeared to be a smooth fragment of marble. His student's instinct led him to bend over it closer for investigation, and he then found there were letters upon it. With beating heart he begged the hostess to have the barrel removed. He simply fell upon the stained marble, for, spelling out the characters, he found it was the larger part of the inscription he had sought so long.

De Rossi had a brother, still living, who is a very distinguished geologist. The two—they were almost equally beloved—went in Rome by dialect names of which no language can render the broadly comic humor. One was "il catacombaro" (he of the catacombs), and the other "il terremotaro" (he of the earthquakes). As the dinner went on and the men waxed merry—such innocent, healthy, whole-hearted fun and laughter!—some of them leant over the table and scribbled verses on scraps of paper. To some De Rossi appointed their rhymes, others wrote spontaneously and stood up to recite what they had written. The lines all bore on the martyrs, the catacombs and the illustrious men present, and were greeted with noisy applause. One of the poets, having alluded to the ancient name of the catacomb *ad duas lauros*, concluded that from those bays he would pluck a leaf of fame for the two brothers. This seemed to amuse him of the catacombs mightily. "One leaf only between us, *caro mio*?" he asked with a droll Italian gesture. "That's too little for two!" And he laughed as long and as heartily as though this had been the best joke ever made.

Another remarkable member of the

college and a close friend of the De Rossi is Monsignor Wilpert, a German priest residing in Rome. His acumen and penetration eminently deserved the master's words of almost invidious admiration: "*Occhio linceo*." (thou lynx-eyed). More than once De Rossi deferred to him in doubtful questions, and his active work in the catacomb of St. Priscilla alone is above praise. Here he would spend eight hours of the day lying flat upon the ground, perhaps cramped in an arcosolium, copying the paintings, taking photographs with the aid of chemicals and studying the memorials of early Christian art. I remember meeting him one day in the shadow of the old Tor de Conti, and his face was dazzling bright with some great joy. After the briefest greetings it broke from him, unsolicited, a jubilation too great to be borne in silence: "I have found how the early vestments were made." For days he had been joining strips of paper together according to the somewhat complicated indications and appearance of the catacomb frescoes and had at length reached this result.

On another occasion De Rossi thought he had discovered traces of fresco on a catacomb wall and wore out his eyes striving after what these patches of blur might be. Marucchi was called in to help him, and the two puzzled in vain as to whether it was paint or not. If paint, what could it possibly represent? Then came Wilpert, the lynx-eyed. He examined the wall very carefully, then the extremely practical spirit of the Teuton asserted itself. "Let's wash it," he said. The audacious simplicity of the proposal stunned the other men. When De Rossi recovered he repeated after him "Let's wash it," and they did. In the wash the accumulated dust being removed and the colors restored to their pristine brilliancy, the whole delicate pictured scene stood out. They are laughing still over that elementary way of making discoveries, but, for some reason or other, Wilpert's suggestion appeared to raise him in De Rossi's estimation. Long

years of earnest work, the work of the antiquary and the artist, have placed him higher still.

And now it is time that we turn from those dear old catacomb memories of the pleasant days gone by. Only once since leaving Rome have I tasted the illusion of being in that hallowed atmosphere again. Of all places in the world, it was in Chicago. A winter's morning, when the light was not yet full made and the dusky worshippers knelt, silent and absorbed, around one altar. They did not seem to be praying as they pray every day, and when the low-noted *Domine non sum dignus* rose in the stillness every man present went forward to receive the holy mysteries. Then it swept over me that we were back in one of those dim, torchlighted crypts four thousand miles away; back perhaps yet further in the beginnings of Christianity, when the new-made Church of God had not yet come to daylight and the Christian, the noblest ethical conception of a man, was nothing but an obscure, haply

vulgar, hated sectarian—as he is now. Then, too, I realized, on that First Friday morning—the knowledge has come late, but what of that, since it has come?—that devotion to the Sacred Heart is no new-fangled fashion in piety, but a thing beautiful and living as the faith of the early martyrs. The truth wants no witnesses, but it is good that he who has found it should say that he has found it and that it is the truth. It is no idle impulse that will make men, where there is no special obligation, rise before the business and duties of the day to receive the Blessed Eucharist at dawn. There must be here some new inspiration of life, some going back to the beginning, something living and vital as the first heartbeats of Christianity. In reality, what were the assemblies of the Christians but the nucleus formed of that which was to be an endless, ever-spreading apostleship of prayer? You will know by the palm and the vial and the name of Christ deep-graven on the tombstones, whether they valued the interests of His heart.

## DAVID'S LAMENT FOR JONATHAN.

(AFTER THE BIBLE NARRATIVE).

By R. G.

MOURN for the mighty dead, for Jonathan,  
 Slain in the combat by the side of Saul,  
 Ere yet his race of glory was begun;  
 O'erwhelmed too soon beneath th' unpitiful pall,  
 His web of golden annals still unspun,  
 As God-anointed king of Israel.

O cruel! cruel! was't for this I loved  
 My brother as my very soul? We twain  
 Together through the kingly palace moved,  
 Together wandered by the stream and plain,  
 Fleeter than harts amid the woodland roved,  
 Nor sped our arrows ever forth in vain.

We grew together, as the ivy binds  
 Closely its well-beloved elm around;  
 (Seeking upon the forest sward, it finds  
 No fitting mate upon the lowly ground;  
 Then lifting up its forehead, gently winds  
 The elm about, and its dear love has found)

So cleaved we each to other ; now alone,  
Mourning, without my brother must I bide,  
Torn from the loving arms of Jonathan,  
Never again to see him at my side ;  
How art thou hard, O Heaven, my lov'd one  
To sunder from me in his manhood's pride !

Sad to me now what I held so dear,  
Those tokens of his friendship which he gave,  
His bow and girdle, tunic, shield and spear,  
What time I o'ercame the haughty brave ;  
Sad to me now, forerunners of a tear  
For one that lies alone within the grave.

Why didst thou bid me not to fear, when thou  
In Ziph foretoldst that thy Father's sword  
Should never strike me, but upon my brow  
Should shine the golden circlet of the Lord ?  
Shines it indeed ; but, oh, thou art not now  
Beside me on my throne and at my board !

Rush down my tears, for Jonathan is dead,  
The illustrious one of Israel is slain ;  
Gilboa's mountains, bow ye down your head ;  
Gilboa's fruit trees, never bloom again ;  
Wasted be all your strength, your beauty sped ;  
Wither upon the hillside and the plain.

Weep, weep, ye streamlets, mourn the groves among,  
For lo, my peerless brother is no more ;  
Tell the wing'd songsters to forego their song  
Of gladness, and a sorrowing lay outpour ;  
Tell ancient ocean, as ye flow along,  
To strike a note of woe upon the shore.

But breathe it not in Ascalon or Gath  
Lest daughters of Philisthiim be gay  
Over my brother's unlamented death ;  
Bid Israel's maidens to attune their lay  
To mourning with the music of their breath  
For Jonathan, more comely far than they.

Still through my tears I call to Jonathan,  
" Farewell forever, thou wert loved by me  
Above the love of woman ; ne'er was son,  
A mother's only child, loved equally.  
And I must live without thee and alone.'"  
Oh, Heaven have pity on my misery !

# HISTORY OF THE MISSION IN BRITISH GUIANA.

*By C. W. Barraud, S. J.*

**B**EFORE beginning what I fear must be rather a prosy story, it will be well to say a few words about the scene of it.

British Guiana, otherwise known from its central river as Demerara, originally belonged to the Dutch.

They must have been supremely happy here, for the country for forty miles inland is as flat as their own Holland and, as its coast is below sea-level, it has to be defended, as in Holland, by dykes and fascines against the encroachments of the ocean.

The colony consists of three counties, Essequibo, Demerara and Berbice, and has an area of about 100,000 square miles, being, consequently, twice the size of England.

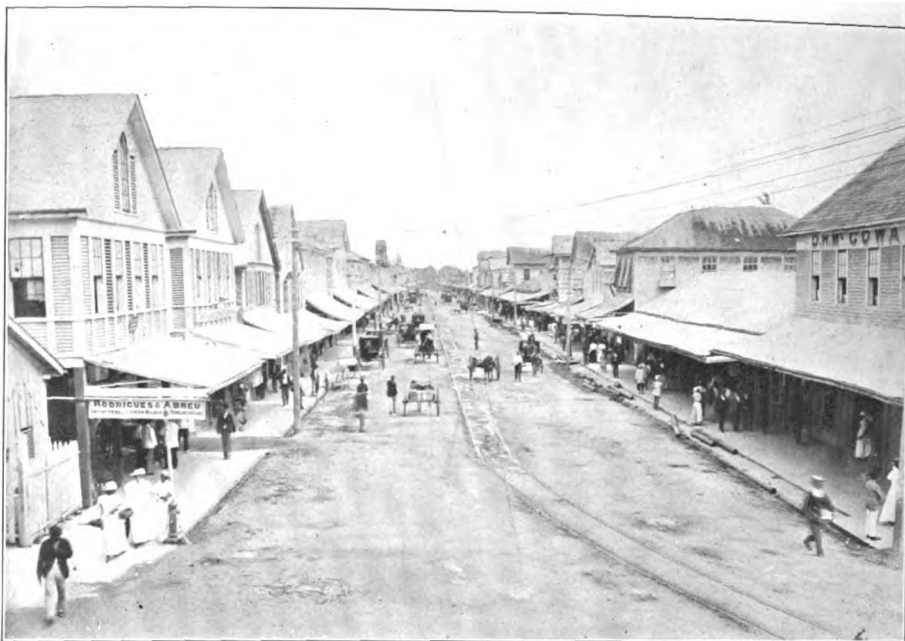
The soil of the lowlands is alluvial and very rich, but is cultivated only along the sea coast and the river banks ; indeed, the interior is but very partially explored and is occupied by none but Bucks, as the natives are called, gold-diggers, woodcutters and ballata-bleeders.

The whole country is well watered by four large rivers with numerous tributaries. The Essequibo, the largest of these, has a course of over 600 miles and an estuary nearly twenty miles wide, in which lie a number of fertile islands, some of them twelve or fifteen miles long. One—so vast is the quantity of mud washed down by these rivers—has been formed about the wreckage of a sunken ship.

The far interior, the scene of Waterton's wanderings, is mountainous and covered with virgin forest, the table-



CATHEDRAL TOWER—CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL FROM CAMP STREET, DEMERARA.



WATER STREET.

mountain, Roraima, on the isolated summit whereof several hitherto unknown species of vegetable and animal life have been discovered, and the Kaie-teur or "Old Man" waterfall on the Potaro, a tributary of the Essequibo, 741 feet in height and 370 feet broad at full water, being among its most striking features (1).

The first view of "This Magnificent Province," as it was fondly named in better times—the proud appellation has been dropped since the depression in sugar set in—cannot be called exhilarating. As seen from the sea, it presents nothing but a straight line of low bush interspersed with tall factory chimneys, somewhat after this fashion :

When the present writer arrived here twenty years ago the intercolonial boat used to meet the ocean steamer alternately at St. Thomas and Barbados. It was his luck to touch first at St. Thomas and this involved a delightful run through the islands.

(1) This photograph was reproduced by Mr. J. C. King, of the Immigration Office. Almost all the others were taken by Mr. J. Williams, Assistant Analytical Chemist.

St. Kitts, Monserrat, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, Trinidad, are all most lovely, and it did seem rather like a cruel jest, after threading that fairy maze of wood and mountain, to be shot out on a mud flat.

Man's taste and industry, however, can beautify even a mud-flat, and, as your steamer makes its way into the mouth of the Demerara river, you become conscious that Georgetown is a city of no mean pretensions. Indeed, there is no city in the Islands to compare with it, though all have the advantage of it in situation.

The most prominent object from the river and the most interesting on closer inspection, is the Catholic Cathedral, a wooden building in the decorated Gothic style, with crockets and finials of cast iron. It was built by the first Jesuit Bishop, Dr. Etheridge, and the beautiful tower, 160 feet high, completed by his successor, Dr. Butler. This tower is surmounted by a colossal statue of Our Lady, the church being dedicated to the Immaculate Conception.

There is also an Anglican Cathedral of

noble proportions, but most distressing detail, built from drawings by Blomfield. There is also a town hall designed by the late Father Scoles of this Mission, which, in spite of the rather crippling conditions imposed on the architect, is a very pretty building.

The public buildings and the law courts are also very effective pieces of architecture, and in front of the latter stands a handsome marble statue of Queen Victoria, from Hope-Pinker's studio.

The city is laid out in rectangular blocks, and the principal streets are beautified with trees or have wide trenches running down the centre, covered in some cases with the great circular leaves and large, white flowers of the Victoria Regia.

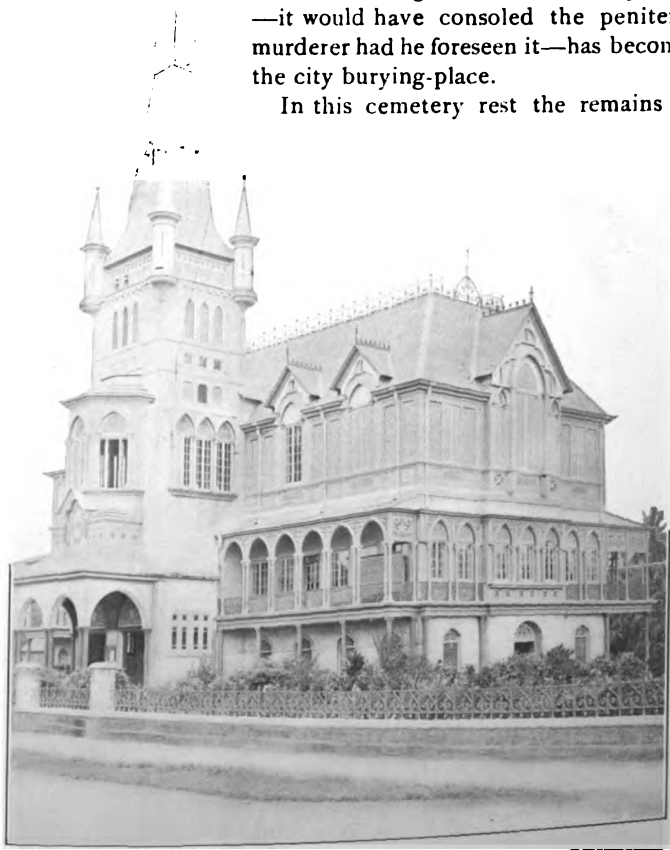
The population of Georgetown is 55,000; that of the colony, close upon 300,000, more than a third being East Indian coolies. There are 8,000 aborigines, 12,000 pure Portuguese, besides a large number of mixed blood, and 115,000 blacks. The remainder are English, Scotch, Chinese and colored people.

The colony is now so thoroughly English, that even the blacks talk of England as "home"; still the long Dutch occupation has left traces which will probably never entirely disappear.

Not only are Dutch family names common and names of places, such as the estates De Kinderen, Goedverwagting, Ruinveld and the like, but we still call a road a "dam," a quay a "stelling," and still talk of "empoldering" our land. Moreover, old Dutch houses, splendid bricks and fine underground water-tanks still show what careful work Mynheer could produce.

The French, also, held the country for a short time at the end of the 18th century, and many of the estates have French names. Two of these had a sad origin. Tradition says that their French owner had killed his brother in a duel. He left France broken-hearted to settle out here and to show his deep remorse, called his two estates "Le Repentir" and "La Pénitence." Both are now absorbed in Georgetown, and Le Repentir—it would have consoled the penitent murderer had he foreseen it—has become the city burying-place.

In this cemetery rest the remains of



TOWN HALL.



many of the priests who have worked on this Mission and among them one eminent man who had only a very slight connection with it, Fr. Stephen Perry of the Stonyhurst Observatory.

He visited the Colony in 1886, when engaged in an expedition to watch an eclipse of the sun, and delivered two most interesting lectures. In 1889 he was sent with the same object to the Salut Islands off the coast of Cayenne. Here he was attacked by dysentery, but worked on in spite of it and, after a most successful series of observations, died on

him, "how he held on to that crucifix!"—renewing his religious vows and begging pardon of all to whom he might have given pain. When asked if he had any message to send to Stonyhurst or elsewhere he answered with characteristic earnestness: "At this supreme moment a man should think only of himself."

He died as he had lived, a deeply religious, simple-hearted man. With all his scientific eminence he was singularly modest and unassuming. There was not a scrap of the "don" about him. To



GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AND ICE HOUSE.

board H. M. S. *Comus*, on his way to Georgetown, where he had been engaged to lecture again.

He received the greatest possible attention and kindness from Captain Atkinson, who gave up his own cabin to him, and from all on board. In the hope of saving his body from being thrown overboard his life was prolonged by subcutaneous injections. He spent his time in the most fervent preparation for the end, clasping his crucifix—"Oh, my word!" said one who was with

play cricket with the boys at Stonyhurst, especially with the little fellows of the Preparatory School at Hodder, was one of his choicest recreations. With them Fr. Perry was always a favorite, but not with them alone; for, to say nothing of his many friends among the officers of the navy, the rough tars of the *Comus*, to whom he had given two lectures on the way to Cayenne, sent one of their number the night before he died to say how "cut up" they all were.

His body was brought ashore on Dec.

28, 1889, covered with the Union Jack, in the midst of a deluge of rain, and, yellow fever being suspected, buried without any demonstration.

A life of the departed astronomer appeared shortly after from the pen of Father Cortie, his assistant at the Stonyhurst observatory.

I shall not trace the history of the Mission further back than the time when Dr. Hynes, O.S.D., the second bishop, made way for the Jesuit Fathers. This was in 1857.

Dr. Hynes gave up his house to the

tween the departure of Archbishop Spaccapietra and the arrival of Archbishop English. He had many difficulties to contend with there, finding at first but little favor among the non-Catholic portion of the community. In those days everything Catholic was regarded by them as French, and the attempt was made to stigmatize Catholicism as anti-national and disloyal.

Dr. Etheridge's presence, however, among the people was a proof to English Protestants that a true Englishman might be a true Catholic. Indeed,



AVENUE OF PALMS—BRICKDAM.

new missionaries and went to reside at Meadowbank, in the suburbs of the town, attending to the poor in that quarter; and when in the following year Father Etheridge returned to England for his consecration at the hands of Cardinal Wiseman, he retired from his long and arduous labors to spend the rest of his days in Ireland.

Dr. Etheridge had been hardly twelve months in his diocese when he was appointed Diocesan Administrator of Port of Spain, Trinidad, in the interval be-

it would not have been easy to find a man who united in himself more perfectly those qualities which Englishmen most value—straightforwardness, honesty, openness and manliness of character, together with a gentle, unassuming modesty and a kindliness and gentility which saved him from hardening into excessive bluntness or excessive reserve.

Even the name of Jesuit, which locks up in itself so many terrors for the ultra-Protestant mind, seemed to lose its ugly meaning when applied to Dr. Etheridge.

and he certainly contrived in a very short time to live down whatever odium it may have at first excited against him.

On his return to his own vicariate in 1861, he set to work to provide a church for the Portuguese, a large settlement of whom had been made from Madeira, dating from as far back as 1835.

He next turned his attention to his cathedral, which he rebuilt on a very noble scale, the design being furnished by Mr. Castellani, afterwards architect to the public works department. The style is decorated Gothic and the dimensions 160 feet by 75 feet. It is still unfinished internally, but, even as it is, must be one of the finest wooden churches to be seen anywhere. It was begun in 1868 and opened in 1871, the Archbishop of Caracas and Dr. Carroll, coadjutor bishop of Trinidad, taking part in the ceremony.

On the very eve of this event, Dr. Etheridge fell so sick that he had to receive the last Sacraments; but, to the joy of all, he recovered, and before he went to his reward was able to erect chapels in various villages along the coasts.

It was his strong conviction that he would die at sea, and on one occasion, when asked to select a spot in the new Cathedral for his tomb, his answer was: "No, no. I shall die at sea and spare

you all that trouble." The prediction was verified, for on December 31, 1877, while on a return journey from Barbados, he died in the seventieth year of his age, the twentieth of his episcopacy and the fiftieth of his life in the Society. His body was thrown overboard, a course which was regarded by the Catholics as unnecessary and inconsiderate, and consequently gave great offence. On a brass tablet erected to his memory in the Cathedral, an eloquent Latin inscription from the pen of Father Tickel, then stationed at Barbados, describes him as "faithful, prudent, devout, a true Father who has left his monument in the hearts of the faithful."

I have said the good Bishop built several churches in the country parts; I will therefore now give a brief sketch of all the outlying stations.

New Amsterdam, in the County of Berbice, the only other city in the Colony and the seat of government in Dutch times, has had a Catholic church since the days of the Dominicans. The district attached to it is a very large one—the whole county, in fact—with several distant stations all served from New Amsterdam. Father Rigby, who has had charge of it for the last ten years, has just been removed to Barbados. Through his exertions a beautiful little convent has been founded, from drawings by

Father Scoles, which has already begun, as convents always do, to leaven the rising generation with true Catholic principles. Father Rigby, being himself a clever draughtsman, has made more than one design for a new church, but so far the money has not been forthcoming. He has been succeeded by Father Hogan, from Barbados.

Among the devoted missionaries who have served this church since 1857. spe-



CAMP STREET.



THE MARKET.

cial mention ought to be made of Father Augustus Henry Law, who had left the Royal Navy to enter the Society of Jesus.

He came to this colony in 1866 and remained five years, making himself greatly beloved. Although he knew he would have to return to Europe for his Tertianship, he set to work with all the energy of his strong character to learn Hindustani, Chinese and Portuguese, in order to meet the needs of the various nationalities composing his flock, just as if he had settled among them for life. He hoped either to return to British Guiana or to be sent to China, but God had other designs. In a letter to his father at this time, he wrote as follows: "Pray that I may sanctify my own soul and gain others. Get prayers, too, for the same object, and don't forget, dear father, for prayers are for missionaries and missions what money and ammunition and the commissariat are for armies. You can't do without them."

He returned to England in 1871 and

in 1875 was sent to South Africa, where he died in 1880. His death was worthy of his life. After a long wagon journey of three months and twenty-three days more on foot, a hostile chief having retained his wagon, he arrived with one lay-brother at Umzila's Kraal, Zambesi. Here their horrible privations caused both to fall sick, and Father Law died in the utmost destitution. He was buried by the natives, his companion, Brother Hedley, being himself at death's door, and the grave could not afterward be discovered. "There is something so like St. Francis Xavier in his death," wrote Father Weld, the Superior of the Mission, in announcing the sad event to the bereaved father, "that it is impossible not to dwell upon it with consolation."

Father Law's letters were published in three volumes shortly after his death by his father, the Hon. T. Law. A complete Life has since appeared and a shorter one has been issued by the Catholic Truth Society.

*(To be continued.)*



"WHENEVER SHE CAME TO SEE HIM SHE MUST ALWAYS BOW."

[*The Story of Little Blanche.*]

## THE STORY OF LITTLE BLANCHE.

A BRETON TALE.

*By H. Horn, S. J.*

### THE ATHEIST AND LITTLE BLANCHE.

I must, dear reader, if you are not afraid to come with me, use an author's privilege, and penetrate into the interior of the Château Noir hidden away in the woods between Pechois and Dek, near Quimper, in Brittany. We will enter the old library, and there we shall come upon a scene which, since we are acquainted with the local gossip, might surprise us. The room was large, and looked grave and antique in its appearance and fittings. The old bookcases were of mahogany and had quaint figures carved along their top. There was a large, very large table, filling the middle of the room, covered with a red cloth. There were two doors, both protected by curtains, a pair of large folding doors at one end, and a smaller entrance in the side wall. There was a little of the musty smell of books in the room, but this, a fire of cedar log that burned in the grate, counteracted.

It was about eight o'clock, and the shades of evening had lengthened, and the labels on the old bookcases were growing dimmer and dimmer. At the fire sat a man, musing as he gazed into the crackling flames. Could this be M. de Chauncy? There was nothing wizardlike about him. He was a fine broad-shouldered man of about fifty. His face which was propped on his fists was by no means repulsive. His bright blue eyes, and long brown beard, now whitening with age, gave his face a pleasant enough appearance. It was the face of a man who looked in earnest, who looked as if he had a heart that would love and could attract love, it was the face, too, of a man, whom we might judge to have a touch of enthusiasm in his nature. Such might

have been our first impression. But as he sat and mused, his left fist pushed hard against his chin, threw forward the lower part of his face, and by degrees gave the whole countenance an unpleasant and dogged look. But that might have been merely an accident of posture. Still the blue eye did not look as bright and engaging as we might at first have supposed it to be. The warmhearted enthusiast seemed to disappear from it, and something colder take its place. This perhaps was more truly the man than the other. The less agreeable look probably spoke the character, rather than the more agreeable. At least, so one might have judged, if he ran his eye through the manuscript which was lying on the red cloth of the table close at hand. It was an essay destined to appear in a week or two in a well-known French periodical. It was an article on religion, fully in the spirit of the age, full of doubt, full of anxious questions, full of theory. Yet not so full of the latter as some of the writings we see on the same subject. Or, if it was, l'athée had managed to throw a semblance of practical reasoning over his theorising, which left nothing conspicuously wild in it. There was a sober convincing air in every phrase, which, but for the utter lack of anything like religious faith, and the great disrespect shown to all that was considered most sacred by the general French nation of the time, might have raised the author in our estimation as a man of grave and well-intentioned views. At least, he was in earnest in what he said, and if there was one impression more than another which would remain on the mind of the reader of the essay, it was, that if the doubts expressed in it

could be satisfactorily explained, the author would not be a bigot in his opinions. The tone of inquiry was too earnest for that. Yet a Christian reader would at the same time have felt that he had here the work of a man who was more truly a pagan than Cicero or Plato. The superior claims of Christianity were ignored, and the life of Christ was treated merely as an interesting episode in the general history of mankind, and as leading to results that were worthy of study for the historian and philosopher. There was no hint of exaggeration or malice in any passage, but there was the perfect ignoring of divine tradition.

The essay began with a history of religion. The chief systems of antiquity were studied with care; their common points picked out; their follies exposed; their cruelties brought to light; the morality of their priests criticized, and in many places condemned. Then the seeming need of some religion was dwelt upon; the good which each had done in its time to the people over whom it held sway. Then the author made a sudden and skillful transition. He went forward to an imaginary standpoint in the future, and looked back upon Christianity in the same way as he had been looking back upon the religions of ancient times. The similarity of his treatment, the manner in which he picked out, what he was pleased to call, the follies and the fault of the religion of his fathers, the skill with which he traced the same great leading characteristics here, which he had found in the pagan creeds of old, was all well calculated to lead the mind of a reader into his own groove of thought—to look upon all religions as mere natural phenomena. The writer finished by drawing some conclusions which he said that everything tended to confirm, viz., that all religion or worship of a deity came from the tendency of man to deify and personify the great and mysterious influences which he comes across, and that the Christian has for his Supreme Ruler the personification of his very abstract conception, "The

cause of all things." His god was formed as the ancients had formed theirs, by the personification of some little understood influence. The manner was the same, though the object was different; that was all.

So had the athée written, and evidently he wrote with facility. The writing had been quick, the flourishes were abundant, and the erasures few. And now he sat at the cedar fire running on in the line of thought his writings had evoked, with a moody look upon his face, and the less pleasing traits of his countenance growing more and more pronounced, as his head bent deeper down upon his clenched fist. He did not look the wizard people thought him (far from it), but his expression was not of the pleasantest—though, of course, this might have been fancy.

Suddenly he took his hand away from his chin and took up his watch, then looked across at the side entrance opposite. Ah! there was no mistake now. His face had changed. It was unmistakably an agreeable face. His eye was kind and gentle now, and he wore a fond, expectant look as he gazed at the side-door. He seemed to be listening for something. He took up a little bouquet of wild flowers, tied up in a curious bungled knot with a piece of blue ribbon, and looked at them. Then listened again. Then quite softly and suddenly there came a sound of the door handle moving, preceded by no sound of approaching footsteps. The door opened and a little figure dressed in blue slipped quietly from behind the curtain, to which she gave two or three tugs to rearrange it before the door, then with a half grave, half shy air, she folded her little hands, clasping all the time a bunch of wild flowers, and walked in a solemn manner, with a few pert shakes of the head, across the room. She came to within a yard or two of where her father (for this was the athée's daughter) was sitting, and there stopped and made a solemn ceremonious bow; then as

though all ceremony were concluded, she held up both hands and rushed at her father, who was quite ready to receive her onto his knee. The loving ceremony was always gone through at these little meetings of the father and his daughter. A year before the present date, he had returned from a long tour on which he had been absent four years, and had first seen his daughter, Blanche, since she was a baby. She had then, on her first visit to him, been carefully instructed by an old fashioned nurse as to how she was to bow to her father and then say "Welcome home, dear father." And the air of naiveté, with which his little daughter had gone through the ceremony, had afforded infinite amusement to the old philosopher, and he had told her that whenever she came to see him, she must always bow. On that first occasion, however, she had been far from laying the same claims to a place on his knee that she now did. She had seemed almost as afraid of the old athée, her father, as were the country children around. It was only after several interviews that she began to notice how pleased he was when she exhibited the little marks of affection which she had been taught to show. Her mother she had known till she was five (she was now seven) and since then she had been almost the only one who was admitted into the old library to help the athée to pass his lonely hours. She was regular in her visits to him in the evening, and usually brought him a bunch of wild flowers, which had evidently been all of her own collecting and arranging and tying up. She was full of ideas, and had always something to tell him of the plans she was going to carry out, or the things she was soon about to get for him. She would listen to tales by the hour, as she sat on her father's knee, and would put all kinds of questions which were quite irrelevant to the main history, but which suggested themselves to her mind as the story proceeded. Then he would have to make up explanations, which led

him often into fresh difficulties, till he would go off laughing outright. Then she would kneel upon his knee, grasping his beard with both hands, and with an air of the greatest curiosity ask him what he was laughing at. It would have quite taken the country people aback if they could have been secreted in some gallery to watch the proceedings at these nightly interviews. It was quite astonishing to see how the old philosopher could become a child again to satisfy and amuse his little daughter. One day she had seen in the distance some little children playing horses. She had seen them with a pair of reins fastened to a little chap's arm, driving him along with a big stick. She was in great spirits about this, and full of it when she came to her father in the evening. She told him all about it, then said: "You and I might play, mightn't we, papa?" Her papa did not object and put in a few suggestions as to how he should be harnessed. Then the little driver prepared herself with a good cane, and the papa trotted off round the table. He soon found out that he had no merciful driver, and the blows he received indiscriminately about the head and ears and shoulders, were as lusty as the most dogmatic Christian in the neighborhood ever wished he had the chance of administering to the old athée. But Blanche thought that this was part of the game, and every now and then, descending from her assumed character, said: "Isn't it fun, papa?" Her papa had to call up all his philosophy to prevent himself from getting angry. However, he soon said that he was tired, to the surprise of the little coachman who was perfectly ready to continue. He had, in fact, to assume quite a commanding tone before he could make Blanche believe that his stopping was not also part of the game, which entitled her to reiterate her blows and abuse. He was glad to be released and would not play again under any persuasion. It was very seldom that they quarrelled in their nightly interviews.



Blanche was so sensitive and so easily subdued that she was not often carried away to be really troublesome or disobedient. Once or twice he had had to tell her rather seriously not to say any more, but to go to bed, and she had trotted off looking quite ashamed of herself, and he had felt great pangs all night, thinking that he had been too cross with her, and so had to be additionally kind next night. One point there was on which they differed. Almost as soon as she had become familiar enough to chat and say what she wanted to him, she had said one night as she was going to bed, and he had wished her good night, "Papa, say 'God bless my little Blanche.'"

"What do you want me to say that for; isn't good night enough?"

"No; mama always said 'God bless my little Blanche.'"

"Well, you know, mama said what I don't. Mama wore a nice frock like you and I don't," he said, trying to laugh, though he felt himself in a curious position and could not tell why.

Another time, as Blanche was going out of the room, she said "God bless you, dear papa." He looked at her as if he was going to reprove her, but checked himself and said, "There, trot off." "Now," she said, "you ought to say 'God bless my little Blanche.'"

He got out of the difficulty as best he could, but felt his awkwardness and hoped that Blanche would let the matter drop. But her sharp little eyes had noticed something curious in his manner at the time, and she wanted to know why he would not say "God bless you, my little Blanche."

So one night when he had been especially kind to her, and had been patting her head and telling her that she was his own little Blanche, she suddenly said, "Then say 'God bless you, my little Blanche.'"

He was quite taken aback, but she went straight on. "Why *won't* you say 'God bless you, my little Blanche?'" It was a question he could

not answer; he sat staring at the fire, wondering and wondering why it was that he could not say "God bless you, my little Blanche." It seemed that to say "God bless you" every night to his little daughter would be quite impossible, while at the same time he felt very loath to tell her, "Oh, there is no such thing as God." Yet why could he not say that? She had asked him one night if he thought that there were fairies in the long wood in front of the house, and he had explained to her that fairies were all nonsense, that there was no such thing, and he had told her all this as something which at her age she ought to know. But now when she asked him why he did not say "God bless you," he did not find it at all the same thing for some unaccountable reason. So he plunged into one of his deepest reveries as he gazed at the fire, and with something of an unpleasant expression on his face asked himself again and again why he would not say "God bless you, my little Blanche;" while she, tired already and sleepy, lay against his arm and kept repeating in a dreamy way, letting her arm bang against his knee every time she said it. "Why *won't* you say, 'God bless your little Blanche,' you naughty papa? Why won't you say 'God bless your little Blanche,' you naughty papa?" until her head grew heavier and she fell asleep against his arm, still murmuring and asking why he would not say God bless his little Blanche.

But these small encounters were rare and the old athée was not often put through this awkward self-analysis. They were happy evenings for both of them—a relief for the philosopher and a welcome opportunity for Blanche to show her affection for her papa. All the summer Blanche came and always had her little bundle of flowers, never very artistically arranged, and sometimes half composed of the ugliest flowers she could have found, which she, however, thought the height of beauty. Winter came and she brought him picture books to look at and explain to her, and he would tell her

stories round the winter fire. Winter went and the flowers came back and the big ugly leaves grew rank on the bank and in the woods, but there were no little hands to pluck them now and no more visits to the library of the childish form in blue. There was a little sick room upstairs quite different to the big old library, and in it little Blanche lay, very pale and very sick, and papa had now to come and visit her, not she him. Not only in the evening he came, but often during the day.

He would go into the fields and woods now and make up bunches for the little invalid. He chose dock-leaves and cow-parsley, which had been favorites of hers, and carefully bound them up in blue ribbon, and brought them to her, and she always seemed to think them nearly as beautiful as her own. He had tried her with fine bouquets from the hot-house sometimes, and she appeared not to like them half so well. She always told him when he came that she would perhaps be well enough to get up to-morrow, and pluck him some and show him the best places for flowers, but the morrow never brought improvement and each day she grew weaker and weaker. She had no idea that she was very ill, or, indeed, what exactly being very ill meant. She was only puzzled at this continued weakness and continued bed.

One night she was worse and he had come to sit with her. Her voice had left her, but he saw her lips move and she muttered something. He leaned forward to listen. "Papa," she said. "Yes, I am here," he answered soothingly. "Papa, isn't it queer that I used to come to you of an evening, and sit with you, and now you always come to me." "Hush, little one," he muttered. The thought that an evening would soon come when he could not go to her nor she to him rushed upon him. He walked out of the room and closed the door, and a violent outburst of sobs convulsed his strong frame. He felt a certain shame at sobbing thus like a child, and fought against it, but the waves are slow to sub-

side after a great commotion, and half an hour later the athée father might have been seen in his library, determinedly trying to read, while every now and then a half-suppressed sob told of the half-spent storm.

Another time he heard her mutter something. He leaned forward, she said: "Papa, say God bless my little Blanche." He at once answered, "God bless you, my little Blanche, and make you better." She smiled triumphantly, murmuring, "I thought I would make you say it at last."

Next night she was more feeble than ever, but she began again, "Papa, do you think God *will* make me better?" He paused for a second, then said, "I think he ought to do so." She waited a minute, then said, "Papa, if I die do you think I shall go to Heaven?" "Yes," he replied almost involuntarily. "I am sure you will." "I shall so want to see you come, Pa," she said, and sank back exhausted.

That same night he sat beside her, and for the first time he saw that speech was beyond her. He sat down at the bedside and took her little white hand in his. The diamond panes of the window were shadowed by the moon into the corner of the room. The patch of light moved slowly across the wall and lit up in its passage the pale, lifeless face of the little one on the bed. Then it moved along and had reached the other corner, but the father still sat with his face turned to the window. Was he asleep? Did he not know that the hand he clasped in his was dead? Yes, he knew it, indeed. He had felt the pulse stop. He felt the hand growing cold, but he dared not look; he dared not stir. His little Blanche was dead. What was he thinking of as he sat with his brow set and his body motionless? Had grief robbed him of sense? Was he unconscious and dreaming of happiness now passed? No, he was quite conscious. He had expected the little life that was all the world to him to go that night. It

had gone, and now he was realizing his loss. He was running over in his mind all her words, all her habits, all, in fact, that he knew of her. He was talking again to her in the library. He was listening to her prattle. She was asking him again to bless her. Then he remembered that there must be a funeral. Where? At the church? Should he not take her up in his arms, and go and bury her in his own woods, where he might go daily and mourn over her grave? Should she be buried in the churchyard, the place of all places that he never passed through? No, that could not be. Then there rushed upon him a flood of old memories. How years before, he had stood beside a little sister's grave, while the priest had blessed it, and there had been white flowers put upon the sod, and all had said that she had gone straight to Heaven. Yes, he would like people to say that of his little Blanche. And—stronger reason still—Blanche herself would have liked it. Yes, she must be buried in the churchyard. She must be looked on with kindly eyes by the country people. Whatever *he* was, his little girl should not be thought an outcast and a sinner. So he wandered on in thought, ever sitting quite still, until the rays of morning began to glimmer and the moonlight began to fade. Then he rose heavily, took one long look at the little form on the bed, kissed the cold brow, and with teeth clenched to stop the rising sobs, walked out of the room.

The news of Blanche's death soon became known in all the country round. It was a great subject of talk for all the villagers that the *athée's* daughter was dead and was going to be buried in the churchyard. Children had endless questions to ask their mothers about the bad man's daughter. "Was she a terrible little hunchback?" "Had the devil come and carried her straight off to hell?" "Had the *athée* murdered her, perhaps?" Some good old Breton mothers, quite as ignorant as their chil-

dren, were not at all sure that something of the kind had not happened. Others took a middle course and told the inquirers that the little dead girl had had such a bad bringing up that she could not but be bad, but that a great part of it was not her fault. While others again of the more enlightened sort said that they had no doubt that the little thing had gone straight to Heaven, as she had been too young to do any harm. This view was backed up by some of the little peasant lads, who said that they had caught sight of the *athée's* daughter plucking flowers one day, and that she had looked "quite good and just like other little girls." So with these stout supporters, and the favorable opinions of many of the better folk of the neighborhood to boot, little Blanche became quite well known and pitied by all the country-side. That she had been quite good was soon generally admitted. In fact, she had died because God did not want her to become an atheist like her father. Only one thing was still considered quite probable—that her father had killed her, and they thought that the *gendarmes* ought to be sent to investigate the matter.

So when the day of the funeral came, all the little folk of the country were astir, and were awaiting at a safe distance from the dark woods of the *château* to meet the little funeral cortege. They had heard from M. le Curé that the *athée* was not to be there (as they had expected he would not for their own reasons). So they all followed close upon the single hearse, accompanied as it otherwise was, only by one or two grim-looking hired servants. So Blanche, closed up in her narrow box, was surrounded for the first time by a crowd of sympathetic little friends, who little knew how she had often thought about them, and longed to join them, when she saw them playing in the distance. They were all very reverential as they formed into their self-arranged procession. Many of them clasped their small hands—that being the way most familiar to them of showing

that they were engaged in a religious ceremony.

There was a tiny little grave under a chestnut tree in the cemetery at the Church door, and into this the body of the athée's daughter was lowered, amid the groups of children, and the prayers were said, and so many blessings repeated over Blanche's head that her little soul must have been well satisfied. Then they threw sods on and the mourners moved off, and as they walked away the chatter recommenced, and they trooped into school to wonder over the paradox of an athée having a daughter in Heaven.

The library now in the evening was much the same as before. The old journalist sat on his chair, and his manuscript lay on the big table. He did not get up to light his lamp when dusk set in, but sat on in the firelight. Then came his moments of sorrow and loneliness. "I might as well die now," muttered the old man to himself, "It's hard to live on with no one to care for you. It's a hard thing to think that all human solace is gone for me. Shall I get married again? Married! No!" he burst out passionately "it is not any hand that can soothe me. It is a tiny hand I want. That is what I shall never get again. Never feel that little arm around my neck. Never hear that little step again. Why could not that one little life have been left to me? Why of all the little ones that might have been taken was this, *my* little one chosen—the one that could so ill be spared—that made my life happy—that made me feel that I was not alone. Oh! for that little hand once more." Then he walked to the window and with a choking sensation in his throat, tapped on the frame, and muttered "God bless my little Blanche."

So night after night as the dusk came on, the old athée might have been seen standing at his library window, muttering "God bless my little Blanche" and doubtless the nightly blessing as it rose up to the soul that needed it not, fell

back on the head of the father who uttered it.

\* \* \* \*

It was six months after the events I have been relating, that I came once again to the country of my childhood. I got out at the station and walked along the old rough road which led past the graveyard. There were some children playing at the gate. I passed among them, to look over the wall at the spot beneath the tree where I knew my little friend of the Château Noir now was buried. What was my surprise when I saw beside the tomb a grey-haired man, bare-headed and evidently praying. The tears came into my eyes as it flashed across my mind that this must be the hated old athée, brought to a sense of a holier faith by his little dead daughter. I approached cautiously. His eyes were closed and he did not observe me. He had put his hand upon the white tombstone, and was leaning his sorrow-stricken brow against it.

I crept quietly up and looked at the stone. It was a plain white marble slab, with no date or circumstances inscribed upon it, but only the words "God bless my little Blanche." My heart felt quite full as I crept quietly back to the gate. The little group of players were looking at me with wonder, as much as to say, "Don't you know the story." I knew most of it, and I guessed the rest, but I had to hear it all over again from the ready little gossips. "It's M. L' Athée," they burst out as I came quietly up to the gate, "he's praying for his little Blanche." "No, he isn't," interrupted some more advanced theologians; "he's praying *to* her; she does not need praying for." "He's so good now, is M. L' Athée." "His little Blanche, as soon as she got to Heaven, set to work praying for him, and he has been made quite a good man." "We're not a bit afraid of him, now," cried another with an air of pride. "I should think not," they all chimed in. "He's patted me on the head," said one; "I make him bunches of flowers,

and he gives me sixpences for them," said another. In fact, it was evident that the athée was a general favorite among the juvenile group.

The old athée had been quite converted by the death of his little daughter. He had been found one morning praying at the grave of his little girl as I had found him, and the news had spread like wildfire through the country. There had been quite a gathering at times round the gate, watching the head bent in prayer. But the length of his prayers generally tired even these curious watchers out, and he was in solitude as he walked back in the evening to the Château Noir. Then a new face had appeared in the village church, and for one Sunday at least, the congregation had been perfectly oblivious of everything else, save the presence of the converted athée in the sacred building. Gradually the interdict was raised from the Château Noir, and the woods became no longer the haunt of demons. There were soon short cuts taken through them, and old disused paths were reopened.

The connections of M. de Chauncy in Paris had heard rumors that the celebrated journalist was converted, but they were incredulous. At last two young men arrived one day at the Château Noir to see their quondam friend. His manner was cordial and affectionate, but the marks of patient suffering which he bore on his face, kept them from the question which they had come to ask. At last the conversation took the appropriate turn, and the old atheist owned to his change of views. After dinner they grew bold and rallied him on his sudden change of opinion. He only smiled, then suddenly looking through the window said "Do you see those children

wandering through my wood. A year ago they would have been terrified at the idea of coming so near to the Château Noir." Another attack only produced the remark "Don't these fresh wild flowers give quite a scent to the room." When they were bidding him adieu they said with a touch of irony "adieu M. de Chauncy, we will tell your friends that you have quite changed, and have become a great lover of nature and of little children." "Ah! it is true," replied the converted atheist. "It seems to me that I scarcely had human sympathies before, but I have now."

\* \* \* \*

Another year elapsed before I again visited this part of the country. I stepped up to the churchyard, as before, and looked over the wall, half expecting to see the old man at his prayers. But the grave was deserted. I walked up, and on the stone I saw that a change had been made. Underneath the words "God bless my little Blanche," "God bless and pardon her Father" had been carved. My little group of friends were not at the gate this time, but I met some of them further down the road, and learnt the details of the athée's death. He had been found one autumn morning lying stiff and lifeless on the tomb of his little girl. He had evidently been there all night, for the snow and leaves had drifted up and formed a shroud round about him.

For some time he had been growing feeble, and probably the cold of the evening had caused a fainting fit from which he had been unable to recover. So the two bodies were laid in one grave, and the two souls were doubtless united in heaven.

## A MODEL AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE.

TO many people it will appear strange that the ancient Catholic custom of making pilgrimages should not only be introduced, but become very popular not far from the capital city of the State of New York. New York, synonym to many of what is new, modern, material, sensual perhaps! A few hours on its flying trains and you may mingle with a crowd of pious Catholic worshippers, reciting their Rosary by the peaceful, slow-winding Mohawk river, on the ground made holy by the blood of two Jesuit martyrs, missionaries to the Indian. The ages of faith have evidently not quite died out, nor is the mighty mediæval Church without its inspiration still. It has in this one State of New York alone seven dioceses, and in New York City—busy, commercial, material New York—almost a million of Catholics.

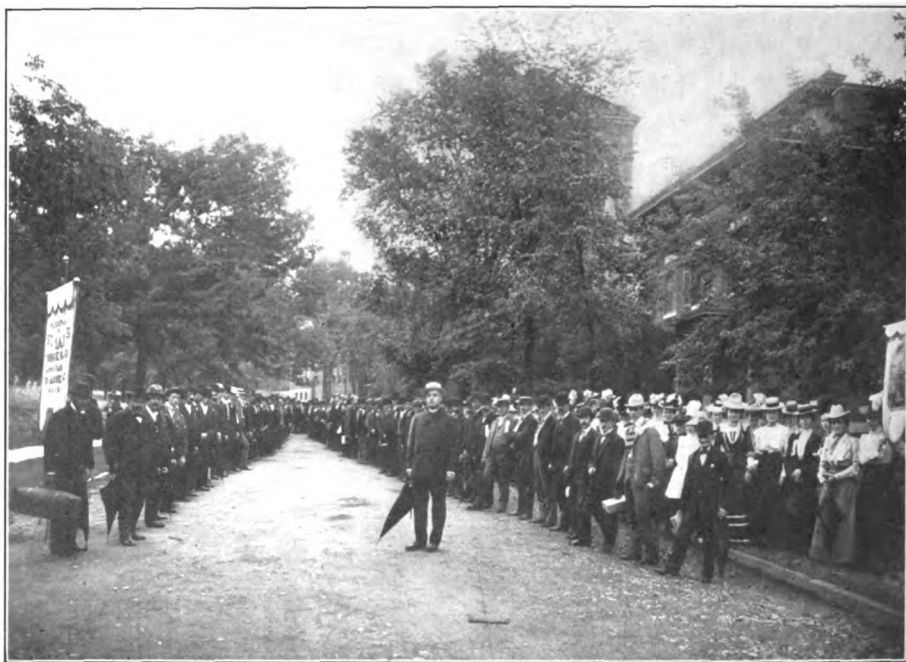
Auriesville, near the middle of the State, was the scene of the martyrdom of Father Jogues and Brother René Goupil. It was then an Indian village. The place is extremely beautiful for lowland and river scenery. Everywhere extend the rich and pleasant fields, with lines of trees and patches of maple, elm and pine

groves. The broad band of the Mohawk winds below through a shallow valley, cut so regularly that it resembles a magnified trench, and leads the observer to suppose that it was hollowed by the river itself in a bygone age before the yet majestic stream had been confined to its actual narrower bed.

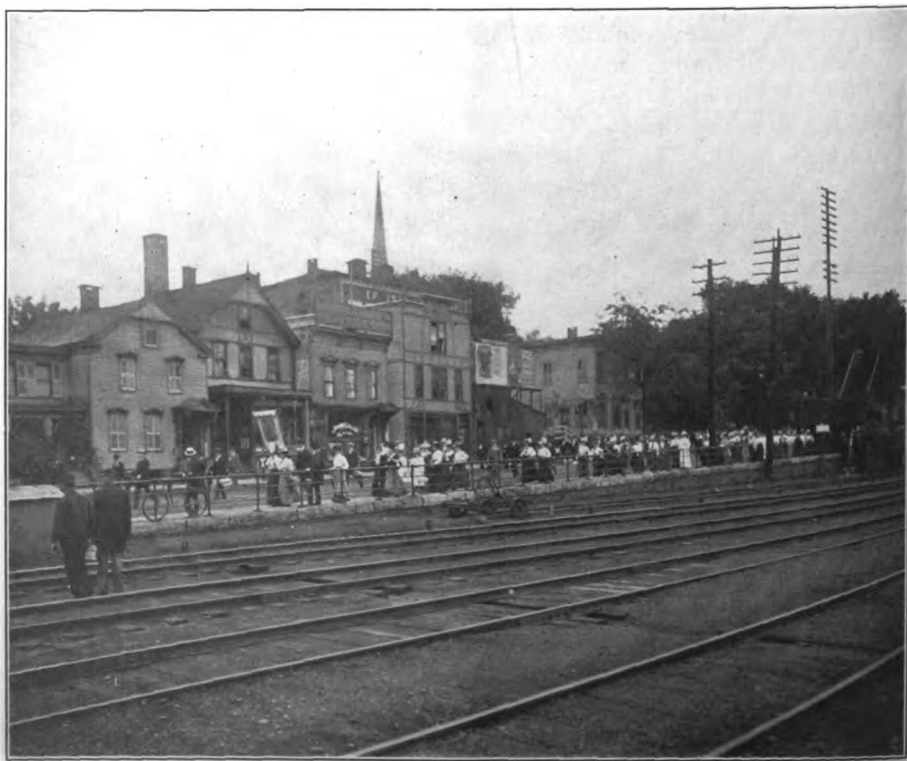
It was the good fortune of the writer of this notice to be present at one of the pilgrimages to Auriesville, and it is only one in such circumstances that can understand why the pilgrimages have become popular. There was an enthusiasm about that public act of faith which was irresistible. The scene was delightful; the spot was hallowed; finally, it was the Lord's Day, when the idea of a sacred excursion happily combined religion with pleasure. The fact, in consequence, remains that those pilgrimages are as impressive, popular missions to the people of the neighboring parishes. The people do not come as if they expected miracles to take place; no one fosters that idea. But they come to perform a great act of religion; and they perform it in a most edifying way, as will appear from the account of the pilgrimage from the parish



AURIESVILLE—PILGRIMS FROM LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.



THE LITTLE FALLS PILGRIMAGE LEAVING ST. MARY'S CHURCH GROUNDS.



FROM THE CHURCH TO THE DEPOT.

of Little Falls, N. Y., which may be taken as a type of all.

Instead of endeavoring to promote the pious visits of the faithful to Auriesville, the Fathers in charge of the shrine rather dissuaded these for the present Jubilee year, during which the city of Rome itself summons the children of the Church. More-



ALTAR IN ST. MARY'S, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

over, next year will be preeminently the year of pilgrimages. Nevertheless, Auriesville has been visited this year more frequently and by more pilgrim bands than ever, the number, however, of persons remaining for awhile in the vicinity of the shrine being somewhat smaller than some preceding years.

The pilgrimage from Saugerties and other cities on the Hudson above Pough-

keepsie took place on Saturday, July 21st. The people came by a special train and were directed by their priests. Thirteen priests took part in this splendid act of faith. They were the Very Rev. E. M. Sweeney, V. F.; the Rev. D. P. Ward, the Rev. F. Maughan, the Rev. F. Fagan, the Rev. T. Walsh, the Rev. W. P. Fitzgerald, the Rev. W. H. White, the Rev. S. M. Stuart, the Rev. P. F. Smith, the



AT HOLY MASS IN THE OPEN CHAPEL.





PAROCHIAL RESIDENCE, ST. MARY'S, LITTLE FALLS, N. Y.

Rev. P. F. Donnelly, the Rev. J. J. O'Brien, the Rev. J. F. Ferris and the Rev. Michael J. Murray, Rector of St. Mary's, Saugerties. It was noticed of this pilgrimage in particular that the people gave themselves to exercises of devotion as they were coming on the train.

Troy, remarkable for its faith, sent 1,100 pilgrims, mostly from St. Joseph's parish, on Sunday, August 19th. They were directed by Father Curtin, and about 700 of them came fasting to the shrine to receive Holy Communion for which they prepared most piously by prayer on the train. The pilgrims from Troy are always numerous, and many spend a considerable portion of the day before the Blessed Sacrament. People joined them from Amsterdam and neighboring towns, so that 1,800 were present to follow the exercises of the Stations of the Cross, and to hear the sermon preached near the grotto of Our Lady, in the ravine hardby.

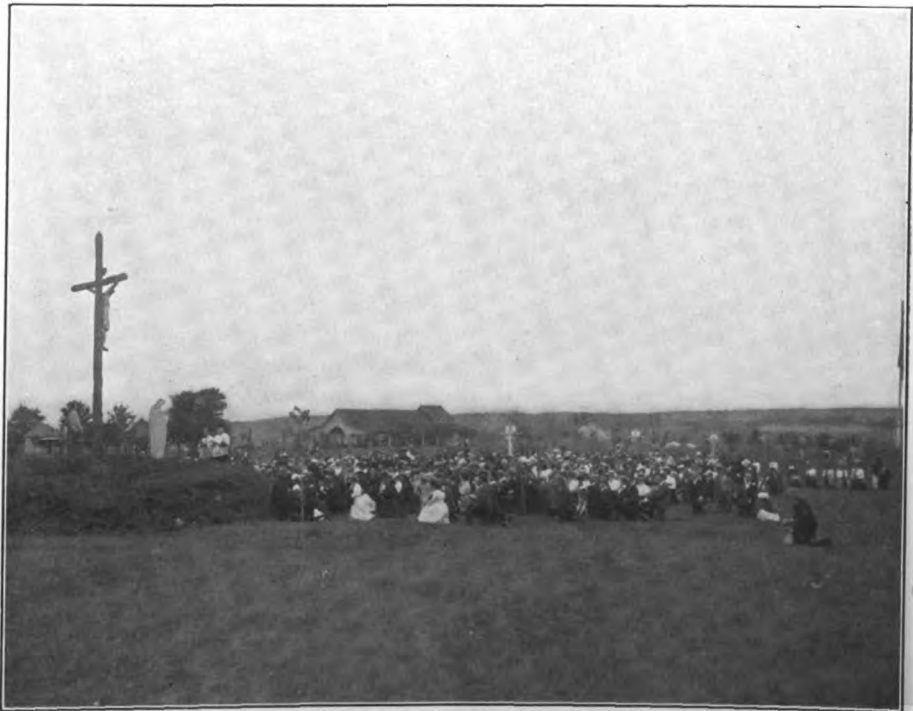
On Sunday, Sept. 2d, pilgrimages came from St. John's church, Utica, and from St. Cecilia's, Fonda. Finally, on Sunday, Sept. 9th, came another pilgrim band from St. Joseph's, Amsterdam.

It is worth while entering more fully into the details of one of these pilgrimages, in order to understand better their meaning and value. Let us take the excellently organized one from Little Falls, N. Y., as an example.

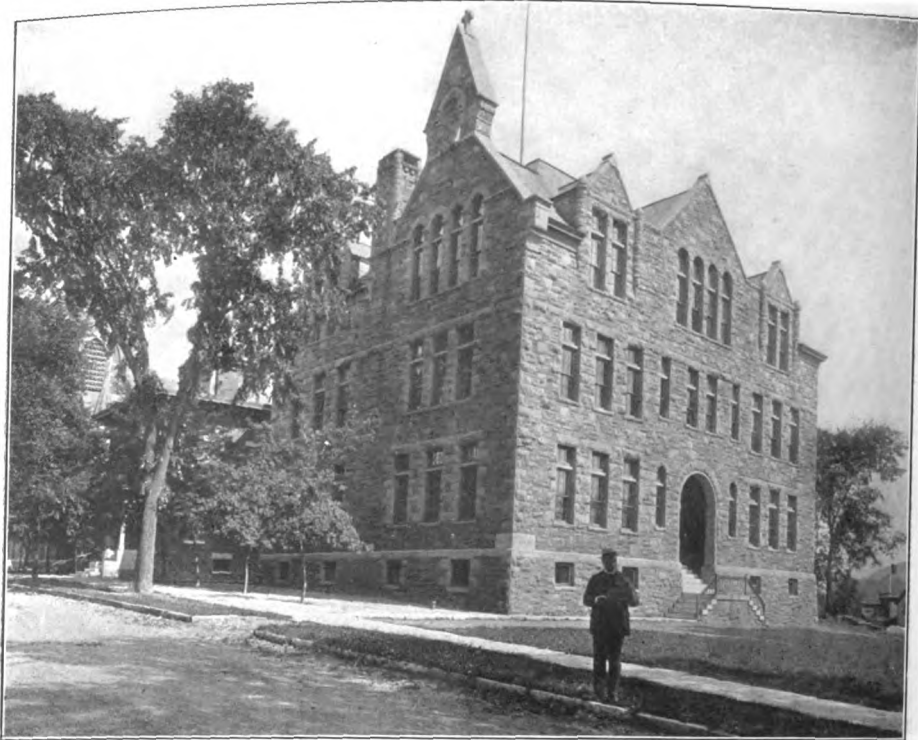
Not many years ago the Catholic faith was little known in a great part of New York State. It is an interesting story, the growth of the vast congregations of to-day from the lowly beginnings, with a few scattered faithful Irish immigrants, ministered to by few but devoted priests. The faith of those poor Irish exiles was touching in the extreme. The long distances they went to hear Mass, their joy at seeing a priest, their desire to receive the Sacrament, their wonderful fidelity to their faith—these were the seeds



AFTER MASS.



WAY OF THE CROSS, AT THE CALVARY.



THE CONVENT AND SCHOOL.

which brought forth the teeming harvest. The first pastor of Little Falls was appointed in 1840 and the first church built in 1847, the first Mass being celebrated in it, to the great joy of the faithful people, on Christmas day of that year. This church was dedicated by Bishop (afterwards Cardinal) McCloskey under the name of St. Mary's. It was destroyed by fire in '66. A second church was erected in 1870, but was afterwards condemned as unsafe. The cornerstone of the present stately Gothic building was laid in '67. It seats 1,200 persons. Its main altar is 26 feet square, in a sanctuary 30 feet high. The extreme exterior dimensions of the church are 158 feet by 63, with a transept 95 feet. The fine stained glass windows are gifts of the people, many of whom gave their labor gratis in building the house of God. A Gothic spire, rising 80 feet from the present tower, is about to be added. This sacred edifice is the record of the faithful race who built it and now fill it.

St. Mary's school was erected in 1889. It is 65 feet by 70, and to the top of the belfry 70 feet. It can seat 600 children. There is an actual attendance of about 500, taught by eleven Sisters of St. Joseph. The progress, ambition and possibilities of this school are shown in the fact that a classical course has been added to its studies, a fine library procured and a sufficiently large laboratory furnished for the study of physics, chemistry, geology, etc. With what pride and joy may the Irish exiles and their children in Little Falls contemplate their work and their future!

A deanery, of which the people of St. Mary's may be justly proud, was built in 1892, the former parochial residence being given over to the Sisters.

The flourishing state of this excellently organized parish may be further understood from the number of strong Catholic societies which it contains. The principal are the Father Matthew Society; the Celtic Lyceum, formed from the Erina Lyceum and the Catholic Association;



AWAITING THE SERMON, NEAR THE GROTTTO OF OUR LADY IN THE RAVINE.

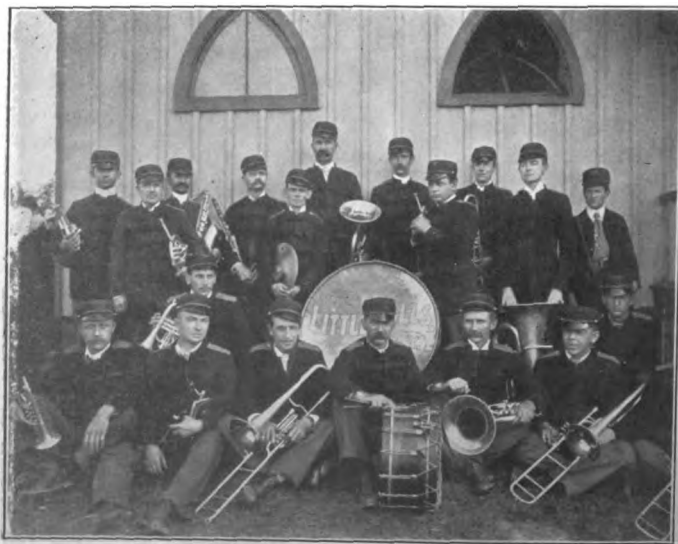
St. Mary's Charitable Society, numbering 400; the Knights of Columbus, the Holy Name Society, and the Young Ladies' Sodality

The story of St. Mary's and its people and their spiritual growth is repeated over the length and breadth of the free land of the Starry Banner.

The acting pastor of this fine church and congregation, the Rev. William H. White, prepared his people for the pious expedition, explaining its object and advantage, with the manner in which it would be conducted. Then he began to organize. He formed a committee drawn from the various societies of men connected with the church—the trustees, the Holy Name Society, the Young Men, the Knights of Columbus, the Hibernians under the direction of Father Reddy and the choir. Another committee was formed similarly from all the societies of ladies. These held special meetings, and succeeded in arousing a general interest amongst the people, and arranging the details of the pilgrimage. On the day appointed, Sunday, August 12th, one thousand persons moved in procession from the church to the train, accompanied by bands of music. Arrived at

the Auriesville station, the pilgrims met those from Albany, about four hundred. A procession was formed, headed by a band, and the people sang a hymn as they ascended the hill to the Shrine, which marks, at least very nearly, the spot where the two martyrs died. A slightly raised line yet indicates the limits of the site of the Indian village. Masses were said and many of the people received Holy Communion, the remainder, or most of them, having received Communion in their own churches before coming away. Before 11 o'clock five masses had been celebrated, pilgrims continuing to arrive nearly up to that hour. At half past one was performed the Way of the Cross. This is one of the most impressive exercises of the day at the shrine. The stations are set at intervals, more or less around the site of the Indian village, and so enclose a considerable space. The entire crowd of pilgrims move from one station to another, singing the *Stabat Mater*. The impression made by this commemoration of the Passion of our Lord can be realized only by those who have seen it. The sad story, the solemn hymn, the movement of the multitude through the open field, their prayer, their kneeling—

all this is worth going to Auriesville to see. It is magnificent in a time when people are forgetting our Lord in their social life and giving themselves up so ardently to the love of money and pleasure. It is said that on the occasion referred to there were as many as 2,000 persons present at the Stations of the Cross. This multitude of people now began the recitation of the Rosary of the Seven Do.



BAND BACK OF CHAPEL.

lours of our Lady, and moved in a long procession towards the Ravine. This Ravine, which begins not far from the Stations, was the place where Father Jogues first concealed and afterwards buried the body of his companion, Brother René Goupil. The exact spot where the remains lie has never been discovered. A platform has been erected about a quarter of a mile down the Ravine, over a large rock, which is supposed to mark the spot at which the body of the martyr was first laid, "where two streams meet," as Father Jogues describes it. From the platform a sermon

was addressed to the people, who, gathered near the rock or on the slope of the little glen, formed a picturesque scene around the preacher, Rev. Owen H. Hill, S. J., of Philadelphia. After the sermon, the Litany of our Lady was recited and the procession returned to the chapel for Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Sometimes the Blessed Sacrament is carried in procession to three different altars on the field, and Benediction three times given. The day's devotions ended with the *Te Deum* and the happy pilgrims returned homewards.

## JANSENISM IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

### LETTER TO A STUDENT IN THE SORBONNE.

**M**Y DEAR FRIEND : — So you have heard Jansenism discussed in the Sorbonne, and are therefore somewhat disturbed. Well, your anxiety is commendable, and is certainly better than indifference. M. Lavissee was right in telling you that "religious phenomena" are always of importance, and if there is "nothing easier than to laugh at them, there is nothing more futile." Jansenism was a great crisis and far-reaching indeed in its effects. But I do not believe that it was a "fortunate" crisis for France of the seventeenth century ; nor that, in order to judge it, "a characteristic document" suffices ; nor again, that, of all the men of his time, Pascal was the one who best loved the cross of Christ. Besides, notwithstanding that even an excellent professor cannot give every detail—especially in a matter such as this, which is *mare magnum* — M. Lavissee's lessons, though "charming and solid" as heretofore, might possibly be wanting in a few facts which should find therein an important place.

You do not doubt the sincerity nor

liberal-mindedness of your professor, and it is evident that you trust me also since you do me the honor of consulting me. As M. Lavissee has given you his opinion, so shall I tell you mine, plainly, fearlessly and without "pique," for the simple reason that if he surely knows more history than I, I probably know a little more theology than he ; not, however, that either of us is therefore to blame.

#### I.

In the study of Jansenism, Sainte-Beuve and Racine are of inestimable help. But how could they be otherwise when the former is extremely curious and intelligent, and the latter a witness whose glance is the same that discovered the depths of *Athalie's* soul and the eccentricities of *Les Plaideurs*. Nevertheless, I hold that Sainte-Beuve and Racine are not all-sufficient to one who would judge the Jansenistic quarrel.

Undoubtedly, in the study of history, as in all other studies, we must make a choice ; art and science demand it. To lay one's finger upon "a characteristic document," is certainly a legitimate

privilege, but one can never determine to what extent a document is truly characteristic, without first making tedious comparisons.

My dear friend, open *L'Abrégé de l'Histoire de Port-Royal*, and, before reading twenty pages of it, you will begin to feel that the author was the contemporary of the solitaries, that he knew them, lived with them, loved them. Delve deep into these pages if you would be impregnated with the Jansenistic aroma. Perhaps you will find it very sweet, and I do not maintain that you must deprive yourself of the sweetness, but it is merely an impression; for the formulating of judgment something further is required. And indeed, for M. Lavissee, *L'Abrégé* is more than a delightful work of art, it is a testimony, and, therefore, of special weight in the matter of judging. In the course of his lesson he has introduced it as a proof, no doubt to show you how a "characteristic document" may be used. Well, this method does not seem to be flawless.

*L'Abrégé* is a defense; need I tell you that Racine is a shrewder lawyer than master Pierre-Jean? This is not a reproach. And, apropos of M. Lavissee, we may repeat: "In order to reproach a man with his skill, it would be necessary to begin by proving maladroitness a virtue." Racine's work being therefore a defense of Port-Royal, it follows that, not to be a simpleton, the historian must hear the defense of the adverse party.

And such a defense exists; it is that of a Jesuit, but not therefore to be discarded. Like the *L'Abrégé*, Father Rapin's *Mémoires* are contemporaneous with the quarrel. Compared to Racine, Rapin amounts to little as a man of letters; but, at least, he has the merit of having better disseminated his information. Moreover, when Sainte-Beuve affirms that this good priest "was in no wise curious in regard to the truth," but only "anxious to collect all odious and ridiculous remarks against Jansenism,"

the Jesuit is not thereby prove a calumniator. Indeed, the contrary is true, and unquestionably so, since the conciliatory character and the virtue of Father Rapin have been vouched for in many ways, and attested to by a witness whom Port-Royal would never reject, Mme. de Scudéry.

But why not finish with Racine? He wrote more about Port-Royal than the *Abrégé*. There are his *Petites Lettres*, not so numerous as those of Pascal (being two instead of eighteen), but none the less caustic and scornful. And they have one advantage over the *Abrégé*, that of not being a posthumous work: they are an attack made by the living upon the living, by Racine upon the gentlemen of Port-Royal, who defended themselves as best they could.

It is true that Racine assailed Nicole upon a theoretical question, and not upon that of sufficient grace. But what difference? These *Lettres*, although M. Lavissee did not mention it, are as important a part of the Port-Royal papers as are the *Provinciales* of those of the Jesuits. In both one and the other, laugh-provoking passages are combined with subtle and tedious Jansenistic controversies, and I would not wonder if M. Lavissee considered Racine's sarcasm of a higher order than Pascal's.

But, be that as it may, you will admit, will you not, my dear friend, that, from a specific standpoint, the theory of the "characteristic document" is inadequate and inappropriate, and that, to be just and perfectly sure of arriving at the truth, it is better to consult, as far as possible, significant documents?

Among the latter I unhesitatingly recommend the writings of M. Olier and St. Vincent de Paul. Amid the violent attacks and boisterous retorts of those who fight, it were well to listen to the discreet opinion of those who closely follow the dispute and yet scarcely mingle in it. They, too, are witnesses, and of what untold value! They are competent witnesses because they are directors of con-

sciences; sincere witnesses, for; though they have not written the *Mystère de Jésus*, like Pascal, their hearts have been filled with love of Jesus and their lives with the virtues dearest to Him. Are you familiar with the book which M. Emmanuel de Broglie published lately on St. Vincent de Paul? Read it and you will see that beside the sanctity therein depicted, that of the author of the *Provinciales* will wane.

But I am convinced that in order to be thoroughly understood, Jansenism and the Port-Royal quarrel must be traced back to their origin, because in this case, as in all others, origin is of prime importance.

## II.

But before examining this point, a word on the general tone of the controversy. *A priori*, it is incredible that all excesses be on the one side, and that it would be strictly just to say, "The Jesuits were aggressive, uncouth, violent; the Jansenists learned and even-tempered." Even in leaving Pascal out of the question, we could not take sides thus: the Jesuits proved their doctrine and the Jansenists showed their spleen. Did Racine not write to Nicole: "Quote the Fathers. Resort to abuse often and to antitheses almost always. You are called to this style?"

¶ When tired of seeing the same abuses holding, almost regularly, the same place in the same columns of our newspapers, take up some of the old books for which the literary Parisians of two hundred years ago contended; it will be a change for you, although you be exposed to hearing the same outbursts of heated passion.

"The Jesuits are dogs that we hear barking at the Episcopacy. In order to establish everywhere their detestable heresies they want to shut all mouths and overthrow all ecclesiastical power. They are iniquitous, foolish, atheistical men, and ready to make war even on God Himself. They turn out none but ignorant, vicious scholars; they wish to ap-

pear poor, but at the same time they crave riches: they have palaces in all the large cities, banking-houses in the ports, vessels on every sea. Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld protects them, but this bishop who has resigned the See of Sens is now merely a Cardinal of the Roman Church."

What do you think of Saint-Cyran's document? Did the *Siecle*, in those days of rancor against Loyola, cry out more bitterly than did this choleric *alumnus* of Louvain, whose name, Hauranne (benevolent), seemed rather to predestine him to milder inclinations?

Arnauld, in his reflections on the Jesuits, was no less peaceable than his master. Judge for yourself:

"These good religious wish to imbrue their hands in the blood of those they hate; the ways of justice are too slow for these zealots, too perilous for these slanderers. They wish to mete out justice to themselves, to have no appeal from the sentence they pronounce, and to be witnesses, judges, executioners.

"The Bishop of Ypres certainly lost by his death, for, instead of being merely an illustrious confessor of the grace of Jesus Christ, these good Fathers would have made a martyr of him. And now, I ask those of wisdom and moderation if God does not need to strengthen the minds of the disciples of St. Augustine, since they run more of a risk in meeting some pious brother who has made a vow neither to eat nor drink till he will have delivered society from a scandalous impostor than of finding themselves in a forest among lawless soldiers and thieves?"

Is not Pascal, who resumed the theme in his seventh *petite lettre*, an angel of sweetness compared to Arnauld?

And now, in default of Father Annat, who had the honor of receiving the last of the *Provinciales*, would you like to hear Father Nouet's reply to the famous *Mentiris Impudentissime* which is like the indignant refrain in Pascal's *Quinzième Lettre*? Here is the beginning of it:



"You must be pardoned this excess: you are angry and your mind, having lost control of its passions, is not in tranquil humor and cannot, in the confusion of thought and the violent emotions which agitate it, make a good choice of words.

"The great man whose errors are the theology of your sect and whose name is one of your most glorious boasts, said naively (you know it, sir, you even engraved it after his death on the frontispiece of his work;) that the predominant inclination in his temperament partook of the qualities of saltpetre, the simple, liberated matter of which spurts up for an instant only, leaving behind it neither smoke nor bad odor. But your fire is not so inoffensive: you mix sulphur with saltpetre and your abusive writings, which are degenerating from that civility so natural to the French, smell too much of German powder.

"At first, I wondered what caprice had led you abroad to learn how to give abuse in German, since, without traveling so far, you could have learned just as well in the market places and on the Seine; but then I remembered that you had good friends among the Germans and that Luther had invented this excellent method of justifying heresy, opposing to the writings of a King and the anathemas of a Pope, that impenetrable buckler which shields you from the darts of your enemies: *Mentiris Impudentissime.*"

What is there here aggressive, uncouth or violent? And how many similar pages could I not find, and that without much of a hunt, in which there is not a discourteous word? Even in Father Brisacier, who said that he and fear were not acquainted, and who wrote impetuously as one fences, many passages come under the very head of what Sainte-Beuve, in speaking of Saint-Cyran, called "grave invective."

So that, my dear friend, on this otherwise secondary point, I shall formulate my opinion—providing you do not find

it a burlesque—in five propositions, which, being against the grain of those of Jansenius, seem to me to be most purely orthodox.

1. The Jansenists were the more exposed to violent language as their cause was bad, and they were of those "men who are attacked as soon as their name is mentioned," said Racine.

2. In a way, one could understand why the Jesuits would have been less calm than their adversaries, because there were more of them to take up the pen and quill, and the reiterations with which they had to contend were singularly vexing.

3. Although like Pascal, Port-Royal looked upon silence as a misfortune and "the greatest of persecutions," the Jesuits received from their superiors nothing but advice to be moderate. Father de Montezon has quoted some letters in his remarks to Sainte-Buve, and I could enumerate others written at the beginning of the quarrel and at all dates.

4. Not all the Jesuits were equally acrimonious with the pen; some were irreproachable.

5. And even had they all been violent it would have proven nothing against the strength of their reasons, the justice of their cause nor the righteousness of their intentions.

Nevertheless, it will probably continue to be said of the Jesuits, if they become indignant that they are angry; if they remain calm, that they are spiritless. What then is left them unless to repeat with the miller in the fable.

"... *Est bien fou du cerveau  
Qui prétend contenter tout le monde et son  
père.*

But, my friend, let us drop the question of form and return to the basis of the debate.

### III.

The problem at the foundation of the debate may be formulated in many different ways. There is one of which Jan-

senius was very fond and which may be read even in the title of his book, as it was interpreted in the inexhaustible commentaries of the *Mères de l'Eglise* (Mothers of the Church) who, the less they read of the *Augustinus*, had the more to say about it.

Is Jansenism a return to the doctrine of Saint Augustine, or is it not? M. Lavissee says that this is the controversial "ground" to which Port-Royal "should have held," but if, on such ground, it could in the end have justified itself, is a question which "it were better not to sift." Still, my dear friend, this should not disturb you; do not imagine that by entering this discussion you would be plunging into some dark, dangerous hole, such as a den of thieves.

Neither the saints nor doctors of the Church are infallible, and consequently neither is St. Augustine. Perhaps you have heard of his *Retractationes*, in which, towards the end of his life, he recanted some points in his work, thereby to modify or perfect his first way of seeing.

This great and beautiful genius touched on all questions. But Providence seems to have spared to the Church the immense resources of his virtue, his knowledge and his intelligence to defend the dogma of grace against Pelagius. Indeed, upon this point, and in explaining traditional truth he is like the *mouth of God*, according to the forcible scriptural expression applied to the Prophets. Nevertheless, he remains a man, and his wisdom is deficient somewhere. Wishing to oppose all his powers to Pelagius, who attacked the incontestable truth that grace is necessary to salvation and consequently that God is the indispensable cause of our virtuous acts, words now and then escape him which, when isolated from all the rest of his doctrine, seem to compromise human liberty. Besides, he has written against other errors, which, in certain respects, were the reverse of those of Pelagius. And lastly, even in his anti-Pelagian treatises, the enuncia-

tion of a dogma is one thing, and quite another the purely human explanations to which, above all, in a subtle mind such as that of a platonist like St. Augustine, dogma can give rise.

You see the result. The explanations are contestable; they are passages of non-Pelagian controversies; strained, exaggerated expressions which Jansenius has laboriously collected, criticised, magnified, distorted and set forth in the folio to which he gave the name of *Augustinus*. Never was representation more false.

And we must note with Father de Régnon that the strange aberration of the Bishop of Ypres "was to obstinately adhere to a few obscure expressions of St. Augustine without admitting that they were discussed in the light of Church teaching. A criminal proceeding, inasmuch as it opposed to the Church a son of the Church; but at the same time an unreasonable proceeding, because it was stubborn adherence to human testimony." Moreover, I would add, a proceeding which St. Augustine would have repudiated with all the energy of his faith and reason—he who, in order to prove one and the other, pronounced against private judgment this decisive sentence: "I would not believe the Gospel unless the authority of the Catholic Church moved me to it."

St. Augustine's doctrine on grace is the same as that of the Council of Trent, simply because it is that of the Church in all times. Hold firmly to this conclusion. In order to establish it historically a volume would be required, and in it would be brought to light and set forth a complete and impartial study of the sources.

And as to Jansenius, be not surprised that when erring in regard to the question of grace, he should appeal to St. Augustine. History explains that also. Before being master of error he was its disciple. Had Baius never existed, it is quite probable that Sainte-Beuve would not have had to write his *Port-Royal*, nor M. Lavissee to propound a

lesson on Jansenism. And I am convinced that these two illustrious professors, and also our country, would, therefore, have been better off. But unfortunately Baius did exist. He was a professor of heterodox theology, and although he died in humble submission to the Holy See and in communion with it, he left after him far too many loyal heirs of his revolt. It was from these at the University of Louvain that the future Bishop of Ypres, while still a young student, learned to misinterpret St. Augustine and to hate the Jesuits vigorously—two essential points in Jansenism.

My dear friend, the history of Baianism would carry me too far, so I may but call your attention to it; however, bear in mind that one must understand it well in order to comprehend Jansenism. I shall simply add that before Jansenius, and even before Baius, Luther had made a hard study of St. Augustine and drawn thence his doctrine of the will enslaved. These three men completely ignored the fundamental principles of human nature; their varied and complex conclusions, despite all that separates them, are reduced to this point: the compromising of moral liberty.

The worthy Nicole wrote in his *Imaginaire*, under the date of April 15, 1684—twenty-three years after the first condemnation of the *Augustinus* and two months after the third:

“Fifty years hence the pretended heresy of Jansenism will be looked upon merely as a rare example of the vanity of men’s minds, and will be considered on a par with the dispute concerning the cowls and beard of the Franciscan friars. Men will ask themselves in utter astonishment who were this Father Annat and Father Ferrier who said such impertinent things, and were foolish enough to abandon themselves to their dreams. ‘But,’ you will say, ‘these are prophecies. . .’ Nevertheless, I can reply that they are safe, since it has been well proven that there was only a trifling matter at stake,

as, indeed, I believe I have already shown you.”

But no, Monsieur Nicole, the question of liberty is no trifling matter since, without it, neither human responsibility, divine justice, heaven nor hell would be possible. Luther denies this liberty, Baius lessens it, Jansenius stifles it. Against all three the Jesuits defend it, and though not alone to be sure, they are in the first rank of defendants.

You will admit that there are worse causes and that, in studying them, the headlines and superstructure of history are of decided interest.

#### IV.

I know well that certain minds prefer to consider details and foundation. Sainte-Beuve and Saint Simon were given to close investigation, and it would be an amusing and instructive study, that of comparing the two methods—the superficial and the deep. Indeed, such a study could readily lead one to the conclusion that sometimes they who are bent upon acquiring a superficial knowledge are not so easily satisfied, whilst they who are intent upon probing the depths are not, after all, so penetrating.

And in the Jansenistic quarrel there are depths to be searched. But on what side? That of Port-Royal? No, for there the intentions were the purest and most elevated; those grand old Christians were above human weakness! Racine, however, seems to be of a contrary opinion. But here Racine is mistaken, entirely mistaken; in fact, he is as misinformed and as slanderous as Rapin—that about covers it! And the Jesuits? Ah! my dear friend, they are but men, and how petty are their passions! “A tiff of literary men,” Racine calls it, and therefore, such it is. The fear of “formidable opposition” in the confessional and in the schools, was the secret of the ardent, desperate combat which they waged against Port-Royal!

Accordingly, Petavies and Labbe wrote to show that they knew more than Ar-

nauld ; Father Nouet denounced the *Fréquente* from the pulpit of Saint-Louis in Paris, because a new school of spirituality was opening, which threatened to scatter about the wharves books not yet written ; and Father Brisacier preached at Blois against the *Augustinus*, fearing that the schools of Port-Royal would prove the ruination of the college of which he was rector ! Indeed, my dear friend, if this were true, the *foundation* of history would turn out to be a comedy totally eclipsing any written by Molière.

But let us reason a bit. In 1660 the Society of Jesus counted in France, errors excepted, ninety colleges frequented by fifty thousand pupils, and twelve hundred priests established in one hundred and ten cities. And could it be supposed that as numerous and powerful a body as this would have been intimidated by the opposition of three or four Port-Royal directors and three schools which lasted barely fifteen years, and counted but fifty pupils ?

Well, well ! The truth of the matter is that the Jesuits opposed Jansenism throughout France as well as in Paris, both before the appearance of the *petites écoles* and after the dispersion of the Port-Royalists. Indeed, the quarrel was above all this business, if you will pardon me the expression ; it concerned our faith, as the anathemas of the Church prove.

My dear friend, when I behold an entire religious order resolutely arming itself in the name of faith and, despite all outcry, waging war under the leadership of men of genius and sanctity, in the company of true priests and with the encouragement of the Roman Pontiff, I know, without making further inquiry, why they fight. In vain may the hue and cry arise : " It is not that, there are underlying reasons ; Racine says so, Pascal says so." I crave pardon of Racine and Pascal ; they quibble.

I think I remember a letter from Saint-Arnauld, then a young officer in Algiers, in which he seemed to imply that per-

sonal ambition took the upper hand of patriotism in his love of fighting and conquest. Suppose that I remember aright, suppose that a similar feeling, be detected in the papers of Bosquet, Lamoricière or MacMahon. If it were desired to make over the history of the Algerian conquest after Camille Rousset in the study of *causes*, what place would be assigned to the failing of which I speak ? None.

And it is the same in the controversy now engaging our attention.

To prove that the zeal of some Jesuits was not as pure as their religious garb and cause would have demanded, and that they took up the pen with the secret desire of avenging their self-love as confessors, college regents and jealous writers, would not be giving an explanation of the Jansenistic quarrel, which involved the very foundation of religion ; it would be handling history as would a journalist, or, if you will—considering M. Deschanel's discourse at the Academy—a poor journalist.

## V.

And that is why M. Lavissee, who is not a poor journalist, has added something else ; he has stated three antinomies—the Jansenists attacked the Pope and the Jesuits formed a pontifical militia ; the Jansenists withdrew from the world, cursing it, and the Jesuits mingled in it ; the Jansenists did not wish the Church to mobilize, but the Jesuits favored evolution. How could there be harmony ?

It is obvious that these statements contradict one another ; but, perhaps, they would aid in explaining facts.

Frederick II. called us the *Pope's Grenadiers* ; Joseph de Maistre, the *Janizaries of the Catholic Church*, so M. Lavissee certainly has the right to term us a *pontifical militia*. I shall not quibble with him about it, but there are bishops like Habert and Marca—without mentioning the king and his council—who condemned the *Aurelius* ; there are doctors of the Sorbonne who, with

Cornet, denounced the five propositions in 1649. Did they also constitute a pontifical militia?

Indeed, I wish that the gentlemen of Port-Royal had been *solitaries*, but it is not quite certain that they were such to a much greater extent than the Jesuits. Like the Jesuits, these contemplatives who had retired from the world sought to work on the outside. But there is an evangelical way of mingling with the world—a way taught by Jesus Christ to His apostles, and typified by the *leaven* which leavened the whole lump. At any rate, St. Vincent de Paul, who was not a Jesuit, has written justly and severely against the ancient direction given the penitents of Port-Royal such lines as these :

“Communicate worthily? Only M. Arnauld could do that; he who, after raising the necessary disposition to so high a standard that a St. Paul would have feared to communicate, does not hesitate to boast of saying Mass daily; his humility is the more admirable because of his charity and the good opinion which he holds of so many directors, seculars as well as regulars, and of so many virtuous penitents, all of whom serve as objects of his usual invectives.”

Suppose it had been said to the saint : “Ah! Monsieur Vincent, you would speak otherwise did you mingle less with the world”; I think that the holy man would have been greatly surprised. With his habitual good sense and humility he would have replied that, in thus speaking of Port-Royal, he did not mean to air individual views, nor overstep the limits of the language of true Christianity. And if the interlocutor, insisting, had replied that he was thereby shrewdly scheming with the Jesuits and the court of Rome, I do not say but that M. Vincent would have left him quite brusquely and indignantly, as happened one day when Saint-Cyran was confiding to him some of his plans for reforming the Church.

My dear friend, let us go right to the

bottom of things. M. Brunetière loves to say that one learns to do this at Bossuet's school. Therefore, I beg you, let us do as though we had frequented that school.

First of all, what is Jansenism, if not a particular conception of grace and liberty in the Christian life? Hypothetically, let us suppress the *Aurelius* and *Familiar Theology* by Saint-Cyran, and the *Fréquente* by Arnauld, and Jansenism is dead. Undoubtedly Saint Cyran's ideas, which are eminently those of Edmond Richer, influenced the attitude maintained by the Jansenists in face of the judgments of Rome. Undoubtedly, too, Arnauld's rigorous ideas have a logical affinity for the Calvinistic doctrine of Jansenius. But if their errors uphold one another, they are not identical. What really binds the three men together is a false common doctrine to which they were virtually attached and which shaped their lives—the doctrine of the five propositions.

It therefore follows that to ask why the Jesuits and the Jansenists were at war is equivalent to asking why the Jesuits fought the doctrine of the five propositions. And to such an inquiry the answer is very simple : it was because, as I have just indicated, this doctrine was Protestant. In exposing the doctrine of the *Augustinus*, M. Lavissee has recalled Protestantism, and not without reason. But, instead of confining himself to making comparisons, he should have deduced the moral. That is what I shall do.

## VI.

Without having exhausted yourself with the study of Ecclesiastical History, you know very well, my friend, that from the time of their first meeting, Protestants and Jesuits were absolute adversaries. Many Catholic priests fought the Reformation both by word of mouth and by the pen; nevertheless, it is an indisputable fact that, in the struggle the Jesuits held a place all their own. Just glance at the last volume

of Jansen, lately translated into French and you will find that on that point friends and hostile pamphleteers agree.

The natural result of the long, loud controversies, and of the hundred years' war between Protestantism and the Society of Jesus is, that the Jesuits were quickly suspected of introducing all doctrinal novelties that appeared around the time of the Reformation, and, inversely, that all innovators, inclined toward reformed doctrines, were held in contempt by the Jesuits, as it were, instinctively.

Imagine a Pasteurian physician who is growing old and famous by fighting the microbes of tuberculosis. It is obvious that, because of his experience, his diagnosis of analagous diseases would be quick and certain, and if the bacilli of these diseases were intelligent and aware of his success, do you not suppose that they would be haunted by the thought of him or the mention of his name and would fear even his shadow?

Well, it seems to me that this illustrates exactly the respective attitudes of the Jesuits and pseudo-reformers of all times and types—and consequently of the Jesuits and Jansenists. The mere fact of the former being, as it were, born defenders of the dogma of human liberty and of the latter endeavoring to compromise that liberty, would set them at odds. Is it not so?

From the fundamental doctrine, "from the soul of Jansenius's book," as Bossuet said, let us now return, if agreeable to you, to particular doctrines and to persons. You will be able to lay your finger, as if in undeniable proof, upon the truth of all that I have told you.

Without any hesitation, it may be asserted that the *Augustinus*, the *Aurelius* and the *Fréquente* were written against the Jesuits. One needs but to read them to become convinced of this, and I am surprised that M. Lavissee, guided by dates themselves, should not have asked himself the cause of this offensive coalition of a native of Flanders, one of Bayonne and one of Paris, against our celebrated Society. The question was surely

quite as interesting as to know why the Jesuits answered their aggressors, and the former query would, perhaps, have helped to explain the latter.

Now your curiosity is aroused and you would have me tell you of the pique nurtured by Jansenius, Saint-Cyran and Arnauld, each in turn, against the sons of St. Ignatius; but I shall not do so. If you insist upon knowing, Rapin and others will tell you. Besides, that question is secondary. It suffices for me to maintain that the Jansenists were the aggressors, and that their attacks against the Jesuits even found way into the books through which they sought to establish their doctrines. Hence I conclude, and irreproachably it seems to me, that these innovators looked upon the Jesuits as the most formidable of their doctrinal foes. And as the issue of the struggle showed these doctrines to be heretical or dangerous, we arrive once more at the conclusion already reached, and which explains all, that between the Jansenists and the Jesuits the point of contention was one of faith, and that therefore they were irreconcilable enemies.

But I well know that Saint-Cyran, Arnauld, Nicole and Pascal would never admit this fact. Treated as heretics, they protested with energy and virtuous indignation. And yet, what could be clearer than the condemnations of Rome: that of Urban VIII. on March 6, 1642; of Innocent X., May 31, 1653, and those of Alexander VII., October 16, 1656, and February 15, 1665. It was, indeed, a strange sight to behold Christians and priests declaring that outside the pale of the Church they could see no salvation, and yet upholding, propagating and defending with the noisy and invincible obstinacy of most hot-headed apostates, doctrines solemnly disapproved by the Church. Their submission was sadly tintured with revolt, and if they admired the question of *right*, it was but to reject that of *fact*. It is vexing and confusing to follow up the casuistry of Jansenistic obedience.

Bossuet tells us that the minds of the

Jansenists were "ardent, and impassioned, excessive, insatiable, better able to push things to an extreme than to hold reason in the balance." My dear friend, it is in the funeral oration of Nicolas Cornet that you will find this strange sketch of the Jansenistic temperament. But when you will have read it through, it is likely that all your logical powers will be called into play in order to ascertain when these men were sincere. Was it when they called themselves submissive sons of the Church, or when they discarded her judgments? I believe that God alone could unravel the contradictions in which their faith and pride were so bound up.

But, whatever was their sincerity, their protestations cannot lie, they speak for themselves. 'The more these Jansenists proclaimed, in principle, the authority of the Church, the more they gave their enemies the right to judge them as being with the Church and of the Church. The Jesuits used this privilege. In the eyes of Catholics they were right, and in those of impartial unbelievers, they were logical.

## VII.

My dear friend, my letter is growing far longer than I had intended. I only wished to touch summarily upon certain points, but the close connections of things and swift movement of thought have led me into all but a series of dissertations. And now I must come, without further delay, to the question of relaxed morals. It is, it would seem, the last actuality, as M. Aulard has just exhumed, for a *ne varietur* edition, the writings that Paul Bert, deceased, published on this delicate subject twenty years ago.

Although Arnauld called his book *De la frequente Communion*, he speaks therein at length on penance. And Father Rapin was right when he said that "apparently the author had this treatise in his portfolio" and had "crammed it" into his second part,

"pertaining to the preparation for Communion," because, on the one hand, it is certain that the idea of the book is anterior to the writing of Father de Sesmaisons which Arnauld is deemed to have refuted, and, on the other, that Arnauld's doctrine on penance is the key to the problem which there was question of solving against the Jesuits. Thus, after all these years, and despite the difference in their characteristics, the treatise of the *Frequente* and the pamphlet of the *Provinciales* come together again.

Arnauld seeks his texts among the holy Fathers; Pascal looks for his among some casuists of the society. And even at first glance one cannot fail to discover a marked and perfect contrast; in the remoteness of bygone centuries we behold the doctrine of tradition with its imposing severity, athwart which we catch a glimpse of the heroic lives of the first Christians who died in this world; and then, in face of modern souls, but too well known to be vulgar and filled with the principles, sentiments, pleasures and follies of the world, there arise casuists who reconcile all this with Christian morality! The contrast is indeed perfect, too much so, my dear friend, to be true. And if, in alluding to the *Provinciales*, Voltaire could say that "the whole book rests upon a false foundation," as much may also be said of the *Frequente*.

I shall not enter into the discussion of texts: It would be an endless, irksome, useless task. You have not the theological knowledge required in order to follow this debate, and moreover, the whole question does not hinge upon it. When one wishes to fell a tree, it is folly to fritter time in cutting away its branches one by one; the root must be laid bare and the axe put to it. Let us therefore discover the root of this question and strike: M. Lavissee, who is a member of the French Academy, will, I trust, for give me this pretentious metaphor.

Had Dr. Arnauld so honored me as to have confided to me his plans, after

having listened attentively to the résumé of the one hundred and five chapters of his book, without even asking him what he had intended saying in his preface—and perhaps he would not have told me since it covered one hundred and thirty pages,—I would have said: "Sir, you are very learned with regard to antiquity and, unlike certain antiquarians, you are also quite enlightened as to the events of the age. The Council of Elvira does not lead you to overlook the Council of Trent. However, the latter may not seem to you as important as it really is; because, sir, the Church is mistress of her discipline and, if I understand rightly, there is not one word in the decrees of the holy council which would imply her intention of reestablishing ancient customs on the point of penance. You yourself admit this when, in the second part of your book, wishing to have your conclusions backed by the holy council, honesty constrains you to say that the chapters and canons of these Fathers merely "give" an "opening." If then, in undertaking her reformation, the Church limits herself to this or that, how can you presume to conduct her, in spite of herself, beyond the bounds which she has set? And, sir, what authority do you assume in God's Church whereby you play the part of an individual who, contrary to all tradition, is more exact in matters of morals than the Pope and the entire council?"

Without prolonging my harangue to M. Arnauld, you see, do you not, my dear friend, the "false foundation" upon which all of the *Fréquente* "rests?" The author wishes to be more Catholic than the Pope.

However, do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that the author errs through excess of zeal. In several passages his book is doctrinally inexact, and these passages were condemned in 1690. Propositions 16, 17 and 18 denounced at that date by Alexander VIII. are Arnauld's or no one's; they are the very substance of the *Fréquente*. It is true

that at the outset, Rome was silent as to the body of the book. As M. Lavissee has told you she merely singled out the passage found in the preface concerning St. Peter and St. Paul, *the two heads of the Church*. And here is Rome's reason.

"Twenty Doctors in the Sorbonne and fifteen prelates of whom the Holy See was very fond were engaged in this affair," wrote Grimaldi the Nuncio, to the Cardinal, Secretary of State, April 19, 1644. As the preface had not been submitted to them it could be censured without any reflection on them. But, not so the book, since they had approved it. Therefore, according to Grimaldi's way of thinking, it was better for the honor of these bishops, to suspend all judgment.

Cardinal de Lugo, a Jesuit, when considering the case, reached a like conclusion, but in a different way. He considered that the Holy See should speak by means of Letters Apostolic, simply seizing the opportunity afforded by the controversy to establish the true doctrine. He discountenanced all censure as "too bitter a remedy." He feared that those interested, "irritated by a condemnation which they could not endure, might openly rebel and separate from the Church."

Thus Arnauld's book was saved by circumstances only; its errors were "resolute," and rendered all the more "unbearable" "the straying away" of the "inexperienced young man" who, according to St. Vincent de Paul, preferred his own way to "the universal observance of all Christendom." (2)

#### VIII.

And such, too, was Pascal's modesty. Joseph de Maistre shows this to perfection in a bit of dialogue which is all but lost in the middle of his *Église gallicane*, and which I beg the privilege of quoting. At any rate, it will be a change from my dry prose.

DIRECTOR.

"What, sir, is this society? Is it



something occult, some suspicious gathering deprived of legal existence?"

PASCAL.

"On the contrary, Father, it is a famous society, a society of priests, spread all over Europe, especially throughout France."

DIRECTOR.

"But is this society hostile to the Church?"

PASCAL.

"In no way, Father. On the contrary, the Holy See esteems it greatly, and has frequently approved it."

DIRECTOR.

"Why, you astonish me. How then could you argue against these Fathers?"

PASCAL.

"I quoted a myriad of censurable propositions, taken from books composed by these Fathers, books largely unknown and therefore infinitely dangerous, had I not made known their venom. Not that I have read them, because I have never meddled with that kind of learning, but I hold these texts from certain friendly hands incapable of misleading me. I showed that the order was responsible for all these errors, and therefore concluded that the Jesuits were heretics and public poisoners."

DIRECTOR.

"But, my dear brother, you do not know what you are about. . . From whom do you hold the right—or whence have the authority—you, a simple individual, to defame a religious order, approved, respected and employed by the Church?"

Yes, whence have you this right? To this Pascal did not, could not reply, because it is certainly evident that if, in virtue of "their own maxims," the Jesuits were the "wicked" corrupters of the gospel which he called them, the Church who tolerated them, praised them, upheld them even against the *Provinciales*, was a hundred times more "wicked" than they.

Either Pascal's attacks are vain, or else they brand the Church with infamy. When M. Lavissee took up the word of Sainte-Beuve when he said that, "on the whole, Pascal had made a strong and direct hit," did he dream of the consequence? It is as enormous as it is inevitable, so enormous that he will certainly reject it. He is too familiar with history not to know that even though the Church does not succeed, according to her desire, in making heroic saints of all her children, she nevertheless remains the practical school of the highest and most fruitful virtue, and that she has never permitted anyone to encroach, to the detriment of souls, upon the divine rule of morals. Therefore, my dear friend, we must come to this conclusion which, though old, is ever just: that some of the opinions of some casuists remain an open question. And, sincerely speaking, was there in this sufficient reason for "disturbing the public peace with scandal" as the Parliament of Aix said? And, for such an undertaking, was it necessary to have an elevated or impassioned soul? And when a man has devoted his genius to such an enterprise, does he elicit envy or pity? Pascal will pardon me when I say pity. What other sentiment can fill the soul when, instead of beholding in this great man that which would call forth a deeper respect for human nature, we are forced to ask with Voltaire, if he were not a vile calumniator, and with Bourdaloue, how his life and death were compatible with Christianity.

Sainte-Beuve thinks to eulogize the character of Pascal supremely when he shows it to us lit up by "that spark of lion like anger" which, it seems, is essential in "every generous man." We accept the metaphor. Pascal is a lion, but a caged one. To be sure, he blushes with anger, but by order. Listen, my dear friend, to the secret of those who planned it; St. Vincent de Paul makes the disclosure.

"Some days ago M. de Chavigny told

an intimate friend that that good gentleman (Saint-Cyran) had informed him that he and Jansenius had laid their plan with a view to bringing into discredit that holy order (the Jesuits) in regard to the doctrine and administration of the Sacraments; and I myself have heard him holding many such discourses almost every day."

And that was the magnificent scheme on which Pascal spent his genius. Poor, great man! You will admit that this carries us far away from the primitive Church and the holy attempt to make Christian heroism and the purest doctrine of Christian antiquity flourish again after long centuries of laxity. But, perhaps, the undertaking was a useless one and Jansenism too late. That is what we will examine together.

#### IX.

I think it is clearly manifest that human frailty did not begin with the Jesuits. Without going back to the Deluge nor the Garden of Eden, the Reformation naturally pre-supposes a certain corruption of morals. Now, at the time of the Reformation there were no Jesuits in the world, and it could scarcely be foreseen that there would be, since Ignatius of Loyola, who was to be their founder, was fighting at the siege of Pampeluna at the very moment that Luther broke with Rome.

Moreover, it must be added that this corruption of morality, because of which Luther empowered himself to call the Church "the great prostitute," did not prevent the sixteenth century from giving birth to such wonderful saints as St. Philip Neri, St. Theresa, St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier, without mentioning four canonized in one day, March 12, 1622, to sustain the comparison, were it quite fitting to compare saints with their most illustrious predecessors.

How heroic they were, and what providential help to the Church! According to the Gospel, their virtues were a "light" which caused the holiness of

their Mother to shine forth with splendor, their zeal impelling them to mingle with the world like wholesome "salt." In that true, sincere and efficacious reformation of herself undertaken by the Church at the Council of Trent, these saints were most admirable workers, and it redounds to the glory of the Society of Jesus to have been a powerful and docile instrument in the hands of the Popes for the furtherance of this work. Let him who would judge of that Society's labors study history. To take up a book of pictures and jest about it, as did Pascal in his fifth *Provinciale*, would be within the range of any numskull with an ounce of sense, and to persevere in so doing would be to court ignorance.

Had Pascal made investigations befitting a judge, concerning what he pretended to judge, he would never have allowed himself to be towed along by the pamphleteer who, in 1644, wrote the *Morale des Jésuites*, which followed the *Catalogue des Traditions romaines*, drawn up by Dumoulin, a minister, in 1632, and which was in turn preceded by *Morales des Papistes*, by Calvin. Instead of copying these men, he would have refuted them; he would have cried out to them instead of to the Jesuits: "Blush for your ignorant impostures—*De mendacio ineruditionis tue confundere.*"

God forbid that I should consider the Society of Jesus impeccable. If so, I would be the victim of an insane, ridiculous pride. As an offset, there are accusations which seem nothing short of being made for a wager. Sainte-Beuve, who was extremely intelligent and consequently should have been apt at conjecturing history, seemed inclined to think that the decadence of the order dated from the time of St. Ignatius. Perhaps it were better not to have made such a guess.

"But," you will say, "did not Bossuet stigmatize 'the murderous pity of some doctors which led them to put cushions under the elbows of sinners and seek a cloak for their passions?'" Yes, Bossuet did say that, and M. Lavissee did

well to quote him, though he might have added that Bossuet stigmatized others "not less extreme. who can put up with no human weakness whatever, but forever drag hell around with them and thunder forth naught but curses." The antithesis is perfect and exact.

"If a woman were given to licentiousness and a man to debauchery, you would always hope for their salvation, provided they were your friends," writes Racine to Nicole. So much for the Jansenists. As to the Jesuits, their defense is easy. The accusation is serious only if it have the import of that made by Pascal: "Toward 1650 there reigned among the Jesuits everywhere, especially in France, a general, deliberate, wilful prevarication in the dispensation of holy things." This is what must be demonstrated and—it can not be.

Bourdaloue, who cannot be accused of laxity, does not stand alone; and neither does St. Francis Régis, nor the Venerable Father Maunoir, nor the Venerable Father de la Colombière.

The greater part of those whose names were connected with the Jansenistic quarrel were men of distinguished virtue. The controversialists, Annat or Brisacier; the moralists Reginald and Cellot, the theologians Petau and Reynaud, the scholars Labbe and Sirmond, the ascetic authors Binet and Nouet can well hold their own, in point of Christian austerity, with the gentlemen of Port-Royal. And how many others might I mention if it were only Paul de Barry whom Pascal makes a devotee of the Virgin, and repugnant and narrow-minded, but who was certainly of too good blood—that of the heroic Constance de Cezelly—to teach men to seek heaven by any path save that of honor!

You have gone through our colleges, my dear Friend, and when did you feel "that little breath, half perfumed, half-tainted, deadly to the Christian soul as well as to the natural soul," of which Sainte-Beuve speaks, interpreting Pascal, and which, in a few words, em-

braces all our ideas. In looking back upon your school years, not so long gone by, does not the disagreeable impression made a thousand times by the charitably pitiless remonstrances of your teachers, when trying to combat your faults, still seem vivid? To believe that things were otherwise conducted at Claremont two hundred and fifty years ago, you would require proof, would you not? So would I.

I would also require it in order to admit that before Saint-Cyran, Christianity was in peril. The truth is that, after the religious peace brought about in the reign of Henry IV., there was in our country a genuine Catholic revival.

And here allow me a few words with which to illustrate and justify my statement. St. Francis de Sales founded the Visitation, Bérulle the Oratory, Marie de l'Incarnation introduced the Carmelites into France, the Benedictine Congregation of Saint-Maur began, Mme. de Lestonnac established her community, St. Vincent de Paul instituted the Daughters of Charity and Fathers of the Mission, St. Peter Fourier introduced his Canons Regular and his religious, Rancé la Trappe and M. Olier founded the Society of Saint-Sulpice and the Venerable Eude, the Eudistes.

None of these were Jansenists, at least not to my knowledge, no more than the holy Archdeacon of Evreux, nor Michel Le Nobletz, nor the *poor priest*, nor Bourdoise, nor Clément, the cutler, and Beaumais, the mercer, who helped M. Olier to reorganize the parish of Saint-Sulpice, nor so many others whose example and preaching caused the true spirit of the Gospel to pervade the great body of the Church in France. It is also noticeable—and why should I not remark it—that many of these servants of God were either the pupils of the Jesuits or else connected with them.

This, then, is how Jansenism was the great moral feature of the seventeenth century, and gave to that epoch its thoroughly Christian stamp.

My dear Friend, I shall not say that Port-Royal was without virtue, neither shall I abuse certain terrifying words of St. Augustine concerning the branches which were separated from the stock of the mystic vine, by applying them to his fanatic disciples. I believe that among the Port-Royal solitaries there were some who strove to attain a high ideal of Christian virtue, but to proclaim them saints and saviours of evangelical morality would be going too far, and to give them such credit we would be obliged to ignore the history of our country.

In speaking of the book *Fréquente* St. Vincent de Paul says : "There may be a few persons who have been benefited by this book ; but to the hundred such in Paris, there are at least ten thousand whom it has harmed by withdrawing them altogether." This is the language of good sense and experience, and I believe that the general influence of Jansenism could not be better explained from a moral point of view ; useful, perhaps, to a few, it was certainly baleful to a great many.

Without wishing to make Manichæans of the Jansenists, together with St. Augustine, I shall speak freely to them, showing them the saints who, though they lived long ago, nevertheless combated them.

"Compare their feasts with yours, their chastity with yours, their eating with yours, their modesty with yours, their precepts with yours ; perhaps, you will see the difference between sincerity and ostentation, righteousness and error, good faith and deception, strength and bombast, happiness and misery, unity and division, and lastly, how far preferable to the sirens of superstition is the harbor of religion. Do not put forward those bearers of the Christian name who neither know nor manifest the vigor which that name exacts. I know that they are many. But cease defaming the Catholic Church by upbraiding her with the morals of those of her children whom she is the first to condemn and seeks each

day to improve. There are some who will mend ; as to the others, the time will come when the tares will be separated from the wheat. Whilst awaiting that day, wherefore your violence, your blindness, your party spirit ? Wherefore this obstinate defense with which you trouble yourselves ? Seek the harvest in the fields and the wheat in the granaries ; you need but open your eyes to see them."

What better can be said ? And is this not precisely the mistake of the Jansenists ? Is it not what rendered all their efforts fruitless, the mistake of seeking in Christian antiquity the justification of their ideas, rather than of asking the Church, the living organ of tradition, the meaning of Christian antiquity ?

Alas ! in Christian antiquity there is certainly some one from whom they sprang ; who like them was a rigorist, like them the enemy of forgiveness, like them a rebel against Rome, and, at the same time, who pretended as they did to live in the Church. It was Tertullian, a man of genius, to be sure, but nevertheless of whom it must be said, as it was of Lucifer : *In veritate non stetit*. How hardened he was against error and human weakness, and how proud of his strength. It were better not to go back to antiquity if only to find there such ancestors. Humility and charity are surer means toward the attaining of truth and keeping of it. As for the Church, to whom the Jansenists would not deign to listen, she has but little esteem for the "Miltonian beauty" which Sainte-Beuve discovers and admires in Port-Royal. She does not seem to consider either excess or revolt an element of moral beauty. Sure of her prerogatives as of her strength, she tempers, according to circumstances, the rigor of her laws, and the sanctity of her children always justifies this evolution of her discipline precisely because politics, that is to say, scheming and ambition, count with her for naught.

And, my dear friend, remember this.

She is made for all time because she is immortal. She adapts her inexhaustible virtue to the contingent needs of succeeding generations. She would not be divine if she could not do this. And the suppleness of her strength which accommodates itself, without becoming enervated, to the great and incessant changes of the world, is a spectacle without equal and the startling proof of her dignity. Only the hand of God could conduct and sustain movements as great and as delicate.

And that is why the Jansenists did wrong, not to trust her in the matter of morals as well as of dogma. Their procedure showed not only a lack of Christianity but of "good sense," as Cousins expressed it. Having shown such to be the case, I shall now withdraw, begging of you to excuse the great length of my letter, which, however, may have taught you something.

Sincerely yours,

PAUL DUDON, S. J.

## FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA.

*Jennie L. Rawlins.*

*Do with me, Lord, as seemest best to Thee !*

'Twas long before I said  
Those words to Thee ;  
Ay ! many a weary day,  
Along life's thorny way,  
My torn feet bled ;  
And many a sad hour passed,  
And saw my eyes downcast,  
Ere, Lord, on Thee at last,  
They turned instead !

*Do with me, Lord, as seemest best to Thee !*

For Thou didst once endure  
On Calvary's Tree  
The weight of all our grief,  
Nor didst desire relief  
From Anguish sore ;  
But rather Thou didst deign  
To bear Thy untold pain,  
Our souls to free from stain,  
For Heaven's shore.

*Do with me, Lord, as seemest best to Thee !*

Oh ! may Thy Heart divine  
My comfort be !  
That Heart of pity blest,  
Which fain would draw to rest,  
This Heart of mine ;  
And bend with tend'rest skill  
This wayward, restless will,  
Till it lie calm and still,  
Sweet Lord, in Thine.

*Do with me, Lord, as seemest best to Thee !*

Though veiled by mist of tears  
Mine eyes may be !  
When I my Cross have kissed,  
As in the Eucharist,  
Thou calm'st my fears,  
Impart to me Thy grace,  
Until I see Thy Face,  
And rest in Thy embrace,  
Beyond the years.



## PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII.*

**I**T must be admitted without reserve that there is nothing so exceptional in its beauty, nothing so divine in its power to develop holiness, nothing so sublime in its magnificent pre-eminence over all other institutions as the Church of Jesus Christ, the parent, the pro-creatix and the nursing mother of the family of the faithful, outside of which there can be naught that is good, healthful or helpful for the souls of men."

Such were the words which Leo XIII. addressed to the Polish pilgrims on the occasion of the jubilee of 1888. He was speaking of certain religious rites that had come down to them from a remote antiquity and he added: "This unity in variety is like a royal robe, that delights us by its wonderful beauty and grace, and by its very diversity makes the immaculate spouse of Christ all the fairer and more lovely in the eyes of men."

This Queen arrayed in the glory of every age and of every race is under a divine compulsion of subjecting all nations to her sway in the unity of faith, no matter how they differ from each other in manners, time or place.

She can do naught else than incessantly strive, in spite of every obstacle and at any cost, to advance the boundaries of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ. This propagation of the faith, or to use the word that is now in vogue, this expansion of the Church by the constant addition of new territories to her domains is the aim that must be ever before her. It is the reason of her existence. To

help her to do so and to achieve in our days greater triumphs than ever before is to be the special object of the prayers of the 25,000,000 associates of the League during the ensuing month.

Let us examine first to what extent this work of expansion is being carried on at the present time, omitting for the moment the consideration of countries which, rightly or wrongly, are still regarded as Catholic, and directing our attention to what are called the foreign missions.

At the beginning of the century there were no missions at all and the reason is not hard to find. In the first place the Society of Jesus had just been suppressed. That meant the immediate cessation of missionary enterprises extending from Cape Horn to the northern countries of Japan, and the forcible ejection of 16,000 men who were engaged in the work. They were torn from their neophytes in America and Asia, flung into prison or scattered over the face of the world.

Secondly, the atheistic spirit of the eighteenth century had extinguished the missionary spirit of the clergy. The apostolic torch had gone out completely. It was, besides, the epoch of the French revolution; the churches were despoiled and all money resources cut off, while the persecution of the clergy put a stop to ecclesiastical vocations. Germany was at this time given over to Josephism; Italy and Spain were at odds with the Holy See with a consequent result of the

destruction of religious discipline, and all the rest of Europe, as we know, was plunged in schism and heresy.

Nevertheless the Church which is the "eternal rebeginner," as Paul Bert called her, set to work. The religious restoration in France, brought about by Napoleon Bonaparte, gave back to the missions their richest source of supplies. The seminaries of the *Missions Etrangères* were re peopled. Under the *Propaganda* at Rome, missionaries full of enthusiasm were sent hither and thither and the accounts of their labors published everywhere in the press, set the heart of Catholic youth on fire. The desire of martyrdom was enkindled and the great work of the present century begun.

The missions of the nineteenth century are unlike those of former times. It is easier now to reach the territory to be evangelized; the climates are not as likely to be fatal, political interests afford a certain measure of protection, but nevertheless the old barbarism remains, and there enters also a new element, viz: the rivalry of the Protestant sects.

This latter difficulty dates only from about 1850, but there are already at present about eighty Bible Societies, chiefly English and American, which have their agents everywhere in Oceanica, northern and western Africa, Madagascar and Asia, working with feverish activity and with apparently illimitable financial resources at their command.

Holy Russia also enters with its Greek schism, not that it makes converts, but it nullifies all the efforts of Catholicism.

But neither of these obstacles can be permanent. For, in the first place, higher criticism is destroying Protestantism in Europe and America, and the effect must soon be felt in the missions. Secondly, Democracy must presently have something to say to Russian absolutism, and as the Greek Church is a political machine, its power must inevitably wane in the near future.

The Jesuit and other missionaries in

the seventeenth century had given three million Catholics to the Church in the Indies. Difficulties arose, like the quarrel about the Malabar Rites, but in spite of that they would have made the country Catholic but for the destruction of the Society of Jesus.

In Hindustan the entrance of the English stopped the reorganization of the missions for a time, but by 1886 there were already a million of Catholics in those countries, and to-day they have gone beyond the two million mark. It is true this is only in the south. Up in the north it is dark night yet, but everything there is full of promise, and hope is bright while the power of England remains unimpaired.

China, after all its terrible persecutions, counts a million Catholics, and the readiness with which thousands laid down their lives in the outbreaks which are just now filling the world with horror, shows how deeply the faith was planted in their hearts. It is a sad revelation of the inconstancy and unreliability of human agents, coming so soon after the honors given by the Court of Peking to bishops, and the eagerness of the emperor to enter into relations with the Holy See. But the blood spilt will only give more vigor to Catholic life after this storm subsides. God knows how many have died. The number may mount high into the thousands.

Corea is especially the land of martyrs, even in our own days, but it counts at the present day 20,000 Christians, although the bloody laws of the country hang like a sword above their heads.

Japan once had 2,000,000 Catholics, and in the persecutions a thousand priests with 200,000 natives sealed their belief with their blood. A noteworthy fact is that after one hundred and eighty years without priests and without sacraments, the missionaries who entered there in 1856 found several thousand Catholics who still clung tenaciously to their faith. Those old apostles knew how to implant Catholicity in the hearts of their neo-

phytes. At present they number 45,000, with an archbishop and three bishops at their head. The number should be greater, but as late as 1873, 10,000 were exiled, tortured or butchered, because they were Catholics.

Crossing the Pacific to the New World, we find that in South America, in spite of the suppression of religious orders and the chronic state of revolution which prevails there, there are at present 43,000,000 Catholics, 10,000,000 of whom are native Indians.

The history of North America is the most brilliant page in missionary annals. In 1760, 63,000 French Catholics passed from the dominion of France to that of England. To-day there are 2,000,000 Canadian Catholics, exclusive of another million who have emigrated to the United States. The only sad feature to be noted there is that the native races have disappeared. It would not have been so if the French had remained in control.

In the United States the progress is phenomenal. In 1789, John Carroll, the Prefect Apostolic, could count only 30,000 Catholics, and he had but one church for them all. In 1889, we find John Carroll's successor a Cardinal Archbishop. Around him are 84 bishops, 10,000 priests, while the little flock of 30,000 has grown to 10,000,000. Emigration, of course, figures largely in all this, though there has been, on the other hand, considerable loss for want of priests, but the zeal of the bishops and clergy are the chief factors in this marvellous increase.

Leave San Francisco and travel over the 9,000 miles that separate California from the new continent of Australia. The penal colony of 1798, with a few priests scattered through the *bush* in quest of souls, possesses now a mighty church of 900,000 Catholics, with 21 bishops, nearly 1,800 priests and 860 schools; while New Zealand and Malasia give another 150,000 to increase the number.

The Dark Continent has been ex-

ploited, and on its western coast there are 38,000 Catholics with bright hopes of soon adding to the number. Down at the Cape of Good Hope 25,000 more are to be found.

The Fathers of the Holy Ghost are ransoming as many as they can of the 60,000 slaves that are brought every year to Zanzibar, and in Ethiopia the Capuchins are hard at work, while in Egypt and Algiers, where there were at most 15,000 Catholics at the opening of the century without priests and without churches, there are now 500,000 with a complete hierarchy perfectly organized, with schools, seminaries and hospitals established, and numbers of religious communities consecrated to the work of the Apostolate.

In Asia Minor also the work is going on, but political complications impede the efforts of missionaries there. Nevertheless, the number of Catholics of the United Rites has doubled in the course of the century, and even the Sultan shows himself more liberal than the schismatical powers of Europe. The future is full of promise, unless Russia establishes itself in Constantinople. If that takes place there will be a temporary lull; but as adhesion to the Greek schism is largely political, and as politics are shifting wonderfully these days, it will be at most a delay, and the once great Church of those beautiful countries may rise again to something of its former glory and power.

Nor is there any immediate likelihood of the supply of missionaries giving out. In the first place, we have the great *Urban College for the Propagation of the Faith*, which was established in Rome as long ago as 1627, and which has at the present day 110 students from all parts of the world preparing for the labors of the apostolate. In its long list of teachers we find professors of Hebrew, Chaldaic, Arabic, Syriac, Armenian, Chinese and Greek, who are engaged in preparing their scholars for work among those various peoples. Alongside of it is a similar institution, called the Seminary of SS. Peter



and Paul. There are the English, Scotch, Irish, American and Canadian colleges for the same purpose, with an aggregate of 227 students. Milan has another establishment, begun in 1850, and Lyons another, inaugurated in 1856, which counts already 110 students. The great Paris *Seminary for Foreign Missions*, which has been revived in our times, counts 1,100 of its pupils out in the missions at the present moment, 33 of whom are bishops, besides 332 others, who are in Paris awaiting to be sent. This house has already 77 of its pupils on the roll of martyrs. Venice established its missionary seminary in 1867 and a special one for Albania in 1858. There is an American college in Louvain, an English college at Lisbon and another at Valladolid, as also a Scotch and an Irish college, and in Paris there is one specially for Hindustan. There is Mill Hill in England, Rosendaal in Holland and St. Joseph's in the Tyrol, while the Holland missionaries of Steyl have four colleges for the same purpose, and, finally, All Hallows in Ireland, with its 180 students, completes the list of splendid institutions established by the secular priesthood for the propagation of the faith. Nor should we forget that in many places in Europe there are apostolic schools for boys, in whose hearts the divine fire of the apostolate is beginning to exert its power.

We omit mention of the triumphs of the religious orders, as the labor of the missions has been their work of predilection from the beginning. Their labors are too gigantic to attempt to describe here.

There is the story as briefly as we could put it. An army of 60,000 missionaries has gained for the Church in this century alone 20,000,000 souls. With such a showing it does not seem as if these were days of religious decadence, and we have every reason to hope that the coming century will be able to record still more glorious results.

How was all this brought about? It

was brought about largely by the coöperation of the laity in missionary work. The Church, which knows the masses better than the politicians can ever hope to know them, felt the pulse of mankind, and saw the great popular movement coming, which is so ominous for the statesmen of the present day, but so full of hope for the Church.

Formerly missions were the work of individual enterprise. Great souls like the apostles hurried with the torch of faith to the limits of the Roman Empire! The monks lifted up Europe out of the ruin into which the Barbarian invasion had plunged it; and to them it owes its present civilization, which it got with the faith. It lost one and now may be losing the other. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries kings and princes as well as the statesmen of Europe organized great missionary enterprises for Asia and America. To-day the people are doing it. A young girl inspired the establishment of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*, and it was inaugurated in Lyons only in 1822; yet by the help of the voluntary subscriptions of the faithful it is now able to dispense on an average every year, in the furtherance of apostolic effort, the amazing sum of 4,000,000 francs. Last year it rose to 6,814,270 francs, or \$1,362,845. For us it is gratifying to know that \$68,202 of this was sent from the United States, and that we are thus beginning to pay our debt to that magnificent society which has contributed to the propagation of the faith in our country since the year 1822, when it was founded, no less than \$5,600,000.

What this particular association is doing others emulated, and the Society of St. Francis Xavier was founded for the same purpose in Aix la Chapelle in 1832; the Leopoldverein in Austria in 1839; the Ludwigsverein in Bavaria in 1843; the Society of St. Boniface in Paderborn in 1849, while the work of the Holy Childhood is appealing to the hearts of mothers all over the world for

the rescue of the little children of China abandoned in the streets and roads by their cruel and unnatural parents.

Surely there was never in the history of the Church such a popular impulse felt, and never such an universal response given, to the work of propagation of the faith as in these days of ours. It should fill us with joy and consolation.

But what has this to do with the Apostleship of Prayer? It has everything to do with it. It appeals first to the members of the League who are able to further this glorious work by their contributions, and it reminds them that with their alms, their earnest and associated prayers, must be united. Protestants give fortunes to their missions, but do not pray for them; and so the cold hand that gives chills the heart that receives. Our alms help to support the laborers in the work. That is essential, but our prayers go further and make their words touch the hearts of their hearers.

Besides, there are plenty among us so miserably poor that they can scarcely give even the widow's mite for the cause. And, above all, there are vast numbers of religious men and women in convents and monasteries whose hearts are on fire with zeal for souls, and who are yet debarred by their very vows from almsgiving. Their contribution to this mighty work that is going on can only be prayer. And it was precisely this kind of co-operation by prayer with the Society of the Propagation of the Faith which Fr. Gautrelet had in view when he was first sketching the Apostleship. Listen to the touching appeal with which he closes his little book on the Apostolate of Prayer: "Faithful souls," he says, "shut your eyes for a moment to the illusions of the senses, come away from the world and the tumult of creatures, and lend your ears to the distressing cries of so many unhappy souls who are hanging over the abyss and who implore your help.

✓ "O God! what eloquent voices are heard pleading the cause of these wretched people. It is the voice of those generous apostles whom a sublime

devotion transports in our own days to the limits of the world. From the midst of the tempest-tossed ocean, from the depths of the barbarous people whom they are striving to gain to Jesus Christ, from all parts of the universe they turn their gaze to you, and in the fierce struggle with error, while subject to every privation; from their battlefield, so often reddened with their blood, they cry out with St. Paul: O brethren, well-beloved, pray for us. It is the voice of the Church which moans and weeps.

"She weeps for the little children who die before they are regenerated by grace—the victims of a cruelty that the tiger would not feel; or who, worse still, consumed by corruption beyond their years perish like the tender flower that withers in the glare of the noonday sun.

"She weeps for the numberless slaves of sin who, dead to virtue, dead to the faith, and dead to every sentiment of decency, bear already on their brow the fatal seal of reprobation.

"She weeps for those whom schism and heresy have dragged from her embrace, and who, like the branch torn from the trunk, have only a curse for their heritage and eternal fire for their lot.

"She weeps for the still greater throng of idolators, who are the sport of monstrous errors and who, grovelling on their faces before infamous idols, prostitute to demons the homage that is due to God.

"It is the voice of Jesus Christ. From the depth of His tabernacles, where His love for us has imprisoned Him, a cry escapes from His heart: 'I came to cast fire on the earth, and what will I but that it should be enkindled.' Then showing us the generations of men that like the waves, driven by the storm, dash themselves against the rock, and hurry on, one after the other, to leap into the abyss, He says to us: 'O my children, I have given My life for these souls. Do not refuse them the help of your prayers.' "

There is the glorious work that is set for us during this month which we are about to begin.

## KIND MELANIE.

*By Baroness Pauline von Hügel.*

**I**T was very silly of me—but then I was silly—young and silly! I sat down on my modest school trunk and had a good cry.

It seemed such a sad home-coming, and I had looked forward to it for so many years. I knew my father very little, it is true, but that had left all the more scope to a vivid imagination, and he had written me such delightful letters about all we should do and be to each other on his return. I had treasured all these letters very lovingly—indeed, they were the only precious things I had, except a little pearl ring of my dead mother's. But a year ago, just when I was beginning to think: "Only 365 days and dad will be in England," I had got a letter that made my poor castle in the air come tumbling down about my ears. It was an affectionate letter—as affectionate, perhaps more so, than usual, but it told me a horrible truth; I was no longer first in my father's heart, no longer the little mistress of the future home he had so often planned about. Henceforth I was a third person, an encumbrance, decidedly "one too many." Of course, my father's letter did not say all this—what it did say, in the kindest possible words, was, that he had married again!

I think my father must have known something of my character, for if he had said, as many men do under like circumstances: "I have got you a new mother—it is for your good I am doing this," I don't believe I could have borne it at all. No, there was no "sham" in the matter, no gilding of the pill—my father had just married again to please himself, as he had a perfect right to do. He said, in conclusion, that we should be happy together, we three—that he believed I should quickly learn to love

his wife and look upon her as a friend and elder sister. "She is but a few years older than you," he wrote; "her name is Mélanie—Mélanie de St. Justin—her father was French, but she is worse off than my little Amy, for you at least have your loving old Dad, whereas Mélanie is an orphan."

Alas, there was nothing to choose between this French girl and me in that respect now—my good, kind father lay in his lonely grave in mysterious, far-off India, and I—I was left to the guardianship of Mélanie de St. Justin—Mélanie Balfour I could not yet bring myself to call her. Miss Gray said there was no need, as I should have to call her "mother" or "mamma," but this I stoutly declared all the king's horses and all the king's men should never make me do.

She had come to England now—this Mélanie de St. Justin—and had written me a nice note, bidding me, since my school days were over, come to the little home provided for me by the affectionate father who had constantly spoken of me to her. "I know, dear," the note concluded, "that it will be all very sad for you, very different from the coming home you had planned, but let us love each other for the sake of the dear one who loves us both." The note was kind, and moreover did not, for a wonder, rub me up the wrong way—regular black cat as I was in this respect.

Miss Gray gave me a warning, however. "The letter is well enough, my child," she said, "but don't let yourself be cajoled—remember you have always a home here with your old school-mistress should there be any attempts to lure you from the gospel, from the pure reformed religion in which it has been

my constant effort thoroughly to ground you. Would that your father when he appointed his Papist wife your guardian had inserted a clause about proselytizing ! However, I trust you to be firm and brave, and never to let threats or blandishments turn you either to the right hand or the left. Be always on your guard, for Papists are taught the art of proselytizing from earliest infancy—they can argue till you think black is white, and wrong is right—that alone accounts for so many unhappy perversions. But ‘forewarned is forearmed’—oh, dear child, do be true to your colors—true to your God !” There was a tremor in Miss Gray’s voice, and the tears stood in her honest blue eyes. No one could doubt that she spoke from the bottom of a sincere heart, and yet—and yet—was it quite consistent with the part of a peacemaker—that part so blessed and commended by the Lord Christ, to set me, prejudiced as I already was, still more against a friendless woman, my father’s wife, whom it was surely all important for me to live with on courteous, if not cordial terms ?

Miss Emily Gray had just now left me in my new home. We had travelled by an earlier train than had been at first intended, and Mrs. Balfour had gone out shopping and might not be at home for an hour or two. But Françoise, the French *bonne*, was very civil—“would Mademoiselle Balfour who looked so tired have tea or coffee—would Madame not wait till her mistress returned ?” No, “Madame” (Miss Emily) could not wait—she would miss her train and Miss Gray would be anxious, and as for “Mademoiselle Balfour” she was too sad and too cross to want either tea or coffee—so I went to my room to cry and to mope.

Plenty of moping can, however, be done in the space of an hour. I had therefore time besides, to notice how pretty and tasteful the little room was, with its cheerful wall paper and bright cretonne hangings. There were books too

—Popish books ? Ah, Mrs. Balfour had been too clever for that ! Just “*nice*” books—“Treasure Island,” “Beside the Bonny Briar Bush” and “Margaret Ogilvy”—Longfellow and Adelaide Proctor—should I dry my eyes and begin to read ?

No—hark—here she was at last ! Must I go down to meet her—my heart beat painfully—I felt I could not stir. But there was no need ; in another minute kind arms were round my neck, kind kisses were on my cheek, and kind, soft words of welcome sounded in my ears.

And then we had a good look at each other.

What Mélanie Balfour saw was a sallow, shrinking girl with a firm mouth and thoughtful brow, with thick dark hair (innocent of “hinds” or any such worldly vanities) brushed back stiffly and unbecomingly, with eyes, the only good feature in her face, red and swollen with weeping—altogether a *most* unattractive object !

And what did I see ?

A sweet face with a bright clear complexion, soft brown hair that would wave and ripple rebelliously in spite of the severe restraints of a widow’s bonnet—“coffee” eyes that looked out upon an unkind world, with the brave determination to make the best of it—of at least sweetening it, if it would not be reformed, or rather perhaps of sweetening it as the first step towards its reformation.

All this I took in, with the quick intuition of my sixteen summers, and then excitement, fatigue and want of food proved too much for the feeble creature I was, and I fainted away.

I was terribly ashamed of myself when I came round, and apologized humbly enough “I’m so sorry—please excuse me Mrs.—Mrs. *Balfour*,” I gasped (so I had at last given her the name it had been so hard to give her). She was not satisfied ; “ah, surely not Mrs. Balfour,” she said with gentle reproach. And then, in spite of those sweet eyes looking at me with all their childlike

area of 6,840 acres of land, with handsome brick buildings, heat, electric light, and so on. Ten thousand dollars alone were spent for fuel last year. Then there is the vast number of salaried employees. In addition, they receive \$167 for each child. For this it can be fed and clothed properly for a year. This alone amounts to \$33,400 per annum. Last year we only received an allowance for 31 children; the year preceding, for 52. Thus each year less, and at present we are receiving nothing.

"As regards a salary for the superintendent (Father —), for the teachers, for the brothers and sisters who instruct the children in their work, just as in the public schools and public boarding schools, no mention was ever made of such a thing. The Protestant teachers and employees in the public boarding schools could not understand this, and frequently asked us if we really did the work for nothing. That we received no material compensation for our arduous and successful labors they could not for the life of them understand. At present we have over 160 children here in the mission house. Several of our old pupils are missing, but will come later, so that we shall certainly have as many as 200. This is a large number for the first week. The children present a poor and emaciated appearance—a sign of their enforced fasting at home. However, they are now making up for it. A few rations which the children were wont to receive at home are sent us. But, as a fact, it does not suffice to sustain life, though still sufficient to prevent one dying an immediate death from starvation. Consequently, a wagon was sent to the Agency, and did bring back something. The following morning Father — sent a freight wagon with four horses in order to obtain the continuation of the rations. The wagon, however, returned empty, save for a little box of soap which the man had obtained. This was all.

"Well, in spite of all the misery, we could not but laugh. If the governmental

obstacles and difficulties pertained only to the bodily welfare of the Indians it would be bad enough, for it is in truth no laughing matter to suffer the pangs of hunger. But their spiritual welfare is affected as well. The Indians are *compelled* to send their children to the public schools and to the public boarding schools, and only when these have obtained their quota are we considered. The Indians are not at all satisfied with this arrangement; but of what use is it for them to complain? Those, however, who are already enrolled with us they cannot easily take away from us.

"The other day the Protestant minister caused all the children in the public boarding school to be assembled in the hall, and those who had not been baptized were *compelled* to be baptized in the Protestant faith, whether they were willing or not. Two girls protested vehemently, and declared they desired to be baptized in the Catholic faith, but it availed them nothing. One of them, however, later escaped him. The other day an Indian told Father — how he had said to Mr. —, the minister: 'You gave me a Bible and told me to read in it and believe what I read. Now, it says that the sick are to be anointed with oil; the black coats do this; why don't you whitecoats also do it?' What answer Mr. — made I do not know. The Indians do not care much for the 'whitecoats,' who, without having been called, have penetrated into the reservation from Washington, notwithstanding that they offer the Indians presents, such as wagons, money, etc.

"We pray and continue to hope. Day before yesterday an old Indian, who in his day has scalped many a 'pale face,' spoke as follows: 'See, I am very hungry and very thin; give me bread and meat; the great father in Washington is very angry and gives us nothing. This is very wrong of him, and I know that he also gives nothing to you and to our children who are here with you. This is very unjust.' I brought some

food to him and his wife who was in the wagon. Then he said very pleasantly : ' Holy woman, now get me something for to-morrow ; see, this was for this evening. You are very good. Now, give me a piece of bread.' He received it and very happily drove to his tent, which is visible on a hill about two or three miles distant from here. The brother bakes about 100 large loaves of bread daily and a couple of hundred small ones. ' To do this one needs flour.' "

\* \* \* \* \*

Still a third letter :

" Here on the wild prairie one can breathe ; there is no lack of light or air, especially when it storms so that one can scarce see or hear, and then if one is somewhat nervous, or, at any rate, has incurred being so—well ! But why this nervousness, you may ask. Well, I will tell you ; don't be frightened. We fasted for forty days and nights until Easter Sunday morning. During this time we not only fasted, but also practised the spiritual exercises, did penance and underwent a continual self-mortification of the spirit and flesh.

" Well, we succeeded, and our pulse beat was not one whit weaker at the end ; yet our physical as well as nervous system might have suffered in the end had we continued as rigorously for another ten years. After having fasted and undergone penance for forty days and nights we ceased, or rather paused, having shown and proven that one can follow the Master in the strictest and most rigorous asceticism, providing only one perseveres. And persevere we must, for have we not already been notified by the ' capital in Washington ' that in future we may expect nothing, not even to the extent of a ' skein of thread.' "

An " inspector " was the bearer of this good news after he had closely examined, inspected and finally most enthusiastically praised everything. He expressed his sorrow, but then St. ——— Mission is a *Catholic* Indian school, and for these the mighty government has no more

" skeins of thread." Well, so be it ? Our dear Lord has enough thread and our blessed Jesus and St. Joseph will assuredly help us and if necessary establish a " thread factory " and make it possible that the St. ——— Mission will get along, even without the help of " threads."

We simply place our trust in God and His good people ; and in the Blessed Mother of God, who Herself can spin and manufacture " threads." The directors of the *Catholic* Indian Bureau in Washington wrote to us to be of good courage and to receive no fewer children for the coming school year beginning in September. Ten bishops, they said, have been commissioned with the work, and have accepted the same, to stimulate and encourage the well disposed faithful to maintain the *Catholic* Indian schools. So be it, then ! We continue to hope and trust. We transport ourselves into the presence of God anew, praise Him and firmly resolve not to preserve our hearts free from all earthly pomp and pride.

#### A MERITED CASTIGATION.

The *New York Herald* of Sept. 15, 1900, gives a sharp and well-merited castigation to the much advertised Marie Corelli. That " brave thinker," as she modestly desires herself to be regarded, is bitten with a desire to be put on the Index Expurgatorius side by side with that other " brave thinker," Darwin, and declares " she will never rest until she achieves that honor. " No doubt it would increase the circulation of her very offensive books. In reference to her last effusion, entitled " The Master Christian," the *Herald* writer is moved to say that " if any critic, male or female, says that it is an absurd book, the epithet is a failure as a compliment, but sound as a criticism." An episode which she introduces, he avows, will hold a prominent and a permanent place in the annals of literary indecency ; the verses she quotes from a certain Charles Mackey, L.L.D., F.S.A., a relative or

her own, whom Miss Corelli regards as one of the favorite hymnologists of heaven, are unqualifiedly bad, and, the critic adds, that "if the gifted authoress knows several languages, English is not one of them, her offences against the commonest rules of grammar being multitudinous and flagrant," or words to that effect. Writers of the Corelli class are one of the many afflictions which our suffering century has to put up with. Does she write for the fell purpose of relieving the sorrows of Satan?

#### WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

An alarming decline in the Sunday-school attendance throughout England is causing consternation among the Protestant ministers of that country. The figures show a decrease of 32,000 in one year—the Episcopalians and Baptists being the chief sufferers. This defection is ascribed by a writer in the *Evening Post*, of New York, to the hard work put upon the boys and girls by the board or public schools for six days of the week, so that relaxation on the seventh is a necessity. Poor overwrought boys and girls! In the first place, they do not, in all probability, have six days' work in school. In the younger days of most of us there was a weekly holiday, and Saturday was supposed to be sufficient for the needed recuperation. Nor is it likely that the intellectual strain of Sunday-school is going to exhaust the energies of these studious youth. The boy or girl who has been crushed by the amount of learning he or she ever carried away from the hour of a Sunday-school would be a curiosity. Of course, they go cycling, cricketing, golfing, etc., on Sunday, but the reason is not to be found in relief sought from the burden of learning with which they are embarrassed, but because the system of education introduced by that questionable politician, Mr. Foster, thirty years ago, has simply taken out of their lives all sense of obligation to their instructor, which the small inconvenience of going to Sunday-school might enable the children to acquit themselves of,

at least, to some degree. We take it that if the children do not go to Sunday-school they absent themselves from church services also. So that statesmen of Mr. Foster's school may contemplate with delight, if they wish, what is for others the ominous spectacle of 32,000 more aggregations to the ranks of irreligious and unbelieving Britons.

A similar condition of things apparently obtains in our own country. To make head, to some extent, against the defection in the Protestant field, we are informed that the Presbyterian ministers of the United States have foregone their annual enterprise of money raising, and have determined to secure the attendance of a half a million children at Sunday-school. The effort is worthy of all praise, and we sincerely wish it success. On the other hand, we hope they will not be met with the discouraging outlook which confronted the Baptist ministers of New England in a similar undertaking.

It was at Valley Falls in Rhode Island. The Baptist Association was gathered there, and the subject under consideration was church attendance. One of the members declared that the best remedy for the evil was to get hold of the children. He was a wise man in his generation. "Getting hold of the children" is to secure present and future attendance. But alas! Mr. J. B. Marsh, State Distributor of Bibles and Tracts, arose and dissipated the dream. "There are no children to get hold of," he said, "for it is a rare thing to find a family of three among New England Protestants."

Dr. Cameron added the weight of his authority to the assertion, and was moved also to say that there were plenty of children in the Irish, German and Canadian families, and in view of this state of affairs mournfully exclaimed: "What is to become of our country?"

Possibly this answer might be given to the query, directing it, however, not to Dr. Gardner or Mr. Marsh, but to Catholic parents, and perhaps even to some priests; namely, that if these throngs of

children of Irish and German and Canadian families can only be subjected for a short time to the education which has been so successful in England in depopulating churches and Sunday-schools, then very soon even Catholic priests like these Protestant ministers will find it very hard "to get hold of the children." Possibly, also, there will not be any children "to get hold of," and we, too, may ask, "What will become of the country?"

#### BIBLE PORTRAITURES.

All lovers of Holy Scripture should be deeply grateful to Mr. George Matheson for his recent article in the *London Quarterly Review* on the "Characteristics of Bible Portraiture."

Prescinding from the question of inspiration, the denial of which he evidently deplors, he pleads with intense earnestness, and at times with eloquence, for the study of the sacred text as a matter, at least, of literature. One cannot help perceiving that his own mind and heart are thoroughly saturated with love of it, and he proves beyond question that there is nothing man has ever written comparable to it in the sublimity of its conceptions, in its power of portraying with startling vividness the thoughts and emotions of every human soul, and its intentional and deliberate rejection of material aids when portraying characters or unfolding before our eyes the great dramas which it describes.

"The personages of the Bible," he says, "are without dimension, without feature, without physical attribute. We hear on the stage a dialogue of voices, but we see not the form of him who speaks. And the environment is equally unrevealed. There is no vision of the land where Abraham journeyed, of the oak where Abraham worshipped, of the mountain where Abraham sacrificed. Do you imagine all this was an accident? Do you think it would have been difficult for the historians and poets of Israel to have portrayed the fire on Elijah's face or depicted the openness of Nathan-

iel's expression? The difficulty must have been to avoid it. They are all spiritual entities. You may not *figure* them as I do, but you *think* of them as I do. We have no picture in common, no photograph in common, but we have in common the impression of certain mind forces which have struggled on the stage of time.

"Not only," says the writer, "are we presented with the spiritual aspect of these great characters, but the events in which they participated are not restricted to time or locality, but depict with a personal applicability the battles which every human soul recognizes as his own." "Every mental struggle of those unconscious biographies," he says, in summing up his proofs of this assertion, "is my struggle." The examples he adduces to illustrate this are not only striking, but remarkably eloquent and beautiful.

Another characteristic which constitutes a unique literary peculiarity in the sacred books is this. They do not restrict their types of heroism to youth or middle age. Of this there is no parallel in any other language. In fact, each successive scene of Bible times is a picture, not of youth or middle life, but of old age. "I see an old man breasting the storm that has drowned the world and surveying from Ararat the vanquished flood. I see an old man climbing the heights of Moriah to become the prophet of a new age," and so on. We omit the other illustrations. This much will suffice both as an example of the writer's graphic style and of the proofs adduced in support of the claim he makes for the Scripture's unusual way of viewing human life.

There is another trait also presented which, while forming an additional idiosyncrasy, may serve as a sufficient answer to those who are troubled or who trouble others, because they find such scant reference to the next world in the books of the Old Testament.

"Why," he asks, "is the literature of that nation so silent about the future life



of which we speak so much? It is because the Jew reached that thought apart from death. For him it was a present, not a future thing. It was expressed for him in the words of the Psalmist: 'Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?' or in that other, 'Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thy hand upon me.' There was for the Hebrew a glorified memory, a golden forecast and the weight of a present responsibility or sense of a present hand. The nation needed no reference to the future. It walked in God's all-pervading presence. God dwelt with them as the Emmanuel. Its national life was cast between a double paradise—Eden and the coming of the Prince of Peace. And it is a most noteworthy thing that whereas all other nations trace their origin to war, and assert their claim to recognition because of the achievements of their armies, Judea is proud to record how the initial stage of her glory was the philanthropy of a human heart, who rescued a drowning infant from the waters of the Nile, and who looked to the culmination of its greatness in the advent of the Messiah."

Such noble thoughts are inspiring. And we cannot help surmising that back of it all is the hope in the writer's mind that to those who reflect on these suggestions, will come the thought that if a gross and material people, as the Jews certainly were, could elaborate a literature so immeasurably superior to that which the great intellectual races have produced—if they could fashion heroic ideals so unusually sublime and so utterly independent of the elements with which human greatness is usually endowed, and if they could evolve such marvelous and mysterious dramas, which go on increasing in grandeur till they culminate in the awful tragedy of Golgotha, where an Incarnate God is the central figure, there must be in it all something more than human, for no other race of men have left anything like it. Or, in other words, that this literature is not the outcome of human genius, but the work of a Spirit

that breathed upon it and made it what it is.

#### DR. PARSONS' HISTORICAL STUDIES.

Straightforwardness of statement and honesty of conviction combined we think with correctness of views characterize the new volume which comes from the untiring pen of Dr. Reuben Parsons, the sixth contribution to his valuable and scholarly "Studies in Church History."

Instinctively one turns to the chapter on "Leo XIII. and the American Church." It is home matter and deals chiefly with our recent troubles about "Americanism," parochial schools, Cahenslyism, etc. It is a plain, succinct, thorough, and though trenchant and vigorous, yet really unimpassioned account of the unpleasant controversy from its inception down to the present day. He has contrived to put an unusual amount of matter in that single chapter without omitting anything of importance. The author makes no concealment of his own judgment, but with the impartiality of a true historian does not allow it to bias his narrative. The description of the scene where Archbishop Corrigan, as the author says, books his noble silence is sympathetic, and though simple is very impressive. In the matter of Cahenslyism he discriminates between the wise and the foolish provisions of the scheme, and in the exposition of the famous fourteen propositions of Cardinal Satolli and of the papal letter that followed, it is shown that the policy of the Third Plenary Council has not been abrogated. The sharp rebuke to certain foreign writers on Americanism is well deserved.

Dr. Parsons has furnished in this single chapter an exhaustive and accurate historical paper which future writers can refer to with confidence, both as to the facts and their appreciation.

His study of the Culturkampf in the first chapter is of absorbing interest. The motive of that sudden and unexpected persecution, which so mystified not only Catholic Germans but the en-

tire world, by the absence of any apparent reason to prompt it, he shows to have been not offence at the dogma of infallibility, nor fear of the center party whose strength was beginning to grow; nor opposition to church aggression which did not exist, but clearly and admittedly nothing else than a masonic move long premeditated, and a stupid "Borussian" battle of a quasi-deified material state against the spiritual kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Bismarck's anti-German bent in his early life as well as the peculiar Protestant piety of William I. will be revelations to many. The recession of the great minister, or his going to Canossa as it is called, is a pleasant thing to follow. From the time the assassins began to aim at the royal life, both master and minister took alarm and discovered, as the emperor said, "that they had been robbing the people of their religion." This happened in 1878. Step by step, Bismarck backs down until in 1887 the May laws disappeared from the statute books and the persecution was officially at an end. It was a great fight and Dr. Parsons tells it well. The honesty, erudition, fearlessness and love of Holy Church which distinguish this author are all doing excellent work in the cause of truth. We trust that more of the "Studies" are yet to come.

#### SOME TRUTH ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES.

Archbishop Chappelle knows what is going on in the Philippines, and can judge best what every just man, as well as every Catholic, and, *a fortiori* the Holy Father, must think of the attitude of many of our citizens, if not of our Government, towards the Catholic Church in those islands. The Archbishop has lately entered his plea for the recovery of an important piece of property belonging to the Church. One of the most significant paragraphs in the Archbishop's plea as published in the *Herald*

of October 7 is that in which he alludes to the danger that religious rancor may be added to the race hatred that now obstructs American sovereignty in the islands.

"This is a Catholic country," he says. "The people are deeply attached to their religion. Any outrage perpetrated on their religious feelings or a hostile attitude toward the Church of the people would work incalculable mischief. The American government will, I am sure, not make the mistake of England towards Ireland or of Russia towards the Poles. It will rather follow the example of the former in her colonial policy and of the latter toward her Mohammedan subjects.

"This is the key of the situation. The Catholic Church will help you to establish definitely law and order and to advance the interests of the United States and of the Filipino people with all her might. Her moral influence is greater than any other that exists in these islands.

"Should you, for instance, take away the College of San Jose from the administration of the Church on some legal technicality, if any existed—and I do not think any can be found—it would be the initiation of a disastrous policy.

"The pleasing of a few men who have systematically deceived the American authorities; the satisfaction that would accrue to fanatics by making 'Rome howl,' as the saying is; the insult to the Church of this country, the management of a few thousand dollars income—these things will not justify the United States in despoiling the Church of properties and franchises which she has lawfully enjoyed for years."

And yet the same newspaper dared to say a few days before that another prelate who has no jurisdiction in the Philippines, was authorized by the Pope to tell Americans how pleased the Holy See was with the treatment of Catholics there.



It would be a curious thought not unprecedented thing in politics if the mosquito, which so interests science at the present day, were to settle the Roman question. Once before his congener, the sciniph, played a conspicuous part in the liberation of the Hebrews from the bondage of Egypt, and the gnat has ere this decided the issues of war. At the present time, according to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the whole of Italy from Sardinia to Sicily is so stricken with malaria that unless heroic measures are adopted the country will soon be uninhabitable. The cause is said to be the mosquito. It is the medium of infection, and it defies control.

The extent of the national scourge, we are informed, is appalling. "You have a very imperfect idea of its ravages," says M. Bertaux, "if you stopped at the mere counting of the dead. Statistics do not penetrate the dense mass of the malarial victims, many of whom prefer to die on their pallets rather than to be removed to the hospitals. But we can consult, for example, the figures which two surgeons-general have taken from the reports of the military sanitary service. We learn from them that malaria sends to the hospitals ten per cent. of the young men who have passed a medical selection which discarded those tainted with malaria. We can count five garrisons where, on an average, half the effective force is disabled at least a few days of the year by malaria. The little detachment of Cosenza in Calabria had 1,485 cases of malaria in three years.

"The statistics of railroads are no less alarming. In the aggregate of the roads that run through the infected region, no less than ninety per cent. of the employees are infected by the disease. On the lines from Naples to Taranto and

from Taranto to Reggio the entire force of men have to be changed every six months to save the fever stricken. Other lines have to send out special trains every night to bring in the employees to salubrious places. Over 1,500 kilometres of railroad the men receive regularly their supplies of quinine, and one road pays an annual tribute of over a million francs to malaria.

"This condition of things curiously enough is traceable directly to the new Kingdom of Italy. Senator Torelli makes the accusation, and it is the verdict of the men of science also. Formerly it was the fashion to ascribe the fevers to the Pontine marshes or to the sirocco which was thought to bring the germs over from Africa; or again to the cold wind of the north, in fact to any or everything. At present only one hypothesis is up to date, and after clinical observations and microscopical researches from one end of the learned world to the other, the conclusion is that it is the vulgar mosquito which carries the poison, and that New Italy and the civilization which she has introduced into the back provinces must bear the blame of it all.

"It came about in this wise: The work of road and railroad making was pushed in all directions without any thought of proper precautions. Excavations and embankments distorted streams that were naturally capricious enough; pools gathered and stood in holes along the highway; the ancient forests in Basilicata and Calabria were stripped of their oaks and beeches for ties and railway stations; and the waters, long imprisoned in the network of deep roots, resumed their liberty, baleful to men and the cultivated fields; and where formerly villages flourished at the feet of their tutelary forests, malaria extended its empire."

"The malaria alone," this writer does

not hesitate to say, "causes the same ravages in Italy to-day that the swamp fevers produce in Tonkin and Madagascar. Thus, while other countries confine these scourges to their colonies, Italy has foolishly let them into the very heart of the nation. The mosquito carries it everywhere, even high up into the mountains."

This pernicious and poison laden insect is sapping the vitality of the country. The dreadful proportions which emigration began to assume precisely at the moment of the formation of the Kingdom of Italy is traceable largely to the impossibility of living in large sections of the country. People are leaving it to save what strength they have, and to protect the lives of the children. Other causes for this great national exodus might of course be assigned, such as oppressive taxation and the dread of conscription, but the French scientists ascribe it largely to the insalubriousness which the new condition of things has inflicted on the country, and which will soon make it a desert.

Hence without men to gather the harvest, or sow the seed, without employees to manage the railways, and with its army and people crippled by disease, at the very time when her ambition to pose as a great power demands such multitudes of soldiers and when the coming European war will demand still more, the present condition of the nation's vitality which is being drained, both by those who leave and those who remain, is a problem which the statesmanship of the day must view with alarm. The sciniph has come to worry Pharaoh.

The French *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* opportunely recalls, that, whereas the spoliation of the States of the Church was intended by its authors to exclude the Pope from all social and political action, the very nature of things and the irresistible current of events have, on the contrary, borne the Pope

more prominently forward on the troubled sea of the nation's needs and ills. The persecution of the Church in Italy has been relentlessly bitter. It has been a national mistake; and an extreme branch of its authors would now coalesce with the outraged Catholics, leaving the Pope, however, much as he is. Pope Leo is not so easily blinded; and his reiteration of the *Non Possumus* of Pope Pius is the answer.

Father Rolland, S. J., missionary in Upper Egypt, writes in the French *Messenger* about the Copts. These are descendants of the ancient Egyptians. The sanctity of the Egyptian Church under St. Mark, the Evangelist, Bishop of Alexandria, furnishes one of the brightest pages of early Christian History. Thousands of religious peopled the Thebaid, "the classic land of sanctity."

The greater part of the Copts fell into the Monothelite heresy in the fifth century. A leaven in the mass, however, remained. And to the faithful few have been added, in these last five years, 11,190 conversions. In the last six alone, there have been 1,700 converts. The Catholic Copts have, in gratitude, consecrated themselves to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, by the official act of their Patriarch, Mgr. Cyril at the close of a national synod.

It seems like a dream to read of the city of Tahta, above the ruins of Thebes. Here is situated the new national seminary, due to Pope Leo. There are about 1,300 Catholics. No one omits the Easter duty, and frequent Communion of both men and women is common. Nearly 500 receive Holy Communion on the First Friday, the Blessed Sacrament being exposed all day. A great part of the parish assists at daily mass.

On the 15th of September ended a three days' congress of priests at Bourges (France). The Archbishop, Mgr. Servonnet, presided over it; and the Archbishop, of Besançon, Mgr. Petit, hon-

oured it also with his presence. Priests came from nearly all parts of France. The work of the Congress might be summed up under the heading, *Studies, Works, Methods*, according to the encyclicals and spirit of Pope Leo. Referring to the consequences of the Congress the *Univers* writes: "Without fear of making a mistake we affirm that it will appear in the annals of the history of the Church in France in the nineteenth century as a remarkable religious manifestation by the fruit it produces now and will bear in the future."

At the close of the Congress of University students, a large body of the young men of all nationalities taking part in it went to Holy Communion together, at the Church of St. Ignatius. This general Communion was presided over by Cardinal Macchi. Afterwards a committee from the Congress was presented to the Pope, who received in audience, the same day, about 20,000 pilgrims, nearly all from six Italian dioceses.

"The power of the Catholics in the German Parliament is an object lesson to their brethren throughout the world. Although they number only 20,000,000 as against 32,000,000 Protestants, yet by good leadership, much energy, and wonderful unity and concentration they have managed to create a separate but united party in the Reichstag, which controls the power in that assembly. The Catholic Centre party have managed to secure 137 seats out of 357, and thus they can exercise all control by throwing in their lot with one party or the other, according as the measure proposed is for the good of their church and their country.

"If the Catholics of France and Spain and the South American Republics only acted in concert like this what a change would take place."—*Australian Messenger*.

Says the *Literary Digest*: "The religious pendulum has apparently swung once more in Austria, and the 'Away from Rome' agitation has caused a pronounced reaction in the direction of the Roman Catholic Church. It is claimed that not Protestantism, but Roman Catholicism has in reality been the greater gainer by this remarkable religious excitement."

We take from the *Digest* the following extract from the Catholic Reichspost: "It (the Catholic reaction) has shaken hundreds of thousands of Catholics out of their lethargy, while the 'Away from Rome' agitators can report only 'ten thousand' apostates to their cause. . . . In many places where it has hitherto been impossible to secure funds for the Catholic church, money has been given in abundance. Missions have been started where none before existed. Thousands of men now come to communion who had not attended for years."

"Ten thousand" was the boasted number of perverts to be. In reality there have been only about 3,000 that "turned their coats," for political reasons, so evidently, that their "conversion" has been condemned even by Protestant ministers.

The 12,000 members of the Holy Name societies of Brooklyn had a grand celebration on Sunday, September 23d. Exercises were held in twelve different churches of the city, the societies of each district gathering in their district church. At each there was an eloquent sermon, act of consecration, and a special musical programme, followed by Solemn Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.

Of the late Lord Russell, a contributor to the *Economist* writes:

"Had not his religion stood in the way, we think, he might have made the best possible Liberal leader after the re-

tirement of Gladstone. He had courage carried to the verge of audacity, fluency and dignity of speech, personal magnetism and untiring industry, while he was undoubtedly devoted to what may be called advanced Liberal principles—the very combination of qualities needed by the Liberal party. *Dis aliter visum*, however, and it is as an advocate and a judge, rather than as a statesman, that Lord Russell's name will go down to posterity.

“ . . . He won his way without any influence by sheer intellect and force of character. Nobody could have supposed that an obscure Irish Catholic attorney would become Attorney-General, Lord of Appeal, and Chief Justice of England. Yet this came to pass, and it came honestly, without intrigue, as the result of high talent and powerful personality. Starting from the bottom of the legal ladder, Russell passed through both law and politics, never shrinking from the assertion of his striking personal qualities, and yet leaving no shadow of a scandal, while attaching to himself the warmest regards even of his opponents and rivals. That is much to say, but it can be honestly said.

“As a judge, Lord Russell's tenure of office will always be remembered for his passionate devotion alike to justice and to the cause of commercial integrity. It is true that all our judges are supposed to be devoted to justice. But it is one thing to hold calmly the scales of equity perfectly even and quite another to throw oneself passionately into the cause of right. It was this latter line that Russell took, not only as an advocate, when he was as intense, if not as eloquent, as Erskine, but on the bench also, where one was apt to forget at times that a judge sat, and to see under the ermine the fiery and intrepid advocate. It may be that Lord Russell at times carried this spirit a little too far; but, after all, it is well to be reminded that under the judicial robe beats the heart of a man, and that a judge can be as indignant

against wrong as any private citizen. The bar tried none of its favorite tricks, sometimes practiced on a judge of weak character, when Russell sat on the bench.

“ . . . To no judge of our time are such sincere public thanks due for an energetic effort, in season and out of season, to raise the general level of commercial integrity. Lord Russell showed, indeed, what a powerful factor the judiciary may be in the cause of social reform, and that without descending into the political arena or losing sight of the principles and precedents which should guide the judicial office. We trust that the clear current which he set running may continue under his successor to exercise its purifying work.

“ . . . He was ‘learned in law,’ as a Chief Justice should be, but it was his broad good sense and feeling of equity, his brushing aside of quibbles and formulas, which strike one even before his legal attainments. The conception of law as a real remedy for wrong, a shield for the oppressed and a rod for the scoundrel's back, was to Lord Russell a living conception governing the whole of his judicial career. He has left to England a memory which can be both respected and admired.”

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As the Rev. Richard Clarke was so well known personally as editor of the *Month* and compiler of many devotional books, we reprint the following tribute to him from the *Tablet* :

“It was in July, 1871, that he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Manresa, and went into the retirement which attends the earlier years of a Jesuit's training. When his two years' noviceship was over, he made his Philosophy at St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, and then, after a brief interval of teaching at Manresa, went on to his theological studies at St. Bueno's in the autumn of 1879. In the autumn of 1879 he was ordained priest by Bishop Knight, then of Shrewsbury, but continued his studies according to the usual

course for another year. On leaving St. Bueno's he was at once put to literary work, and in January, 1882, succeeded Father Coleridge as editor of the *Month*, an office which he successfully filled for the next eleven years. It was during this period that he became so well known to the Catholic public as a writer, as a preacher and retreat-giver and as a spiritual director. His literary style was not of the highest quality, but it was easy and scholarlike, and he had the faculty of infusing interest into his treatment of a subject. His facile pen was always acting in the exposition or defence of Catholic doctrines and practices, or the advocacy of Catholic good works. He did not, indeed, write, with one exception, any books large enough to deserve that name. But he was constantly publishing articles in various magazines, Catholic and general, English and American, and amongst these the *Tablet* was indebted to him for many valuable contributions. He also wrote numerous tracts for the Catholic Truth Society, of whose Managing Committee he was for many years a member, and in whose work he always took a lively interest. Among these Catholic Truth Society's tracts his little spiritual publications, in the form of daily meditations, may be specially mentioned, in view of the extensive sales they have had in several countries, and the good they are recognized as having done in the way of fostering habits of spiritual reading and meditation. He did also much quiet and useful work in encouraging and aiding other writers. As a member of the writing staff at Farm Street he did much to forward the Quarterly Series. Perhaps his most important enterprise was the Stonyhurst Philosophical Series. This he projected and carried out with the aid of the writers whom it was for his discernment to select, contributing one volume himself.

"In 1893 Father Clarke was removed by his superiors from London, and put at the head of the new college at Wimbledon, which was then passing into a new

stage of its development, and this led in the following year to his ceding the editorship of the *Month* to Father John Gerard. He did not remain long, however, at Wimbledon, but was sent to Oxford for a while as a priest on the mission; but, when permission from Rome was granted for clerical students to pursue their studies at the universities and obtain their degrees, as the superior of Campion Hall, the small house founded at Oxford for the use of the young Jesuit scholastics. Father Clarke's personal acquaintance with the University and many of its leading men enabled him to be very useful in establishing the infant institution on a satisfactory basis. As a retreat-giver and preacher Father Clarke was constantly on the move in the intervals of his regular work, and particularly in the convents he was always a great favorite. As a man he was singularly amiable and easy of approach; invariably good tempered and easy to deal with; incapable of resentments and aversions. He was a devoted friend, and most generous in his readiness to serve others, often at great personal inconvenience and sacrifice of time, which he could ill spare.

"There must be many, indeed, who are now lamenting bitterly the loss of the kind friend and benefactor on whom they had learnt to rely. In his schemes and theories he was a great enthusiast, and his enthusiasm often led him to miss sight of what might be urged against them. Hence later, when this had at last engaged his attention, a tendency to go over to the opposite side, sometimes with a suddenness and fervor which caused quiet amusement to his more phlegmatic friends. Spiritually, he was always a good religious, overflowing with piety, regular and exact in all his spiritual duties and observances, and thoroughly edifying in his life. As regards work, he was never idle, but, on the contrary, overtaxed himself, and in his zeal undoubtedly undermined his health. The last few months he struck those around

him as breaking down, and he anticipated himself that his life would not be much prolonged, but his energy was unabated. The end came just at the close of an eight days' retreat he had been giving at St. Mary's Convent, York. He was attacked by what at first did not seem to be so serious, but turned out to be a severe ulceration of the stomach, and it ended fatally on Monday morning. May he rest in peace, and receive the reward of his zealous and untiring labors in his Master's service, will be the prayer of many a Catholic throughout this country."

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The following letter is from one who is well known to *Messenger* readers :

GALVESTON, TEXAS,  
Sept. 13, 1900.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER : If you have seen the newspapers I am sure you never expected to hear of, much less *from*, *me* again. I do not know how we escaped where so many, many were so horribly killed. It is true that " 1613 East Broadway " is a complete wreck, but we are next door to it and can look at its shattered windows and torn-up roof and garden and fences covered up with debris and wonder how we lived through last Saturday and Saturday night.

The *worst* wreck in town is the beautiful Church of the Jesuits—The Sacred Heart—just a few squares above us. The Cathedral escaped with a few scratches. The statue of the Blessed Virgin above the bell-tower was not even shaken ! It was put there during the almost-as-dreadful storm of '75 and has weathered many other storms. I cannot understand, when I look at the frightful condition of the city, how anything is left on the Island. The place looks like a battlefield and smells like a ruined graveyard. Father Kirwin spent most of his time Monday and Tuesday on horseback helping to gather up the dead and take them to the docks to be thrown into the bay. But under this fearful sun, as hot as if it were July, it is no longer possible to send

the dead to sea. The bodies will either be buried where they are or burned. Our (East) end of the island is completely stripped of houses and trees ; the west end is said to present an appearance even more frightful. I walked to the Bay front this morning and through the business part of town, and you will probably see photographs of the wrecked shipping and buildings. I was fortunate in having a blessed candle to burn during the storm and it lighted the most dreadful night of our lives. The sea water came into the house and we took refuge on the stair ; but the side of the house broke away from the staircase and the women and children ran screaming down into the black water in the hall, leaving me at the landing with one of my little nieces who had fallen asleep by me. I held on to the candle (our solitary light) with a tight hand, I can tell you, and picked up little Gertrude. I assure you I will never forget my feelings when I went down the stairs. Every time I put my foot forward I expected it to land on—nothing ! And I did not *dare* go fast. Then that awful *wind*, and the crashing of glass from bursting windows. We had to fight for our lives at the *doors*, for the tempest beat the locks off and all but burst the casings. My younger brother and two or three stout negro women just *battled* with those quaking doors. And we held them with heavy furniture. We sat in *slime* all night after the water subsided. It is simply impossible to realize what has happened. My oldest brother and his father-in-law, in company with many other business men, could not leave their offices and they thought *we* were drowned or crushed and we were sure that they were.

But God has been good to us. Many people that we know well are dead—and we shudder to think of how they died—while we are spared and have a good house to stay in, plenty to eat, and clothes to wear. None of us even bruised. I feel as if I owed a heavy



debt to Heaven and must pay it before I die. I went to see a friend whose experience staggers belief. The last time I saw her her pretty hair was a lovely red like a soft flame about her face; when she came into the room with her poor little baby in her arms I wondered what had changed her. And then I noticed that the hair was *white*.

And there are others who escaped more *horribly* than she did. It must be awful to die twice.

I am afraid we will have sickness after this. The sun is *so* hot, and the sky is so blue and cloudless. One fairly gasps for breath at times.

The Jesuit Fathers have opened their college for the destitute, and I wish you could see it! Every bit of space filled with people—men, women and children, black and white and all shadows between. Heads tied up, feet and arms bandaged. A hospital in one room, provisions in another; people cooking in the yards; the Fathers and lay-brothers flying around like distracted housekeepers with totally unexpected guests, as indeed they are! Father Power is here from New Orleans. He looks very placid in the "midst of confusion and creature complaints" and the awful wreck of the church before his eyes. No one was in the church when the roof fell in, and, strange to relate, the only window left standing is one put up by the *Colored Society* to St. Peter Claver. I believe Saturday (or was it Sunday?) was the feast day.

The negroes are jubilant, St. Peter occupies one panel of the window and—who *was* his companion?—the other. The worst of everything is the looting of houses and robbing of the dead by negroes and "white trash." Every night we are startled from sleep by bugle alarms and gun and pistol shots from the patrols. No electricity, no artesian water, no gas, no street cars, no railways, no telephones, 'graphs,—anything. People that have homes left sit on their front galleries and stare at each

other and the desolation around them. You meet some one you know—each one exclaims "are you alive?" which makes you feel more ghostly than ever.

Please, dear Father, pray for us and our poor city. It will take half a lifetime to regain what we have lost, for we have lost nearly everything. "All in one ruin blent." I am, with great respect, most sincerely yours,

CLAUDE M. GIRARDEAU.

*Ecclesiastical Traffic.*—Under this heading the *Liverpool Catholic Times* informs us that, according to the returns of the Home Office, over seventy benefices changed hands in the province of Canterbury, sometimes more than once, in the twelve months of 1899. One, acquired by an estate agent was, next day, handed over to the present incumbent. This irreligious selling of benefices is forbidden by *act of parliament*, but the act, like the claims of faith, is evaded. Now it seems the Low Churchmen are buying up benefices to keep out the Ritualists. No doubt many pious Protestants, who lament so grievously over the corruptions of the Church of Rome, will be scandalized over those little black spots in the Church of England.

*Subterranean Anticlericalism.*—Under this doubly appropriate title the *Osservatore Romano* treats of a proposal made by the doughty *Tribuna* of Rome to withdraw the Catacombs from the supervision of the Church. Too many Catholic arguments, probably, have come from the Catacombs. A little avarice, too, suspects the *Osservatore*, mingles with the good desires of its contemporary; the new field would supply posts for Piedmontese adventurers. Of course, the *Tribuna* does not say so. Its line of argumentation is more popular (for the Italian "reds"). The Catacombs run under the *fortifications* and are, to some extent anyway, in the hands of French "Frati" ("Monks!"). Who knows what might happen?

*A Central News Agency.*—The scheme of a central agency for Catholic news has often been entertained and it is said to be now under consideration in Rome. We all know what *canards* fly as Roman or Catholic news, and how difficult and time-consuming the repudiation of suddenly sprung falsehoods. All the more necessary, then, the increase of the Catholic press and of its activity and ability.

With imposing religious ceremonies the cornerstone of the church of the parish of the Sacred Heart, Omaha, Neb., was laid recently by the Right Rev. Bishop Scannell, assisted by many priests of the diocese. Bishop Glennon, coadjutor of the See of Kansas City, delivered the sermon.

A Dominican from Berlin, Father Bonaventura, recently stated, in the Catholic Congress at Bonn, that the Church had lost in Germany, during the present century, a million of her members. It may have been a statement similar to that made some time ago by a Catholic also, that Catholics are a minority in France. Anyhow, a church crippled by Bismarck's Kulturkampf, with bishops and priests in prison, with corrupt and infidel surroundings, especially in Berlin, where 25,000 are said to have fallen away, would have to be composed of other members than mortals if she were to lose none of them. Socialism, too, had made enormous strides, and not on the road to St. Peter's. The Jesuits, moreover, we must remember, are not allowed to open their great educational establishments.

The *Osservatore Romano* publishes the indignant protests of the bishops and priests of Italy against the insults offered in their country to the Holy See. These protests manifest a peculiarly loyal and enthusiastic love of the Holy Father.

The Government has deprived of his stipend the Bishop of Andria, because

he refused to admit into his church objectionable banners on the occasion of the funeral of King Humbert. Poor Queen Margherita's prayer, prompted, no doubt, by womanly love and sorrow, has not been allowed to be recited in churches because she says, amongst other similar things, of her dead husband, "Because he wished justice alone, be merciful to him, O Lord! Because he had been good up to his last breath and fell a victim to his goodness, give him, O Lord, the eternal crown of martyrs."

The Abbé Santol, victim of an infamous plot, who spent six months in prison, without the shade of a proof of guilt, has been unanimously acquitted by a French jury, notwithstanding the savage hostility of certain magistrates of the Republic. Two of these, with the aid of some of the "yellow press" of Paris, heaped up with, what *La Croix* calls a "criminal satisfaction," the unmentionable charges of a body of vice-withered miscreants; while another magistrate, Muret, tried, during the trial, to get a poor, idiotic child to state an infamous untruth against the priest. The Abbé Santol had, it seems, enraged those gentlemen by gathering up the houseless children neglected by the state officials. Even the *Radical* and the *Lanterne*, which at first joined in the "yellow chorus," declared that acquittal was easily foreseen."

*War on God.*—It should be interesting to Catholics to have a regular chronicle of the little anti-religious antics of the French and Italian governments—not to mention others. Lately the Minister of Marine in France, M. Lanessan, has forbidden the officers to make any allusion, still less to utter any appreciation, relative to religion or public order, which might give occasion to controversy. Good Friday gone, their tongues tied, the seamen of the French Republic may next hear that lilies are forbidden to grow on the soil of France.

*Pope Leo on Proselytism in Rome.*—The Holy Father, in a letter to the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, brands the methods of the Protestant "missionaries." "Their object," says the AUGUST Head of the Church, "is to fix the standard of religious rebellion and discord in the peninsula, and especially in the *Alma Urbs*, in which God Himself, by an admirable disposing of events, placed the centre of that faithful and sublime unity which was the object of the prayer addressed by Our Divine Saviour to His Heavenly Father (John xvii, 11-21). For this they rely, not on the strength of truth, but the unprotected tenderness of childish years, on the ignorance of the poor, their want, and on the seductive power of money and temporal advantage. Thus to the unchecked torrent of false and immoral teaching, flowing daily from books, professors' chairs, theatres, newspapers, is added the activity of the heretic, who cannot, or will not, understand the plain lesson of the unity and beauty of Catholic faith, nor remember that she alone civilized Europe and gave it letters, laws, arts.

*An Archbishop Dead.*—The saintly and intrepid Mgr. Gouthe-Soulard, Archbishop of Aix, rendered up his soul to God on Sunday, Sept. 9th. Out of humility he preferred to wear his black robe of parish priest rather than the episcopal purple. In his *Spiritual Testament* he says: "If I have enemies, I know them not. I pardon them with a willing heart. I will accept one wreath only for my coffin. A copper ring with a cross will be set on my finger; it is enough for lowly dust. I refuse absolutely a funeral oration."

Readers of the MESSENGER have often been furnished with accounts of the well ordered pilgrimages to Auriesville from St. John's Church, Utica; St. Joseph's, Troy; St. Mary's, Amsterdam; St. Cecilia's, Fonda; St. Patrick's, Johnstown; St. Mary's and St. Francis de Sales, Gloversville, and the parishes of Albany.

They will be interested in the following account by an eye-witness of a pilgrimage from St. Joseph's church, Schenectady, N. Y., taken from the Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs for October.

We were privileged to witness a ceremony at Auriesville on the morning of the 9th of September, and though we were not enthusiastic about it at first, it left an impression that we trust will never be effaced. It was Sunday, and we were standing near the chapel on the Hill of the Martyrs, where Fr. Jogues and René Goupil had shed their blood for the faith.

The country around seemed to share in the Sunday rest. The sky above was without a cloud, and the Mohawk winding through the low hills glistened like a sheet of silver, with scarce a ripple on its tranquil surface. West of us, as far as the eye could reach, we could catch glimpses of the river as it flowed towards us; on the opposite shore, the hills rose gradually, till they formed the sky-line to the north, and on the east along the course of the stream were woods and meadows, a house here or there or a hamlet, but there was nothing except the occasional rumble of the train on the opposite shore, or perhaps the long line of symmetrical arches of a bridge, that served as an aqueduct for some distant commercial centre, to remind one of the great cities that were far away from where we stood. One could not help thinking that it was a fitting place for holy memories to be enshrined.

Early in the morning, the peal of the chapel bell announced the coming of the great throng of German pilgrims from Schenectady 18 miles below, and soon from the long train that stopped at the foot of the hill there came in admirable order a multitude of men, women and children who, all the way from their parish church to the shrine, had dismissed other thoughts and occupied themselves with the recitation of their beads or litanies, singing pious hymns and canticles, and reading or meditating their prayers or books of devotion.

They came processionally and in admirable order up the long slope of the hill. At their head was the cross surrounded by numbers of altar boys in their red cassocks, and with them their devoted pastor. The choir came next, singing hymns, which all seemed to know, and in which all within hearing joined. Sodality after sodality of men and women and children followed carrying their rich and splendid banners, and finally the main body of the congregation, all piously reciting their beads or joining in the hymns which the choir was intoning at the head of the procession. The line wound around to the entrance of the chapel, and taking their places, with as much precision as if they had been trained for it in advance, filled the entire enclosure and waited for the beginning of Mass.

It was High Mass, and was sung by the pastor, Fr. Schoppe, assisted by Fr. Campbell, S J., and the curate of the parish, Fr. Henry. The music of the choir and the ceremonies of the altar boys were as reverent and exact as if it were all at the usual parish Mass at home. After the gospel, there was a sermon by Fr. Henry in German, and at the post communion a short discourse by Fr. Campbell in English.

Without intermission, and immediately after the Mass, even without waiting to break his fast, the energetic pastor led his entire congregation around the long stations of the cross, beginning at the side of the chapel where Fr. Hourigan has erected the memorial, and then up and down the hill until they reached the Calvary at the other end of the field. The altar boys with the cross were at the head, and in perfect order, without confusion, all the people followed along the route, singing the *Stabat Mater*, and praying devoutly at the successive stations. It was quite inspiring to witness this exhibition of fervent and fearless catholicity out there in the open country, and to hear the rich, strong voices of the hymns, which German congregations

sing so well, and it was also a privilege to contemplate the earnest and deep piety of them all, while going through this work of devotion, which for the older and weaker members of the congregation must have been a severe tax upon their bodily strength. Arrived at the Calvary, they were addressed in a few fervid words by their pastor, and after receiving the usual blessing with the relic of the cross, scattered in groups around the field for the collation which they must have needed after this hard morning's work.

Early in the afternoon the bell again summoned the people to the chapel, and the procession down to the ravine was begun. The banners were taken from the pillars where they had been placed, and this time it required strong arms to hold them in the fresh breeze which had sprung up. In the same order as in the morning the long line proceeded slowly and reverently, reciting the rosary as they went along, to the deep hollow in the rocks where the body of the first martyr has been laid. The bed of the stream, over which at times rushes a fierce torrent, was now absolutely dry because of the long drought, and it was easy for the people to gather round the rustic pulpit erected above the great rock near which the body of the martyr had been concealed.

On the bridge that joins the bank stood one of the sodalities around its banner; up the steep ascent under the great pines which tower seventy or eighty feet above, forming a canopy over the statue of Our Lady of Martyrs which stands in a rocky niche, other pilgrims had gathered, and here and there on the skirts of the wood, or in the open, were grouped the rest of the people. It was picturesque, it was inspiring, it was Catholic; this reverent multitude coming to pass the day in prayer at the place which the first of their brethren in these parts had consecrated with his blood in testimony of the faith. Catholic piety has ornamented and changed the spot somewhat, but it is still sombre and with a

certain degree of gloom clinging to it, especially when one views it from the dark pine trees on the steep rock which forms one of the sides of the ravine. The preacher, the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J., must have felt the inspiration of the place as the memories of those dark days came upon him when Joques and Goupil stood in that savage glen and saw the tomahawk of the fierce Iroquois lifted above them. How changed the place was now; the rocks re-echoed with the strains of the singers; the prayers of the multitude ascended to heaven, and the voice of the preacher told the story of the glorious death and recalled what everyone felt, the lessons of courage which were taught by every rock and tree and blade of grass in that sacred place.

Again the procession was formed out of the ravine and back to the summit of the hill, this time for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament around the ground. Preceding the Sacred Host, and then separating in lines on either side, the people knelt as the priest, ac-

companied by his ministers, went forward with the canopy above them to the little shrine of the Mother of Sorrows, some distance beyond the chapel. There, solemn Benediction was given. After that they resumed their march to the Calvary where the Benediction was repeated, one priest relieving the other in carrying the Sacred Host, and finally back to the chapel where the ceremonies came to an end.

It was now well on in the afternoon and time for returning home, and so in the same admirable order which had characterized everything from the beginning, after an entire day spent in works of piety which entailed even for the strongest a considerable amount of physical fatigue, they bent their steps to where the train was in waiting, and left the holy place with God's blessing upon them for this united parochial act of protracted devotion which cannot fail to leave a deep impression upon their own lives and to be helpful in every way to the parish to which they belong.



## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

24—THE CRUCIFIXION—St. Matthew, 27, 31-52.

And after they had mocked Him, they took off the cloak from Him, and put on Him His own garments, and led Him away to crucify Him.

And going out they found a man of Cyrene, named Simon; him they forced to take up His cross.

And they came to the place that is called Golgotha, which is, the place of Calvary.

And they gave Him wine to drink mingled with gall. And when He had tasted, He would not drink.

And after they had crucified Him they divided His garments, casting lots: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying: They divided my garments among them, and upon my vesture they cast lots.

And they sat and watched Him.

And they put over His head His cause written: This is Jesus, the King of the Jews.

Then were crucified with Him two thieves: one on the right hand, and one on the left.

And they that passed by blasphemed Him, wagging their heads:

And saying: Vah, thou that destroyest the temple of God and in three days dost rebuild it: save thy own self: if thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross.

In like manner also the chief priests with the Scribes and ancients, mocking, said:

He saved others, Himself He cannot save: if He be the king of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross and we will believe Him.

He trusted in God: let Him now deliver Him, if He will have Him; for He said: I am the Son of God.

And the self same thing the thieves also, that were crucified with Him, reproached Him with.

Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over the whole earth, until the ninth hour.

And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying: Eli, Eli, lamma sabac-thani? that is: My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?

And some that stood there and heard, said: This Man called Elias.

And immediately, one of them running, took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave Him to drink.

And the others said: Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to deliver Him.

And Jesus again crying with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.

And behold the veil of the temple was rent in two from the top even to the bottom; and the earth quaked, and the rocks were rent.

And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints, that had slept, arose.



## DIRECTOR'S REVIEW

Speaking of the General Intention for October, the *Mexican Messenger* points out that a necessary and most meritorious part of our *reparation* is Christian suffering, by which we are intimately united with the gentle Saviour, who suffered all along life's way from Cradle to Cross. A willingness to suffer with Christ because He suffered, because we, his followers, would not wish our lot to be better than his, is called by St. Ignatius the *third degree of humility*, the highest and most

perfect; the best possible disposition, adds Father Roothaan, St. Ignatius' successor, to reach the highest holiness.

"Gird thy sword . . . O thou most mighty. With thy comeliness and thy beauty . . . proceed prosperously and reign" (Ps. 44). His sword was his beauty, say St. Chrysostom and St. Basil. No heart and no soul was ever so exquisitely tender, so devotedly loving, so patiently enduring as the heart and the soul of Jesus.

### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The *Australian Messenger* gives the place of honor in its August issue to a very appreciative notice of Father Quin's excellent and most practical and encouraging little book, "Organizers and their first steps." "In this small volume," the *Messenger* says of the author, "he sets down practical hints which his own experience has taught him; and he is very earnest on the point that Boys' Directors are not "born" but self-made . . . He dwells upon the fact, which he has proved by experience, that it is not necessary to hunt after boys: the boys themselves will bring in other boys; and the Director, if he utilizes wisely the material he has at hand, need not give more of his time to the whole work than a short hour each week. He is, however, earnest in urging that a beginning (and better a small beginning than a big one) should be made at once wherever boys are to be saved; for a Director will solve objections by simply setting about the work and doing it: according to the old saw, *solvitur ambulando*."

Father Quin's treatise is written in a clear and catching style.

On the 2d of September a group of Alpine travellers planted a banner to the Sacred Heart on the peak of Sancy, on the point best seen from Mont Dore, namely, on the *very edge* of the abyss.

A beautiful story is told in poetry in the *Pilgrim of Paray-le-Monial*. One day a young novice, whose brother was an officer in the army during the war of the Palatinate in 1688, came to her mistress-of-novices, Bl. Margaret Mary, to ask a prayer for him. She received the assurance that God would give her brother a great grace at the hour of death. In point of fact, he was shot through the head at the siege of Landau, but lived, contrary to all expectations, long enough to receive the Sacraments.

"Innumerable visitors come to the great temple of the Sacred Heart," says the *Bulletin*, "many being tourists drawn to Paris by the Exposition. And when all these graceful palaces of the Exposition will have disappeared like a house of cards before an infant's breath, this sanctuary will still remain immovable on its eighty-three gigantic pillars of stone, proclaiming to France and to the world that it is the Palace of the Immortal King."

*Statue of Our Saviour*.—At Ivrea, in Italy, a statue of our Divine Redeemer was blessed in presence of the Archbishops of Turin and Vercelli and of eight other bishops, with an immense concourse of Catholic people. It will be placed on the summit of Montbarone, at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea.

In the month of July 1,327 persons passed the night in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament at the basilica of Montmartre. Amongst these were officers, soldiers and employés of the railway companies. In August as many as 400 were present at one time ; all, or nearly all, receiving Holy Communion at a Mass said at midnight by Papal indult. Many excellent religious and charitable associations receive new life and vigor from these enthusiastic acts of nightly adoration.

*A Scapular of the Sacred Heart*, with a formula for blessing and giving it, has been approved by the Holy See. It consists of white wool, the picture of the Sacred Heart being on one part and that of Our Lady, Mother of Mercy, on the other.

*The Banner in Court*.—Lately at Sens and Arbois, in France, persons were arrested for displaying the banner of the Sacred Heart. The banner was really of the French national colors, with a design of the Sacred Heart on the white. The question was whether this came under the head of illegal emblems. In one case the banner was let go free ; in the other, although at first condemned, it was justified on appeal.

A great benefactress of the Apostleship of Prayer in England died lately—Mother Mary Magdalen Taylor, Superior of the Poor Servants of the Mother of God and the Poor.

*Paray-le-Monial*.—About 100,000 pilgrims, says *La Croix*, have visited this shrine of the Sacred Heart since the beginning of the year, to implore of Heaven remedies for the ills of our age.

CHANGNACHERRY, INDIA. — " The Apostleship of Prayer is established in all dioceses in this country, but, I am sorry to say, there are few in which it is regularly conducted. Therefore, I think better to have communication with the American Central Office. In the case of this convent, I can conduct the Apostleship regularly and strictly. Your reverence can appoint here a Promoter. I

am ready to do whatever I can for the propagation of the devotion to the Sacred Heart. Our earnest desire is to build here a good church and monastery to the Sacred Heart, and establish in it the perpetual adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. The building is going on. We ourselves manage it, not by contract. Our means are scant. I appealed to many, but very few have replied. Please recommend our enterprise to the prayers of the Apostleship."

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#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED LOCAL DIRECTORS.

Rev. Daniel A. Gibbons, St Aloysius Centre, Livingston Manor, N. Y. ; Rev. J. H. Sandaal, Holy Ghost Centre, Athens, Pa. ; Rev. D. J. MacGoldrick, Scranton, Pa. ; Rev. C. J. Roche, St. Mary's Centre, Essexville, Mich. ; Rev. Joseph Doyle, St. Mary's Centre, Los Angeles, Cal.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Mary Robey, St. Aloysius Centre, Washington, D. C. ; Sister M. de Chantal, St. Patrick's Centre, Cincinnati, Ohio ; Zach Montgomery, Los Angeles, Cal. ; Mrs. Mary da Silva, Cathedral Centre, Philadelphia ; Charles Burns, St. Vincent de Paul's Centre, New York ; Mrs. E. V. Klein, Sacred Heart Centre, Galveston, Tex. ; Mrs. Catherine Glendon, Holy Angel's Centre, Buffalo, N. Y.

*May their souls and the souls of all our deceased Promoters and Associates through the Mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*

Mrs. E. V. Klein, one of the most zealous Promoters of the Sacred Heart Centre, Galveston, Texas, was drowned during the terrible storm which swept over that city on September 8th. She was the only Promoter in the Sacred Heart Parish to lose her life in the storm, although more than half the houses in the parish were swept away, to say nothing of the loss of hundreds of lives.



## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 2,638,400.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes. v. 18.)

SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.—"In fulfillment of a promise made the Sacred Heart, I wish to have the following published: Some time ago my husband became a very heavy drinker. I commenced making a daily offering to the Sacred Heart in request for his reformation. I also had a Mass said for the purpose, and promised, should my request be answered, to have it published in the MESSENGER. Now, thanks to the Sacred Heart, he is leading a life of temperance. I pray God he may do so unto death."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"A woman was told she would have to undergo a very serious operation. The doctors had little hope. She was prayed for very earnestly by the whole congregation at the Friday night League meeting. The next day, when the doctors were giving the ether, the woman's face became almost black. One doctor said: 'There is no use going on, she will die.' The head doctor said to go on. The operation lasted five hours. Three days later she was out of danger, and better than she had been for months. The Protestant doctors say it is not their work, but the result of prayer. The nurse, who is a Methodist Episcopal deaconess, said to the Father who had attended the sick woman: 'This case has certainly surprised this establishment.'"

———"I beg to return public thanks, through the MESSENGER, to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Margaret Mary, for the restoration to health of a boy four years old, whose case had been pronounced hopeless by several consulting physicians. Pneumonia had reduced the little sufferer to the last extremity; he had already begun his agony, and his limbs were cold and stiffened in death, when a badge of the Sacred Heart and

a reliquary of Blessed Margaret Mary were hung around his neck. Fervent prayers were said for his recovery, if such would redound to the greater glory of God, and the exaltation of His humble servant, Blessed Margaret Mary. To the great joy of his parents, who shall ever consider this cure miraculous, the child began to grow better, and is now as playful and robust as any of his companions."

BATON ROUGE, LA.—A few months ago we had three members of our family very sick—one with sore throat, and two with typhoid fever. We put on one of them the badge of the Sacred Heart, and a Promoter's Cross on the other two. We prayed to the Sacred Heart, and promised, if they were cured, to have it published in the MESSENGER. Thanks to the Sacred Heart, they are all well now."

WATERTOWN, MINN.—"About eighteen months ago, my son, then eighteen years old, was taken sick. The doctor pronounced it acute peritonitis. He was under the doctor's care for six months or more, and still not cured. If God would grant a cure, his mother and myself promised to burn two wax candles before the Statue of the Sacred Heart for the year, which we did with the permission of our pastor. We further promised to make this remarkable cure known through the MESSENGER, as he really is entirely cured, and feeling as well as ever."

NEW YORK.—"After suffering for forty-eight hours with neuralgia with little or no relief from all sorts of remedies, I applied my Promoter's Cross to the face with promise of publication in the MESSENGER, if cured. Within one-half hour the pain ceased, and has not returned."

EUREKA, NEV.—“I wish to return thanks for the recovery of a child from St. Vitus' dance, as I promised to have it published. The Litany of the Sacred Heart was said several times a day for a month.”

MORTON, MINN.—“The recovery of a dear friend from a severe illness was prayed for and a Communion of Reparation and a recitation of the Rosary offered for her. Publication in the MESSENGER was promised, if the request were granted.”

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—“Gratitude prompts a sinner to publish a favor obtained from St. Ignatius. Health recovered in a striking manner by drinking St. Ignatius water, after having promised to publish the favor.”

TRENTON, N. J.—“My mother was very sick and we almost despaired of her life. I begged the intercession of the Blessed Virgin with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, at the same time placing a badge upon the part affected, promising, if cure were granted, to publish it in the MESSENGER. I return sincere thanks for her recovery.”

NEW YORK.—“I desire to make public thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart for relieving my infant son of the intense pain he was suffering from an abscess on his arm. He was in high fever and very restless, resulting from the abscess. I feared he would have spasms and was greatly worried. It was past midnight. I was alone and had no means of sending for a doctor. I bound a Sacred Heart badge on his arm and promised the Sacred Heart I would publicly thank Him if He would relieve my child. Very soon he became quiet, his fever subsided and he fell into a sleep, the first he had had that night, and slept quietly for three hours. He awoke much better. His arm from that continued to improve until it became entirely well.”

CHICAGO, ILL.—“I suffered a long time from a bodily affliction and did not know what to do. At last I put a petition in

the intention box, made a novena to St. Ignatius, using St. Ignatius water for nine days once a day. At the end of the novena I was cured. I promised publication in the MESSENGER if I received my request.”

— — — — —“Some weeks ago it was said by a person that a lady who had some trouble was not right in her head. I had a Mass offering in honor of the Sacred Heart for her. I trusted her completely to the Sacred Heart. My constant prayer in all my worry about her was, ‘the greater the danger, the more I trust her to the Sacred Heart.’ After a few weeks she is now at work.”

— — — — —“A person (Protestant) was bitten in the neck by a dog. The wound could have proved very serious. A Mass in Thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart and publication in the MESSENGER were promised, should no ill effects follow. The day after the promise we received good reports of the person. So far no serious results have been noticed.”

WOODSTOCK, MD.—“Special thanks are returned for a long desired temporal favor which involved great spiritual gifts. I ascribe the success of my petition to the Sacred Heart, through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary and St. Joseph.”

NEW YORK.—“We wish to return thanks through the MESSENGER for a signal favor which we have just received. On the feast of St. Ignatius, we asked Our Lady of the Wayside, through the intercession of St. Ignatius, to obtain for us a suitable house for our novitiate. On the feast of St. Helena, the day on which the prayers of the League were specially for novices, we were enabled to secure a house admirably adapted to our purpose.”

NEW YORK CITY.—“I wish to return thanks to the Sacred Heart, through the MESSENGER, for the cessation of a storm at sea a few minutes after I asked the favor through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary.”

FLEMINGSBURG, KY.—“The diocesan director of the Apostleship of Prayer for the diocese of Louisville, in a note received a day or two ago, told me he wrote you regarding diplomas of aggregation for the proposed association of the Apostleship of Prayer to be established in this parish. In the meantime he requests me to give you particulars. I have only to say we cannot carry out some of the points mentioned in the handbook. I am having recourse to the Apostleship of Prayer as a means of renewing the faith in this county, which is generally below par as a result of mixed marriages and the vain tendency of many Catholics to affect Protestant manners. In many cases Catholics have almost completely wrecked their faith. To begin this work of the Apostleship, I shall have to manage it single handed. In matters pertaining to our church, most people here prefer to see how much a priest can do and how Divine Providence will place means in his hands whereby he may do it. They don't seem to comprehend the need of coöperation with the priest. In fact they have been accustomed, previous to my appointment here several months ago, to have Mass only once a month. To begin with I shall ask you to send me fifty certificates of admission, fifty badges and five books of monthly League leaflets.”

OMAHA, NEB.—“Our little parish is poor and scattered, and the new church, the corner stone of which was recently laid, is a heavy undertaking, so that we need the special blessing of the Sacred Heart. Some time ago I started in the little old church the *Holy Hour*, which we made the evening of the first Friday of every month with solemn exposition during the hour, closing with the usual Sacred Heart League devotions. My intention was to unite the congregation not only in reparation to the Sacred Heart, but in invoking Divine aid for the new church. It has had the effect of half filling the little church, where be-

fore we used to have only a few score of people.”

Sept. 23d, this year, the Poor Clares throughout the world celebrated the *fiftieth* anniversary of the Finding of the Body of their Holy Mother, St. Clare. This year is moreover the *twenty-fifth* anniversary of the coming of the Poor Clares to the United States.

To commemorate this double jubilee, the Poor Clares of the Monastery of St. Clare, Evansville, Ind., are publishing an illustrated Life of St. Clare, of Assisi, together with the memoir of their canonical establishment in this country. The work is compiled by Very Rev. Father Mariannus Fiege, O. M., Cap. of St. Anthony's House, Franklin, Ind.

For copies of the work, apply directly to Mother Abbess, Monastery of St. Clare, *Kentucky Avenue*, Evansville, Ind.

*Spiritual Favors.*—Overcoming a scruple; reconciliation; return of an associate to her religious duties after twenty-five years of neglect.

*Temporal Favors.*—Money obtained at the last moment to pay interest on a mortgage; position obtained after promising to make the nine Fridays; relief from an attack of indigestion; success in a difficult school matter; recovery of a mother from a severe attack of influenza; success in studies; safety of friends and relatives; pecuniary help; disappearance of inflammation threatening an abscess; recovery of one dangerously ill; employment received; success of an entertainment undertaken for God's glory, but against many odds; success of a surgical operation; employment for three; successful selling out of a business; increase of wages; seven successful examinations; business settlement; return of a long absent brother; cure of a sore knee; relief from stomach trouble; employment for a brother.

# THE READER

The Russells love Killowen. Lord Russell made it great by taking his title of nobility from it. Father Russell makes it beautiful by writing delightful idylls of it. Even charming Rostrevor is dear to the poet only "because it is near to Killowen." Jane Barlow has preëmpted the ground to some extent in her exquisite stories, but we prefer Father Russell, for although

"The Gaskell of Erin, Jane Barlow,  
Dwells nearer to Dublin than Carlow,  
Irish life, with its side ills,  
Shines out in her idylls  
With much of the pathos of Marlowe."

Yet, perhaps because she is nearer to Dublin than to Carlow, or rather because she is not a Catholic, one does not feel as safe while studying her pictures of Irish life, sweet and sympathetic though they be, as when we gaze at them through the eyes of an Irish priest. After all, one cannot be really Irish unless he is Catholic.

We are tempted to go further and to say what may be deemed rash and philistine, viz., that Father Russell's "Irish Farmer's Sunday Morning" is better as an idyll than the much-lauded and ever-recurring "Cotter's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns. This is literary heresy, of course. Nevertheless, there has always seemed to some people, at least, a light and a joyousness in the Irish farmer's Sunday morning act of worship that delights and does good to the heart, and remains as a pleasant memory for one to look back to, which is utterly lacking in the picture of the grim and old Calvinistic "father, husband and saint," who reads to his solemn brood about "Heaven's avenging ire," or "Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry," or, if he takes the New Testament at all for his theme, is sure to end with "great

Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command." Even the poet's gloomy forecast of Jenny's possible fate has the same oppressive and repellent effect, and the whole idyll is fittingly drawn in the gloom and storm of the night, when "November chill blows loud wi' angry sigh." The cotter is apparently next of kin to the "man whose aged step

Seemed weary, worn with care,  
When chill November's surly blast  
Made fields and forest bare,"

and whose unvarying "dirge" was "man is made to mourn."

That sombre kind of worship, in describing which Burns cannot refrain from having a fling at the splendid ritual which the Church employs in its acts of public adoration, will attract no hearts and make no one desirous of sharing in it; whereas the beautiful scene in the Irish village church, where at the elevation of the Host, "the storm of stifled sighs that burst from hearts unstained and warm, like the long wave that yearns along the coast," is worship of such a kind that, although no Calvinist heart could ever comprehend it, appeals to everything bright and beautiful and sublime in human nature. It is the vision of the Emmanuel—of God in the midst of his people.

All of the scenes that lead up to this sublime conclusion, such as the farmer stealing about on tiptoe in the early morning lest he disturb the slumbers of his little brood; the merry, though meagre, meal, when the sire is honored by the single egg "laid by as good a duck as ever swam;" the hurried brushing of well-worn apparel; the elder sister's care of the little ones; the meeting of old cronies between "the hedgerows green, now bursting into song;" and then "around the churchyard gate the

buzzing crowd, with reverend patriarchs throned on yonder wall," and "the boys?

My muse is grieved to tell,  
That some are pitching buttons at their  
    case,  
Screened by the alders round a neigh-  
    boring well"—

all this is human, bright and sunny, and takes away the horror with which grim, Protestant Scotia invests her worship of the Almighty.

All this is scandalous, no doubt, to those whose tastes have been whipped into line for the worship of their literary idols, but whatever the relative merits of the two bards may be in other respects, it is meekly suggested that in these two typical idylls, the modest Irish priest is far ahead of the Calvinistic Scottish peasant in touching a tender chord of the human heart and lifting the soul to God.

There are many other beautiful scenes in these Idylls of Killowen, but, perhaps, no one will believe it after this shocking display of literary iconoclasm.

It is not common even for the wonderfully educated women of our day to address themselves to such serious studies as that of scholasticism. But Miss Alice Gardner essays it in a book which she entitles "Studies on John the Scot." The John in question is no other than the erratic Erigena whom we find also called "John the Irishman." For those who are unaware of the fact that in those days, Scotia and Ireland were synonymous, this is slightly confusing, but this bit of knowledge will explain the interchangeable patronymic of the monk whom Miss Gardner so much admires.

Possibly the cloud that lingers about his birth place as well his heterodoxy might suggest him as an historical antecedent of our modern Scotch-Irish.

The title of the book is boldly declaratory of great intellectual potentialities

as well as protracted and stern philosophical training in the gifted authoress. But we are prone to believe, that her self-confidence has somewhat misled her. Was it in the original text or in some dubious translation that the lady made these studies? Is she quite competent to grasp the quaint technical scholastic terminology? And is her knowledge of scholastic philosophy so extensive that she is able to pronounce categorically that "Erigena's idea of notional truth was eminently unmedieval?" That he was a medieval oddity we are compelled to admit, but not to the extent that he was "a devout agnostic." "Devout" and "agnostic" are terms which the musty medieval schoolmen as she describes them would designate as "incompossible." Nor would modern claimants of agnostic distinction understand how even a medieval representative of the fad could base his conclusions on the Bible.

Possibly Miss Gardner would find by deeper research that Scotus's discovery of "evil being a privation of good" is Aristotelian, and that it thus antedates by a few years this ninth century, which the devout agnostic makes so enlightening. No sane philosopher ever defined evil otherwise. The same historical remoteness might be ascribed to the doctrine about the souls of brutes, nor would the S. P. C. A., in spite of Miss Gardner, "be comforted," for the souls of beasts even in the mind of Scotus, are not intellectual, spiritual, eternal, as the souls of men, but are altogether dependent upon the matter which they inform and perish with its disintegration. And if "the momentous sentence: 'authority proceeds from right reason, not reason from authority,' is the root of the matter" which excites such admiration in Miss Gardner's soul, for John the Scot, she is needlessly wrought upon by her feelings, for it is a common axiom among all philosophers that "*tantum valet auctoritas quantum valet ratio*," viz.: authority is worth only

as much as the reason on which it is based. It is scarcely to be credited that the Scot was the first to discover this dictate of common sense.

Finally, the age was not so "grossly materialistic" as the enthusiastic lady imagines. She has but to open any history to find that although that was the period in which her Anglo-Saxon ancestors were invading and destroying all education, religion and civilization, in England, making it as difficult to study as it would be under the Boxers in China at the present time; there were, nevertheless, many illustrious scholars in those days. The darkness came not from the Church, but from those, who, like Miss Gardner, disliked it. Those were the days when every monastery and church which the barbarian invaders did not burn, had schools, both primary and higher, annexed to them, and when Charlemagne founded them even in his palace. Arithmetic, grammar, rhetoric, music, physics, geometry and astronomy, were taught, as well as philosophy, ethics and theology. Those were the days of the great scholars, like Alcuin and Rabanus Maurus, and Paul of Aquileia and Theodulphus of Orleans, and Peter of Pisa, and a host of others, all greater than the erratic Scotch-Irishman, whose uncertain and disorderly intelligence gave such fitful and misleading light to the world and the Church.

If the fair but ill-informed censor would but open Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, she would find besides that the profound studies which she has been privileged to make in these days of education and enlightenment, were not denied her sisters in the ages which are presumed by her and others to be grossly materialistic and dark.

"From the first introduction of the monastic orders" says Montalembert, "schools for girls managed by nuns never ceased to furnish Catholic society with a class of exceptional women, as distinguished for intelligence as for piety, who in the study of literature rivalled the

most learned monks. It is known that all the nuns of the choir were required to understand Latin and that letters to them were always written in that language. It would be easy to quote a crowd of learned and accomplished abbesses and nuns. We have only to remember St. Aura, the friend of St. Eloi, and the nun Bertile, whose learned lectures on Holy Scripture drew a large concourse of auditors of both sexes; St. Radegonde whose profound study of the Greek Fathers is commemorated by Fortunatus, and finally St. Gertrude of Nivelles who sent messengers to Rome and to Ireland to buy books and to bring learned foreigners thence." Any of those ladies might have made "Studies on John the Scot," with better result than their modern emulator, though we trust they did not attempt it and were not responsible for bringing that scholastic knight errant out of Ireland.

It will be gratifying to some people to hear that "the Anglo-Saxon race above all was rich in women of this kind," for instance St. Lioba, who never left her books except for divine service. She was well versed in the liberal arts, thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the Fathers and canon law, and cultivated Latin verse with considerable success. The Germans owe to her the introduction of that monastic culture which was to shine with such brilliance in the person of Hroswitha, the illustrious nun of Gandersheim, whose pure and poetic genius has received a late but splendid acknowledgement from the erudition of our own day. She wrote in rhymed verse the history of the Emperor Otho; but her greatest glory is to have composed dramas which were acted in the abbey, and which astonish us by the extraordinary acquaintance they prove with the authors of classical antiquity, Plautus, Terence, Virgil and Horace, and yet more by the knowledge of the human heart, which was especially remarkable in a woman completely shut out from the world." Could any of our modern women com-

pete with her, not of course in piety, but in playwriting and knowledge of the classics? We doubt it, and it looks after all as if those days were not so dark as they are described, and above all that Scotus Erigena did not dazzle it by his excessive light. Miss Gardner has seen a will o' the wisp.

It would be a great pleasure to learn something about Ruskin from such a distinguished writer as Mrs. Meynell. The author and the theme both excite expectation. But if one happen to be an old-fashioned browser in books and prepares himself for an artistic but withal a luminous exposition of the subject in the work entitled *John Ruskin*, he will be perhaps disappointed. Artistic it is, brilliant most assuredly, and even dazzling at times, but it is written for a new generation.

Each sentence is so crowded with fancies, not to say conceits, phrases jostle each other in such inconsequential fashion, allusions comprehensible only to the initiated are so continually occurring and there is such an oppression of color everywhere, that simple folk unaccustomed to the new fashion of writing will fail to become enthusiastic. Going through its pages is like making ones way through a crowded thoroughfare, where vehicles of every kind are rushing to and fro, and throngs of people we do not know elbow us from side to side, and wealth and beauty and tricks of art distract us with their vanity and display. We much prefer the pleasure of some unfrequented byway where we can listen to the words of a friend who communicates his thoughts to us in a plain unaffected fashion, or perchance lapses into silence and lets us think. Thus it is quite mystifying to be told on the very opening pages of the book that "Ruskin's enormous work never had steady auditors or spectators; it may be likened to a sidereal sky beheld from on earth upon the wing. Many, innumerable are the points that seem to shift and

journey to the shifting eye. Partly it was himself who altered his readers, and partly they changed with the long change of a nation, and partly they altered with successive and recurrent moods."

This is an example taken at random of the difficulty some people may have in reading Mrs. Meynell's work. For ourselves we ascribe it to our own slowness of comprehension and to the new movement in literature and not to her lack of intellectuality and cleverness that we are unable to understand the meaning of such things as "an earth upon the wing," "the shifting eye," "the long changes of a nation," or "the successive and recurrent moods" whether of Ruskin or his admirers we know not which. The irregularity of her phrases also jars upon us.

It is not right perhaps to be even apparently captious with such a writer. This book was greeted in the most flattering fashion by the whole chorus of critics. It is the product of years of the most affectionate and devoted study; it displays a remarkable power of pointing a witty or an effective phrase, or of flashing a brilliant picture before the eyes in a few wonderful sentences, as well as of deciding with a certain gentle dogmatism, what judgments are to be found. But when all is said and done the average reader, who is normally indolent, wearies of such accumulated brilliancy and does not like to be kept continually guessing at the meaning of unusual and unexpected phrases; nor is he comfortable under the suspicion that he is not clever enough nor sufficiently up-to-date to catch the whole import of the words his author uses. Fondness for metaphysics which, it is nevertheless the fashion to decry, makes it impossible for many writers nowadays to be simple and plain while being interesting and attractive. One feels as if he has a right to read such a book without too much effort. But after all Ruskin was only a student of art, and this book is the study of a study and that necessitates patient

and persevering plodding. Perhaps it is not just to demand that it should carry us forward in its perusal with an absorbing interest. Even to minutely criticize it at all would be to make a study of a study of a study and would only augment the difficulty of knowing anything about the original subject so we merely state the impressions produced and stop.

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The very opposite of all this is to be found in the method and manner of Mr. Mallock in his new work entitled, *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption*. It is impossible at any time not to understand his meaning. He will resume an argument again and again; he will condense it, he will illustrate it, and in the present book he has resorted to the device, which he has borrowed from the old theologians, of putting a running marginal summary which enables the reader to follow the reasoning without going through the fully developed discussion on the page in front of him. It serves also as a memorandum to refer to, after having read the entire book. The novelists of the day might take the hint. It would spare time and save our feelings and would help us to read in a day all that the news-stands could furnish.

The object of *Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption* is to make clear to all manner of Anglicans that they have not only no ground but not even a foot to stand on.

When the Archbishop of Canterbury decided on July 31, 1899, that nothing was legal in the English Church except what the thirty-nine articles contained, all parties, ritualists, high church, low church, and broad church found themselves constrained to explain their attitude, which in each instance was in such evident and painful contradiction with what the Church enjoined. They all based their Christianity on the Bible, though in point of fact they all disagreed as to what Christianity really was. One found it in the practices of the primitive

Church, when Christ was still a living memory; another in the general consensus of the Church of all ages; a third in the spiritual intuition of each individual; while the broad church would accept any old thing or any new thing that might present itself. The broad church, Mr. Mallock does not consider Christian at all, and he dismisses it from consideration.

All of the means adopted by the other three to discover what true Christianity is, are shown to be futile. For first, the primitive Church had no idea of the New Testament such as we have. The Canon did not as yet exist; secondly, there can never be found by Protestants a consensus of the whole Church about the Bible, for the Roman Catholic Church, which is twice as numerous as all the others together, never considered Protestants as belonging to the true Church at all; and lastly the delight in the Scriptures which is supposed to be a guarantee of its inspiration, may be felt equally well by a follower of Buddha in reading what he considers to be his sacred writings. A mathematician might experience it in some new work he happens upon.

Ingenious attempts have been made by the Dean of Canterbury to reconcile all these methods, but he is shown by the writer to be in egregious contradiction even with himself. Only the 'Roman Church,' to use Mallock's expression, can be a reliable interpreter of the Bible, and show us what Christianity really is. For it alone combines in itself these three elements of certainty on which the Anglicans base their hopes, and which the Dean of Canterbury foolishly lays claim to. For that Church is not merely an organization, but an organism; it was itself the primitive Church; it continues to live through the ages and possesses a memory that never fails with regard to the facts of the past, and finally its pronouncements are not the fabrications of its priests, as is often alleged, but the declaration of what all



the individuals of the Church have thought in matters of faith from the beginning. The primitive Church, the Church of all ages and individual consciousness are thus all united.

"Here he enters upon a curious illustration. "The Church," he says, "is the best example we have of the biological and sociological theories of the day and exhibits the most perfected, permanent and most highly differential structure of all Christian organizations, while Protestantism is nothing but an aggregate mass of undifferentiated protoplasm."

The carrying out of this fancy leads him to a certain extent into error, which, however, may possibly be explained.

"The Church in the beginning," he says, "was an undifferentiated aggregate with no definite nucleus, but little by little the germ worked itself out and the headship of Rome declared itself; the entire organism developed and is always growing more and more perfect."

This is, of course, an error, for the headship of the Church was perfectly developed from the beginning. It was Peter. Rome, it is true, was not chosen as the centre from the start, but Rome is not the centre because it is Rome, but because it is Peter's dwelling place.

The theory of the Church's evolution also calls for some strictures, but we pass that by. What he says, however, of the Church appropriating human doctrines and thereby making them divine, is misleading. He is answering those who

object to the Church as a divine institution, because they find that some of her doctrines were taught before she was established. "Beer, beef and mutton," says Mallock, "make human flesh when assimilated." Will you deny the existence of human flesh because beer, beef and mutton existed before man transformed them into himself? Similarly the Church appropriates human teaching, and by that appropriation and assimilation makes it supernatural." Not exactly. The Church, with her divine perspicacity, vouches for the truth of those human teachings, but does not make them supernatural, no more than beef, beer and mutton become the spiritual soul when they are assimilated to the human body. They are vitalized not spiritualized.

The book concludes with some answers to Mrs. Humphrey Ward's absurd contentions, as well as to certain fancies of equally unthinking folk who want religion without theology. "A simple act of religion," says the writer, "implies a whole system of the most scientific theology." Religion and theology can never be disjoined.

There is just a hint, in the concluding pages, of the reason why he does not follow the path he points out to others. Let us hope and pray that the illusion, for it is surely such, may soon vanish. He has done much for the cause of truth, and notably in this last work on Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

**Diplomas issued during the month of September, 1900, from the 1st to the 30th (inclusive).**

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Albany	Albany, N. Y.	Our Lady of Angels	Church
Alton	Newton, Ill.	St. Thomas'	1
Belleville	Carlyle, "	Immaculate Conception	4
Boston	Concord, Mass.	St. Bernard's	1
	Hingham "	St. Paul's	2
Brownsville.	Brownsville, Tex	Immaculate Conception	1
Buffalo	Java, N. Y.	St. Patrick's	3
Charleston	Charleston, S. C.	St. Peter's	1
Chicago	Chicago, Ill	St. Columbkille's	3
Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	Mt. St. Vincent's	Academy
	"	Notre Dame	Convent
Denver	Denver, Colo.	Sacred Heart	Church
Dubuque	Waterloo, Iowa	St. Joseph's	5
Grand Rapids	Saginaw, Mich.	St. Mary's.	2
Indianapolis	Richmond, Ind.	"	6
Manchester	Laconia, N. H.	St. Joseph's	25
New York	New York, N. Y.	Nativity	8
Ogdensburg	Antwerp, N. Y.	St. Michael	3
Peoria	Ottawa, Ill.	St. Patrick's	25
Providence.	Providence, R. I.	"	29
St. Louis.	Kirkwood, Mo.	St. Joseph's	College
"	St. Charles, "	St. Charles'	Church
"	St. Louis, "	St. John's	6
"	"	St. Joseph's	1
Savannah	Macon, Ga.	St. Stanislaus'	College
Trenton.	Camden, N. J.	Sacred Heart	Church

**Total Number of Receptions, 26.**

**Total Number of Diplomas issued, 196.**

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, September 1 to 30, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Alton	Marshall Ill.	St. Mary's	Sept. 24
Cleveland.	Cleveland, O.	St. Edward's	Sept. 19
"	Toledo, O.	St. John's	Sept. 24
Covington	Flemingsburg Ky.	St. Charles Borromeo's	Sept. 19
Monterey and Los Angeles.	Santa Inez, Cal.	"	Sept. 24
New York	New York, N. Y.	Holy Trinity	Sept. 11
*Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Joseph's	Sept. 28
*St. Louis	Toos, Mo.	St. Francis Xavier's	Sept. 29
San Francisco.	San Francisco, Cal.	Salesian Oratory	July 19
"	Milpitas, Cal.	St. John Baptist's	July 19
"	Red Bluff, Cal.	"	July 19
Sioux Falls	Armore, S. Dak.	St. George's	Sept. 4
"	Sisseton, S. Dak.	St. Peter's	Sept. 4

**Aggregations, 13; churches, 12; college, 1. \*German-speaking Centres.**

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, NOVEMBER, 1900.

## THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for Propagation of the Faith.

1	Th.	All Saints.—(Of Precept).—A.I., A.C.—H.H.	Honoring the Saints.	2,638,400 for thanksgivings.
2	F.	First Friday.—All Souls.—1st D., A.C.	Prayer for the dead.	540,383 for the afflicted.
3	S.	St. Hubert, Bp. (727).	Fortitude.	228,190 for the sick, infirm.
4	S.	22d after Pentecost.—St. Charles Borromeo, Bp.C. (1584).	Reform of life.	288,611 for dead associates.
5	M.	SS. Zachary and Elizabeth.	Fidelity to Commandments.	22,075 for Local Centres.
6	T.	St. Leonard, Hermit C. (575).	Sympathy.	189,668 for Directors.
7	W.	St. Florence, Bp.C. (793).	Meekness.	76,702 for Promoters.
8	Th.	Octave of All Saints.—Four Brothers Crowned, M.M. (304).—St. Godfrey, Bp.C.—(118).—H.H.	Constancy.	611,298 for the departed.
9	F.	Dedication of the Lateran Basilica (324).—St. Th odore, M. (304).	Respect for churches.	391,939 for perseverance.
10	S.	St. Andrew Avellino, C. (1608).	Preparation for death.	571,600 for the young.
11	S.	23d after Pentecost.—Patronage B.V.M.—St. Martin, Bp.C. (400).—Pr.	Acceptance of toil.	34,649 for 1st Communions.
12	M.	St. Martin, P.M., (655.)	Devotedness to duty.	172,648 for parents.
13	T.	St. Didacus, C. (1461)	Spirit of prayer.	955,773 for families.
14	W.	St. Stanislaus Kostka, C. (S.J., 1550).	Generosity.	334,646 for reconciliations.
15	Th.	St. Gertrude, Ab.V. (O.S.B., 1301).—H.H.	Heeding inspirations.	781,664 for work, means.
16	F.	St. Josaphat, Bp.M. (1623).—St. Edmund, Bp.C. (1246).	Devotion to Mary.	310,439 for the clergy.
17	S.	St. Gregory, Wonder-Worker, Bp.C. (270).	Spirit of Faith.	843,968 for religious.
18	S.	24th after Pentecost.—Dedication of the Basilicas of SS Peter and Paul—C.R.	Divine praise.	70,248 for seminarists, novices.
19	M.	St. Elizabeth, W. Q., (Hungary 1214).	Kindness, [consolation]	603,792 for vocations.
20	T.	St. Felix de Valois, C.F. (Trinitarians, 1212)	Sacrificing spiritual	35,083 for parishes.
21	W.	Presentation B.V.M.	Consecration to God.	245,998 for schools.
22	Th.	St. Cecelia, V.M. (230).—H. H.	Gentleness.	394,849 for superiors.
23	F.	St. Clement, I., P.M. (100).	Moral courage.	1,076,89 for missions, retreats.
24	S.	St. John of the Cross, C. (O.C., 1591).	Union with God.	394,493 for societies, works.
25	S.	25th after Pentecost.—St. Catharine, V.M. (110).	Defence of truth.	25,598,498 for conversions.
26	M.	St. Silvester, Ab.C. (1367).	Desire of perfection.	5,861,661 for sinners.
27	T.	St. James Intercisus, M. (421).	True family affection.	35,408 for intemperate.
28	W.	St. Stephen the Younger and Companions M.M. (764).	Respect for Holy Images.	1,451,946 for spiritual favors.
29	Th.	Vigil.—St S. turninus, Bp. (650).—H. H.	Diligence.	1,253,344 for temporal favors.
30	F.	St. Andrew, Ap. (62)—A.I.	Love of the Cross.	1,206,015 for special, various.

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship, (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C.R.—Communion of Reparation, H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I.—Apostolic; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	4,126,925	11. Masses heard . . . . .	336,663
2. Beads . . . . .	473,912	12. Mortifications . . . . .	197,977
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	26,304	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	1,368,237
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	12,547	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	1,051,685
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	366,882	15. Prayers . . . . .	37,067,555
6. Examen of Conscience . . . . .	405,508	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,736,833
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	666,756	17. Suffering, afflictions . . . . .	185,278
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	473,025	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	335,568
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	269,98	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	315,032
10. Masses read . . . . .	18,903	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	1,373,974
		Total.	51,024,172

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our Calendar MESSANGE, in our Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse and Lourdes.

# THE MESSENGER

OF THE

## SACRED HEART OF JESUS

VOL. XXXV.

DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 12.

WITH ST. FRANCIS XAVIER IN ROME.

*By P. J. C.*

I.

JOURNEY TO ROME. FEB. MARCH, 1538.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER was ordained priest at Venice with St. Ignatius and the other companions by Monsignor Vincenzo Nigusanti, Bishop of Arba, on the feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1537.

He said his first Mass about two months latter at Vicenza, after preparing for it with extraordinary austerities in a miserable shed at Monselice, where for forty days he lived exposed to the winds, rain and the fierce sun-glare. These austerities resulted in a serious illness and he had to be carried to the hospital for incurables at Vicenza, where he was favored with a vision of St. Jerome, to whom he had a special devotion.

The first scene of his apostolic work was Bologna, where his excessive labors, preaching daily in the churches and in the public squares, hearing confessions, catechizing the children and ignorant, visiting the sick in the hospitals and the imprisoned, brought on a second illness far more alarming than the first, and for a time it was feared that he would not recover.

Towards the end of the winter of 1537-

38, he and the other companions, engaged in apostolic work in different parts of northern Italy, were summoned by St. Ignatius to Rome. The modern traveller reaches Rome from Bologna easily and comfortably in nine or ten hours. The same journey took weeks for St. Francis and the other Fathers to accomplish, and was toilsome and painful in the extreme. The roads were bad, the rains incessant, the country flooded in many parts, the ferrymen at the rivers exacting. The Fathers had to give part of their scanty clothing or their inkstands, as payment for being taken across. Often they had no shelter for the night and were obliged to creep into some ruined building, or lie on the cold wet ground. Where they were admitted for the night into the hospitals, often the worst and foulest beds were offered them. St. Francis, worn with labors, sickness and self-severity, was hardly able to walk, yet he, the young Spanish noble, the glory of the University of Paris, might be seen toiling on barefooted, limping with fatigue and weakness, humbly begging of the country people an apple, a radish, a morsel of stale bread to appease the pangs of hunger. At length they reached Rome, about Easter of the year 1538.

## II.

THE HOUSE ON THE PINCIO. APRIL, 1538.

They entered Rome by the Flaminian Gate (*Porta del Popolo*), and finding immediately inside the entrance the church of *Sta. Maria del Popolo* (rebuilt by Baccio Pentelli for Sixtus IV. in 1448), they probably went in, as was their wont, to adore the Blessed Sacrament and return thanks for God's protection and providence throughout their painful journey.

On the left side of the Piazza del Popolo rises the Pincio (Pincian hill), which derives its name from the Pincio family, who had a magnificent palace there in former days. In a small house in a vineyard on this hill St. Ignatius, Blessed Peter Faber and Father Laynez resided at the time, not far from the church of Trinita dei Monti. (See "St. Ignatius in Rome," MESSENGER, Sept. 1899, p. 772.) The Pincio was known to the ancient Romans as the "Hill of Gardens," and many a noble palace graced its summit and slopes in the days of the empire. At present it is an attractive spot with shady avenues, terraces lined with statues, soft grassy slopes, gardens bright with color, and numerous fountains splashing in marble basins. At the time when St. Ignatius and St. Francis lived there it was bleak and unfrequented, something like the Aventine at the present day round St. Saba. The portion of the hill near Sta. Maria del Popolo, now a fashionable resort, was then in evil repute, because of the proximity of Nero's tomb, and believed by the people to be haunted by evil spirits. The church of Sta. Maria had been originally built to bless and purify the spot.

The magnificent flight of steps leading up from the Piazza di Spagna to the church of Trinita dei Monti was not yet in existence. In its place a country road wound up the hillside between vineyards and market gardens. The church of *Trinita dei Monti* had been

built in 1495, and its adjacent monastery was occupied by Minims or religious of St. Francis of Paula. The house where St. Ignatius and his companions lived was near this church, probably on the slope overlooking the Piazza di Spagna. Here they held their consultations on the plan of life they were to adopt, as their original purpose of going to Palestine was frustrated by the war between Venice and the Turks; here, with fervent prayers, tears, watchings and penitential austerities, they besought our Lord to manifest His will as to the way He would have them labor for His glory and the salvation of souls. It is most probable that St. Francis said Mass in the church of Trinita dei Monti, but St. Ignatius waited till Christmas Day, 1538, for his first Mass, said at the altar of the Holy Crib in St. Mary Major.

From the Pincian Hill St. Ignatius and St. Francis looked down on Rome, which lay spread, as it were, at their feet, with its countless churches, its noble palaces, its mediæval towers and historic monuments. Full in front was St. Peter's, then being rebuilt, and a little to the right the Castle of Sant' Angelo, with the archangel on its summit. Beyond the city wall was the mysterious Campagna stretching away into the hazy distance. The sight is impressive to every beholder; in Xavier it awoke emotions such as only the saints experience; the City of the Saints seemed lustrous in his eyes with a supernatural glory, that undying splendor which St. Leo and St. John Chrysostom speak of, imparted to it by the blood of countless martyrs.

## III.

THE HOUSE IN THE CITY. MAY TILL AUGUST, 1538.

The house on the Pincio was too small to accommodate the ten Fathers, and soon after Easter a larger one was rented in the heart of the city, the site of which is unknown, though some have hazarded the conjecture that it was in the *Rione dei Monti*.

(See "St. Ignatius in Rome," No. V., MESSENGER, Sept. 1899, p. 774.)

Their stay in this second house lasted only to the autumn of the same year.

In the May of 1538 Pope Paul III. went to Nice to meet Charles V. and Francis I., in the hope of reconciling these two inveterate rivals. In his absence Cardinal Caraffa was left as legate and gave the fullest faculties to Ignatius and his companions to preach and hear confessions. This was the favor they had longed and prayed for.

Father Simon Rodriguez,\* one of their number, speaks of their great pov-

## IV.

## CHURCH OF ST. LORENZO IN DAMASO.

Availing themselves of the faculties given them by Cardinal Caraffa, the first Fathers of the Society at once began to preach courses of sermons in the different churches of the city. The venerable church of St. Lorenzo in Damaso, so dear to St. Bridget of Sweden, was assigned to St. Francis Xavier and Blessed Peter Faber. It was feared that Xavier's health, enfeebled by sickness and austerities, would be unequal to the exertion of preaching in a large church, hearing



FLAMINIAN GATE, PORTA DEL POPOLO.

erty. Every morning they went out to say Mass and preach both in the churches and piazzas, returning home for their first meal at mid-day; but often enough they found there was not a morsel of bread in the house, and, though spent with the morning's work, they were obliged to go forth into the streets again to beg sufficient alms to sustain life.

\* *Comment de orig. et progressu Soc. Jesu*, p. 63.

confessions, catechizing, etc.; yet, miraculously strengthened, it would appear, he was surpassed by none in the ardor of his zeal and charity and in the endurance of fatigue. The prospects of their mission were at first far from encouraging. Sermons in Rome were unusual out of Lent and Advent; it seemed unlikely that the people would attend fresh courses of sermons in the Easter season, especially as the preachers were

foreigners, who spoke Italian very imperfectly, and had nothing of that grace and elegance of expression to which the Romans were accustomed. Moreover, evil tongues were soon at work trying to tarnish their reputation and to prejudice the people against them. One unworthy priest (of the Order of the Augustinians) went so far as to denounce Ignatius from the pulpit as a heretic. (See "With St. Ignatius in Rome," No. VIII., MESSENGER, Sept. 1899, p. 776.)

Yet, such was their sanctity, their meekness and their wonderful learning, that slanderous tongues were soon silenced and people flocked to the churches to hear them. Every sermon was followed by numerous confessions, and soon a great moral renewal began to manifest itself throughout the city; the sacraments were more frequented, the church services more regular and better attended, the clergy more zealous, the children more carefully instructed, the different works of mercy practised more assiduously and devotedly.

In the church of *St. Lorenzo in Damaso* may be seen a statue of St. Francis Xavier, with an inscription commemorative of his apostolic work there.

## V.

## CHURCH OF ST. LUIGI DEI FRANCESI.

This, the national church of the French in Rome, also shared in St. Francis' apostolic ministry during his stay in Rome. In a letter from Bologna, written on March 31, 1540, he says: "Here in Bologna I have more to do hearing confessions than I had lately in Rome at St. Luigi."

The church has been rebuilt since his time and is enriched with some remarkable paintings, notably two frescos by Domenichino, illustrating scenes from the life of St. Cecilia. It is a pity there is no tablet commemorating St. Francis' connection with the church.

## VI.

HOUSE NEAR THE TORRE DEL MELANGOLO,  
PIAZZA MARGANA. SEPT. 1538 TILL  
MARCH, 1540.

In the autumn of 1538 St. Ignatius and his companions went to live in a large house near the *Torre del Melangolo* (See "St. Ignatius in Rome," No. VII., MESSENGER, Sept. 1899, p. 776.)

The winter of 1538-39 was exceptionally severe, and the scarcity of food resulted in famine, disease and appalling mortality among the poor. The charity of St. Ignatius, St. Francis Xavier and the other Fathers was so heroic throughout this terrible calamity that all Rome was filled with admiration. They opened their house as a shelter for the poor and a hospital for the sick; they sought out the poor and diseased in their squalid homes; they carried them on their shoulders to the shelter prepared for them; they nursed them, clothed them and supported them with the alms they begged from door to door. St. Francis Xavier especially distinguished himself by his charity at this trying period.

Several months of the year 1539, the last of St. Francis' life in Rome, were spent in prayer, deliberation and consultation as to the future of the Society, and it was then that St. Ignatius submitted to his companions his thoughts concerning the erection of the Society into a religious order. The deliberations were brought to a successful end on June 24, 1539, the anniversary of their ordination, and it was left to Ignatius to draw up the *Formula* or *Outline of the Institute* to be presented to the Pope.

(See "With St. Ignatius in Rome," No. VII., MESSENGER, Sept. 1899.)

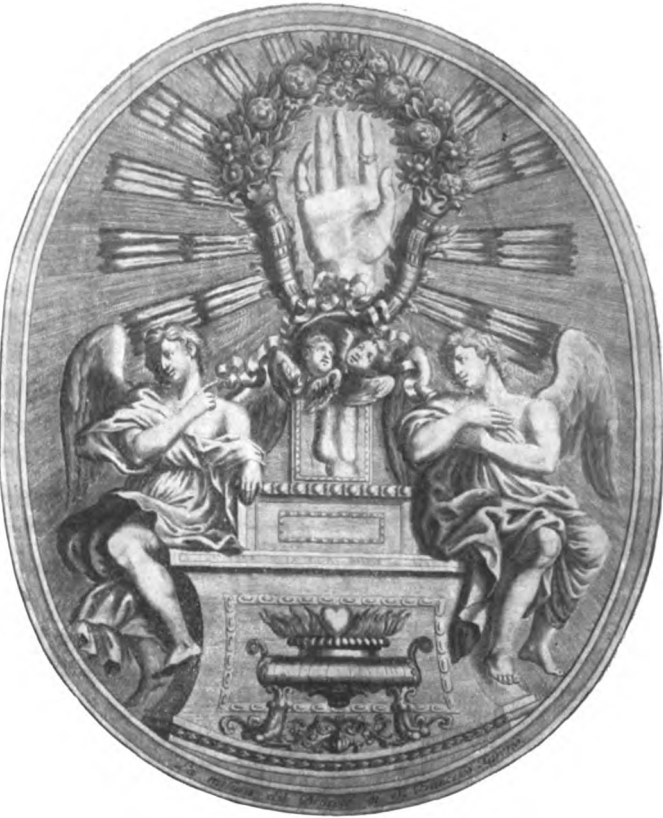
St. Ignatius then sent Fathers Laynez, Faber, Bobadilla, Bröet, Rodriguez, to different cities to preach and give missions, but kept near him in Rome St. Francis Xavier and Fathers Codurius and Le Jay. Francis, who was a ready and able writer, became the secretary of the

little company and kept up correspondence with the absent members. It is deeply to be regretted that these, his early letters, are lost.

In this house, near the Torre del Melangolo, occurred two remarkable events.

Father Simon Rodriguez, being seriously ill and confined to bed, St. Francis nursed him and watched by his bed at night. One night, oppressed with fatigue, the saint fell asleep at the foot of the bed. Father Rodriguez, who was awake, observed that he was struggling and gesticulating violently in his sleep and that the blood gushed from his mouth. On questioning Francis the next morning, the saint refused to explain what had happened, but some two years later, when leaving Lisbon for India and embracing Father Rodriguez for the last time, he revealed that the secret of his nightly struggle was the beating off of an evil phantasm occasioned in his sleep by the spirit of darkness.

On another occasion Father Rodriguez had heard him cry aloud, *Yet more, O Lord, yet more!* and had often pressed for an explanation. Only on leaving Lisbon did the saint consent to his oft-repeated request, explaining that in Rome he had beheld, whether sleeping or waking he knew not, all that he was to suffer for the glory of Jesus Christ; and that he at once conceived so great a desire for



RELIC OF THE ARM OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, AT THE GESÙ, ROME.

*From XVIII. Century print.*

sufferings that he cried out, "Yet more, O Lord, yet more!"

## VII.

DEPARTURE FROM ROME. FAREWELL TO ST. IGNATIUS. MARCH 16, 1540.

King John III. of Portugal, desirous of spreading the light of the faith in his newly acquired possessions in the Indies, applied through his ambassador in Rome to St. Ignatius for several members of his company as missionaries to the heathen. Diego Govea, formerly the superior of the College of St. Barbara in Paris, and fierce opponent of Ignatius, now the trusted adviser of John III. and devoted admirer of the saint, had suggested to the king the idea of applying to Ignatius. Mascarenhas, the ambassador, asked for six of the saint's compan-



ions. Ignatius could offer only two. The Pope was appealed to to force Ignatius to give more, but he declined to interfere.

The two Fathers selected for the apostleship of the Indies were Simon Rodriguez and Nicholas Bobadilla, but God had other designs. Father Rodriguez, being a Portuguese of noble family, was appointed, as likely to be acceptable to the king. Though he had just returned from Sienna and was suffering from fever, he embarked at once at Civita Vecchia for Portugal, taking with him Father Paul de Camerino.

It was arranged that Father Bobadilla should make the journey to Portugal by land with the ambassador, Mascarenhas, but on reaching Rome from Naples he was found to be so ill with rheumatism that further travelling was out of the question. The ambassador pressed for a substitute, as he could not wait, and it was then that Ignatius "gave to the Indian Mission his very right hand, his secretary, the man for whose conversion he had labored so industriously and so perseveringly at Paris." (Coleridge, "Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier," I. p. 57.)

St. Francis received word of his appointment on March 15, 1540, and answered at once: "Father, here I am, ready to sail!" He only allowed himself time to receive the Pope's blessing, and to have his poor habit mended, and the next day, March 16, he set out from Rome with Don Mascarenhas with no other luggage than his breviary. The touching account of his farewell to St. Ignatius and the first Fathers is given by Father Pedro Ribadeneira. They tenderly embraced each other with tears of emotion, and Ignatius' last words to Xavier on the threshold of the house near the Torre del Melangolo were, "*Ite, omnia incendite et inflamate.*" "Go, set the whole world on fire and in flame."

St. Francis both entered and left Rome by the *Porta del Popolo*.

### VIII.

ST. FRANCIS' SUFFRAGE AT THE ELECTION OF ST. IGNATIUS AS GENERAL, WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME.

Before leaving Rome St. Francis had seen the Society approved by the Holy Father (Paul III.) by word of mouth, on September 3, 1539. The formal approval was anxiously expected, but only came on September 17, 1540, six months after Xavier had left Rome. He placed a sealed paper in Father Laynez's hands, to be opened when the Society was formally approved, and the time came for electing a General and for making the solemn religious profession. It was written on the eve of his departure, and contains three declarations, which are here reproduced:

I. "I, Francis, declare that, when his Holiness grants us our mode of life, I assent to all that the Society shall ordain concerning all our Constitutions, Rules, and manner of living, those Fathers being assembled at Rome who can be conveniently called together and assembled. And since his Holiness is sending many of us to different parts out of Italy, and all cannot come together, I declare by this letter and I promise that I will consider fair and good whatever those may ordain who are able to be present at the meeting, whether there are two or three, or whoever they may be. And so I declare by this present, signed by my hand, and I promise that I will hold as binding all that they may do.

"Written at Rome in the year 1540, March 15.

" FRANCIS.

II. "I, H. S. I, Francis, also declare and affirm that, in no manner persuaded by man, I judge that he who is to be elected as the Superior of our Society, to whom we are all to owe obedience—as what seems to me just and speaking according to what my conscience dictates—that our Superior should be our old and true Father Don Ignatius, who brought us all together with so much

labor. He—not without labor also—will know best how to keep us as we are, to govern us, and to make us advance from good to better, for he thoroughly knows every one of us. And after his death, speaking according to what my soul feels right, as if I were now at the point of death, I declare that Father Master Peter Faber should be chosen. And in this respect God is my witness that I say exactly what I think. In witness of which I subscribe this with my own hand.

“Done at Rome in the year 1540, March 15.

“FRANCIS.

chosen. And from now, as from the day on which he shall be elected, I promise to observe them. In witness of which I have prepared this declaration signed with my own hand.

“Written at Rome in the year 1540, March 15.

“FRANCIS.”

#### IX.

RIGHT ARM OF THE SAINT, STILL INCORRUPT, AT THE CHURCH OF THE GESU', ROME.

St. Francis died on the island of Sancian, off the coast of China, on December 2, 1552. A letter from St. Ignatius



VIEW FROM THE PINCIO, ROME, NEAR WHERE ST. IGNATIUS AND ST. FRANCIS XAVIER LIVED A SHORT TIME.

III. “In like manner, after the Society shall have been assembled and shall have chosen a Superior, I, Francis, promise, now for then, perpetual obedience, poverty and chastity.

“And so, my dearest Father in Christ, Laynez, I beseech you for the service of our Lord God, in my absence, to offer for me this, my will, with the three vows of religion to the Superior whom you and the rest shall have

was on its way at the time recalling him to Rome, and it is conjectured that this recall had something to do with Ignatius' oft-repeated wish to resign the office of General. Cardinal Santa Croce, hearing that Ignatius had summoned Xavier to Rome, wept tears of joy, and elaborate preparations were being made in Rome to give the great Apostle of the Indies a solemn and splendid reception, when the sad news came of his death.

The saint's body is preserved at Goa, still incorrupt, in a magnificent shrine, and for sixty two years after his death retained the same color, freshness and flexibility as in life.

In 1614 Father Claudius Aquaviva, General of the Society, desirous that the Society in Europe, which had given Xavier to the Indies, should not be deprived of some portion of his glorious remains, ordered the right arm, with which Xavier had baptized half a million persons, to be severed at the elbow and conveyed to Rome. Father Francis Garzia, in his *Life of the Saint*, relates how this order was carried out. The Superior of the Society in Goa and some six other members entered secretly into the church where the shrine stood, about midnight, November 3, 1614. As they were preparing to make an incision into the flesh, which was still soft as in life, three violent shocks of earthquake occurred, which were interpreted as a sign of the saint's displeasure. Terrified beyond measure they thought of retiring, fearing to commit a sacrilege. But one of their number, bolder than the rest, humbly besought the saint, that, as he had been so obedient in life, he would now allow them to carry out Father General's order, and would gratify the Society in Europe with a portion of his remains. Thereupon the trembling Fathers again proceeded to sever the arm, and from the wound made in the flesh blood flowed in great abundance and was reverently collected in a cloth. The six members of the Society who took part in this act all died within a year.

From that time the body of the saint, while still remaining incorrupt, began gradually to lose that freshness of color, flexibility and beauty it had preserved till then, and at present it is contracted, desiccated and of a brownish color.

The sacred arm was brought to Rome by Father Sebastian Gonzalez, Rector of the Novitiate at Goa. On the voyage the vessel was chased and overtaken by

Dutch pirates. All gave themselves up as lost, and cast into the sea whatever treasures they had on board. Father Gonzalez encouraged them not to despair but to kneel in prayer and implore St. Francis' protection. He then raised the sacred relic aloft, and suddenly the enemy, who were on the point of boarding the vessel, hesitated, as though scared, and then sailed away.

The relic was received in Rome with indescribable demonstrations of joy. Monsignor Don Giovan Francesco Negroni, a saintly prelate, erected the magnificent altar of the saint in the right transept of the Church of the Gesù, as a fitting shrine for so great a treasure, and there it is still venerated at the present day with extraordinary marks of devotion. Emperors, princes, princesses, vied with each other in honoring it, covering the arm and fingers with priceless jewels, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and ornaments of gold.

## X.

### PROFANATION OF THIS RELIC AT THE SUPPRESSION OF THE SOCIETY, AUGUST, 1773.

During the sad days that immediately followed the suppression of the Society of Jesus, the Church of the Gesù was sacrilegiously plundered of its treasures, which were hastily thrust into sacks and carried off by the very men who had been chiefly instrumental in persuading Pope Clement XIV. to sign the Brief of Suppression.

The jewels that sparkled on the arm of the saint, gifts of royal personages, were not spared; the glass was violently broken, the arm torn from the relic case, the jewels and gold ornaments stripped off, and the relic itself cast on the ground, to be swept away into one of the vaults below. Great was the shock and scandal felt throughout Rome when some of the more precious of these jewels were seen on the arms and neck of an infamous person. On all sides tears were shed

and prayers offered by good Catholics to repair the horrible sacrilege. The sacred relic was rescued and carefully hid, till it could be again restored to its shrine.

The present relic case, oval in form, though rich and beautiful, has none of the splendor of the former one, and the relic itself has altered in color from a grayish hue to a deep brown.

## XI.

MIRACULOUS PORTRAIT OF THE SAINT AT  
THE GREEK COLLEGE IN THE VIA  
BABUINO.

For several centuries and until recent years the Greek College was administered by Fathers of the Society.

In the chapel is venerated a portrait of the saint said to be miraculous. The tradition (supported by the inscription at the back) is that the eyes have been seen to move on more than one occasion, being raised to heaven as if in supplication and then lowered.

*Another Remarkable Relic of the Saint.*

Hanging on the wall in front of the entrance to the Rooms of St. Ignatius at the Gesù, is the *Japanese umbrella* held over St. Francis Xavier on occasion of his solemn state-visit to Civan, the King of Boungo. (See Coleridge, "Life and Letters of St. Francis Xavier," II. p. 315.)

It is very light, being made of bark, and is richly gilt.

Though no church in Rome is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier, beautiful altars have been erected to his memory in several of the churches, and he is one of the saints to whom the people seem especially drawn. The annual "Novena of Grace" made before his altar at the Gesù from the 3d to the 12th of March is always marked by an extraordinary outburst of devotion, and countless graces, even miraculous favors, are received.

St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of the Indies, pray for us !

## A FAMOUS CONVENT OF COLORED SISTERS.

*By L. W. Reilly.*

**S**EVENTY years ago a convent of colored Sisters was established in Baltimore.

Considering the time, nearly forty years before the beginning of the Civil War that emancipated the slaves, and considering the place, within the borders of the South, wherein, at that period, the negroes were treated as human chattels, having no rights that most of their masters felt bound to respect, the founding of the community for the purpose of education is a marvel. The institution is a demonstration of the motherly love of the Catholic Church for the African people, of its confidence in their virtue when divinely called to practice the counsels of perfection, and of its zeal for their advancement in morality and wisdom.

Four religious orders of priests share the glory of having fostered this Sisterhood—the Sulpitians, the Redemptorists, the Jesuits and the Josephites—and without the aid that it received from them, it would neither have originated nor survived.

The founder was the Rev. James Hector Nicholas Joubert de la Muraille. In his youth he had been a victim of the insurrection of the blacks in San Domingo, from which island he barely escaped with his life, the only survivor of his family. He reached Baltimore in 1804, and entered St. Mary's Seminary. After finishing his studies, he was made a priest—the thirteenth student of that school of sanctity and science to be ordained—and joined the Sulpitian Society. In a spirit of Christian charity he

resolved to do all in his sacerdotal power for the regeneration of the race that had so grievously injured him.

While Father Joubert was Procurator of the seminary in 1828, he had charge of the low chapel and taught therein a Sunday-school class of colored children. Seeing how deplorably ignorant they were and how little instruction could be given them in one hour a week, he conceived the project of founding a Sisterhood of their own people for their education. But it seemed visionary. Where could be found the pious young women needed for it, who would consent to persevere in virginity and who would be satisfied with the meagre support to be derived from teaching the poorest of the poor? Nevertheless, the spiritual destitution of the little ones in his care urged him on. He consulted his friends, Fathers Tessier and Babarde. They not only encouraged him, but also gave him the address of four young women—Elizabeth Lange, Marie Rose Boegue, Marie Magdalen Balas, and Marie Theresa Duchemin—who had for long entertained the desire of consecrating themselves to God and who were teaching a small private school of their own. Father Joubert visited them and easily obtained their joyful consent to become the cornerstones of the proposed institute.

After the approval of Archbishops Marechal and Whitfield had been secured, the four postulants went to live, on June 13, 1828, in a rented house in St. Mary Court, together with eleven boarders and nine day scholars. They received provisional regulations from the founder, who next set to work to draw up constitutions and a rule for them. As soon as these were completed, they were submitted, with a letter of recommendation from Father Tessier, to the Most Rev. Archbishop. This official approbation of them was signed on June 5, 1829:

“Rev. M. Joubert: Having read attentively the foregoing rules, formed for the Oblates of Providence, I give my

entire approbation as to their being adopted by that religious society, and at the same time highly approve of so useful an institution which promises to be very beneficial to religion and to the community at large.

“✠ JAMES, Arch. of Balt.”

The four novices made their vows on June 2, 1829, at an altar erected in their schoolroom, during a Mass celebrated by Father Joubert.

So many pupils flocked to the Sisters that they soon had to find more accommodations, and they rented a dwelling on George Street near Pennsylvania avenue.

A memorable visit was paid to the school on October 21, 1829, when the Archbishop of Baltimore, accompanied by the Bishops of Bardstown, Boston and St. Louis, with Fathers Messero, Bruté, Jean Jean, and Blanc, called to see the Sisters and to inspect their classes. After going through the humble institution the prelates expressed their gratification at its work. Then Father Joubert requested the Archbishop to bless the community. His Grace declined on the ground that, as the convent belonged to his diocese, he begged God's favor on its inmates every day, “but,” added he, “here is Mgr. Flaget, the oldest Bishop in the United States; let him bless these humble servants of Jesus Christ.” Thus called upon, Bishop Flaget addressed a short exhortation to the Sisters and then, with his hand uplifted to begin the benediction, he uttered this prediction: “You are now only four. In two years' time you shall be twelve. In the name of the Father,” etc.

The great Bishop of Charleston, Dr. John England, called at the convent a few days later, with Father Joubert, who made this memorandum of the visit:

“November 3 the Bishop of Charleston called to see me and expressed a wish to see the Sisters, as he could not call with the other Bishops, and hearing from them the pleasing report of their Lordships, who were delighted with the

work, he could not leave the city without paying a visit. He spent nearly an hour reading the Rule and Constitutions, which he said were very wise; that he heartily approved of the institution, which would be the means of great good, and he intended to establish a similar one in his diocese; that it was right the Archbishop had given the example. He visited the house and schoolroom, asked the children some questions, and examined their work. The Sisters were overjoyed with his goodness and the politeness he showed them. After a few

true on October 19, 1831. On that day the number of the Sisters became twelve. It was a red-letter occasion in the annals of the Sisterhood.

The Holy See approved the Institute by a rescript dated October 2, 1831. The glad tidings did not reach Baltimore until April of the following year. Then the news was welcomed by the founder and the Sisters with heartfelt joy. The Archbishop, who had been asked by Father Joubert for permission to have the Blessed Sacrament permanently in the Oblates' chapel, answered:



THE CONVENT, BALTIMORE.

words of edification and encouragement, he gave them his blessing. He expressed his great pleasure at all he had seen, when he was about to take leave."

The house on George Street was occupied only a few months. When it was about to be given up, Dr. Chatard, father of the present Bishop of Indianapolis, offered Father Joubert a dwelling on Richmond Street. An agreement was reached and the Sisters moved on December 21st to their new domicile.

The prophecy of Bishop Flagnet came

"They are now recognized by the Holy See. I cannot refuse this favor. They are now entire religious. There will be nothing more to be said. I permitted their establishment, but to-day behold them confirmed and approved by the Pope. It is no trifling matter. May these good women, whom I esteem greatly, continue to make themselves more and more worthy of the graces of God!"

Father Joubert's health commenced to fail in the year 1838. He endured much

suffering. But, to the last, his constant care was for the Sisterhood that he had founded. When he was too ill to attend the convent, he sent Fathers Deluol, Hickey, Verot, Fredet and others, at different times, to say Mass for the Sisters and to direct them and their pupils. After five years of increasing pains, he died in peace on November 5, 1843.

The Rev. M. Deluol, Superior of St. Mary's Seminary, took a paternal interest in the welfare of the Oblate community in its bereavement, and assured the Sisters that he would do all he could to continue the good work.

But a storm was gathering that threatened the very existence of the Institute. Archbishop Eccleston was not well-disposed to it. Several other clergymen who had formerly viewed the formation of the society with approval, now entertained doubts of its utility. Some even expressed the opinion that "good servants were needed," hinting at the dissolution of the community. The death of the founder they thought available as an opportunity to destroy his work. If no one else would take it up, it must perish.

The Sulpitians did not care to keep the responsibility of the Sisterhood in view of the disfavor with the diocesan authorities into which it had fallen. They accordingly withdrew from its direction.

Then were the Oblates apparently deserted by God and man. Without episcopal good-will, without the countenance of most of the pastors of the city, without the ministrations of a chaplain, the Sisters could only suffer in silence and await the end.

The abandonment of the Institute moved Sister Theresa, one of the foundresses who had also been a Mother Superior, to depart to Michigan, in order, as she said, to be free to serve the Lord as a true and accepted religious, and at Monroe, under the direction of the Redemptorist, Father Louis Gillett, who some years later became a Trappist, she founded the Congregation of the Sisters

of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, commonly called the Blue Sisters, from the color of their habit. Sister Ann Constance followed her to the West and joined the new community. Sister Stanislaus also left, but, being unable to enter the new society, she returned to the world.

Then the Oblates' school declined. So few pupils came to it that it no longer provided the commonest necessities of life for the Sisters. In their distress they turned to needlework, and by their fine sewing they were enabled to earn bread for themselves and to keep a shelter over their heads.

In the desolation and grief of the colored Sisters, Providence sent them a friend who courageously led them out of the land of darkness. The saintly Father Neumann, who was then the Provincial of the Redemptorists, heard of their forlorn condition and had compassion upon them. He permitted Fathers Chackert and Smulders to preach for them a Retreat in the fall of 1845, a consolation of which they had been deprived for three years. They had to go out to church on Sundays, but Father Chackert prepared for them a series of devotions to keep aflame their fervor. They had Mass only once a month for the renewal of the Sacred Species, or whenever a stranger priest in town had the charity to offer up the Holy Sacrifice for them.

Father Neumann himself undertook to hear the confessions of the Sisters in 1846 and inspired them with courage to persevere in their vocation.

At last the clouds over the despondent community broke and let in the sunshine of peace. In October, 1847, the Rev. Thaddeus Anwander, C. SS. R., went, with the approval of his Superior, to the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston and begged to be appointed Director of the Sisters. He was not well received. "What's the use?" replied the Archbishop, who had been prejudiced against the society. But the young Redemp-

torist went down on his knees and said humbly :

“Most Reverend Father, only give me your blessing, with your permission, on trial.”

The humility of the priest touched the Archbishop, and his plea for merely a trial could not well be refused. Before he left the house, he had official authority to attend the Oblates. He began his ministrations that very day by communicating the good news to the Sisters. He was welcomed by them as a guardian sent to them from on high to put an end to the storm that had beat on them for so long and had almost crushed them to the earth.

A few days later, Sister Catherine was seized with a sudden and fatal illness. Prostrate on her deathbed, she exclaimed :

“God bless this dear sainted Father. His name is Wonder. May he do wonders for the poor Oblates !”

Then, after receiving the Last Sacraments, she sank into an unconsciousness that terminated only in death.

But her words remained to cheer the community. And her wish was fulfilled—Father Anwander wrought a transformation in the circumstances of the convent. When he took charge there were only 11 Sisters, 6 boarders and 12 day pupils. When he was called away by duty, the community had 22 professed members, 60 boarders, 100 day scholars, and a school for boys that numbered from 50 to 60 students. The Archbishop had become friendly. The clergy of the city had renewed their trust in the Oblates. The reputation of the institution had risen. Three additions had been made to its buildings. And, supplementing its prosperity, the Catholic colored inhabitants of Baltimore had been formed into a congregation by themselves, with a church of their own on Calvert Street.

Father Anwander spent himself guiding the Sisters in the path of perfection, instructing their pupils, preparing First

Communion classes, visiting the parents, fostering pious organizations, and in every other way open to him, acting as a good shepherd. As a benefactor he ranks next to the founder in the reverence and gratitude of the Oblates.

At the summons of obedience Father Anwander resigned the Directorship of the community in May, 1855, to go to New Orleans, and when he visited the convent to say good-bye, the grief of the Sisters was pitiful to see. They cried openly, like children about to be bereft of an only parent. They were to be orphaned again ! Was the old tempest to return upon them and once more obscure their hopes? Had they not been faithful to their high calling? Why should they not find mercy? Father Anwander comforted them and bade them have confidence in Divine Providence, to which they were dedicated. They had given satisfaction, as the friendliness of the Archbishop proved. But it is the custom of the Redemptorist Order to change its members about, so as to make them efficient in many ways, and it was his turn to be assigned elsewhere. God, who had called him away, would take care of them. Consoled and resigned, the Sisters returned to their employments, fortified in docility by the example set them by their confessor.

The Rev. Bernard Hofkenschild, the Provincial at that period, was a friend to the Oblates. He often said Mass at their chapel. He exhorted them to persevere in their vows and labors. He gave them Father Poirier as their next chaplain. On the death of that good priest two years later, Father Vogien was appointed their director, and after him came Father Kraus.

When Father De Dycker was Provincial, however, he concluded, in 1860, to give up the direction of the Oblates. As soon as this resolution was made known to Archbishop Kenrick, who at that time ruled the See of Baltimore, he requested the Jesuits, whose college is not far from the convent, to take up the care of the



Sisterhood as well as the pastoral charge of the negro parish. They accepted the mission. The Rev. P. L. Miller was assigned to the work.

The mantle of Joubert, the Sulpitian, and Anwander, the Redemptorist, fell on worthy shoulders when it descended on Miller, the Jesuit. In the traditions of the Sisterhood, the names of the three priests are writ, not in perishable gold, but in everlasting love and veneration. They are held in a remembrance that shall be transmitted down to the very last novice who will ever join the institute.

The new director put his whole soul into his ministry. His every thought was for his humble flock. Their welfare was his happiness. The Sisters, the children, the people were his constant solicitude. To the convent he went every day. For the improvement of the school, which now changed its name to St. Frances' Academy, he would undergo any fatigue. He exercised the pupils in composition, he examined them, he instructed them in their religion, he helped them to prepare for their closing exercises, and he took other Jesuits to see them and to aid them. He encouraged the sisters to add an orphanage to their other operations and he blessed it when it opened in 1866. He had the institution incorporated in 1867, the Act being obtained from the Maryland Legislature through the agency of Father Anwander, who was then stationed in Annapolis. When the Jesuits relinquished to the Josephite Fathers the charge of the colored congregation, in December, 1872, he gave still more time to the Sisterhood, saying Mass every morning in the chapel, preaching frequently, and devoting himself to the administration of the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist.

Father Miller's health began to decline in 1874. In July he took a sea voyage and paid a visit to Holland, his native land. During his absence, Father Sourin took his place as chaplain. He returned in October and received an ova-

tion from the Sisters and the children. He had been benefited by this vacation, but the improvement did not last. By June, 1877, he could hardly walk to the convent. He grew worse rapidly after that month, and, with one of his last thoughts a blessing for the Oblates, he calmly expired on September 26, 1877.

The Josephite Fathers were appointed in January, 1877, to direct the community. They have continued in that charge to the present day.

During Father Leeson's administration the mortgage on the Sisters' property was reduced from \$13,000 to \$900, through their exertions to pay it off by means of fairs, entertainments, etc. He spared no pains to complete the unfinished building. Every spiritual and material interest of the community had his care. The memory of his services is cherished as a precious obligation of gratitude.

The first colony of Oblates was sent to St. Peter Claver's parish in Philadelphia, where a parochial school and an academy were opened. The next mission was undertaken in New Orleans, in the Annunciation parish, where two schools and, later, an orphan asylum were established. But these institutions were later turned over to other workers and the Oblate Sisters were recalled. They now have branches in St. Louis, where they were introduced in 1881 by the Jesuit Father Pankin and where they conduct a parochial school, an academy, and an orphanage; in Leavenworth, Kansas, where they manage an orphan asylum; and in Washington, D. C., where they have St. Ann's Academy and where they teach a school for St. Cyprian's parish.

The golden jubilee of the Sisterhood was celebrated on July 2, 1879. The house was thronged with friends of the Sisters, including many former pupils assembled from far and near. Sister Mary (Elizabeth Lange), one of the original band of four, survived to receive the congratulations that poured in all



day long. Father Anwander came from New York to sing the Solemn High Mass. Father Denny, S.J., preached the sermon. A number of other priests were present. The pupils of the academy gave an entertainment in the afternoon. Archbishop Gibbons and a score of other clergymen were there. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded the feast.

Among the treasures of the convent is a well-authenticated relic of the true cross. It was given to the Sisters by Bishop Bruté.

The Sisterhood now numbers seventy-five members, all devoted to its work of the Christian training of colored children.

The Oblates are truly children of

divine Providence. They had a beginning without human planning, as such, in the association and school of the four young women who became the first members. They started and increased practically without resources. When the immediate authorities in the Church forsook them, Heaven in unexpected ways raised up advocates for them and sustained them through that fearful time of trial. With God's grace, they have achieved a notable work for their race, for themselves, and for the pupils whom they have educated in virtue and knowledge, in useful handicrafts and graceful accomplishments. They are an honor to their religion, to their people, and to their sex.

## A PRAYER.

*By Agnes E. Sullivan.*

S O oft I've laid it at thy feet ;  
 Hast wearied, Mother, of its tone ?  
 Now joyous note, now faintest moan,  
 The years, five past, have quickly flown.  
 And ever, Mother, thou hast grown  
 More precious and more sweet.

One bade me pray as I do now,  
 His voice was ever soft and mild.  
 "She is your Mother, you her child,  
 Mary, the pure, the undefiled."  
 And by some unseen power beguiled,  
 The sadness left my brow.

To-day I kneel and pray the same ;  
 The weary pain has left my breast—  
 And though my soul is unoppressed  
 By grief since then, it brings me rest ;  
 My lips must form the same request  
 And whisper low thy name.

## WILL FRANCE TURN PROTESTANT?

By the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

SOME years ago there was an attempt in Belgium to teach school children what was called *la morale indépendante*, i.e., morality without religion. In the *Independent* of Oct. 4, 1900, a broader independent ethics is inculcated. That publication reports without condemnation certain methods adopted by "various Protestant provincial synods," to meet the emergency that confronts them of providing for "the thousands of French priests who are said to be ready to renounce Romanism for the Evangelical and Protestant religion." These priests are willing to make the step, but are only kept back by hunger. The *Chrétien Français*, which is edited by an ex-priest named Bourrier, is of the opinion that "French Protestants have no more important work to do than to give that army of priests who are tired of Rome an opportunity to earn their bread." Evidently the synods are appalled by the enormous requisition that would be made on their breadstuffs, and they very cautiously and very properly profess to be in doubt about the motive that actuates these proselytes, and so have decided to go slowly. The doubters, they say, "are to be encouraged to remain in the Roman communion as long as their conscience permits, and there to study the Scriptures and Protestant theology, until arrangements can be made." This is strange morality. Catholic priests studying Protestant theology or even Scriptures with a view to understanding the significance of the proposed step, while arrangements are being made by the laity to provide for them, are nothing but full-fledged apostates already. To advise them to remain in communion with the Church of Rome as long as what is called their conscience permits, is counselling a mode of action which may be good Protestant theology and indepen-

dent ethics, but can find no warrant in Scripture or common honesty. They are plainly, openly and officially instructed by the united synods to lie, to be hypocrites, to preach Catholic doctrine which they do not believe, to enjoy the emoluments of their office, to live in the midst of the alleged corruption which they are preparing to denounce, to administer the sacraments and to keep their polluted hands on the altar offering the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ, while their false friends outside are hustling around to find them an "honorable" job. What else is this but advising the officer of a garrison who is in communication with the enemy, to remain at his post until the opportune moment arrives to complete his treachery, and thus escape with a safe skin to where financial compensation and dishonor await him? Is this the Christianity of the *Chrétien Français*, and are the Evangelical Protestant synods of France so bereft of common decency that they can solemnly prescribe such a procedure?

If such is their standard of honesty we know how to discount the figures they give us of the thousands of priests who are ready to apostatize but who are held back because they could not get bread to eat. A good priest does not look for bread to eat, but dies, if need be, doing his duty. He has other bread that these Protestant synods wot not of. However, we are spared the trouble of computing. The facts are that nineteen priests apostatized. M. Merle d'Aubigné, who is now in America in the interests of this movement, said the other night at the Collegiate Church, New York city, that there were eighty. That is bad enough, indeed, but it is an extremely small fraction of the vast clergy of France who, thirty years ago, numbered 40,000 secular priests. Perhaps there were 10,000

more in religious orders ; 60,000 perhaps would probably fall short of the total now. Eighty out of that army is not many to have ambushed. In any case it is a far cry from the figurative thousands furnished by the *Chrétien Français* and the *Independent*. There is a dullness of the moral sense in such methods and in such reports that is deplorable but not surprising.

What is the meaning of this sudden outburst of zeal for the *conversion* of French Catholics? It is simply a part of the hue and cry of "Away from Rome," that was started elsewhere and that so miserably failed of its purpose. As regards France in particular, it is a frantic effort at self-preservation. Protestantism in that country is doomed and is already in the throes of death, and this assault upon Catholics is the effort of a drowning man, who will strangle his rescuer to save himself.

The fact is that at the present rate of decline there will not be a shred of Protestantism left in France in another decade. One century ago they numbered 2,000,000. Normally they should have increased to 3,000,000. To-day, according to the *Agenda Protestant* they do not amount to 650,000; M. Merle d'Aubigné claims only 500,000.

What is the reason of this alarming falling off? The reason is not hard to find. It is sad, it is humiliating, it is shameful, but the Protestant synods themselves admit it. It is the result of reducing to practice the doctrine of the Anglican minister Malthus, and of the Protestant philosopher, John Stuart Mill, who dared to say, that "we cannot hope for any progress in morality until we consider large families with the same contempt with which we regard drunkenness or any other corporal excess." The *Huguenot du Sud-Ouest* of August 15, 1897, under the heading "*The Country's Peril*," says: "We can foresee the day when our old rural churches which have so valiantly withstood persecution will be nothing but memories. Protestantism

will be found only in the cities or in the missions. It is distressing to note our numerical decay, but—let us speak plainly—we are demoralized and *depraved*, like those around us, and the people whose morality, austerity, simplicity and purity of life once distinguished them have disappeared, and only shortsighted egotists and cold and immoral calculators are gathered under our standard." "Every year," says another Protestant preacher, "we lose in that way the whole population of a church, an entire congregation is regularly wiped out." See the Acts of the Synod of Bordeaux, 1899.

"I cannot be silent," said M. Bruguière at the Synod of Toulouse. "What is happening here is the story of the whole country. In the presence of such figures I thought the Protestant conscience would be stirred, but even in the most religious centres, they will not hear of a family of four or five children. It brings tears of shame to my eyes."

Protestantism in France is thus dying rapidly if, in fact, it is not already dead, and this evangelizing spasm is nothing else than the effects of consternation at the unexpected condition of things as revealed in the statistics. This has prompted the undertaking of a united and organized effort for the *conversion* of French Catholics ; it is simply recruiting the depleted battalions by methods long since disused even in the army, of giving the shilling and impressing the victim. The means employed are identical with those in vogue in the United States ; viz.: the capture and the perversion of the miserable children of the poor and the exploiting of suspended and bad priests, both being made to rise to the bait of bread. This project, on which their very life as a sect depends, has been the burden of discussion at all their synods for years past, but the plan of campaign is now being actively carried out. Possibly also, a new energy is given to their efforts because these very discussions have revealed an element of disin-

tegration which is much more alarming than that of even rapid numerical decrease.

Protestants in France are divided into two irreconcilable camps, the orthodox and the liberal; and there is besides a small centre party which, however, is nearly always captured by the popular and aggressive liberal party, which is the party of young men.

What the orthodox think of the liberals may be understood from the words of one of the greatest of French Protestants of this century. He is the elder Puaux, and is known commonly as the "Old Huguenot of the Cevennes." As long ago as 1873, he wrote thus in the *Revue Chrétienne*: "You tell me we are of the same family; that there is really no qualifying difference; our methods are the same, and that I only deny a little less than you.

"To that I answer: Our fathers, if you reached out your hand to them, would repulse you. 'You Protestants!' they would say. 'You have neither our Bible, nor our Christ, nor our God, nor our cult. Between you and us there is nothing in common. Your father is doubt; your mother infidelity.

"'You have no Bible. It is melted and dissolved in the crucible of your criticism. Attila, battering with his hammer the monuments of Rome, disfigured the Eternal City less than you disfigure the Bible with your scribe's knife after the fashion of Jehoiakim. Revere the Bible! you revere it as the Jews revered Christ, when they prostrated themselves before him, saying: Hail, King of the Jews, and then slapped Him in the face.

"'You have no Christ. You had one, but he has no resemblance with ours. Ours was born in Bethlehem of a Virgin; yours is the son of a man and a woman, and born I know not where. Ours wrought miracles; yours thought he did. Ours is living; yours is dead. Amazing contradiction! You cannot acquit your Christ of fraud, except by making him a monomaniac, and of this

monomaniac you make the great teacher of your church of the future.

"'You have no longer any God. You are, by your excesses, on the down slopes of pantheism. Deism is mental cowardice, and if you have any reason left, you must either retrace your steps to Calvary or go down with your 'Our Father' into the depths of the atheism of Renan."

"'You have no worship. God hears not your prayers, and I bid you renounce your office of pastors, unless you wish to give up your honor and be of the school of the Savoyard vicar who said his Mass though he didn't believe in it."

Then turning to his own party he said: "Be ye judges between us and the radicals. They offer you a religion without Bible, without Christ, without cult. Do you want it? If you do, then repudiate the men of the Reformation; turn away from your martyrs, and fling your Bible and your liturgy into the fire. Give your sons to these radical Protestants and they will make them unbelievers; give them your daughters and they will make them free-thinkers like themselves."

This section of French Protestantism takes no active or willing part in the corruption of the faith of French Catholics. Exteriorly, indeed, they appear to be, to some extent, in league with their brethren, but at heart they are averse to the whole movement. The entire scheme was organized in the Synod of Lyons in spite of their protest, and even of their tears, and only the failure of the Centre to stand by them, swept them off their feet and gave the victory to the liberals. Many of them in fact, like M. Goût, are still pleading for a united effort of all Christian churches against atheism, the common enemy. Others again are loud in their denunciations of their liberal brethren, whom they stigmatize as atheists and freemasons, and unworthy to bear the name of Protestant.

Thus, on the 15th of June, 1900, M. Lenté writes to the editor of the *Appel*, the orthodox sheet of Paris:

"Sir: I have read without surprise the somewhat troubled articles which you have published about the work of the Lyons Conference. You appear to expect a schism and you regret it.

"For my part I believe that the separation in question is fatal, but that it is desirable and should take place immediately.

"Liberalism is the dissolving agent, above all else, which will destroy Protestantism in France, because it is the negation, under a mask, if I may so express myself, of religious dogma.

"Orthodox Protestants ought to cut loose absolutely from the Liberals.

"The reason of that is two-fold. The first is a religious one, which is, without doubt, the most important; namely, to preserve the religious teaching which has come down to us from our fathers.

"The second is a social one; it is to show our fellow-countrymen that we have no part with those men who call themselves Protestants, but who, in reality, are open adherents of freemasonry.

"We must not shut our eyes to the fact that there is in France, at the present moment, a formidable movement against *Protestantism*. Why? Because people see liberal Protestants frequently making common cause with the calumniators of the Christian spirit, viz., the freemasons and Jews, and marching side by side with them in an assault on Catholicism, which is, in the eyes of the masses, pre-eminently the embodiment of the Christian spirit. In this dirty work what has especially suffered is the spirit of religion.

"Hence, I believe that it is essential for us to put an end to this union if we do not want Christian Protestants to be confounded with aggressive free-thinkers, and I am of the opinion there is but one way out of it, and that is a schism clear and clean from the liberal party.

"At bottom it means excommunication. It cannot be helped. Every association must be based on the principle of authority, as every religious idea, to be fruitful, must be realized in association.

It is because it has lost sight of this principle that Protestantism has at times lapsed into impotency."

Pressure was evidently brought to bear on the bold writer to withdraw or modify his scathing indictment. But, on the 15th of July of this year, he returns to the charge.

"We are urged to retract what we have said out of respect for our liberal brethren. It is precisely out of respect for them that we reject their declaration as an equivocation, unworthy of them and of ourselves, and as an outrage upon the loyalty of our ancestors.

"We are urged to do so for the sake of peace. It is in the name of peace that we reject this immoral and ephemeral confusion of contradictory principles.

"We are urged for the sake of France, which we are to evangelize. It is to evangelize France that we wish to keep in our churches the teachings of the Evangelists; the Gospel which, according to us, does not change with countries or the generations of men, and which should not be a name which each one gives to his personal interpretations."

Such is the attitude of the really religious portion of the Protestant church in France. Nor should we be led to think that these fierce denunciations are merely the outcome of party rancor, and do not give a correct picture of the antichristian character of the larger part of the Protestant body in France.

The most conspicuous minister in France, at the present moment, is M. Wilfred Monod, the young pastor of Rouen. He is the man of action of the party, as M. Sabatier is its theologian. Monod's ardent and thrilling eloquence exercises an irresistible charm, especially on the younger portion of his followers. He is called the prophet, the apostle, the *messianist* of the new era; the one in whom it is rather blasphemously said "the Word is incarnate." He is a humanitarian, animated by a sincere desire to promote the material welfare of the peo-

ple, and the establishment for social works, which he has founded at Rouen, is a model for similar houses in Lille, Roubaix, Levallois-Perret and Paris.

The trouble with M. Monod is, however, that, unlike his simple minded ancestors, he does not believe in a paradise beyond the tomb. His dream is that religious socialism is going to produce a material heaven on earth and that to expect any other is a delusion. Hence, the descriptive name of *messianist*, which is given him. His project is to have the Messiah reign on earth by the material millennium. The new evangel is going to achieve that. He does not conceal his purpose. In a discourse pronounced last December, he put the question boldly: "Will the twentieth century be Christian?" and, without qualification, he answers: "No. If the word Christian signifies Catholic or Protestant: No! Catholicism is dead; Protestantism is finished because it has compromised Christianity by preaching salvation through faith. It has insisted too much on the difference between this life and the life to come; the evangelical churches have preached that the world is a vale of tears and that the best thing to do in this life is to prepare for the next. Just like the Catholics, we have dug a ditch and left no bridge between the sacred and profane. And the people shake their head and turn away muttering: They are all the same."

Christian socialism! Such is the campaign cry of the Protestants of France. It is the Reform of the Reformation, a crusade against the wormeaten orthodoxies that are impeding the growth of the kingdom. "Another hour has struck on the clock of the kingdom of God," says M. Fallot, "and to the period of individualist Christianity, social Christianity succeeds. It is big with labors and strife, and perhaps with benedictions." With labors and strife: Yes. That period has already begun. With benedictions: No. "M. Monod," says Koenig,

"is striking with his axe at the roots of the old oak which shelters us yet. I fear that his strength is not great enough to prevent danger in its fall. I fear, especially, that he has not material enough to build us a shed when the tree lies prostrate on the ground."

"You are raising the red flag of socialism," says M. Roth.

"You are destroying Calvinism," says M. Meyer in *Le Christianisme*. "You do this at the very moment that people seem to be turning towards Protestantism, and we beg of you, out of fidelity to the Gospel, out of pity for our forefathers, and for our own interests which are imperilled not to destroy the Protestantism of our country."—(*Le Christianisme au XIX siècle*, 20 Ap. 1900.)

M. Monod laughed at all these appeals. On the first of July, 1900, in a conference in Paris, the very citadel of orthodoxy, he prophesied the funeral rites of Protestantism. Here are his words: "Every institution which has a fixed form, whose essential object is to prepare souls for heaven, and which does not believe in the triumph of the Messiah on earth, all such institutions are forever done for. Pharisaic and Apocalyptic Judaism has exploded (a sauté), Catholicism has exploded, and traditional Christianity, if it puts itself in opposition to Messianism and stands in with the social and economic iniquities of the day, and has lost faith in the integral renovation of the whole earth, traditional Christianity, I repeat it, will leap into the air like the rest." In other words, it is all over with Protestantism, which, in Monod's mind, is traditional Christianity, unless it preach to the people a happiness which has no relation to what the Bible teaches about the reward awaiting us beyond the tomb. If that is so, says M. Roberty, in *La Vie Nouvelle*, July 14, 1900, p. 220: "Can I continue my ministry? My attitude is condemned by the authority of my Church. Am I, if I accept what it tells

me, really a Christian? And my conscience replies: No, you are not. You are not worthy to remain a pastor."

After such a declaration of principles it is not surprising that the Protestants of France should invite every one, even the most rabid atheists, to join with them in a crusade against Catholicism, which is the only religious body that stands and must forever stand against such unchristian teachings. Eugène Réveillaud, the general agent of the Tract Society, who is so well known for his rabid conferences, formulates the invitation in the *Bonne Guerre*, after his defeat as the Protestant candidate at the recent elections. He has distributed his document in pamphlet form all over France, and here is his programme:—Anything and everything, no matter how iniquitous, to destroy what faith there is in the world beyond. As Catholics are the only ones who are found to cherish that belief there must be a united movement to destroy them. 'This is what is meant by the Evangelization of France. Listen to this tract-distributor's own words:

"For this unification of forces we do not ask of free-thinkers, among whom we rank ourselves, (*dont nous sommes*) to commit an act of hypocrisy, or to subscribe to beliefs which they do not possess, or to accept dogmas which their understanding rejects. What we do demand is, and we demand it of Positivists as well as Deists, we demand it of Christians who are more or less convinced of the truth of what they believe, and we demand it of all citizens who love their country, namely, to bring whatever faith or religious sentiment they possess under a banner which is not, and never will be, that of Catholicism, which is ever fighting against the republic, against progress, against liberty, and against itself. If you admit another life or a better world; if you believe in an eternal, just, powerful, and good God; if you feel the need of adoring and of invoking Him: come to temples which are severe in their simplicity, without idols and with-

out ridiculous pictures. If even this simple cult appears superfluous to you, if mute adoration suffices, or even if you believe you can do without adoration and without prayers, well and good; take the name of Protestant in order to indicate that you really protest against Clericalism, against its spirit, and against its works; that you reject the priest; that you propose to live, to die, to direct your family, to educate your children without him; that your separation from him is complete; that there is nothing common between you and him, not even the name of Catholic, which is inscribed on the tables of statistics. Finally, if you are not Protestants by conviction and by Christian faith, be so by the inspiration of enlightened politics."

Can there be a more unholy alliance than that? Is it not God in union with Belial. Let us bear in mind that this is not the wild cry of a frenzied fanatic. M. Réveillaud is not so considered in France. His official position precludes any such supposition. Nor is it an appeal that no one will heed. It is heeded. It is a part of a scheme whose details have been all prearranged in concert with the worst enemies of Christianity. The notorious atheist and enemy of God, M. Yves Guyot, announced it a year ago in the *Siècle*. His proposition took people's breath away at first, and after awhile they looked at it as a mere advertising trick for the circulation of his paper. But no! the Protestant papers are publishing his programme all over the land, and here it is. Listen to it.

"Protestantism," says M. Yves Guyot, "is not a narrow creed in which every one is obliged to pass. It invests itself with every form and adapts itself to every mind. To those who ask, What are you going to put in the place of Catholicism? the answer is ready: Protestantism. In destroying the actual organization of Catholicism, and in building up against it a power of religious competition, we ought to proclaim clearly and without possibility of mistake that it is to the



advantage of Protestantism, and that it is on Protestantism that we count, to separate France from Catholicity. If the system of the separation of the churches and of the State has frightened so many people in France, it is because the question had not been proposed to them except as between Catholicity and free thought. Why should not we, free-thinkers, be the first to express in a different fashion the formula of Mirabeau, 'We must de-Christianize France,' by that other one: We must de-Catholicize France?"

It is not surprising after such amazing fraternization of Protestants with atheists that the eminent minister, M. Bonnefon, should write in the *Action Française*, June 1, 1900, that "Protestantism is a lobby that leads from affirmation to negation; from the Catholic religion to irreligion; from Golgotha, which dominates the world, to the abysmal depths of a philosophy in which every conceivable system lies buried. *To make France Protestant is to make it atheist.* Half of the pastors do not believe in God; the other half do not believe in the Trinity of God, the triple column on which our faith is built."

M. Merle d'Aubigné has come to America in the interests of this movement. He is occupying the pulpits of the various Presbyterian churches of this city. Will he, in the face of those cries

of his own coreligionists in France, dare to continue the fight, and still call himself a Christian minister? Will the Protestant churches of this country countenance and further his efforts by their sympathy and their contributions? Will they range themselves under the banners of infidelity? Will they announce themselves openly as enemies of Jesus Christ? If they do, we know where we are.

Let them remember what Paul Bourget, who knows his countrymen, and whose authority has some weight here, says of this movement. His words are to be found in the *Action Française*, May 15, 1900:

"Instances of Frenchmen, born Catholic and becoming Protestant, are so extremely rare that socially they can be considered as negligible quantities. We can safely say that for the last hundred years, when a Frenchman ceased to be a Catholic he ceased to be a Christian. Be assured that those who talk of Protestantizing our country do not understand, as well as you and I, the law of our national mentality; and if they employ that formula '*Conversion of France*,' it is only through motives of caution, and not to proclaim too brutally their purpose of *dechristianizing* the nation."

As we have seen already, M. Yves Guyot has no such scruple and does not balk at making the brutal proclamation.

# HISTORY OF THE MISSION IN BRITISH GUIANA.

By C. W. Barraud, S.J.

(Concluded.)

**A**LONG the coast east of Georgetown there are several large villages.

Victoria, with a fine church and a graceful Italian campanile, has been served for many years past by Father Baroni, of the Venetian Province. He also has charge of the male and female leper asylums, which he attends with great devotedness.

Leprosy is very common here and, sad to say, increasing, no effective measures being taken by the government to exterminate it. This apathy is no doubt the result of the unfortunate disagreement among the medical faculty as to the contagiousness of the disease. Suggestions have often been made for the establishment of a common leper asylum for all the British dependencies in the West Indies; but so far nothing has been done. There is no enforced segregation, and consequently the towns and villages are full of lepers, and the lower classes do not seem in the least afraid of contracting the hideous malady, which they know under the name of "bad blood."

Buxton, now under Father Smith, is a new and flourishing mission with a pretty church. Plaisance, the nearest to town, is a much older one. Here Father Casati, of the Venetian Province, has labored for a quarter of a century. He had at one time a large boys' orphanage, but his district is a large one,

and the Bishop, seeing that the work was too heavy for him, closed the orphanage. Boys can now be sent to Moruca instead.

Ponderoyen, on the west bank of the river, is served by Father Sidgreaves. It is an old mission and has a good, serviceable church with a large district attached and several outlying stations.

The Essequibo coast, west of that river, is many miles in extent, and has two churches at present under the charge of Father S Gillet.

The Indian Mission at Moruca, N. W., has an interesting history of its own. A tribe of Spanish Arrawacks in 1821 migrated from Venezuela into British territory and settled on the bank of the Moruca river. Somewhere about this time a certain Mr. Hillhouse, formerly an officer in the navy, was trying to evangelize the Caribs. He lived among them just as they did, wearing only the *guayuco*, and painting his body with the

annotto dye. He afterwards went to Moruca and began to dress like the Spanish Indians; but their Catholicity was deeply rooted, and finding he could make no progress with them, he very generously supported their petition to the Governor, Sir J. Carmichael Smith, for the ministrations of a priest. The Governor invited the Chevalier Abbé Hermant from Martinique, and Mr. Hillhouse gave up his house to be used as a church. After many years of devoted labor among them, the Abbé Hermant was succeeded in 1840 by the Rev. J. Cullen, an Irish secular priest, who remained at Moruca till 1856. His interest in these poor Indians was so deep and lasting that for years afterwards he corresponded regularly with Mr. McClintock, postholder of the Indian Territory, the letters of the two old friends being entirely filled with the births, deaths and marriages of the Indians and all the little details of their everyday life. This correspondence only stopped with the death of Mr. McClintock. Father Cullen died in Ireland a few years ago at a ripe old age.

After his departure from Moruca the Indians were visited only from time to time by the priest on the Essequibo

guage is Spanish and they are excellent Catholics, though it is said they have been a good deal spoilt of late by communication with the gold-diggers in their neighborhood.

One of our Fathers, writing in 1872, says: "I certainly shall never forget the first time I witnessed a scene of devotion with which I afterwards became familiar. We had arrived at a poor *benab*, or Indian hut, at sunset, and, after a hasty meal, had swung our hammocks for the night, when I saw the head of the family gather all the children round him, even the boys who had paddled my canoe, and make each one say his prayers on his knees and with clasped hands before him as he reclined in his hammock. Each said the Our Father, Hail Mary, I Believe, I Confess, the Salve Regina and the Act of Contrition. Then he asked each to say the Ten Commandments, the Seven Sacraments and other essential parts of the Catechism, patiently correcting and teaching them. Then each asked and received his blessing, and from him they came and knelt for a blessing from me. Yet no priest had visited them for two years, and probably none of them had been near the church at Santa Rosa."

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basement of the Cathedral presbytery; but now a new building has been raised, sufficient for present purposes, where the work can be carried on till brighter times come and a really good college be commenced. Still, as all the government money goes to Queen's College, the government high school, whatever is done for the Catholic body must be done by themselves.

There are seven primary schools in the town, four mixed ones and three for boys alone, besides others in different parts of the colony. At present the teaching is satisfactory,

some of our schoolmasters being among the best in the country; but there have been serious difficulties in the past, and it would be the greatest blessing for us if the Christian Brothers could be induced to take over the whole primary education of the colony. God grant this may be brought about some day!

There are also three primary schools for girls alone, the only establishments of the kind in British Guiana, a circumstance which the inspector of schools considers highly creditable to us.

These schools are managed, one by the Ursulines and two by the Sisters of Mercy.

The Sisters of Mercy came to this colony only a few years back and are making steady headway. They have one convent in town and a branch house, as stated above, at the Indian settlement.

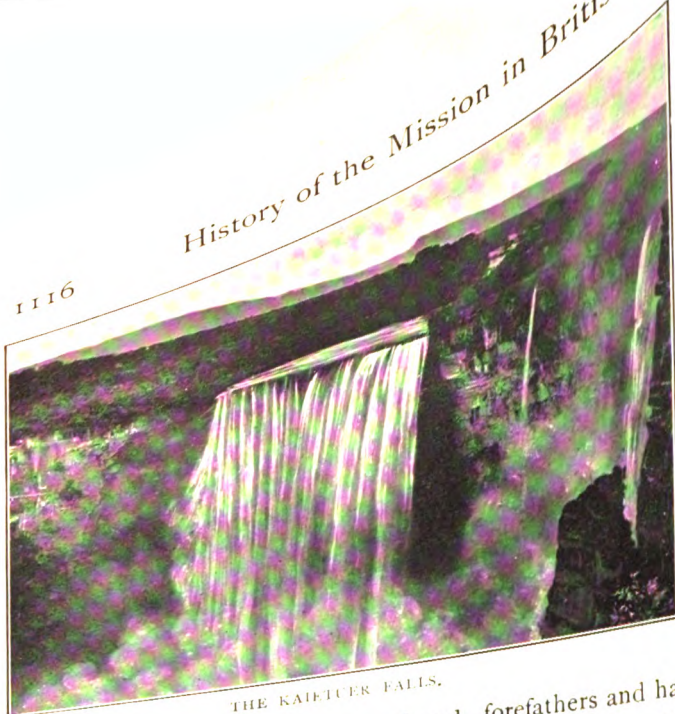


INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

No doubt there is a great future before them; for, as they visit the sick, they make friends rapidly, and when they increase in numbers will be able to carry out their institute in every particular, to the great benefit of the people.

The Ursuline Convent was established by a small colony of nuns brought by Dr. Hynes from Sligo in 1847. The last two survivors of these first pioneers died only quite lately, both actually living to celebrate the golden jubilee of their convent. The community is at present thirty-two in number and have under their care a high school, a middle school, a primary school, an industrial school and an orphanage, all for girls, and a preparatory school for boys.

In 1863 Father Jones wrote as follows: "They have been now nearly eighteen years in Demerara, and whatever inno-



THE KAITUMA FALLS.

cence, faith and piety our Fathers found there on their arrival was chiefly due to them. It is not easy for those in Europe to form a conception of the difficulties and privations they have had to contend with, nor would it be easy to find greater devotion and constancy than they continue to evince under their arduous labors."

But if they sowed in tears they began at last to reap in joy. The words just quoted are still echoed on every side. Only the other day a gentleman was heard to say: "If you ever hear a man boasting that he has a devoted wife, worth her weight in gold, you may be sure she was brought up at the convent."

Two branch houses have been founded, one at New Amsterdam in 1890, and one at Bridgetown, Barbados, in 1894. These three colleges together educate some 600 children. The Church of the Sacred Heart, Main street, was built for the Portuguese and is attended by them almost exclusively. Father Gambetti, of the Roman Province, is in charge of it, with two others to assist him (1).

The Portuguese show a strong spirit of nationality and in their clannishness remind one forcibly of the Irish. Indeed, the older people, born in Madeira,

(1) The two other churches have no resident priest, but are served by Father C. Gillet, from Main street.

forefathers and have become Anglicized.

The Portuguese, as a rule, clings tenaciously to the Faith and hands it down to his children. He likes to see Church ceremonies carried out as they are in Madeira, delights in country festivals, when he meets old friends and talks of old times; loves to take part in processions, wherein the men of the various guilds wear a sort of silken tabard or herald's coat which looks very bright, and is really a most effective and suitable religious garb for a layman. Then he has brought with him the custom of attending what are called the *Missas do Parto*, a novena of early Masses and sermons before Christmas, during which a large number of confessions are heard.

When Christmas comes a "crib" is erected in every house and decorated with the motliest collection of *choses de vertu* one can well imagine. Young rice in pots, boxes of sardine-tins, fresh fruits, toys, china figures — everything — is pressed into the service of the "Menino Jesus." I have even seen a stuffed alligator on its way to the little shrine (1).

(1) On Christmas Eve, in the country parts, the priest takes up his position at the altar rails with the "Menino Jesus" on his knees, and the children bring offerings to Him, a basket of eggs, a bunch of bananas, a cock, a hen or a duck, as the case may be, and each child, before offering its gift, sings a verse of a hymn in honor of the Holy Child.

But the most strikingly characteristic feature of the religious worship of the Portuguese is his devotion to the Holy Ghost, which has lived on in Madeira while it seems to have disappeared in Portugal, the Knightly Order of the Holy Ghost, instituted by Prince Henry the Navigator, indicating nevertheless that it once existed; and as it was under the guidance of that prince that Madeira was discovered and colonized, this popular devotion may be traceable to him.

For the feast of the Holy Ghost an "Imperador" is chosen, who often takes upon himself the main expense of the festivities. Two little girls, prettily dressed, are sent round the country-side singing to the accompaniment of a fiddle a quaint and very nasal melody and begging for the "Santo Spirito." Then the indispensable brass band is secured—Senhor dearly loves a brass band—the church and its approaches are decorated in gaudy colors, and, amid the braying of trombones, the clanging of the church bell and salvos of artillery, contrived by digging holes and filling them with gunpowder, the procession sets forth, the "Imperador" at the Padre's right hand, carrying a silver wand surmounted by a silver dove, which he gives the bystanders to kiss. The solemnity ends in true Catholic style with a hearty meal given to twelve poor men, known as "apostles." The Portuguese are very generous to the Church; in fact, they have built almost every church in the colony. They make vows in the good, old-fashioned way and are very scrupulous in keeping them. Father Law mentions the case of a shopkeeper who was left in charge of a business during his employer's absence in Madeira.

This man vowed that if on his return his master was satisfied he would provide candles and shades—necessary here on account of the wind always blowing through the open windows—for the Stations of the Cross: and he kept his vow, being allowed, to his great satisfaction, to light all the candles with his own hand.

Some years back we used often to see a person—it was generally a woman—going up the church on her knees from the door to the altar rails. This also was in fulfilment of a vow for recovery from sickness or the like; but the practice is falling into disuse as the old Madeira folks die out, and I fear many other good things will follow it.

The Portuguese children are taught to kiss the priest's hand. Indeed they always greet their parents and god-parents in this way, kissing first the hand



SCENE IN THE BOTANIC GARDEN.

and then the face. As a rule, the priest is treated by them with great respect. Father Baldini in one of his letters relates an incident exemplifying both the rule and the exception. He had been called to baptize a child on the island of Wakenaam, in the Essequibo mouth, and had been grossly insulted by a rich Portuguese whom he had reproached for his evil life. A stable-boy in this man's service, having witnessed the scene, insisted on paying four dollars out of his own pocket for the boat he had engaged to take the Father home, as an atonement for the bad treatment he had received

A godchild is often adopted, or, if it dies, buried at the godfather's expense; and they stand not only for children of their own race but for black children as well. They will take any amount of trouble to secure baptism for a dying child.

I will conclude this part of my subject with a touching incident taken from one of Father Law's letters. A little Portuguese boy of 11 or 12 was dying. Just before his death he whispered to his mother: "Stretch out my arms and let me die with my hands like God's." So she put his arms in the form of a cross



URSULINE CONVENT, GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

from his master. It is satisfactory to know that the man was afterwards converted.

From what has been said it will be seen that the Catholicity of the Portuguese is essentially a mediæval Catholicity. Their devotion to St. John the Baptist, the most universally popular saint of the ages of faith, and the way in which they realize the sacred obligations of a godparent are additional proofs thereof. They not only stand for their godchildren, but stand by them.

and the child gave up his innocent soul to God.

The Cathedral has a very mixed congregation. There are many Portuguese, but black and colored people predominate. "They have great faults," wrote Father Jones in 1863, "but also singular virtues. They are, generally speaking, indolent and not naturally susceptible of very deep or lasting convictions. They are consequently changeable, petulant and given to set much store by externalities. On the other hand, they are pre-



eminently charitable and warm-hearted, and in their habits are remarkably temperate and cleanly. Our Fathers are seldom at a loss to find among them persons who will cheerfully attend the sick, instruct the ignorant and receive into their houses orphans and unprotected persons."

One daily comes across people who describe themselves as "followers," a phrase, I believe, borrowed from Wesleyanism. These are not Catholics at all. There is generally some moral difficulty in the way of their conversion, but in many cases nothing but *vis inertiae*.

ing with this people. "All one God," their common formula of indifferentism, is forever on their tongues, and they seem to regard the true Church as very much on the same level with the false religions around it. Yet, once converted, they often lead good lives and show a great deal of zeal and piety. They are, of course, best held together by Guilds and Confraternities, and there are several of these in every church. The Apostleship of Prayer has been well organized by Father McCormick, at the Cathedral and elsewhere, and two Con-



CHAPEL OF URSULINE CONVENT.

They find themselves to a certain extent attracted by the Church, but are so listless and so little awake to their responsibilities that they will often go on "following" for half a lifetime without ever overtaking, or putting themselves to the trouble of being instructed.

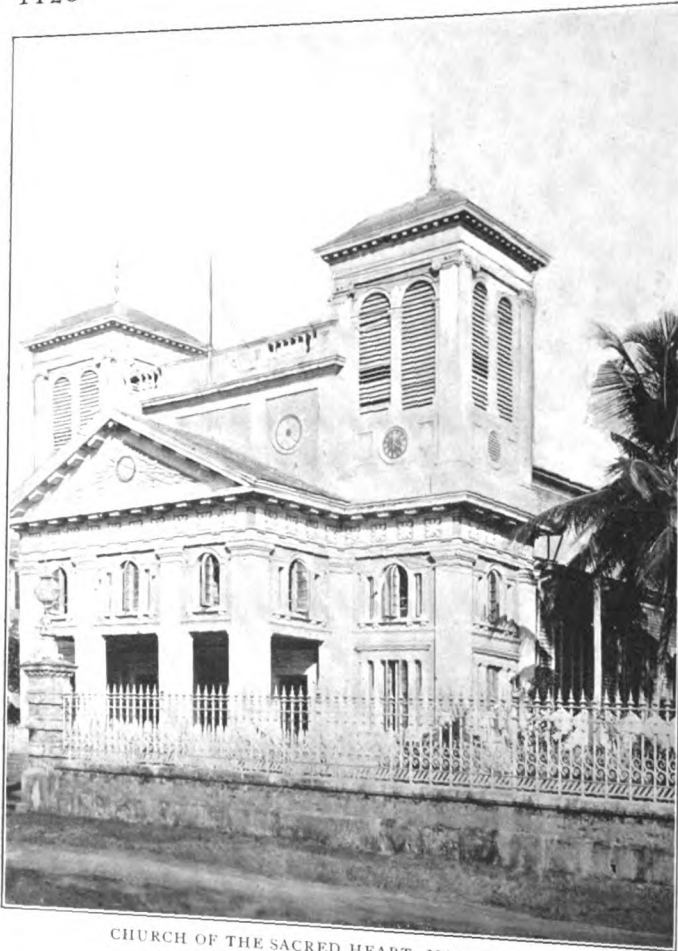
A shockingly low standard of morality, the result of slavery times and the horrible example set both then and since by white men, together with the false ideas of religion inspired by the sects, is the twofold difficulty we have to face in deal-

ferences of St. Vincent of Paul effect a vast amount of good among the poor of Georgetown.

The interior of the Cathedral, though still far from finished, is very striking. The stone high altar, the small rosary chapel and much of the rural decoration we owe to the late Father Scoles, whose father worked with Pugin at the restoration of Gothic art and was the designer of many Catholic churches in England.

The roof of the sanctuary is, I suppose,





CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART, MAIN STREET.

unique, for it is an example of Gothic groining in crabwood—a solecism, no doubt, like the whole building, which is designed in imitation of stone, but beautifully carried out under Mr. Castellani's supervision.

There are also screens and gates of

excellent wrought iron-work, quite a rarity in these days, designed by Father Scoles, and hammered out by a native blacksmith.

Around the font is a massive railing executed in the beautiful woods of the colony by Messrs. Park and Cunningham, of this city, as a memorial to Father Scoles; and the organ, a fine instrument by Willis, stands in a noble organ-loft.

The very latest event in our history is a most welcome visit from Father J. Gerard, the English Provincial, and the appointment of Father Compton Galton, as Superior of the Mission.

By way of a last word, I may remind those who read this record of Father Law's words quoted above, and beg them in their charity to act upon them. "Prayers are for missionaries and missions what money and ammunition and the commissariat are for armies. You can't do without them."

## A CATHOLIC INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL SHIP.

(From an English Correspondent.)

IT has long been recognized in mercantile Great Britain that the sea is a capital school for the young ungovernables. Criminal cases are summarily dealt with, by committing juvenile offenders to the reformatory ships. The lamentable fire which destroyed the *Clarence*, the only ship of the kind in England for Catholic boys, even though the conflagration was—as in the case of the preceding one—the work of one or more incendiaries, proved how admirable in the moment of danger was the discipline, and how, even out of such materials, heroism and self-sacrificing obedience could be produced. The street Arabs of Liverpool and of our big towns, the children of drunken and dissipated Catholics, found aboard that vessel a good chance of a new life, a healthy existence, religious influences, different far from their previous surroundings, physical and moral.

The quondam county jail of Flintshire, long the quiet home of the queen of science, the Philosophic and Theological Schools of the Jesuit Scholastics of the Province of Lyons, now shelters these burnt-out boys.

With the *Clarence* disappeared any Catholic venture to train on actual ship-board the surplus population of our teeming streets for the rough apprenticeship of Neptune. But the *Clarence* by no means filled up the want so sorely felt, or, to speak more truly, which ought to be sorely felt by the Catholics of these isles. Besides the boys who have already begun a life of crime and have fallen into the clutches of the law, there is still a larger class, and one, in a true sense, more worthy of compassion. There are numbers of lads, who, by heredity or bad home-example, or who, thrown by loss of parents or poverty on the streets, are

near the sweep of the whirlpool, and certain, if not rescued, to go beneath, to be lost to Catholic practice or even to Catholic faith, and to join the ranks of the *submerged*. They call on us for rescue.

No doubt there are many excellent industrial schools kept by good Brothers or under the care of our priests. But the discipline and dullness, the round—so dreary to one who has tasted the pleasant liberty of the streets, of lessons and of obligatory work is galling to ardent spirits. They long for the sea with its wild adventures and excitement, for its very perils. But for these there is no provision made. Of the eight or more industrial ships which float in our rivers and harbors, almost all are run by Anglican or dissenting bodies, and even if they claim to be undenominational, they are only all the more anti-Catholic. Two vessels alone receive Catholic boys, allow for their instruction and permit them to go to mass. These are the *Shaftesbury*, the London school board ship on the Thames, and the *Wellesley*, in the Tyne.

I can speak with some knowledge of the latter. The boys on Sundays are landed for mass at North Shields, and in the afternoon the local conference of S. V. P. sends some of its Brothers aboard to say prayers and give catechism. During the week on two days the curates of the two nearest Catholic churches of North and South Shields come regularly aboard to instruct the lads. Of the actual disciplinary training I can speak with great praise. But for boys of that age—and they range from childhood to advanced boyhood—9 to 14—the small fraction of Catholic lads amidst so large a proportion of non-Catholics, the comparatively small share of religious helps they enjoy, are hardly likely to form a character able to withstand the temptations of after life,

not to speak of the more immediate perils which they ran among such a class of boys, and under a rule which, however healthy, is but a poor substitute for something more directly Catholic. Other considerations one need not enter into, enough to say that the worst features of boarding school life seem unavoidable in these large collections of boys—about 780 were on the ship in 1897.

There is a little boys' department ashore, some fifty to sixty, lodged in a large house on the water edge called *Green's Home*.

At the annual Catholic Truth Society Conference held in 1898 at Nottingham, a paper was read calling the attention of Catholics to the necessity of establishing a Catholic industrial school ship. Facts and figures were given. It was shown that our boys would go to training ships for the sea and that if they could not find Catholic ones they would go on board Protestant ones, even though this meant conforming, at least during the time of their stay, to Protestant worship, receiving Protestant instructions and Protestant ministrations.

The difficulty of obtaining a ship for the purpose arises from the fact that the government, which had been liberal in granting her castaway old three-deckers, has now few, if any, left to give away. But even suppose that one could be obtained, the first cost of fitting her out for her new purpose, and in such a way as to satisfy the exigencies of the government inspectors, would be considerable. In the case of the *Wellesley* £4,000 had to be expended, while the annual cost of keeping her taut and in sanitary condition was very serious. A proposal was made to open an industrial school ashore, and an effort was made in that direction at Liverpool. A flourishing industrial boys' school under lay management, and known to possess a considerable surplus, was asked to entertain the idea of having a nautical side added to its establishment. To this, however, the committee would not agree, and since that, we regret to

say, no progress has been made in the matter.

The whole question of reformatory and industrial schools has been before the British public for many years. Since they were established by Acts of Parliament in 1886 there has been every opportunity to judge them by their results. A careful system of inspection by government agents, annual reports published by the Home Secretary, and carefully compiled statistics, give the most complete data for a judgment on their merits. Naturally, many subjects for criticism have been elicited, and in consequence, Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, summoned a Royal Commission in 1882 to give a new and careful study to the entire question, and again, later on, Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary of the time, called together a Departmental Commission, consisting of skilled and experienced gentlemen and ladies, whose bulky Report appeared in 1896. Much of value is to be learned from its pages in connection with industrial school ships. The large percentage of boys who, after a long training for the sea, preferred returning to shore life called attention to some defect which seemed to require reformation. The grant from the treasury per boy to these ships is considerably higher than that given to the land industrial schools, the reasons being, (1) the greater cost of superintendence and instruction; (2) a more liberal dietary, and (3) the difficulty of carrying on industrial occupations which yield a profit to the institution.

Not unreasonably, the government is unwilling to spend large sums of money in training boys for a life which they were not going to follow. It appears that from the Voluntary Training Ships 90 per cent. of the boys go to sea, and that even from the reformatory ships a much higher percentage than that from the industrial ships choose a nautical life. The reason given for this is that the boys committed to reformatory ships enter at a more advanced age, while in the in-

dustrial schools mere children are received. However pleasant, at first sight, the life on board a ship may seem to a boy, with its drill and discipline, and the breezy existence, it is certain that, when protracted, it becomes far more tedious and more confined than that of an industrial school ashore. The result is that the boys get a disgust for their calling, and, just as a soldier or a sailor, when his time is up, is generally only too pleased to leave the service, so it is with the lads on our industrial school ships. Both commissions, therefore, recommended that boys should not be sent on board before the age of thirteen and a half. Neither should this be done, unless they show clearly a fitness for the life afloat, and a genuine desire to be sailors. A medical certificate should also be required, showing fitness for sea life. Nor should they remain on board longer than the time absolutely necessarily required for training.

In spite of the fact that the subject was so thoroughly thrashed out, no legislation appears to have followed. The suggestions of the Committees, however, appear to bring the possibility of a Catholic industrial school ship very much more within our reach. One of these suggestions was that each ship should be associated with several land schools, so that the boys showing will and aptitude for a sailor's life could, before the expiration of their term, be sent afloat. On the other hand, if any were found on the ship who had lost their taste for the sea, or who, from health or any other cause, had shown themselves unfit for it, they might be returned to an industrial school on land. Several, if not all, of the industrial school ships possess a tender in which batches of boys may be practically introduced to their future life, as the large majority of the boys committed to industrial schools are, from the very fact of the neglect to which they have generally been exposed in early years, they are, as a matter of fact, undersized, unfit for naval work. This makes one hope that,

with a careful selection, the number of boys who would be fit candidates for the ship would be comparatively few. Again, the government has formed, for reasons which are no doubt weighty, that our naval cadets can be trained as efficiently ashore as in a stationary hulk. Why, therefore, might not our boys be trained for sea in an industrial school on land in one of our ports?

There would, of course, be needed a small vessel for short cruises, to complete the naval instruction. At Feltham, in the great industrial school of London, a large ship model suffices to introduce the boys to the first elements of seamanship, and it is noteworthy that a very large proportion of the boys from this school go to sea. If, therefore, a working understanding could be arrived at with the several Catholic boys' industrial schools in the country and a joint school for the sea opened, say, at Liverpool or London, to receive boys who are suitable and have a genuine desire for that life, a great *desideratum* would be filled up, and at comparatively small cost.

We may add that the Report of 1896 strongly urges that an efficient matron should be placed in each industrial school, afloat or on shore, or at least a qualified infirmiry nurse. Again, no training ship should be without its own shipping office, or at least without an agent whose duty it would be to interest himself in the welfare of the boys on leaving the school, and to get them the best berths possible. So much depends obviously upon the sailor-boy's first voyage. To be exposed to more than the ordinary rough and-tumble of what is always a hard life might easily disenchant the budding seaman. Some organization is also strongly recommended to help the sailor lads on their return. There is no need to dilate on the perils which await him when he steps on shore for the first time, a free man, with money in his pocket and probably with no home to receive him. There is evidently wanted a friend to meet him and to pro-

tect him if possible from the sharks ashore. Every facility is now extended to seamen to allot their money to friends and relations, or to invest it in a savings bank before they come ashore. A further help to a friendless boy would be to find him a fresh ship. All this could be done by a local committee of "Catholic Work for Seamen," if such could be founded in our various ports.

Another matter of importance was brought out in the last report of the *Shaftesbury*, the ship of the London school boy, in the Thames. The crews of the homeward-bound ships must be discharged on their arrival at a British port, or at any Continental port between the Elbe and Brest. The men have the option of receiving the whole of the wages due to them, of re-engaging, or of receiving a ticket to any place they please, with a document enabling them to draw

the balance of their wages from an office of the Board of Trade or from a post-office. This last alternative meant practically returning to the very home and surroundings from which they have originally been rescued and taken again to the streets and to a life of crime.

The remedy suggested by the committee would be that the government, which has promised bounties to ship-owners for taking boys aboard, should expend these sums in apprenticing the lads, so as to bind them to persevere in the noble career they have chosen. The photographs speak for themselves as to the thorough training the boys receive, and tell how out of the waste of civilization men are created who will become an honor and a safeguard to their country. If with all this a thorough Catholic training can be given, what may we not hope for their personal future!

## "WHETHER IN DREAMS OR IN THIS WAKING SPACE."

*By Francis W. Grey.*

### 1. HOW HE FELL ASLEEP AT MATINS.

**M**AIDULF the monk, from Ireland, the Isle of Saints, had, for favorite disciple, and for successor as Abbot of Malmesbury, Aldhelm, the nephew of Ina the King. Aldhelm, being made, against his will, Bishop of Shireburne, in the country of the West Saxons, left, as Prior of Bradford, Oswald of Ethandune, whom he loved as his own son.

Now Oswald, the Prior of Bradford, had, as it seemed, but one weakness common to him and to his fellow-men, an inordinate drowsiness; that is, at early morn, a drowsiness so burdensome that he was oft-times sorely put to it to sing his Matins and Lauds without yielding to untimely somnolence.

Aldhelm, the Bishop, who loved him

as his own son, spake to him, not once or twice, but many times, to warn him, lest, by want of watchfulness, he should give occasion of scandal to his brethren, and work injury to his own soul.

"Truly," answered Oswald the Prior, humbly, "methinks I was born weary, and shall bide weary till I sleep in death."

"Sleep thou in death, an it so please our Lord," replied Aldhelm the Bishop, "but beware thou sleep not at Matins, lest thy slumber be of long duration, and thine awakening in the flames of purgatory. There is no slumber there, my son, however weary one may be, and sore in need of rest."

And Oswald the Prior, meaning well, promised his much-loved Master Aldhelm—whom, in truth, he loved as Aldhelm himself had loved his master,

Maidulf, the Irish monk—that, so God were his aid, he would not sleep at Matins.

But it fell on a day in early May, in the year of Salvation the seven hundred and ninth, that Aldhelm the Bishop, journeying, as was yearly his wont, to Glastonbury, and thence, by Mendip hills and vales to Malmesbury, and back to Shireburne, dwelt, for a night, beneath the roof of Bradford Priory. Long time that night, between the hour of Vespers and Compline and that of Matins, did Aldhelm the Bishop commune with his disciple, Oswald the Prior, relaxing for the nonce the rule of silence, for that he had not spoken to his son and friend for twelve long months; for that he knew, by revelation from his Lord, that he should journey but this once to Glastonbury, and thence, from Doulting, on the heights of Mendip, not, indeed, to Malmesbury of his love, but to his Master, Christ, and to His Paradise of Peace. Long time, therefore, did he commune with Oswald the Prior, concerning the Kingdom of God, the Holy Church; of evils past, and yet to come; of heresies and schisms, of trials and of triumphs. “I know not,” he said, speaking as one who utters what he is bidden, rather than what he willeth, “I know not why, and yet, meseems, I know that thou shalt see many things now hidden from thine eyes and mine, ere we meet, an it so please God and His Blest Lady Mother, in the Paradise of Peace. Thou shalt not need slumber there, my son,” he added, smiling, “nor shalt be weary any more.”

And Oswald the Prior listened, marvelling greatly what such words should signify, yet answered he never a word, nor sought to know more than it was meet that he should.

Aldhelm the Bishop sat in his chair of honor, in the church which he himself had builded in memory of Holy Laurence the Deacon and Martyr, waiting for Oswald the Prior, that with him and his monks he might sing Matins and Lauds

and Prime and Terce, and then the Mass, ere he set forth for the fair Abbey of Glastonbury. But, though the monks sat in their stalls, Oswald the Prior tarried yet. Not long, in truth, yet was it past the hour of Matins ere he came, and, as all men might be ware, drowsy beyond his wont. And the heart of Aldhelm the Bishop smote him sore that he had relaxed, even though of seeming necessity, the rule of silence, and had sat long with Oswald the Prior, in his cell, yea, until very midnight, communing of many weighty matters. So sore it smote him that, as he gazed upon the weary face of his loved son, he prayed, beneath his hood, “Mine was the fault, O Jesus Christ, be mine the penance, too, I pray Thee, by our Lady Mother’s intercession!”

So it fell out that Oswald the Prior, inasmuch as he had sat and communed with his master Aldhelm until the hour of midnight, yielded to drowsiness ineffable ere yet the monks had finished the first nocturne of the Matins. Yea, and though Aldhelm the Bishop strove to rouse him, he might not win to waken him from that strange slumber, wherein he lay enrapt as one that hath journeyed far and is weary beyond all ken but that of Christ, who knoweth all the weariness of us, His brethren.

Thereat the gentle heart of Aldhelm the Bishop smote him yet more sorely than before, for that he knew that this strange slumber that had fallen on his loved disciple, though it came from God Most High, yet came through his forgetfulness of Oswald’s weakness. So, when the Lauds were ended, when Prime and Terce were duly sung, he vested him for Holy Mass, whereat his chaplain served him, as did Odo, the monk of Bradford, but lately come from Holy Rome, and Gregory the deacon, from Ireland, the Isle of Saints. Then, when the Mass was done, and his thanksgiving made, “Place him,” said he, “within a litter borne on mules; so shall we bear him to Glastonbury, to the shrine of Holy

Joseph of Arimathea; there shall the brethren pray for him, that it may please our Lord Christ to waken him from this his slumber."

So did they bear Oswald the Prior to the great Abbey of Glastonbury, to the shrine of Joseph of Arimathea. Yet, though the abbot and the brethren prayed, by night and day, for many days and weeks, he awakened not. And it came to pass that Aldhelm the Bishop, being come to Doultling—which is a manor that belongeth to my lord the Abbot of Glastonbury—passed thence, as it had been revealed to him, to his reward in heaven. Whereto he having happily attained, through mercy of Our Saviour Christ, and intercession of our Blessed Lady Mary, he prayed, I doubt not, that that strange sleep might pass from Prior Oswald. But, for that our Lord so willed it, Oswald the Prior wakened not, being kept against that day of schism and of heresy whereof Aldhelm the Bishop had foretold him. And, in the secret cell wherein, at last, they laid him, with store of meat and drink against his sudden coming to himself, he slumbereth, for aught I know contrariant, unto this very day.

## 2. HOW PRIOR OSWALD WAKENED AT LAST.

So far the ancient monkish chronicler whose crabbed Latin manuscript I have striven to render into English. How I came to find it matters not, my part—if I may call it mine—of this strange history is not, by any means, wholly devoid of interest. Let me tell it, as briefly and as clearly as I may.

There was a great pilgrimage to Glastonbury, you may remember, some years ago, or, rather, two; the Catholic pilgrimage, in connection with the thirteenth centenary of St. Augustine's landing at Ebbs Fleet, and that of our Anglican brethren, who could not, of course, suffer the adherents of the "Italian Mission"—Leo's, not Gregory's—to have things all their own way.

Now, when the nineteenth century was drawing to a close, certain sons of Holy Benedict, of St. Laurence's Abbey, Emborough, on the hills of Mendip, thought well to go on pilgrimage to Glastonbury, partly, I doubt not, because they could not go to Rome. In which pilgrimage it was my exceeding privilege to take part.

Once more, "our brethren of the obedience (?) of Canterbury" saw fit to go on pilgrimage as well. This time, as Providence would have it, the "brethren" met at Glastonbury. Who should have the precedence at the altar? That "Anglo-Catholics" should assist at a "schismatical" Mass was not to be thought of; what was to be done? Here a layman present ventured a suggestion: Which was the senior "priest," the Prior of Emborough or the Very Reverend the Superior of the "Society of St. Augustine" (Anglican)? The Prior was found to be the "senior officer;" the "Italian Mission," therefore, had their "schismatical" Mass first.

As to ritual and "appointments" it was, I believe, far and away behind the gorgeous ceremony performed by our separated brethren. Be that as it may be, the Prior and the Very Reverend the Superior found themselves, after lunch, discussing, amicably enough, the "differences between the two Churches." At which discussion I, by no fault or choice of mine—having, in fact, fallen asleep in the shade—was an uninvited, but certainly not an uninterested, third. There was, as it proved, an uninvited, and most unlooked-for, fourth, "of whom more anon."

The discussion, when I became awake to what was going on, seemed to be concerning the "claims of Rome," which, be it noted, in passing, are a terrible bugbear to "Catholic" Anglicans.

"The claims of the Church, I think you mean," the Prior was saying, mildly. "Rome and the Church are not necessarily identical, but only accidentally, or perhaps, I should say, provisionally."

"What do you mean by 'the Church' then?" inquired the Superior, to whom this view of the matter was, apparently, an entirely new one.

"The one infallible Church of Christ," was the answer, "of which 'Rome,' to use your expression, happens to be the centre of authority."

"Happens?" repeated the Superior, in still greater astonishment; "happens, did you say?"

"Yes, happens," the Prior returned. "Providentially, of course, but simply because Rome, at the beginning of Christianity, was the chief city of the civilized world-power, the Roman Empire. If Christianity were only beginning now, I have no doubt that Providence would choose London, possibly New York, but most probably London. Then, we 'Romanists,' as you are pleased to call us, would be 'Londonists' instead."

The Superior was silent for a while. Then, thoughtfully, as one who assimilates—with difficulty, possibly with reluctance—matter, hitherto wholly strange, "Do you think," he said, "that the monks who built this abbey held what you hold about the infallible Church and the 'accidental' location of the seat of authority in Rome?"

"Think," rejoined the Prior, "think? I am as sure of it as I am of my own existence."

"And I as sure the other way," returned the Superior, confidently, "for, if you are right, our whole controversy with 'Rome' has been a fight with shadows—shadows," he added sadly—or so it seemed to me—"which have hidden from us the fair face of the one Spouse of Christ, the Church of the living God."

This time it was the Prior who did not answer at once. But his lips moved, as I could see, and his prayer, as he told me afterwards, was: "Oh! for a living witness to convince this man of good will!"

To which prayer there came a sudden, I may not say an unexpected, answer.

Beyond his expectation, possibly; if so, his expectation was only limited by his wonderful humility.

Out from the shadows of the ruins came a monk, who—may I be forgiven my audacity!—seemed but newly wakened from a nap as sound as my own had been. His dress resembled that of the Prior, yet with distinctions which I am not archæologist or ritualist enough to define. And yet a foreigner apparently, for he spoke Latin in addressing Father Prior—Latin which had a strange, old-world, musical cadence about it, which made me think of Augustine of Canterbury and of Gregory, the sender of the first "Italian Mission."

"You called me, Reverend Father," he said, bowing reverently to his monastic superior, then respectfully, not reverently, to the Anglican Superior Which, as a certain philosopher says, was "significant."

Father Prior, humble as he was, must, I think, have guessed that this was one who had come in answer to his prayer. He answered, therefore, with absolute and literal truthfulness: "Yes, Father, I called you." Then, turning to his Anglican friend, he said, in English, "Ask him who he is."

Whereupon the Superior, in Latin of a quality so "Roman" that it would have caused his bishop sore doubts as to his "loyalty," put the question suggested.

"I am Oswald, the unworthy Prior of Bradford, by Avon River in Wessex," was the answer; "who, of my sinful weakness, fell asleep at Matins on the feast of Holy Gregory of Nazianzen, in the year of our Salvation the seven hundred and ninth, what time our Holy Father, Aldhelm of Shireburne, came to visit our humble abbey on his way to Glastonbury. Methinks," he added, gazing in a bewildered fashion at the ruins around him, "I have slept sound and long since then."

"Thou hast, indeed, slept sound and long," returned the Prior of Embor-



ough, gravely, "yet, ere I tell thee more, answer me, I pray thee, this: the church that holy Aldhelm ruled, was it obedient to the See of Canterbury?"

"In all things lawful," was the answer, "even as Canterbury was obedient to the See of Peter the Apostle, and to his successor, Sergius."

"And holy Aldhelm," pursued the Prior of Emborough, "was he, too, obedient to the See of Peter, as well as through the See of Canterbury?"

"Doubtless, since he received from Peter's successor, Sergius, his jurisdiction over the See of Shireburne in the country of the West Saxons," replied Oswald of Bradford, wondering, possibly, that a Prior of the Order of St. Benedict should ask questions about such "self-evident" matters.

"Not from Canterbury?" inquired the Anglican Superior, in astonishment.

"Through Canterbury," returned the Prior of Bradford, "since to Augustine and to his successors in that see, Gregory of Rome, the occupant of the See of Peter, the Chair of Primacy, gave metropolitan jurisdiction over all the country of the Saxons. Yet was Rome the source of his, as of all other, episcopal jurisdiction."

"Rome, you see, always Rome," said the Prior, smiling, to his Anglican friend; "yet tell me," he continued, turning to his brother monk, "when thou sayest 'Rome' did this or that, what meanest thou? My brother here, who is not of our obedience, would fain know," he added by way of explanation.

Prior Oswald, I doubt not, was much inclined to ask to what "obedience" one who seemed a priest could possibly belong, if not to that of Rome. Yet answered, as requested: "I mean," said he, "that One infallible Church of our Lord Christ of which Rome happeneth, by divine Providence, the centre, and Sergius, successor of Peter, by divine appointment, the visible head."

"I thank thee, brother," said the

Prior of Emborough, "an 'infallible Church,' saidst thou not?"

"That said I," was the answer, "since she is Divine, as befits the Spouse of Christ, the Teacher of all nations, the Pillar and Ground of the Truth, to whom the Lord Christ bade us listen, as to Himself."

"Once more, I thank thee, brother." Then, seeing that the Superior evidently wished to put a question, he stood aside and waited.

"Was thy Pope Sergius infallible as well?" the Superior asked, as one in genuine search of enlightenment.

"I know not what thou meanest by 'as well,'" returned the Prior of Bradford, "nor was it taught me by my father, Aldhelm, that our lord, Sergius, was infallible. Yet, since the Church whereof his Lord and ours hath made him Head on earth is, of her very nature's need, infallible, so must he be, 'as well,' to use thy phrase—which soundeth strange if not heretical—when he speaketh *ex-officio*. I say this much under correction, yet doth it seem but a simple and logical deduction."

"In truth, it is," put in the Prior of Emborough.

Then, turning to his friend, the Superior, he inquired, without show of triumph or of satisfaction, "Are you satisfied?"

"Quite," was the answer, which meant, I thought, more than appeared.

The Prior of Emborough turned to the Prior of Bradford: "Brother," he said, "thou seemest as one new awakened from his sleep, who fain would sleep again. Is it not so?"

"Fain would I sleep again, so it be not Matin time, nor any Hour of Office," answered the Prior of Bradford, "the more that I have seen, whether in dreams or in this waking space, all, yea, and more than all of which the Holy Aldhelm did foretell what time he communed with me on the eve of St. Gregory of Nazianzen, in the year of Our Lord the seven hundred and ninth."

"What, then, hast thou seen, my brother?" demanded the Prior of Emborough, eagerly.

"Nay, that I may not tell thee," was the answer; "yet, if thou read thine abbey's chronicles aright, and the lessons that these ruins teach, thou wilt know all that there is need to know. As thou hast said, I fain would sleep again. I go to seek my cell, and needed rest. God and our Lady have thee in their keeping, brother"—this to the Prior of Emborough. "As to thee"—to the Anglican Superior, "who art not of our obedience, know thou that there is but one obedience of God's ordinance, the obedience of His One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, of which Rome, by His choosing, is the centre, and Peter's successor the visible Head."

Whereat he stepped back among the shadows of the ruins, whence he had come, and was lost to sight.

Did I dream it all: the Legend of

the Monk Oswald, his awakening, the discussion amid the ruins of the great and glorious Abbey of Glastonbury? I have certainly been to Glastonbury, to the little Saxon church at Bradford-on-Avon, built by St. Aldhelm, Bishop of Shireburne, in honor of the holy deacon St. Laurence, to Doulting, whence the good Bishop passed to his reward. I have also had a discussion with a very dear friend, "not of our obedience," as to "the claims of Rome," claims which our Anglican brethren, by a curious distortion of mental vision, look upon as, somehow, distinct from those of the One Infallible Church of Christ. If a dream, I wish it had fallen to his lot, rather than to mine; if true, still more so. But, whether dream or reality, I pray that he and many like him may come to see the paramount duty of submission to that One Church of which Rome happens to be the centre of authority, and the successor of St. Peter, by divine appointment, its infallible possessor.

## MADE FAMOUS THROUGH FAMINE.

*By M. M. Halvey.*

"INDIAN and Anglo-Indian history is tedious and confusing," wrote a conscientious historian, "because of our unfamiliarity with outlandish names and places," and until recently Anglo-Indian news items failed to interest the average reader for the same reason.

Even in the company of Kipling, when he seeks to share with us his unique birthright of thorough acquaintance with the Orient, we become at times confused by those constantly recurring affixes which make the printed page a maze, where "aja" and "pur" and "pore" play at cross purposes.

How quickly this objection has disap-

peared! Newspaper and periodical, religious and secular, have to-day their special Indian correspondent, and many of them the special column, with its significant heading: "Contributions to Indian Famine Fund."

Not the white hand of science nor the ruthless grasp of greed or conquest has effected this transformation, but the tender touch of Christian charity, uplifting the veil behind which lurk the hideous spectres of famine and disease.

In the name of Him whom India's millions have not as yet learned to accept, His followers are bidden to this combat with more than mortal foes; and so it is that we, still lacking interest in

the story of the "thirty-six royal races," still confessing ignorance of boundary line and provincial subdivision, are become sadly familiar with names of districts, where, as on a chosen battleground, Famine has taken final stand.

Amongst these localities, and with special claims to gruesome distinction, even in this land "strewn with dead men's bones," the name of Nagpur will earliest recur to the Catholic reader.

Reports, secular and sectarian alike, make constant allusion to this Roman Catholic Mission, its Poor Asylum, Lep-er Asylum, Native Orphanage and Agricultural Colony of Thana, all inaugurated under the jurisdiction of sainted Bishop Pelvat and in charge of the heroic Daughters of St. Joseph, known in government phraseology as the "Nuns of Nagpore."

There is a saying credited to Upper India, that the more desolate the country, the greater certainty of finding a Padre Sahib there.

We who are conversant with the records of centuries that are as yet closed books to these observant Hindus, know that with equal certainty we may expect to meet in just such environment the "maidens consecrate" who have been with us since that era of transition when their glorious prototypes took hallowed place by the Cross of Calvary and the Garden Sepulchre.

They have stood undaunted in the Roman arena while around them surged the momentous cry, "Diana or Christ?" they have turned from the steps of mediæval thrones to exchange the sonorous titles of earthly royalty for the simple one of sisterhood; our New World knows them as pioneers of true womanly progress and perfection.

Alike in the wilderness of undeveloped territories and the crowded haunts of cities grown mature in unrighteousness, they have set themselves to grapple with the incubus of ignorance or the more deadly evil of godless education. The southern prison and northern camp of

thirty years ago, the trenches of Santiago and hospital wards of Siboney, which seem but of yesterday, have known them with prayers of peace upon their lips, lending their loving labor to lessen the horrors of war. Therefore it is, that through all this dreadful famine story, brought home to us as vividly as may be by pen and camera and the force of startling statistics, the most recognizable note of all is this frequent reference to the Nuns of Nagpur.

We picture them in the wretched hovel, the improvised hospital, the crowded refuge, still fulfilling, as St. Joseph's faithful daughters, the conception of their Jesuit founder, who sent them as mothers to the bed of suffering, the attic of poverty, to hut and garret, savage settlement and soldier camp, with the street and highway for their convent, obedience for their enclosure, the fear of God for their veil.

Somewhat strange to us, were we permitted glimpses of this Indian famine summer, should seem the all-white garb of nurse and teacher, rendered necessary by the torrid temperature and hence replaced by St. Joseph's regulation habit only when the privileged wearers approach the Holy Table. Explaining this necessity and the morning school hours, which through May, June and July are from 6 A. M. to 10 A. M. only, a member of the Nagpur community adds, "During the day it is as much as our little ones can do to bear the heat patiently."

But from inference alone can an idea be obtained of the endurance of the Missionary Sisters who brave the cruel noonday glare, rejoicing in the granted permission to explore the railway lines, where famine victims congregate, and pick up there the waifs and strays of famished humanity—those dear "starvelings" for whose sake so many touching appeals have reached us. Elsewhere indeed we find, incidentally recorded, that returning from long excursions of this sort, which sometimes occupy three

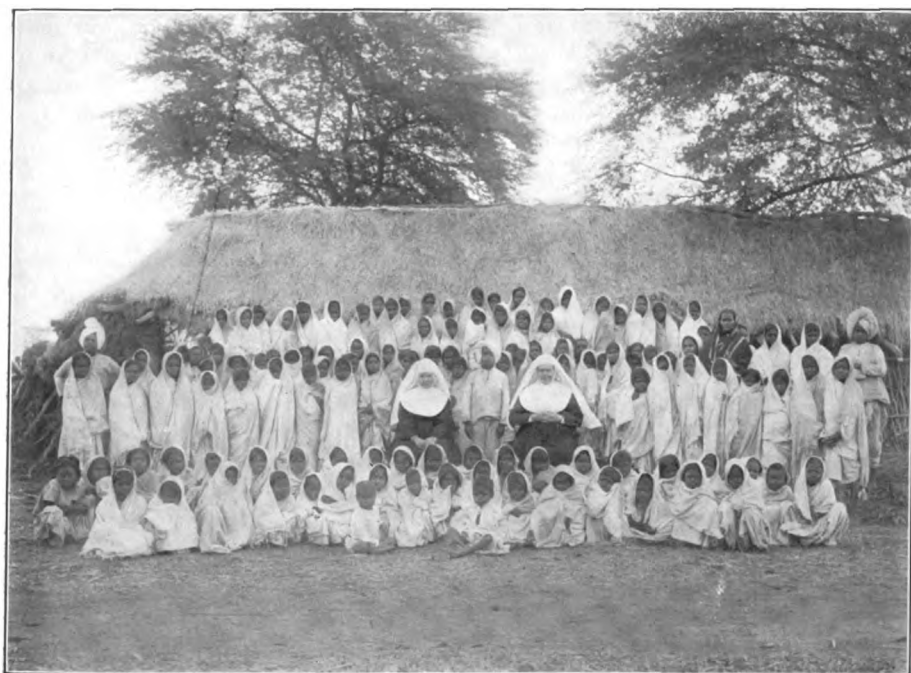
weeks, the sunburnt hands and faces and blistered feet of the frail explorers excite the deepest compassion, even of the natives.

A story of beginnings is always welcome, possessing for adults something of the fascination the child mind finds in such phenomena as great oaks from tiny acorns grown. The beginning of the Indian Mission came about simply as other leading events in the order of God's providence.

It was in 1844 that Pope Gregory

Zealous Bishop Neyrat it was who first recognized the imperative necessity for schools under religious direction and resolved to secure this advantage for the rising generation in whom the hopes of the missionaries centred. Ere yet the mantle of Xavier descended on his willing shoulders, Father Neyrat had acted as chaplain to the Sisters of St. Joseph at Evian, their Novitiate on the Lake of Geneva.

With the knowledge thus gained of the spirit and rules of the Congregation



THE YOUNGER GIRLS WITH TWO NOVICE SISTERS.

XVI., moved by the earnest appeal of the zealous Superior of the Missionaries of St. Francis de Sales of Annecy, confided to that Congregation the Missions of Vizagapatam in the Vicariate of Madras, and accordingly, in 1846, six missionaries entered that promising field of apostolic labor.

Soon afterward, one of the devoted band particularly noted for his ardor and energy was consecrated Bishop (of Olene) in partibus and Vicar Apostolic of the new Vicariate of Vizagapatam.

none could better than he understand its peculiar fitness for his purpose. In the name of India's benighted little ones, his appeal was forwarded to the Superiors of the Order at the far-famed Institute of Annecy, whose very name, reminiscent as it must ever be of that gentlest Bishop-Saint, Francis de Sales, seems most appropriately placed in the annals of missionary endeavor.

From the "little house in Annecy called La Galerie," the cradle of St. Joseph Institute, as it had been too of the

first Daughters of the Visitation, the earliest Indian colony set forth. Four Sisters sailed from Bordeaux toward the end of July, 1848, arriving at Yanaon, in the French settlements, during February, 1849. And at Yanaon they remained, constrained to do so by the persuasions, of the inhabitants, while from Vizagapatam, disappointed by this unexpected decision of theirs, a second appeal sped over the dividing waters to Annecy once more, and the older foundation of Chambéry as well.

Again came the practical response on which Bishop Neyrat counted, for, in 1852, Mother St. John Boissat, Superior-General of Chambéry, resigned her Old World charge and, accompanied by six other representative daughters of the Saint of Nazareth, embarked at Marseilles for Vizagapatam.

"A true type of the valiant woman above the weakness of discouragement" is the pithy description given by a contemporary of this first Superior-General of St. Joseph's Sisterhood in India, and wonderfully has her type been perpetuated. To-day, when thirty-eight years have elapsed since rose for her the dawn of eternal rest, the self-same spirit of fearless confidence which was the secret of her success animates those who have arisen to follow in her footsteps. "Pray that the daily bread may not be lacking for our nurslings," they write, while between the lines one reads how perilously near, from the standpoint of human foresight, that dreaded hour appears. And yet a sentence or two further on the spirit of Mother St. John illumines the page: "Our motto is still, God will provide the way, for oh, has He not been our provident God all through!"

Some years after Mother St. John's coming, the Diocese of the Mission was subdivided into Southern and Northern, its magnificent distances and manifold wants proving too much for even the endurance of a missionary bishop. In the Diocese of the North the Convent of Nagpore is situated, and here too, at

Kamtee, ten miles from Nagpur, the first novitiate of the Order in India was established in connection with a boarding-school for Europeans, an orphanage for Eurasians and a native orphanage for girls.

Besides Kamtee and Nagpore, the Daughters of St. Joseph in the Northern Diocese conduct establishments at Jubulpore, Khumdwa, Hurda and Thana. One cannot help wishing that it were possible here to outline, at least, the rise and progress of these institutions, for to each attaches its own peculiar interest.

From Kamtee, for instance, where the Provincial now stays, a mistress of novices, who had herself come from Annecy a few years previously, led the first colony to England in 1864, amongst them being one Irish Sister, who had joined the Order in India. Now the English houses, four in number, occasionally furnish Annecy with candidates for the Indian Mission.

And of Thana we have all heard recently, for in Thana is the orphanage of famine children, and that beloved "colony" of poor neophytes, so frequently mentioned in the published correspondence of the Nuns of Nagpore. One pathetic reference to this far-away settlement lingers most vividly with the writer, privileged to read it in the original above the signature of the sainted prelate so lately called from the unspeakable hardships of his Indian Vicariate to the kingdom prepared for him by his Master.

"Poor Thana!" he wrote but a few short months ago, while on his way thither for one of his frequent visits; "Poor Thana *weighs heavy on my heart*, and, ill as I am, I do not know what stay I shall be able to make there."

Ah, what a heart it was that ceased to beat on the recent July afternoon, when the shepherd of this distressed fold, laying down, literally as lovingly, his life for his sheep, passed from the scene of his thirty years' labors to their everlasting reward!

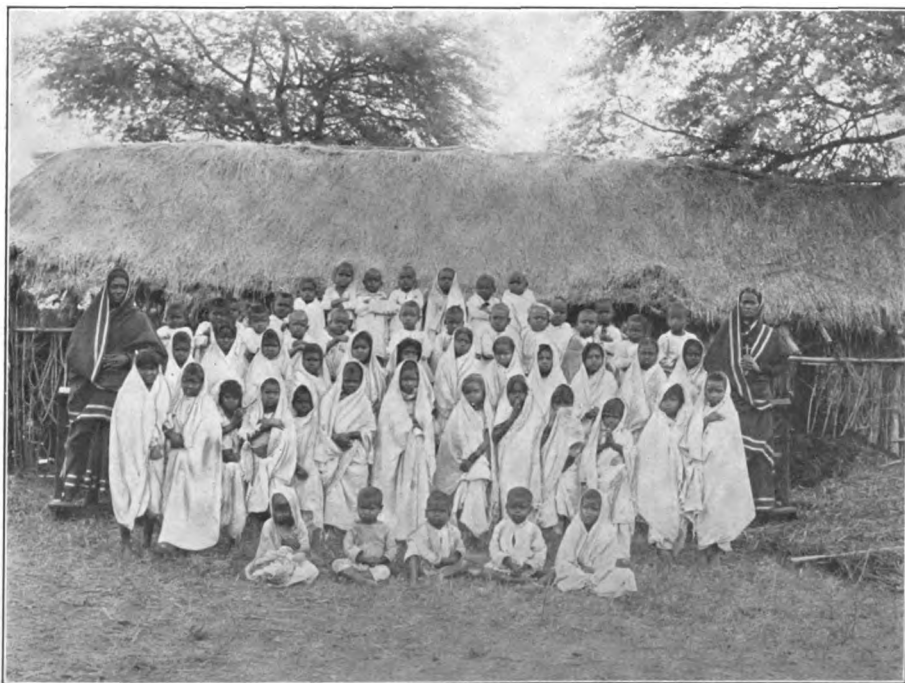
And how little we, enlightened as we consider ourselves by the perusal of statistics and appeals, can understand the endurance of that heroic spirit, bearing the weight of many such burdens as Thana !

Foundling asylums, orphanages, dispensaries for the gratuitous distribution of medicines, have multiplied in charge of St. Joseph's and other religious orders, but only on the Divine Source whence came the replenishment of the widow's cruse can the founders rely for sustenance.

St. Joseph's Order as it has been recently described : " Following and aiding the advances of the age in everything pertaining to human knowledge."

In this connection, the reports of the government inspectors are convincing, for it goes without saying, they do not, at least, err on the side of partiality.

From one such, the following extract is taken : " This school of the Sisters of St. Joseph is unique of its kind and is one of the most useful and best managed of all the institutions of the Maharajah. It is pleasant to inspect a school where



THE OLDER GIRLS WITH TWO NATIVE SISTERS.

It is true, nevertheless, that were it not for the present need which fills every mind, pleasant reading should be afforded by the recital of compensations yielded by the Indian missions in return for the loving labors of the Sisterhoods.

The praiseful reports of St. Joseph's Day School and St. Philomena's School of Nagpur, St. Joseph's School of Kamtee, St. Joseph's School of Jubbulpore (all in this one Diocese of the North) sound familiar as welcome to those who know

the instructresses seem to have completely gained the confidence of their pupils, and where order and discipline are so admirably preserved."

Such triumphs, too, we must remember are here achieved amidst extraordinary difficulties, not the least being the limitations of caste, which the Sisters must recognize and respect if they would gain a foothold in this strange land of their sojourn. Again, while appreciation of knowledge exists in India, underlying

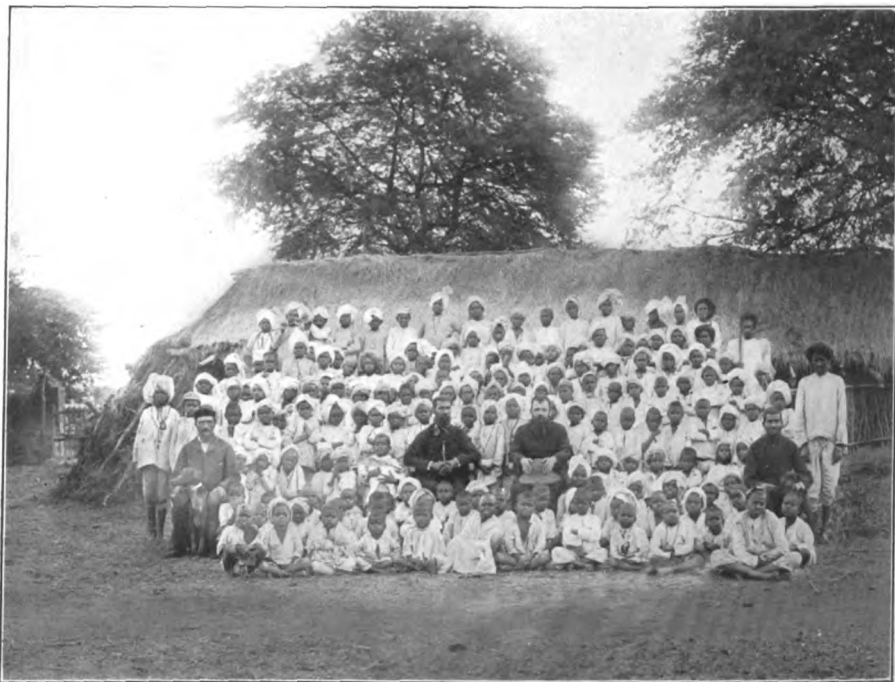
it is an old racial prejudice against its "purchase" or what we would call its support: Kipling, it may be remembered, tells of a school he visited, where the native teacher said, "One must not sell knowledge," and the class repeated the sentiment "applausively."

It is surprising to learn that even under the pressure of new demands made on the Sisters' time by the calls of famine and disease, hospital and district relief duty, their educational work has not been neglected.

entries as this: "Twenty-eight orphans rescued—baptisms *in articulo mortis*, forty-three." One day's work for two Sisters.

So the starveling waifs, thick strewn as leaves of autumn on this barren mother earth of theirs, are hourly transformed by virtue of divine grace into accepted children of God and heirs to His kingdom, where their grateful prayers may well rise unceasingly for those heroic helpers of spiritual and corporal needs.

Not the least part of Catholicity's



PRIESTS, BROTHERS AND BOYS.

How continued in such environment and how the few laborers in this desolated vineyard compass, as they do, the varied tasks so joyously accepted, can only be explained by the remembrance of His omnipotence who promised to be with His own for all days, even unto the end.

Innumerable too is the throng of intercessors, the baby souls for whom at the parting hour the white-robed Sisters pour the "Water of Salvation;" simple diaries of convent life contain many such

debt to the Nuns of Nagpur is the opportunity proffered through them to the individual Catholic of securing just such privileged intercession.

Poorhouse and Mission and native village—Raipur and Dongargarh and Khairagarh—with arid stretches of railroad tracks and bleached highways between, furnish their daily quota of forsaken ones awaiting claimants.

For all the hindering leagues that intervene, we may be the instruments of their salvation, for in the name of a far-

away benefactor the daughter of St. Joseph pours the saving waters for the dying, or welcomes the living to the poor shelter, where the merest crumb from our tables of western plenty suffices to provide the daily bread through coming years of fosterage and instruction.

Shall not the willing arms be strengthened, the helping hands filled for bestowal, the anxious minds eased of this selfless burden, which in the guise of Thana's helplessness and Nagpur's neces-

sities lay heavy on the martyr heart of Bishop Pelvat even unto death?

Who would not echo the prayer with which another of India's devoted prelates, Bishop Clerc of Vizagapatam, closes a recent *résumé* of the work of St. Joseph's Sisters, who are to be found, he says, in every great centre along the coast from the Godavery to the Mahanady:

"That Almighty God may bless them more and more, foster their undertakings and richly reward their friends and benefactors!"

## THE POTTER'S FIELD.

*By P. J. Coleman.*

POOR outcasts, in this sad, secluded spot,  
 Unnamed, unknown, unepitaph'd they lie,  
 At rest beneath God's hospitable sky,  
 Who to the dregs have drained life's bitter lot.  
 Forgot of men, them June forgetteth not,  
 But keepeth aye in reverent memory  
 And pausing, as her gracious feet go by,  
 Heaps high with flow'rs their lonely burial plot.

Earth's proudest monarchs have no more than they—  
 Peace after strife, oblivion and dust,  
 With Spring's impartial blossoms strewn above.  
 All journey to Death's caravanserai;  
 But well for whoso lieth down, in trust  
 To wake and find a Father's tender love!





"MY GOD, WHAT A TREASURE," MUTTERED HUGH.

## THE CHALICE OF URLAR.

*By P. J. Coleman.*

### I.

“**H**AVE you heard the news? Hugh Costello’s back from America !”

Question and answer, delivered in one and the same breath, were the momentous preface to all gossip in Urlar. For Urlar was a quiet little place, unnoticed and unknown on the brink of its blue lake in the heart of Connaught ; and the return of an emigrant an event of importance in its short and simple annals, second only in importance to the more common, if less joyous, departure of those other emigrants who were forever going out of its sleepy monotony into that great and golden unknown summarized in the word “America.”

Indeed, the exodus of its sons and daughters was never done. Boys and girls grew to manhood and maidenhood only to leave the calm of its green fields, the solemn silence of its purple bog amid shrill ululations of those they left behind.

But the return to Urlar of one of its exiled children was a red-letter day in village gossip—the text and theme of wordy speculation as to how the returned had fared beyond the seas ; what fortune had befallen him ; how much American gold was locked up in his big American trunk ; how long he was to stay, and when he was to leave again.

So it was that Hugh Costello’s homecoming had soon been bruited abroad in Urlar, and further through Glen Tavrane and the Glen of the Golden Willows. For Hugh had been a popular boy in the village. He came of good stock—stock decayed, it is true, since the flight of the Wild Geese to France after the fall of Limerick, and the intrusion of Williamite adventurers in the mountain nests of those beloved Wild

Geese ; but yet rich in good old blood, in fine old traditions and in devoted loyalty to Christ and Ireland. Indeed, the Costellos could boast that their forebears had founded the old Dominican abbey, now but an ivied ruin by the lake.

So the news reached Hamish Peyton—Hamish Mor, the peasants called him, to distinguish him from his son, Hamish Og—and his daughter Agnes. And if to Hamish Mor, proud of purse, hard and selfish, ever intent on his cattle and his crops and his fat acres and his bank account, it was a matter of small concern, to Agnes it was a source of secret pleasure. But she kept her counsel and hid her blushes over the churn in her dairy.

For Hugh and Agnes had been boy and girl together—Hugh her senior by some five years—and had sat together on the benches of the National School, and liked each other as no brother and sister in the school had liked each other. And Hugh had scored all the silver birches in the wood by the lake with the girl’s initials, and had been her champion, her boyish cavalier, in the days before Hugh had gone forth to seek his fortune, taking with him through many evil days and in many evil haunts of great western cities the memory of the sweet child face he adored. But if Hugh had forgotten in those days of struggle in America, Agnes had not ; but had treasured in her pure heart every little kindness of the past, every trifling incident, every word and smile out of that innocent elysium of childhood.

But now Agnes was a woman grown—sweet and beautiful and simple still—and Hugh was a man, wise and travelled, and back again in Urlar, the mystery of America on his bronzed face,

its accent on his tongue, its manly independence in every word and action, but alas! as time would tell, much of its godlessness and unhealthy materialism in his honest Irish heart.

"The place is a good deal changed, mother," said Hugh, as he sat in the little parlor, near the cheerful turf fire in the open grate. "I miss many of the old faces; the old graveyard has names it did not have ten years ago, and there are little faces here that were not here then. But, thank God! my little mother is still the same. A mother never changes, I reckon." And he kissed her lovingly.

The mother was proud of this strapping young fellow, who, in candid face, in blue eyes, in boisterous laughter, reproduced her husband of thirty years before.

"Gosh!" he went on, poking the fire with the tongs and sending a swarm of crimson sparks fluttering up the chimney, "Gosh! it does a fellow good to smell the old turf again. Why, it's worth ten years' absence to catch the breeze that blows over the lough, and to hear those larks singing. The Yanks think they have a crack-a-jack in their mocking bird. He's all right, I allow, but he isn't in it with old Ireland's skylark—not by a long shot. But say, mother, what's the matter with old man Peyton? I met him to-day and he hardly noticed me. Gad, the President hasn't half his airs. He seems to be cultivating what what-you-call-him, the poet, calls 'the stony British stare.' But, faith, he can't gorgonize me!"

"Hamish Peyton's a great man now," said his mother quietly. "I don't wonder he cultivates the stony British stare. Everything's British with him now. Our old Irish ways are no longer good enough for him, with his lands and cattle—and, least of all, our old Irish faith."

"What!" interrupted Hugh, "you don't mean to tell me he's given that up?"

"He has not yet formally abjured it," replied his mother sadly.

"Well, that takes the cake!" burst out Hugh. "I'm not much on religion,

myself. I learned in America to take a wider view of things. I think there's a good deal too many old-fashioned ideas in Ireland."

His mother was horrified. It was the first intimation that America had not been the unmixed blessing for her boy she had imagined.

"Oh, Hugh, what are you saying?" she asked reproachfully.

The tears were welling in her eyes, and Hugh was smitten with remorse.

"That's all right, mother," he reassured her. "It's one thing to have opinions. It's quite another thing to go about, airing those opinions and scandalizing weaker vessels. As I said, I'm not much on religion, but I'd like to see the man or woman who would make me forsake the old faith, all the same. And so Hamish has turned renegade, eh?"

"I didn't say that," answered his mother. "But prosperity has spoiled himself and his son. There's no holding them any longer. There's Agnes now——"

"What of Aggy, mother?" asked Hugh with unmistakable interest.

"The poor girl! She's as good as gold. But what do you think they're trying to do with her?"

"What?"

"Marry her to Angus Gordon."

"Do you mean young Gordon of Glan, the son of old Malachi Gordon?"

"The same."

"And he a Protestant and a Cromwellian to boot?"

"Bu he has the land, you know; dines with Colonel Jones, the magistrate, mixes a good deal with the 'quality,' and will soon be made a J. P."

"You don't tell me? And is Aggy a partner to all this?"

"What can the poor little colleen do? Isn't she tied hand and foot to this upstart father of hers? Isn't his word and his son's word law to the poor child? Do you think they consult *her*? Consult her, inach! They've made the match, for the sake of having a J. P. in the

family. I pity poor Agnes from all my heart."

"Poor, poor Agnes! God help her!" sighed Hugh.

"Yes, Hugh, agra, God help her! She'd make a fine wife for any man; one that any man, gentle or simple, might be proud of. Ah, Hughey, Agnes always liked you," went on the mother reminiscently, a tinge of sadness, as for some vanished dream, in her voice. "She never met me yet, since she had sense enough to ask, but she inquired for you—how you were and were you getting on. She always hoped so, and wanted to see you prosper. If you had only come back a couple of years ago, who knows? But now, they say, Hamish has set his heart on young Gordon."

Poor little Urlar! So insignificant, yet so big in its own eyes; so like, in the common frailty of our kind, its great municipal brethren; so busy with its own small affairs! Yet Urlar was doing just what every other community in the world, tiny hamlet or teeming city, was doing—making unto itself a world of its own petty affairs, magnifying its own importance in its own foolish eyes, just as if beyond its scant horizon, beyond its fastness of purple heath and rampart of blue hills, other tongues were not busy with other affairs fully as important to other communities.

But Urlar was right in its gossip; for Hamish Mor, towering in his pride of place, tyrant of his household, big with vaulting ambition, had set his heart on Angus Gordon of Glan as a desirable husband for Agnes. It mattered not to Hamish Mor—James the Great, as the village wags satirically translated his Gaelic cognomen—that Agnes did not desire Angus; that in fact her heart had been all these years over seas with Hugh Costello. What Hamish said was law, if not in the community whereof he was the Cræsus, certainly in his own household. And Hamish Og—Jim the dandy in local parlance—made him an efficient aide in imposing his will on the poor girl,

who, in frail, flower-like beauty, shrank from her father's rough voice, uncouth figure, red russet-bearded face and despotic will; torn in twain between her sense of duty to her father and her aversion for Angus Gordon.

There were hundreds of girls in Urlar who would have been flattered by Gordon's attention. Agreeable of person and manner, with his father's acres and the old slated house in its clump of ash-trees overlooking the lake, he had also inherited his father's Scottish thrift, his father's eye to a bargain, and not a little of his prejudice against the Irish blood of his neighbors. Farmer and grazier, he was what folk called a "snug man," which meant that he had a comfortable bank account and was a good catch for any girl less sensitively scrupulous than Agnes to the advantages of an alliance with a member of the Free Kirk. Nay, Angus was a patriot in his way, fond of glittering platitudes on the glorious privilege of independence, Home Rule and other such things, alluring in the abstract to Irish ears. It was even covertly whispered that he was a member of a secret society whose propaganda was decidedly revolutionary, though the common sense of Urlar could not for the world reconcile the consistency of such membership with his daily intercourse with Colonel Jones, the resident magistrate, and other satraps of British tyranny. Be that as it may, Angus was openly in the field for Agnes, and his frequent visits to the Peyton home, as well as his constant association in public with Hamish Og, bore but one interpretation—that all was settled between them and that Agnes was to be his.

"I suppose he'll be for buying the Higgins' farm now," said Mrs. Costello, reverting to Angus. "He's a wise lad and never loses an opportunity to better himself."

"The Higgins' farm?" queried Hugh in surprise.

"Yes; I forgot to tell you that Meehul Higgins has been dead these three years come Michaelmas, and his widow

has the place up for auction. It's a fine holding and will go cheap, I suppose. Angus isn't the boy to let slip such a chance. Mrs. Higgins, poor creature, is in bad health and is anxious to retire to Dublin to be near her sister, who is a nun there."

"So poor Meehul Higgins is gone at last! Well, God rest his soul!" commented Hugh, his eyes bent musingly on the embers of the smouldering turf. "I tell you what, mother; I always had a fancy for that place of Meehul's. It is such a comfortable old place, honest and substantial, like old Meehul himself. It has an air of privacy and refinement that attract. I like the way it sets off the road behind its hedges, and oh! but the pines and firs and the flowers in the garden used to smell good long ago! So it's to be auctioned off?"

"Yes, within a month," nodded his mother.

"Faith!" he went on, slapping his knee in sudden inspiration, "I might do worse than bid for it. I made out pretty well in New York, you know. But there's time enough to think about it—time enough."

And leaving his mother with an affectionate kiss, he mounted the stairs to the attic room with the sloping ceiling he so well remembered, but which somehow seemed to have shrunk most unnaturally in his ten years' absence.

"It's the sky-scrapers of New York that dwarf it in comparison," he thought with a smile, as through the window he caught a glimpse of the lake dimpling under an autumn moon, the dim silhouette of the old abbey dark against the hills of its further shore.

## II.

Next day, the feast of Saint Dominic, was "Patron Day" at Urlar, and the village did honor to the occasion according to its immemorial wont. It was a beautiful day, sweet and soft as the character of the mild saint of the Rosary. The sky was blue as Our Lady's mantle.

Fragrance of growing things was in all the winds. The hills wore a patchwork of many colors. The oats were spangled with legions of scarlet poppies. The meadows were ripe for the scythe. Here and there potato plots made patches of sombre green, flecked with a foam of violet blossoms. Lowering belts of bog and uplands shaggy with purple heather rolled away to the horizon, crowned in the west by the cone of Croagh Patrick, blue as a sapphire, and the indigo bulk of Ben Nephin.

The whitewashed walls of the village shone like snow and the abbey lifted its gray walls against the innumerable twinklings of the lake. The whole land was vocal with the symphony of skylarks. The heavens rained down their melody, while a soft susurrus of bees went hither and thither, over clover and heath, through fields of poppy and slopes of thyme, under the pines and along the lake where the bilberries ripened amid the ferns.

It was so long since Hugh had seen a "Patron" that he went at noon where the people, young and old, boys and girls and children, bare of foot, were gathered from far and near about Saint Dominic's Well in the old abbey precincts.

The usual retinue of tents were there on the green, presided over by white-capped women in plaid kerchiefs; carts laden with bursting creels of rosy apples and amber gooseberries; carts with gingerbreads and sugar sticks; carts strung with rosaries and scapulars and gay with gaudy prints in gilded frames, of scriptural subject or sainted hero; carts piled with purple "dulse," yet crusted with the salt of the sea.

The old folk—women in azure cloaks and tartan shawls, men in blue frieze and brass buttons—filed in devout recollection in the well-trodden circle of the Stations of the Cross, tagging the stunted whitethorns about the holy well with shreds and rags of many colors torn from their clothing; while the young folk for

the most part patronized the carts or with laughter and blush and merry quip footed it on the green to the music of fiddle and bagpipe, at a reverential distance from the more devout pilgrims.

The moon had risen and the peewits went wailing through the dusk when Hugh returned. His mother had the table set for supper in loving anticipation. The kettle was singing softly on the hob and the teapot steaming at the spout.

Hugh was flushed and apparently angry.

"What ails you, Hugh asthore?" queried his mother.

"I saw all the boys," answered Hugh, "and all the girls. I saw Agnes too. She came down to perform a station about four o'clock. My! but she's grown beautiful! And as sweet and gentle as ever. But that arrogant father of hers—confound his insolence! What do you think happened?"

Hugh's eyes had an ugly light. "What, asthore?" asked his mother.

"Why, Aggy and I were talking quietly in the churchyard. I had gone there to see father's grave, she to see her mother's, when who should come up but His High and Mighty Arrogance and orders her home. 'You ought to know your place,' he bawled before all the people, as if she were deaf. 'You must learn to pick yer company,' he says, 'and not go runnin' afther every Tom, Dick an' Harry that comes sthrollin' in here from America.' Poor child! She was overcome with mortification, to be so treated in public, and could only flash me a quick look, as the Great Mogul marched her off. It wouldn't have been so bad, had not young Gordon and Hamish Og been there, and snickered audibly at the affront. A fine jest, indeed! But I'll make them smart for it; they'll find that out. Scotch canniness and upstart insolence are no match for Costello pride, especially as there's no mistaking Agnes' look. Oh, mother, it can't be that Aggy still cares for me?"

"Indeed she does, Hugh," his mother assured him.

"Why, she's worth a regiment of Hamish Mors and Hamish Ogs together. I'll tell you what, mother," he went on, "I'm going to bid for that holding of old Meehul Higgins'. If cutting a shine is all that is necessary to win her father's approval, why, I'll cut the greatest shine in Urlar. Not that I think such things cut much ice with Agnes. But if I can give her a home worthy of her and at the same time bring old Hamish down a few pegs—why, all's fair in love and war."

And Hugh took his mother in his arms and kissed her affectionately.

"I'll write this very night to Morgan's in London and have him draw on my bankers in New York. I only brought a trifle with me, as I had no intention of remaining here. But now, I guess, you would hardly care, mother, to leave Old Ireland, and I—well, I have quite changed my mind as to settling down here. Ireland has suddenly grown mighty sweet to me."

His mother understood him and fondled his hand in silent sympathy, while her heart went out to her husband's grave in the abbey.

The next few days were grave with tragic event. Hugh met Agnes again. He had not sought her purposely, but, walking by the lake, had come upon her by accident, milking her father's cows.

He told her his love, and her gentle spirit, long repressed by her father's harsh treatment and her brother's unnatural league against her happiness, found vent in heartbroken tears. She begged Hugh to save her from the impending calamity. She had always loved him and would be a tender and devoted wife.

Hugh had prospered in America. The son of the village schoolmaster, enjoying unusual advantages of books and mental culture, he had gone to New York, where, after clerking for and superintending the great contracts of his uncle, Senator Costello, he had struck out for himself, and in a few years amassed a

modest competence, sufficient to justify him in returning to Urlar and bringing his mother to the home he had planned for her in America. Strong, therefore, in his love for Agnes, and confident of his ability to save her from the loveless union with a Presbyterian contemplated by her father, he went to her home to make formal demand for her hand.

Angus Gordon was there, sleek and trim, unctuously flattering the father's ambition and volubly discussing his expected nomination by the Lord Lieutenant to the Justiciary of the Peace. Hamish Mor, as prospective father-in-law of a J. P., was in the seventh heaven of blissful anticipation, Hamish Og effusively complimentary, and Agnes—poor, devoted Agnes—tearfully and rebelliously acquiescent, yet hopeful of a different issue to their conjurations.

True, to Hamish Og it did seem inconsistent for the government to honor with its confidence one who was secretly plotting its overthrow, as a member of the Order of the Sword. But he stopped not to question whether there was anything suspicious in Gordon's affiliation with such a body of patriots—his talent running mainly to knickerbockers, shooting jackets and haberdashery. Too honorable himself to stoop to such things, he did not dream of imputing dishonor to his friend. Besides, whenever he had suggested the impropriety of his conduct to Angus, that gentleman had a plausible argument to allay his qualms of conscience.

"Improper? Inconsistent? Not at all; quite the contrary. The government fully approves of my conduct. It is a paternal government and dislikes harsh methods. It would not care to fight the Order of the Sword. It knows very well the hot-heads that comprise it, and for the sake of peace would win them to constitutional methods. Don't you see that the presence of gentlemen like you and me, Hamish, lend tone to the Order, give it prestige, you know, and will attract to it the better element—the

cool, sane, constitutional element—men of property, men of weight in the community. I think I deserve all I get. Government society ought to be grateful to such men as you and me, who risk our reputation by association with such fellows in order that we may serve our country."

And Hamish—silly and deluded Hamish—would agree.

The chatter of the trio subsided instantly as Hugh entered. Not being invited to a seat, he remained standing in awkward silence.

"I love your daughter, Mr. Peyton," he said, coming straight to the point. "I have reason to believe my affection is reciprocated and have come to ask you to honor me with her hand."

Hamish Og leaped to his feet in amazement and made a step towards Hugh. Hamish Mor, flushing angrily, stared in stupid astonishment at him. Angus Gordon turned pale. Agnes, with downcast eyes, sat dumb with embarrassment. Then at last Hamish Mor found speech and, with blazing eyes, turned on Hugh.

"How dare you come here with such a monstrous proposition? Love my daughter, indeed!"

For a moment he was convulsed with bitter laughter, then, recovering himself, went on.

"You, the son of a village school-master—you—you," he stuttered in blind rage, "you——!"

Then striding to the door and flinging it open: "Leave my house at once—at once, sir, and thank your stars you go so easily. And you, girl! Get to your room—to your room!" he insisted, with a brutal stamp of his foot.

Agnes, sobbing bitterly, with face hidden in hands, passed out of the room.

Hugh flashed one lingering look after her. For a moment his brow burned with rage and his hands clenched nervously; but, fearful of provoking on her defenseless head the wrath of her kin, which, aroused, might go to he knew

not what extreme of violence, he held his peace and left them without a word.

He was in a dangerous mood as he strode home. The revengeful side of his nature was touched—a nature inherited from generations of proud and turbulent fathers. It had always been a perilous trait of the Costellos. His breath came gustily and his lips were tightly closed. He was stung to madness, not so much by Hamish Mor's refusal, for that was clearly within his right, as by the humiliation heaped upon him before Gordon, by the cruel treatment of Agnes and the affront put on his father's memory. He had loved his father with filial devotion. The memory of his irreproachable life and quiet, scholarly gentleness was to him a sacred inheritance, and now, at the thought of Hamish Mor's brutal scorn, his heart felt like a coal of fire within him.

Passing the abbey, he turned aside from the road and presently found his father's grave. Throwing himself upon it he gave vent to his outraged feelings in bitter tears, vowing wildly and brokenly in the cold grass to exact atonement for his dishonored memory.

His mother, when he got home, was troubled at his appearance, at his unusual moroseness and at the abrupt manner in which, after a few commonplace remarks, he finally retired, not however to sleep, but to pace his room in sullen wrath and to brood over the events of the day.

### III.

The ties of blood, however remote, derive a peculiar significance and acquire a marked reverence among the Irish. It, therefore, did not allay Mrs. Costello's fears—though it hardly surprised her—to hear that next day Hugh's cousin, Martin Sherlock, a burly young farmer, had quarrelled and all but come to blows with Hamish Og at Derreen, the market town of the district. In old days such an incident as Hugh's expulsion, violating the sacred Irish laws of hospitality, would have caused a feud

that generations would perpetuate. Mrs. Costello trembled for the consequences, for she knew the pride of her husband's blood—pride that opposition but quickened to keener activity. But she was not prepared for what followed.

The sale of the Higgins' holding had been duly advertised in the provincial papers, and placarded on all the gate-piers, barn-doors and telegraph poles throughout the district. The bellman had cried it on three successive Sundays in the chapel yards at Urlar and Derreen. Hugh was anxiously on the alert for news from London, when a messenger, dusty with travel from Derreen, brought him a telegram.

Tearing it open, he glanced at the message, turned deadly pale, and let the paper flutter to the ground.

"My God, Hugh, what ails you? or are you sick?" asked his mother, as he tottered against the mantelpiece in the parlor and, with a low moan, leaned his face thereon.

"I'm a ruined man," he whispered hoarsely. "My savings of ten years are gone. The Bank of Manhattan has failed. Read!" And he thrust the telegram into her hand.

It was too true, and only a mother's heart can tell what Mrs. Costello suffered in that moment of sympathetic anguish.

"It's too late to write to Uncle Dick," he went on, his mind running on the auction. "He would help me, but there's no time."

He had set his heart on the Higgins estate, never for a moment doubting the ultimate issue of his love for Agnes, whom he was resolved at all hazard to snatch from Angus Gordon.

"But," he said suddenly, smiting his thigh with lusty hand, "I'm not beaten yet. There's the Chalice of the Lake——"

"God and His Mother save us!" screamed his mother, blanching like a lily, her eyes dilated in terror.

"Yes, mother," said Hugh calmly, "the Chalice of the Lake."



"Hugh Costello, are you mad?" gasped the affrighted woman, her mind recoiling in horror from the enormity of the sacrilege he proposed. "Are you mad? Or have your senses left you? Is it steal the Chalice of St. Dominic, the blessed treasure of the Lord? The chalice that has held the blood of the Redeemer? The chalice that the holy monks of Urlar flung into the lake to save it from the hands of the Sassenach soldiers? *Wirrasthrue! Wirrasthrue!* My grief, my grief! that I should live to hear my own Hugh, the pulse of my heart, the child of my love, utter such words!"

She did not cry. Her tears were congealed with mortal terror. She sat on a chair, white as death, rocking to and fro, and clapping her hands in the intensity of her apprehension.

"You will not do it, Hugh. You will not profane the vessels of the Lord," she pleaded piteously. "You will not steal the blessed Mass Cup—the cup that has brought ruin to all who ever attempted to drag it from the lake. The curse of God will come upon you. Grief and woe, sorrow and death follow all who dare to touch it. Oh, my God! better ten thousand times that Agnes should marry Angus Gordon, black Presbyterian as he is, than that she should buy her happiness at such an awful cost. Better she were lying cold at your feet than that you should attempt this wicked, this unholy thing."

Hugh did not answer her. He did not attempt to argue down her horror or extenuate the sacrilege with sophistic pleas of expediency. He did not urge upon her that the chalice had lain at the bottom of the lake for three hundred years, the prize of whoso would adventure to recover it; that in a manner it was his lawful property, inasmuch as his great ancestor, Gilbert of Gallen, had given it to the abbey. All these things he had in his mind, but he knew too well the intensity of his mother's faith to urge them in excuse. He had set his heart on securing the chalice. It would

bring him money enough to buy the holding he coveted. So he kept his own counsel, hoping that his silence would be interpreted as repentance.

"No, Hugh! you must not take it," his mother went on appealingly. "Three times in the memory of people living, evil men attempted it and they all met with bad ends. My own brother, Brian Sherlock, your cousin Martin's father, was the last of the three. He is dead now, God be good to him! But misfortune overtook him—the curse of the Lord that guards his chalice from profanation. His cattle died; his children, all but your cousin Martin. And it was Martin, a lad in smocks, that rowed out with your uncle to give the chalice back again to the keeping of the lake. No, Hugh *asthore*, you must not do it! For the honor of God, His blessed Mother and Holy Saint Dominic leave it alone!"

Hugh did not answer, but his mother's words had brought a flash of illumination to his mind. If his cousin Martin had gone out with his father to restore it to the lake, then Martin knew where the chalice lay; else, it would be hopeless to think of recovering it from the five miles of the lake's area.

Hugh kept his counsel, and sought Martin Sherlock in the Glen of the Golden Willows.

Martin would not hear him at first; but as he loved Hugh and had no love for Angus Gordon, whom he suspected of intrigue with the government, ostensibly a loyal member of the Order of the Sword, but really watching and betraying their propaganda to the Castle through Colonel Jones; and as with true Irish aversion he hated spies and informers, he did not scruple to compound his conscience with Hugh's interest—especially as that interest meant the checkmating of Gordon. Therefore, under a solemn compact of secrecy, but not without many misgivings, he agreed to pilot Hugh to the spot in the lake where lay the chalice.

"God between us and harm!" he said. "It is a great treasure and I don't know but, as you say, it is yours by right,

seeing that a Costello gave it to the abbey."

It was a lowering night when they met by appointment at the abbey. The moon had a golden halo which boded storm, for the rains of Lammas were due. Hugh had slipped quietly from the house while his mother slept. Peewits cried in the bogs, and dogs bayed each other in fitful intervals from distant cabins. Generations of Catholic blood made them recoil in heart from what they were about to do, and magnified every sound—the rustling of the ivy in the ruined cloister, the wind in the tall grass on the graves, the plash of the waves on the shingle—into ominous portents. But, crying down their fears, they leaped into their boat and bent lustily to their oars. The moon made a silvery pathway on the waves and flashed from their oars in diamond spray. They rowed straight to a rock that rose in a circle of sand, gaunt and gray, about half a mile from shore.

"It is hereabouts some place," whispered Sherlock. "These bulrushes mark the place. I can tell by the abbey. About a little! There, that'll do. The exact spot lies about fifty yards this side the rock, on a straight line with the abbey tower. Suppose we try?"

They were in a clump of bulrushes and water-lilies, the nesting-place of innumerable coots. The water was not deep, a sandy bar—a submerged causeway—connecting land and rock. Indeed, popular tradition had it that at one time rock and abbey were joined by a promontory along which the monks were wont to pass for silent meditation on the islet in the lake, long since submerged, but now marked by the rock.

They had brought with them a long "graip" with bent prongs, a coil of stout hempen rope and a hammer and chisel.

Hugh sounded the water with the "graip."

"I guess you're about right, Mart," he said. "I feel the bottom here. Pebbly, I think."

"That's it," whispered Sherlock. "Drag the graip along. The chain may be covered with silt. There's a chain attached to the box, you know, for lowering and lifting it."

"I have it," broke in Hugh. "The graip's stuck in something heavy. Here it comes."

And drawing up the graip, he was overjoyed to find that one of the prongs had hooked in the rust-red links of a dripping chain.

"Now fasten the rope to the chain. Tight. That's it, Hughey," whispered Sherlock. "And here goes for the rock. It's safer than going ashore. Besides, the box is heavy and we'd never be able to drag it that far."

Strong men as they were and short though the distance was, it taxed their every nerve to pull the boat to the strip of sand that girdled the rock; hampered as it was by the weight that bumped and scraped along the bottom of the lake, now sticking fast in the roots of bulrushes, now tangling in sunken weeds, the chain anon impeded by jutting stone or pointed crag.

But at length they reached the rock and, leaping ashore, hand over hand hauled slowly to their feet a large, square box, green with the ooze of years, encrusted with shells and slimy with weeds. It was a stout box of oak, clamped and reinforced with bands of iron.

Kneeling in the shadow of the rock in a fever of expectancy, with chisel and hammer the two men wrenched the lid away and sprang to their feet with a cry of surprise.

"My God, what a treasure!" muttered Hugh, gazing in blank astonishment at Sherlock.

"What a dazzling sight! It must be worth thousands!" whispered Sherlock, hoarsely, crossing himself in awe.

The box seemed filled with fire that flamed and burned in brilliant sparkles—red, green, violet, purple and richest ruby.

Piece by piece they lifted from the box a large crucifix, a silver processional

cross of exquisite workmanship, studded with emeralds, a hinged panel of ivory and mother of pearl with ornaments of gold, that had evidently been the door of a tabernacle, a monstrance of gold, star-shaped and jeweled with turquoises and emeralds, a couple of disks of solid gold—evidently patens—and under all the famous Chalice of Urlar, long lost to the abbey and only existing for the credulous in hearthside tradition.

The treasure of the lake was indeed regarded as a mere poetic fancy; for many lakes and rivers in Ireland are credited with having such possessions, committed to their depths by friar and monk, when the wolves of Reform were ravaging the fold of Christ.

The chalice flickered and flamed at every motion of the hand that held it. It was a coruscation of precious stones in a miracle of golden filigree. The plinth was hexagonal, with intermediate pointed spandrel, enriched with delicately wrought serpents in Celtic design, from which rose the base. The central panel had the Crucifixion, with the lily and passion-flower in high relief on either side, and enriched with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. Five other panels contained medallions in delicate repoussé work, representing the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Last Supper, the Resurrection and the Ascension. Above these were crocketed canopies of beaten gold. The stem, of intertwined snakes, rose in open filigree to the knob, which was a group of pelicans, their breasts bleeding with rubies, their outstretched wings supporting the cup proper of plain gold. Four shields between the pelicans bore the blazonry of the Costellos in rich enamel, and around the rim of the chalice, on a ribbon of gold, ran the legend in scarlet enamel:

GILBERTVS · MACCOSTELLO · PRINCEPS  
GALLIENSIS IN PIAM MEMORIAM UXORIS  
KATHARINÆ · DE BURGO · MONASTERIO  
STI. · DOMINICI · MDXXVII.

“Heavens! What these simple people

have missed all these years,” commented Hugh, holding the chalice up to the moon and watching the prismatic play of light on its beautiful convexity.

“It’s a wonder the priests or the bishop did not try to find it,” said Sherlock.

“It’s no wonder at all,” answered Hugh. “Half the people don’t believe such a thing ever existed. They think it’s only *pistherogues*, and priest or bishop would be the first to laugh at you for your pains, if you told him the story.”

“But I have my doubts, Hughey, about taking it,” said Martin. His face was serious. “I’m sorry I came at all. They say there’s a great curse about it, God between us and harm! Don’t you think we’d better put it back, box and all, into the lake?”

“Look here, Mart! You don’t know me if you think that I’m to be frightened by an old woman’s story. You should go to America and learn wisdom. Finding is keeping. Besides, I’m not going to sell it. In the first place, it would be mighty hard to find a jeweler who would buy such an unusual offering without a rigid investigation. It would excite his suspicion to see chalices and that in the possession of a layman, and might lead to unnecessary complications. I can pawn it easily enough. Gentlemen of the tribe of Israel are not particularly qualmish about how they come by such things. Besides, Mart, I want to be generous. If I find that I can get enough cash without risking the entire treasure, why, I’ll put back what is left. But at all events you get your share out of it. So now the best thing we can do is to secrete it here in one of these clefts in the rock, where ’twill be safe. No one would ever think of coming here, as they all believe the place is haunted by a devil—an evil spirit of some kind that the good folks think was banished hither long ago by some holy man of the Abbey yonder.”

Late that night the storms of Lammass set in. The thunder roared, the lightning made lurid conflagrations of heaven

and earth. The rain fell in torrents. The winds shrieked and raved like lost souls. Martin Sherlock, cowering in his bed, thought that the hour of doom had come, and that the elements had arisen in wrath to avenge the awful sacrilege he had just helped to commit.

## IV.

A week later Hugh returned from Dublin, whither he had gone on a plea of urgent business, which his mother connected vaguely with the failure of the Bank of Manhattan. She did not suspect the real motive of his visit to the metropolis. Dimly she judged that it was on a matter of grave moment; for Hugh's affected mirth and assumed indifference were too transparent a mask to hide the true complexion of his mind. And that his mind was not easy was evident to the discerning and sympathetic mother.

But the fatal truth flashed upon her a few days later, when the great auction took place. Hugh reported that he had outbidden Angus Gordon and Hamish Mor Peyton and had bought the Higgins house and holding.

She did not tax him with what he had done. She did not reprove him for the sacrilege. Her heart did not turn from him. Nay, it yearned to him with greater love. It was too late now to prevent the evil, too late to remedy it. Atonement—this her vivid faith told her—alone remained, and it would be exacted, in what shape she dared not think. But she shuddered at its proximity, for the curse of God guarded the Chalice of the Lake from profanation.

"Father," she sobbed nightly, on her knees before her crucifix, "Father, forgive him! Spare him! Not on his head, but on mine, O Lord! be Thine anger visited. Strike me, if Thou wilt, but let him live and repent!"

There was a swift and visible change in his mother. Hugh, observing it, was stung with remorse, but he did not relent. Day by day the poor face grew peaked and pinched, pale and thin, and sad and thoughtful. But the catastrophe

that at last sent her to bed, wrecked in mind and body, was as sudden as it was terrible.

The feast of Our Lady's Nativity came around. Apart from its religious aspect it is a great day in those parts—the big Fair Day of Derreen, famous for its traffic in live stock, its droves of fat bullocks for exportation to England, its herds of pigs and *bonnives* for the Limerick ham industries, its colts and horses of every degree, its flocks of huge Roscommon sheep, famous for their fleece and their mutton.

Jobbers and graziers from all Ireland troop thither annually, and to-day Hamish Mor and Angus Gordon drove past the Costello cottage on their way to sell and buy their quota of cattle. But Hamish Og was not with them. Martin Sherlock had gone to Derreen too, to look over the heifers on the Fair Green, for Hugh had given him his share of the proceeds from the theft of the lake treasure, and Martin desired to add a yearling or two to his little herd.

Hugh did not go to the fair. He was in no mood to show himself to the people and be pointed out as the hero of a family feud—the Irish Argonaut fresh from the Klondike, with fabulous gold in his American trunks. Instead, in the afternoon he set out for a long tramp over the hills of Errit, to the south; partly to refresh old memories, partly to brood on his thwarted love amid the solitudes of heather and fir.

The sun had set, and dusk was thickening when he emerged from a strip of firs upon the high road to Derreen, running east and west in melancholy perspective through a dreary expanse of bog. A lonely hut of turf, roofed with dry fern, marked the rude shelter of a "herd," or shepherd, from winds and rain. It loomed indistinctly before him, a blur of black against the fading crimson of sunset.

Near it the low whining of a dog attracted his attention, and going forward he was horrified to see a man lying prone in the ditch, a red setter crouch-

ing at his side, and near him a double-barrelled gun. A pool of blood had slowly gathered about the man, and gouts of red dashed the cresses and golden *boholauns* in the ditch.

Kneeling at his side and taking the drooping head on his knee, Hugh was paralyzed with fright when he recognized the ashen features of Hamish Og. A glance told him all. The man had either been attacked or shot accidentally, for one barrel of the gun was discharged, its muzzle yet grimed with smoke. He was past human aid, for his life blood had slowly ebbed away and soaked his shirt and vest.

It was in vain that Hugh bathed his brow with the cool water of a spring bubbling limpidly anear; in vain that he chafed his hands and called him by name.

The sound of wheels rumbling forward reached him from the dusk, and presently a jaunting car with two men ambled into view.

"Ho, there!" yelled Hugh. "Help! Help, for God's sake! There's a man dying here!"

The strangers leaped from the car. They took a step forward, saw Hugh and the prone figure he was supporting on his knees. Then one of them threw up his hands with a piercing cry:

"Hamish! Oh, Hamish! murdered; my God! Murdered!"

And Hugh saw that it was Hamish Mor Peyton.

In an agony of grief he threw himself beside his son. "Speak to me, Hamish!" he wailed. "Speak to me, *asthore*. Only one word. It's me, Hamisheen—me, your father. Speak to me. Tell me, my boy, who did it? Speak to me, *alouna*! Tell me!"

Hamish Og opened his eyes for the first and last time. His lips moved with his parting breath.

"Hugh Costello," was all he said.

Hamish Mor, Angus Gordon and Hugh himself heard his last feeble words.

"You've murdered him—murdered my boy!" shrieked the old man, with

blanched lips, shaking an accusing finger at Hugh. "You that tried to steal my girl—you, Hugh Costello, have murdered my son, murdered him foully and with his own gun too," pointing to the weapon on the ground. "Before God, I take you to witness, Angus Gordon, that my boy accused him with his dying breath."

"I heard him, and I'll swear to it," answered Angus. "Even if poor Hamish never named you, circumstances condemn you and brand you as a murderer," he concluded, rounding sternly on Hugh.

"Angus Gordon," whispered Hugh hoarsely, "this is no time nor place to bandy words. Let us respect the dead. Circumstances, as you say, are against me, but, before heaven, as I hope for salvation, I am as innocent of your charge as the babe unborn. Yes, Mr. Peyton," he went on, turning to the stricken father, "I am as guiltless of your son's blood as you yourself—as your daughter Agnes."

"Hear him," shrieked the old man. "Hear him, and the blood of my boy on his murderous hand!"

It was true, for the hand that Hugh had raised in protestation was red with the blood of poor Hamish Og, the blood that had steeped it in accusing crimson when he raised him from the ditch.

"I will not leave you, sir, while you need help," said Hugh. "Whether you believe me or not, humanity compels me to render whatever assistance I can."

"Go!" said the father. "Leave us! His blood would spurt afresh if you dared to touch him. Go," he muttered, putting Hugh from him with averted face and uplifted hands. "Go, but other men in another place will pass upon the question of your guilt or innocence."

Profoundly grieved for the old man's affliction, horrified at the tragic death of his son, appalled by the sense of his own awful position, yet sensitively unwilling, however sympathetic, to aggravate by his presence the already sad case, Hugh turned on his heel and strode into the

night with a heavy heart, his head bowed on his breast.

Evil news takes wings unto itself. In an hour it had traversed the country side, from cabin to cabin, northward by Glen Tavrane and the Glen of the Golden Willows, southward and eastward to Errit and Derreen. Lights began to flicker in the gloom of the September night. Men with lanterns and torches made their way by roads and *boreens* to the lonely hut in the bog, and with the dawn a melancholy cortege followed Hamish Og, lapped in sheets and blankets on a slowly jogging ass-cart, through and past Urlar to the slated house beyond, with its haggards of hay and ricks of turf, where Agnes stood with streaming eyes, pale as a visitant from the land of spirits, to greet her dead brother at the gate.

"Look on him, girl," said the stern old father, pointing to Hamish Og. "Look at him, murdered by Hugh Costello. Go now and hide your head. Ay, cry your eyes red, you that would have married your brother's murderer!"

And Hugh, how did he pass the hours until dawn? Pacing his darkened home and vainly striving to comfort his afflicted mother. The poor woman, with the gray face of a ghost, sat shivering by the fire, her eyes fixed in a stony stare on the hearth, seeing in the dying embers I know not what visions of hands that beckoned her from this world of grief, this fair flower-sweet world of her youth, so dark now with sin and tragedy, with evil passion and unholy greed of gain, with sacrilege and murder and lust of devil's gold.

"Fly, Hugh, oh, fly," she implored him, as the wan light of dawn crept into the room. "Fly and save yourself, while yet you have time. Do not mind me, *alanna*. Leave me alone. You can do nothing for me. My heart's sore, and God alone can heal it. But fly, *mavourneen*, for my sake!"

"No, mother, for your sake I will stay here at your side," persisted Hugh for the hundredth time. "Why should I fly? Am I coward that I should fear

them? I have nothing to be afraid of, nothing to be ashamed of. I am innocent of Hamish Og's blood—God knows I am innocent. For your sake I will face them—for your sake, to clear your good name. I wish to prove my innocence."

"You are innocent, my boy. I know it. Your mother does not doubt you, Hugh. God will not allow you to suffer. But things look black—black, Hugh. So there's a good boy and go away."

Her tears, her entreaties, her heart-breaking words were in vain, and an hour later Hugh, with manacles on his wrists, was marched away to Derreen between four constables and the district inspector, with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets.

The last glimpse he had as he crossed the threshold of his home was of his mother lying white and still on the flags where she had swooned, a group of women kneeling around her, loosening her bodice and chafing her worn hands.

## V.

But what did Hamish Og mean by his dying words? Ah, not accusation, nor the incriminating charge that would brand Hugh Costello with the mark of Cain and consign him to a felon's cell. Not the evidence that would send his stricken mother to an untimely grave, nor the utterance that would cause his gentle sister Agnes, the meek lamb of his home, months of dreadful doubt and agony. No, not any of these; but—had his father, had Hugh been able to read the thought that preceded and prompted those last faltering accents—beautiful words of peace, benign words of reparation for unfounded suspicion, of atonement for unmerited wrong, of warm commendation of Hugh to his father's affection, of earnest solicitude for the happiness of Agnes. Absolving words that would have enshrined Hugh in his father's heart, crowned him with the jewel of Agnes' love, and have consigned Angus Gordon to the infamy his treachery deserved.

Late on the feast of Our Lady's Nativ- ity Hamish Og, in a new shooting jacket, with dog and gun, had gone fowling on the moors of Errit. There he chanced upon Colonel Jones, the resident magistrate of the district, also in quest of game—the man courted with fulsome adulation by Angus Gordon. And Jones, being an honorable gentleman, open and frank and free, told Hamish to beware of Angus Gordon; for he liked Hamish Og and his father, who, for all his insane ambition and overweening pride of purse, was a man of sterling parts.

"You may take it ill of me, Peyton," said the colonel, "if I impugn the honesty of one whom you consider a friend. But honor compels me to tell you that Gordon is not to be trusted. For the sake of your sister, whom I hear he is seeking in marriage, with no pure motive, I can assure you, I would warn you against him. He is a traitor in disguise. Impecunious himself, he is living on blood-money given by the government for the betrayal of his dupes. He has joined the Order of the Sword to sell its secrets. And what, think you, will be his reward? Why, this J. P.—this Justice of the Peace—he is so anxious to write after his name, and which dazzles your father's eyes. If your sister is wise she'll have nothing to do with him."

"Colonel, it is impossible; I can't believe you," blurted Hamish Og in indignation.

"Your faith in your friend does you honor, Peyton," returned the colonel, warmly grasping the young fellow's hand. "But upon my honor it is true, every word of it. Now listen to me and take a friend's counsel. You may not know that his land is heavily encumbered. He has run hopelessly into debt since his father died, by his roysterings in Dublin with his Trinity friends. But he hopes to recoup himself on your sister's dowry. I tell you this in confidence, to put you on your guard, as I am interested in you and your family, and you must regard it as a secret not to be divulged outside your family. Above all, do not mention

it to your unfortunate fellows in the Order of the Sword. You know what hot-heads they are, and Gordon's life wouldn't be worth a straw if they knew it. So I put you on your honor. He has placed me in the deuce of an awkward position by bringing his damnable secrets to me. As magistrate I am compelled to act even on such Judas evidence. This will explain the late arrests in Urlar and elsewhere. He has even mentioned yourself, stipulating that you are to be arrested only in case his marriage with your sister fails. But a word to the wise, Peyton, a word to the wise! You look out for your sister and I will look out for you. Your family is too old and honorable to suffer from this fellow's contamination; so be advised and shun him."

Staggering under the shock of the magistrate's revelations, his generous heart outraged by Gordon's duplicity, his sensitive nature in an agony of revulsion from the man who could thus basely betray the sacred name of friendship, Hamish Og was pacing slowly homeward, determined to take Gordon to task that very night before Agnes; to use all his influence with his father to discredit his suit and to further Costello's interests—for he knew that Agnes loved Hugh. When near the shepherd's hut in the waste heart of the bog, he met Martin Sherlock returning from the Fair of Derreen. The opportunity was favorable for a recurrence of the quarrel the two men had had some weeks earlier in Derreen. Sherlock, staunch in friendship, had a long memory for a slight, and the affront done Hugh in Peyton's home still rankled in his heart. The quarrel was resumed by Sherlock. Hamish Og was no match for him; but equally impulsive and prompt to resent an insult, while more generously willing to forget and forgive, he retorted warmly.

The two closed in a desperate struggle for the possession of the gun which Hamish carried. Neither of them, indeed, in the wildest heat of passion, had any thought of turning it to murderous ad-

vantage. Sherlock had no desire for blood. The brute within him merely wished to humiliate by a proof of superior strength the man who had himself so terribly humiliated Hugh Costello before the girl he loved. But in the blind fury of assault the weapon was accidentally discharged.

"My God! Sherlock, I'm shot," Hamish Og exclaimed, clutching at his breast and reeling headlong into the ditch.

The bog was forsaken, not a soul in sight, and, seized with terror at the spectacle of the man writhing before him in mortal pain, Sherlock fled across the hills and, to avert suspicion, gained the Glen of the Golden Willows by a detour.

Later, when Hamish, in the one brief moment of consciousness that preceded his death, recognized his father bending over him—thinking of Colonel Jones, Angus Gordon and Agnes—he had essayed to plead for Agnes and, from the threshold of eternity, to recommend Costello to his father's heart. His lips, indeed, framed the words, but his expiring breath failed to murmur them and all that fell from his lips were the fatal "Hugh Costello."

Truly, the Chalice of Saint Dominic was fulfilling its ancient doom on its profaners. The shadow of its curse lay dark on the men who had violated its sanctity in the crystal treasure-house of the lake. The sacrilege was being expiated in pain of body and anguish of soul by the innocent equally with the guilty.

Hugh languished in prison, awaiting trial at the Michaelmas term of Quarter Sessions, the prey of gnawing remorse. In the silence of his cell, the worm of conscience was awake and would not let him rest. But from his suffering came to him the angel of repentance. In his self-abasement he likened himself unto Iscariot. Iscariot had sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver, betrayed him to the Jewish rabble. And he—what had he done? Ah, the resemblance was complete. He had sold the vessel that had held the Sacred Blood of that

same Master, sold it into the desecrating hands of a Jew, sold it, Judas-like, for unholy gain.

But the resemblance went further yet; for even as Iscariot had ended his wretched life with a halter, might not he too, innocent of the dead man's blood though he was, be called to make at the hands of the law the same ignoble forfeiture of his life? In that shameful solitude, face to face with his accusing soul, before the searching eye of Omnipotent Justice, he vowed to make full reparation for the crime he had done, if indeed the eternal God of Retribution did not exact his innocent blood in atonement.

Agnes Peyton was as a drooping flower, bowed in silent grief, beaten to earth by the cruel storm of affliction, her beauty withered, her reason tottering on its throne.

Mrs. Costello was patiently and silently slipping homeward to God. She had offered her life that Hugh might live and repent, and God accepted the sacrifice—suddenly, mysteriously.

No one expected what happened, for none but Agnes and his mother had faith in Hugh's innocence; but three days before the trial Martin Sherlock rang Colonel Jones' bell and gave himself up to justice. It had been a desperate struggle between his fear of death on the gibbet and his affection for Hugh. But love triumphed in the end. The honor of his old Irish blood and his conscience, that would not see an innocent man suffer, wrestled down the craven within him.

A week later Hugh, a free man, sat by his mother's side, fondling her poor thin hand and vaguely through his tears making pretense to read a letter from America that had awaited his return from prison. At last, with a choking sob that he could not repress he threw aside the letter and buried his face in his mother's pillow.

"Do not cry, *alanna*," coaxed his mother. "Sure it's God's will that I should go. The old must go and the young remain."

She made no reference to the sacrifice



she had made to God. It was not necessary, for only too well did Hugh know the cause of her fatal decline.

"I die happy, Hugh," she whispered, "happy that my boy is innocent."

"And repentant, mother," added Hugh. "Yes, before God, I swear to make restitution to His altars. Uncle Dick has written from America that he is not well, and as he has no family, he has made his will in my favor. He is rich, and, please God, I will be able to keep my promise."

"Thanks be to His Holy Name *asthore*," murmured his mother feebly. "But poor Martin Sherlock — you will not forget him?"

"Never, mother, never! Forget poor, noble-hearted Mart? Not till my dying day. I'm so happy he escaped with so light a sentence. Ten years in Spike Island. He might so easily have been hanged. I will provide for his wife and child. Yes, never fear, mother; they shall not want while I have a cent."

"I am happy, Hugh——"

"But I'll miss you, mother; oh I'll miss you," he sobbed.

And slipping on his knees, he covered the thin hand with tears and kisses.

"There's Agnes, Hugh. She will comfort you; comfort and bless you. Oh, be good to her. She's a treasure from God."

"And I thank God for the gift of her love."

"God bless you, my boy! bless and keep yourself and your sweet Agnes for ever and ever!"

The weary eyelids closed on the light of earth, and her spirit took wing on the breath that murmured that last benediction.

It was one of those truly Irish days—changeable as the moods of a child, smile succeeding tear, sunshine chasing pearly shower; an April day lost by some chance of the seasons in the late harvest time—when the men of the village bore Mrs. Costello to rest in the abbey by her husband's side.

"'Tis a fine, soft day," said the women with optimistic faith, interpreting the weather as a good omen — for every one in Ireland knows it's happy for the dead the rain rains on.

Agnes and Hamish Mor, wearing the weeds of their own bereavement, clasped hands by the open grave.

The drizzle ceased for a moment as the clods echoed on the coffin, and in the sudden sunburst a robin sang on the ruined walls above. Hugh heard it, and in the song of the sweet bird beloved of the Irish, the redbreast incarnadined with the blood of Calvary, saw a beautiful symbol of the pure mother spirit, cleansed in the blood of the Lamb, singing her pæan of joy in Heaven. And a ray of light fell on her husband's tombstone, bringing out in gold the words of comfort chiseled thereon:

BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE  
IN THE LORD.

\* \* \*

I do not know whether his colleagues in Parliament have ever heard Hugh Costello tell the story of the Chalice of Urlar. But I do know that Hugh never recovered it. He made a long and fruitless search in Dublin. Solomon the Jew had disappeared, and Hugh had perforce to be content with rebuilding in beautiful Gothic the village chapel, after it had been damaged by the winter gales, and with donating to the altar the finest chalice that Dublin could produce. But the Chalice of Urlar was lost. Some connoisseur or antiquarian may have picked it up, and for aught I know it may now be reposing under glass in the Royal Irish Academy, the British Museum, the Louvre or in the Vatican.

And Angus Gordon? Driven from Ireland through the disclosures made to Hamish Mor, and through fear of assassination by the Order of the Sword, after a mysterious disappearance of many years, his name appeared recently at the London War Office as one of the South African Horse who were killed in Natal.



## THE JUBILEE.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1900.

*Recommended to our Prayers by His Holiness, Leo XIII*

“WHOSE word is this that awakens the world?” asked Pope Leo, after he had blessed, on the fifteenth of May, the banner of the Bolognese. “I have been a prisoner,” he said a little later to the Lombards, “I have been a prisoner for twenty-two years, and yet the call of the Pontiff prisoner has brought the thronging thousands to Rome. From all regions of the earth have they come.” The word was not merely his own: it was his Master’s also. It was a consequence of that other word which has made the Papal Throne imperishable: “Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it!”

All the sectaries of Italy and elsewhere, whose blasphemies are not even known to the mass of Catholics, and neither known nor noticed by the mass of fair-minded Protestants—all the bands of sectaries may be moved as a troubled sea to hinder the success or the fame of the Jubilee. But the word of Peter is more potent than theirs; and, strange to say, they have grown silent under its spell. “For generations to come there need be no fear for a religion which can arouse an enthusiasm such as this,” said the Archbishop of Cambrai, when he had seen what he calls “the marvellous spectacle of the pomp of Rome.” The Masonic journals of France and Italy seem to have received the same impression. One of these, one of the most

anti-Christian, the *Telegrafo*, was forced to say, “Never as in those days has Rome appeared, what she has been called in history, the Capital of the World.”

The *Telegrafo* had reason to believe what it was saying. Scarcely had the august Head of the Church proclaimed the *Holy Year*—a strange voice indeed in the ears of the nations borne down with the weight of armor, and worshipping apparently the deities of money and pleasure—scarcely has this most unworldly call gone forth, when the enthusiasm of the Middle Ages is seen again. Indifferentism, irreligion, infidelity, these seem to rule our age; but the Sovereign Pontiff is all the more daring. He brands the age’s folly. Humanity was growing blind, but it could hear. He bids it consecrate itself to God, to the Sacred Heart of its Redeemer. And he is obeyed: 250,000,000 obey him. Through them every nation renews its homage to the Saviour. The century seemed to be boldly putting Him aside: it was denying both His Redemption and Himself. It was an awful blasphemy, and to nobody more awful than to Pope Leo. He took a startling remedy, and has not failed in its application. All the better part of the world approves of what he has done.

Immediately after the announcement of the Jubilee, telegrams began to pour into the Vatican Palace—from sovereigns, princes, public bodies of men, and from the distant missions. The weather was inclement in the beginning.

of the year and continued to be so ; influenza was general—one third of Rome was affected by it ; nevertheless pilgrims by thousands were hastening towards the Holy City. Careful statistics, from the opening of the Porta Santa in 1899 to the end of March, 1900, that is, for three months, give not less than twenty-one collective pilgrimages, numbering forty thousand people, from Italy, Austria, France, Germany. With spring came an astonishing multitude. At the end of April there were about one hundred thousand strangers day by day in Rome. The month of May brought more than April. There were thirty new pilgrimages, from Switzerland, Poland, Holland, Belgium, the United States, Italy. "From mid-March to mid-May," said the *Perseveranza* of Milan, "the receipts of the tramway companies were equal to all the receipts of the year 1899. In '99 they were 2,500,000 lire. This year eight or ten millions are expected. The Anno Santo, it is supposed, will bring the Roman people *a hundred million lire in gold*, (about twenty million dollars) *without counting offerings of charities*."

Then it was that the Masonic Grand-Master in his "love feast" (*agape rituale*) said : "To-day, through fear, through superstition, through self-interest, the figure of Italy, genuflecting in an act of contrition, almost closes the breach in the Porta Pia ; and presents to the world, in this Anno Santo, the spectacle of a third Rome which neither dares nor hopes, but only fears." The liberal *Messaggero* confirmed the Masonic fears : "The streets of Rome are traversed by long lines of carriages crowded with pilgrims, and similar sights are seen outside the walls of the city. The prediction of a great concourse for the Holy Year is verified by facts."

Five thousand persons came with their bishop in one pilgrimage from a diocese of only thirty parishes. The means of conveyance had to be multiplied in Rome and its neighborhood ;

the electric tramways were soon insufficient. In April, 193,000 tickets were sold at the Roman railway stations. On two days of that month, the 25th and 30th, more than 13,000 persons came in organized pilgrimages. On the 20th 20,000 were present in St. Peter's. By desire of the Holy Father, missions were preached in forty-seven churches of Rome during the ten days preceding Palm Sunday. The crowds attending were very large, and at the close, on Palm Sunday, between fifty to sixty thousand Romans went to Holy Communion. All this after thirty years of Masonic government in the Eternal City !

During May over 200,000 persons of most diverse nationalities came to Rome. For the canonizations on May 24th came 30,000 pilgrims in seventeen pilgrimages. Besides these, there were 16,000 strangers in the city. And on that day in the piazza of St. Peter's was gathered the enormous throng of 200,000 people ; nor did any accident occur in that vast multitude. After the feast came eight other pilgrim bands, the Neapolitans alone numbering 5,000. In the last two weeks of May the Holy Father went six times to St. Peter's to meet and bless those who had come for the Holy Year. On the 15th of July the faithful people of Rome gave an ovation to the Pope which any monarch might envy. In September the pilgrims could scarcely be counted. On the 6th there were 20,000 from all parts of Italy and Sicily. On the 12th, 15,000 more, mostly Italians, received the Pope's blessing in St. Peter's. Later came bands of German and Polish Catholics, and 20,000 others, mostly Tertiaries of St. Francis. On the 1st of October the *Univers* announced that in two days 200,000 pilgrims had been in Rome.

A special feature of this month was the coming of many thousands of Children of Mary who presented themselves in St. Peter's dressed in white. Another, and a more important feature, was the holding of Congresses. There was the

General Congress of Italian Catholics, the Congress of Italian Catholic Young Men, the International Congress of Catholic University Students, and the Congress of Franciscan Tertiaries. So large was the attendance at these Congresses, so earnest and so imposing their character and work, that, in the conviction of those who saw them, they have already been and must continue to be a Catholic resurrection.

In the number of pilgrims visiting Rome, the Italians, naturally, perhaps, predominated, thus giving an emphatic denial to the oft-repeated falsehood that United Italy is against the Pope.

Great as was the multitude of the faithful who came to Rome, they were but representatives of the myriads who could not come.

Although the men who are allowed to rule Catholic Italy made no attempt to conceal their insolence, and the government rigidly and ridiculously forbade any manifestation of Catholic faith outside the churches of the Eternal City, thus giving Catholics less liberty than they have under the Sultan of Turkey, the staunch pilgrims showed their loyalty in no uncertain manner. They were no pleasure-seekers. They had come to Rome to prostrate themselves before their Spiritual Father, the Vicar of Christ, to proclaim his rights, and protest against the outrages of which he is a victim. "*Viva il Papa—Re !*" "*Long live the Pope—King !*" that was their cry, and it must have sounded unpleasant in the ears of those who have usurped the Quirinal. So earnest were those loyal pilgrims that a priest from the United States present at one of the memorable scenes in St. Peter's says that it was impossible to refrain from bursting into tears.

Such wonderful things are not forgotten in a day. The extraordinary enthusiasm of the Jubilee must affect the fate of the Papacy. The renewal of faith and loyalty and the prayers of this year must tell in a remarkable degree, not only on the tone and temper of Catholic

life, but also directly on the cause of the Holy See. The vast multitude quickly answering the call of their Supreme Pontiff were remarkable, not only for their number, their quality, their piety, and their representative character, but they were especially remarkable for the contrast of their spirit with the spirit of the time, and for their forceful denial that the Catholic faith has lost its hold on humanity, or that the cause of the Pope is finally judged. In this changing age it is too soon to speak of an "invincible conquest." The generality of thoughtful people are coming to see through the enthusiasm of the Jubilee that the interests of Rome are the interests of the world ; that Rome is international, and should be free.

A great work remains for the larger army that could not march to distant Rome. Their Jubilee year is about to dawn, and the work they must do during it will be far greater in results than what has been done already in the Holy Year just disappearing. Only a representative body went to Rome as pilgrims ; those who could not go are quite as loyal to the Holy See. Just as Catholics are never more numerous than they are now, so were they never more loyal. The very opposition and excesses of the time have but more thoroughly awakened their understanding and stimulated their affection. There is to be, then, a renewal of faith and loyalty and piety for the far-spread host of Catholics who have not gone to Rome. And the first thing which we implore them to impress upon their minds is the great importance of this renewal for themselves, the entire Church, the Holy See, even the world outside.

The Jubilee Year, as Pope Leo said in promulgating it, affords special and copious helps for the reformation of morals and progress and confirmation in holiness. We have not far to look in order to understand how great is the need of reform and progress. Many of us remember what the Holy Father himself would

recall to our minds, namely, the benefits of a former Holy Year. From the extraordinary fruits of the Jubilee in Rome this year, we may understand what graces God holds ready for the year about to come. And yet in Rome the manifestations of faith and piety were repressed ; out of Rome there is generally little danger of restraint. "The Church, as a most tender mother, studies at this time, by every means within her ample power, to reconduct souls to better counsels, and to promote in each works of expiation by means of penance and emendation of life. To this end, multiplying prayers and augmenting the fervor of the faithful, she seeks to appease the outraged majesty of God, and to draw down His copious celestial gifts. She opens wide the rich treasury of indulgences, of which she is the appointed dispenser, and exhorts the whole of Christianity to the firm hope of pardon. How then may we not expect to obtain, with God's help, rich fruits and profuse, and such as are best adapted to the present needs?"

Referring to the Indulgence of the Jubilee, the great preacher, Father Bourdaloue, points out some of its special advantages. "It is more solemn, because more universal, extending to the whole Christian world, and because accompanied by sacred and imposing ceremonies which instil into the heart sentiments of piety. It is richer, because implying special favors and graces, such as the facility with which the faithful may be absolved from all sins and censures if repentant. It is more sure, because conferred for reasons and objects of greater moment." We have great debts to pay, and here are great means of paying them. Would it not be, then, not only foolhardy, but dangerous, to neglect the celebration of the Jubilee?

It is of supreme importance, moreover, that Catholics throughout the whole world should strikingly show their allegiance to the Holy See. The world thinks as it pleases, says what it pleases. There is scarcely an error or excess that

we do not daily hear defended. Of what consequence is it not, then, that we who have the deposit of faith should point out to this ever-growing Babel why we have unity and certainty of Christian Faith and whence they come? Besides, the secret societies which rule France and Italy, particularly, utter daily against the august Sovereign of the Church insults which rival the ribaldry of the low haunts of infidelity. In these countries, intensely Catholic as to the mass of their people, the Faith is every day outraged by most hostile and iniquitous measures. Is there not need to infuse a stronger Catholic life through the world and show those nations, either cowed by fear or confounded by the knavery of their audacious enemies, how great and strong the Catholic spirit is?

To our own country we have a specially sacred duty to perform. We are by far the largest and most devoted religious body in the United States. We have a system of faith which the world can be made to understand. And even if the world will not understand, it can be made to admire. With so many around us, then, forming one nation with ourselves, a nation which we all ardently love and would do anything to defend ; with so many around us absolutely indifferent as to the most essential duties of the Christian religion, and even as to its most essential doctrines ; with so many, who, if they believe in a hereafter of reward and punishment, do little to prepare for it, how magnificent will be the impression on the vain, pleasure-loving, irreligious world around us, if all our Catholic legions show unmistakably their love of God and the Holy See!

The Sovereign Pontiff's noblest thought in the Holy Year is that it should be the solemn glorification of the Redeemer of the world. "All that man should hope for and desire is contained in the Only-begotten Son of God. To desire to abandon Him is to desire eternal perdition. . . . In the forthcoming manifestations of faith and religion, let this special intention be

kept in view—hatred of all that which within our memory has been impiously said or done against the Divine Majesty of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and to satisfy publicly for the injuries publicly inflicted upon him.”

This is an appeal to which no Catholic ear can remain deaf, no Catholic

heart unmoved. When, therefore, the conditions for gaining the Jubilee will have been announced, let us do our own part, and pray and labor that every adult Catholic may profit by the Jubilee, and so flash upon this weary, sin-stained world the light of Catholic life and love.

## JUDITH.

*By Helen May.*

ABE had gone. Calm, determined, dignified, he had declared what he had to impart to his fiery sister, and at the first burst of her wrathful eloquence he had left, gently closing the house door. Trembling in her anger, Judith watched him cross the porch and the path in a few even strides, spring into his light little trap, which, like all his belongings, exhibited a perfection of appointment and care, and, taking the lines from the boy, tauten them at once—a permission to Fleet to trot hard.

“Coward!” cried Judith, impotently, “you run away!”

Rushing to the window, she tried to raise it; icicles held it fast. Yesterday it had thawed for an hour or two, till a fierce, cold blast swept down from the hills and congealed the sluggish streams of water into whichever shapes they had inadvertently assumed. The girl stared furiously at the icy garniture which glimmered at her from the ledge and baffled her. As she shook the sash a second time, the red wheels of her brother’s wagon disappeared behind the big elm at the turn of the road.

“I am choking,” she muttered, turning from the window and unconsciously loosening the bow at her throat. Passion such as Judith’s is never unaccompanied by physical distress. Her breath in reality came in gasps.

The kitchen was warm to suffocation. In the excitement of the last half-hour Judith had forgotten to turn off the drafts and a wild fire blazed in the stove—to go out altogether very shortly,

as she who had turned off no drafts had also fed the flame no fuel. Otherwise, the place showed an admirable housewife’s care; swept, scrubbed, polished, dusted, to the last inch of rag-carpet, the last grain of wood, the most insignificant pot-cover, the lowest rung of a chair. What had first aroused Judith’s ill-temper that morning, was waking to find the whole world frozen hard again. Why had she gone on mending curtains yesterday during the thaw instead of washing windows while such work was possible? Yet—what did it all matter now? A little dullness on the windows of a ruined home. What difference?

Judith’s wild eyes roved jealously over the room. All hers—to work in, to reign in, to scold in, to rave in when the mood seized her. And across the hall, with its rich carpet being “saved” by a compromising crash down the centre, her brother’s office and reception room, the whole scheme culminating in a parlor of absolute and crashless luxury, forming the west wing. Everywhere taste—perfect, since it was her own—comfort and immaculate order. For whom had she worked, for whom did she live? For a devoted brother who appreciated and admired her thrift and cleverness, who patiently ignored her frequent tempers and tantrums. Yet why should he not forgive something in the sister who kept his home, managed his books, mended his clothes? who, brusque and bitter with most of the world, was uniformly courteous to any one who was hallowed by

being "Abe's patient." In short, who worshipped and adored him, and bore murderous hatred toward whomever else might evince symptoms of adoring him to the same degree.

"But I shouldn't care if it weren't *that one*," she growled, the image of Abe's choice again rising before her.

The cat, wakened from a prolonged nap in a warm corner, lazily dragged herself over to her mistress's feet to be petted.

"Get out of the way," cried Judith, "or I'll kill you!"

And pussy, trained by long experience, rapidly and prudently withdrew.

"That clock!"

It ticked, like all cheap kitchen clocks, in a loud and persistent impertinence, maddening to one whose nerves were as overwrought as Judith's. Snatching the noisy timepiece from its shelf, Judith flung it to the floor, where it gave one last bewildered thud of its pendulum-heart and lay silent as death. Judith laughed insanely. If all offending objects could be disposed of so summarily! But disposed of ultimately they should be, she vowed. Her selfishness, her love for her brother, her inherited pride and preëminently her inherited creed, pledged her in this issue to force her will through to accomplishment. If Abe must marry, a rich and estimable Presbyterian was at hand ready and willing to undertake the duties of his wife. That she loved her, Judith was too truthful to say, but at least the intruder would bring no paraphernalia of Popery with her, would set up no idols in the house; above all, would not taint Abe's hitherto undiluted Calvinism with the flavor of tolerated Romanism. No—that Papist could never enter here! Never, never, if Judith sacrificed her life to prevent her! And into the vulgar rage which animated and consumed Judith there entered a subtle, exultant religious excitement, akin to the perverted enthusiasm which two centuries before caused her ancestors to blacken the pages of New England's history with tales of murder calmly and piously perpetrated.

A heavy black worsted shawl hung upon the peg in the pantry door. Judith pulled the clumsy wrap down and threw it over her head; with no other preparation, she ran from the house.

She did not know that the frost bit at her house-slippered feet, nor that a hundred times she was nearly falling upon the icy path. Her narrow brown eyes were widened unnaturally, for a red mist seemed in front of them through which she could not see distinctly. Her face, pale and straight-featured normally, blazed with ugly color, and her nose and lips were swollen with the blood which did not belong there. Where she held the shawl together, her thin strong hands were clenched against her breast. So violent was the beating of her heart that her head moved slightly at each palpitation, causing the very landscape to throb back and forth before her blurred vision.

To the foot of the hill, slipping, running, sliding, jumping—any way at all, as one intoxicated; across a short-cut through the meadow, rough with ridges of frozen snow. A lonely bush caught her skirt; not stopping, she tore the stuff free with unwonted extravagance and dashed on. The bitter wind here struck her full in the face, cutting into her skin so that fine hair-like lines of red broke out across her cheeks. Once sheer exhaustion forced her to pause an instant and turn her back to the blast till she caught her breath. But the weather fitted in with her mood. If she began to be conscious of her smarting cheeks and stinging feet, it was with a fierce enjoyment of self-inflicted pain.

Beyond the meadow, at the edge of the village, stood a small red house, in summer hidden by gloomy willow-trees, now standing out bare and poor in the wintry bleakness. With an extra lunge of her heart, Judith headed for the cottage. Small as it was, it possessed two entrances, one to the "best room," one to the kitchen; Judith went to the kitchen door and pushed it open.

"Oh! Judith Wilson!" The young

girl who made the exclamation had been washing the unpainted floor, but now stood up facing the visitor with a tremor of her whole body. In her nervousness she even forgot to dry her dripping hands.

"Don't they be knocking at doors where ye come from?" asked a querulous voice from the far window, where Granny had been placed out of the way of the scrubbing.

Judith's lips curled at the old woman. Turning her back to the feeble figure, she addressed the girl:

"Anne Desmond, I have come to tell you that you shall not ruin my brother's life. He told me to-day that you are to be married in two weeks. I tell you you are not. He told me you would come to my house, with your Popery, to live. I was to prepare for you. Anne Desmond, I'd rather prepare your grave and my brother's. Do you hear?"

The last sentence was a scream. Anne, young, small, timid, cowered before the tall severe figure and the fierce words. It was Granny at the window who rose proudly to her feet and interposed.

"Leave my house, Judith Wilson. Leave it at once and forever. Sure, it's beneath us to listen to you."

"Beneath you!" shrieked Judith. "Is your impertinence even worse than your ignorance? Anne, who used to work in the mill, setting up to marry a physician! Old woman, even if she weren't a Papist, the marriage would be impossible. She would destroy my brother's career, and she shan't, she shan't!"

"God forgive ye for a miserable woman," said Granny, solemnly. "It's a decent up-bringing Anne has had, and as much book-learning as yourself. But leave my house, Judith Wilson, for indeed ye're not fitting company for it. Sure I once heard a priest say, 'The nearest approach to a devil in hell was a human soul in ungovernable rage.' Faith, he was right, Judith Wilson, for ye prove it!"

"Oh, Granny, don't," pleaded Anne, horrified to the last depth of her gentle soul. "Judith doesn't know me

yet. That's what Abe said. And when she sees how good I'll be to him, and how I can work, she won't hate me any more."

"I don't do you the honor to hate you," sneered Judith, "I simply despise you. I never considered you any more than an extra rabbit in the woods. Only now, that you transform yourself into a snake in my brother's path—well, I intend to crush you, that's all."

Anne's head drooped. It would not take a great deal of harshness to crush a nature as soft and dependent as this. Glorying in her power, Judith proceeded:

"I've a letter here, Anne Desmond, written by another girl to me about my brother. She writes of how good Dr. Wilson has been to that mill girl whom he pulled through pneumonia. She tells how he pities you in your struggle with poverty. Do you want to be married for pity? Because, even if you do, I don't intend to let you. Abe must marry this other girl. He was almost engaged to her when you wormed him in here. Miserable, mercenary, ignorant Papists that you are."

"Stop!" cried Granny, clutching at Judith's arm. "I have a hot temper, too, my girl, seeing as I am an O'Neill. And if your brother be much like you, 'tisin't much Anne will be losing by not getting him. However, it's from him and not you we'll be listening to the tale of the other girl."

Laughing scornfully, Judith pushed the withered brown hand from her arm.

"I didn't come to talk with you, Granny O'Neill. My business is with Anne. And as soon as my errand has been accomplished, I shall leave your society without regret. Anne, if you were more intelligent, you would thank me for keeping you from making a fearful mistake. If you value your faith so highly," tacking off diabolically, "I assure you it will be put to fatal peril by this marriage. Do you suppose a simple girl like you could remain a Catholic long if you were once married to a scholar like Abe, who could argue your faith into thin air without trying hard?"



Numb and miserable, Anne stood gazing into Judith's face. Once her lips parted, yet failed to bring out a word. Two big tears stole slowly down her cheeks. Granny, her rosary in her fingers, was mumbling something maddeningly unintelligible under her breath. Judith stamped her foot impatiently.

"Old woman, tell Anne I am right. And let her write a few words to Abe, *for the sake of her faith*, saying she can't marry him. I'll take the letter to the post-office. And the affair will be ended."

Ended? Still Anne stood silent, her eyes wide and frightened.

"Well?" from Judith.

"I can't write that," faintly.

"Why not? Don't you do all kinds of martyr acts for your Holy Faith? Don't you gloat over self-sacrifice?"

Anne began to edge away from Judith. She stood still just in front of the open wood fire and, clasping her hands, spoke chokingly:

"Abe *is* a Catholic, Judith. He said he would tell you the morning of our wedding——"

"What!"

For the moment utterly crazed, Judith struck at the girl quivering before her.

Oh, little Anne!

In a cloud of flame Judith saw the result of her blow. Granny, strengthened by the faithful courage of love, had dragged the girl into the middle of the room before the paralysis of horror permitted Judith to move. Granny shrieked incessantly. From Anne there had been only the one soul-piercing, blood-curdling cry.

Then Judith fought the fire with her hands, her skirts, the cushions from Granny's chair, the water in Anne's scrub pail. And as she fought more wildly, more despairingly, a strong hand threw open the kitchen door, a tall figure strode to the sad little group on the floor.

"Abe!"

As the man raised the unconscious form of little Anne, his eyes met the agonized burning orbs of his sister, suf-

fering not from material fire but from the unquenchable flame of hopeless remorse. Before he had carried his burden into the next room and laid her down upon her little white bed, Judith was gone. From the house, from the village, from the State, she fled, unavailingly trying to escape from the flaming vision which pursued her, putting her hands to her ears to shut out the cry which still reverberated in her brain, pressing her eyelids tightly in the fruitless attempt to be blind to the awful light which in the starless night still glared in her path when all the world besides was dark. Always the fire, always Anne's agonized face in the midst of the flame, always that piteous cry for mercy; so accompanied, Judith Wilson went forth into the wide world.

Hot tears were shed at little Anne's funeral. But the one with the best right to weep sat dry-eyed and still. The village people were wont to say, in later years, "No, Dr. Wilson never married; he never was the same after Anne Desmond's death and his sister's disappearance. He worked harder and harder each year, and went to church week-days, as some Catholics will. Queer, sort of people, don't you think?"

And Judith?

She died in the prison hospital of a great city many years after the tragedy of that winter afternoon. Prison visitors knew her well, for not once or twice was she incarcerated for petty theft. At the last the chaplain struggled hard to bring some human feeling, some tinge of Christian faith, into the wretched soul. Judith rudely bade him leave her alone. He went, and a nurse remained praying at her bedside.

Almost the very last painful breath, the woman suddenly sat upright in bed, her emaciated hands outstretched:

"O Anne! Ask mercy for me!"

The nurse caught her in her arms, dead.

"I did not dream she was a Catholic," said the nurse gently, to one who came to assist her, "but at the end she prayed to *St. Anne*."

Or was it to little Anne?



## EDITORIAL.

### THE HALL OF FAME.

Time works its revenges. When the Calvinists first grew strong enough to be obnoxious, their favorite occupation was to deface and destroy the statues and emblems which adorned the churches and cathedrals of their native lands. Such things were graven images for them and clearly against the First or Second Commandment. Putting them up was idolatry. Pulling them down was piety.

Sentiments have changed since then, and now the descendants of the iconoclasts have built a Hall of Fame in New York. No doubt it will soon become a Temple, where the great men of America and the great women, if there are any, will receive the homage of the faithful. In fact it is already called, by authority, America's Valhalla. So that they are not merely saints who are to be enshrined there, but gods and goddesses and demigods—Valhalla being the pagan heaven of the Norsemen. The commemorative slabs will of course soon give way to busts and statues, and ere long pious pilgrims will wend their way thither with floral offerings, as they do already to adorn the statued monsters that make the parks of New York like places of punishment for the dead. Unenlightened worship of the merely human, especially when the human is great but bad, is often prone to be ridiculous. It is the penalty of ill-gotten glory. We trust that the proprieties will be preserved in honoring the worthies of the Hall of Fame.

The choice of notables for America's Valhalla is dictated by reasons that are peculiar but not unexplainable. Thus

there are divines selected for homage and imitation, whose holiness and orthodoxy are not their conspicuous traits, nor is it easy to discover what benefits they ever conferred on mankind. But people's views of greatness are their own.

Not out of any desire to have him occupy a niche in this Temple of Fame, for he would be uncomfortable there, and we ought to be grateful for the exclusion, but merely to call attention to the fact, we note that there was never a thought and never a vote given to the greatest churchman that this country has yet known, possibly because the peculiar color of his churchmanship shut him out. Yet John Carroll was a native American. His family name is conspicuous on the Declaration of Independence. His kinsmen filled great positions in the nation, then and after. He was the friend of Washington. He was the associate of Franklin in an embassy for the colonies at a turning-point in the revolutionary struggle. He was a man of great learning and eminent holiness of life, and he founded a church in this country which, from the thirty thousand worshippers which it had then, has expanded into ten millions to-day, and from the single prelacy of those days, which was invested in him, has grown into a hierarchy of fourteen archbishops and seventy-three bishops, with its houses of education and its institutions of charity extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Such a man is surely a great American and is worthy of having a conspicuous place in any Temple of Fame, but not in one

of the miscellaneous character now constructed.

Looking over the feminine list to be inscribed on this national cenotaph we note that American women seem to be even less fortunate than American men in the matter of conspicuousness. All that this long and anxious search in the realm of womankind was able to discover reduces itself to four fortunate heroines: Charlotte Cushman, Martha Washington, Mary Lyon and Harriet Beecher Stowe. What a humiliating confession! Charlotte Cushman, an ancient and venerable actress, who, apart from histrionic ability, which can never give true greatness, was famous in her old age for her success in a frequency of last appearances. Martha Washington was an amiable widow who happened to marry the great man of our country. Mary Lyon founded a woman's college in an obscure village of New England, and Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote a book of very little literary merit and precipitated a fratricidal struggle that it will be the reproach of our statesmen not to have averted by peaceful arbitration. Can our Republic, that boasts so vociferously and so persistently of what it does for woman's equalization with man, show the world no greater results than that in its uplifting of womankind? It has not even a Joan of Arc in revolutionary times. Molly Pitcher is not mentioned, though she has a slab at Columbia; and Pocahontas, of the colonial period, is slurred over. It would look as if our country, which boasts so much of its development of individualism, is in reality a remorseless leveller of individual eminence. Even the benighted countries of South America glory in a Rose of Lima and a Lily of Quito, whose lives are known wherever Catholicity is, and that is all the world over. Shocking as it may be to our conviction of possessing the monopoly of everything that is great, there were illustrious women and plenty of them, in the days when the world was supposed

to groan under the effete rule of monarchies. Teresa of Spain was almost a doctor of the Church, and did mighty things for both Church and country. Catherine of Sienna was a world-power in the time of the dreadful schism of Avignon. Isabella was a wise and mighty queen, and Pulcheria guided the destinies of the vast Byzantine empire which her brother could not rule. There were wonderful and learned and heroic women, even under the crushing tyranny of the old Roman Cæsars. And yet we, who have had a hundred years or more of free institutions, have apparently produced next to nothing in the matter of exalted femininity. Is there any fatal power in republican aims or methods or thought that necessarily reduces most men and all women to a uniform level? Is mediocrity a requirement of democratic equality? We think not. But this is true, namely, that at all times and all places the purview of certain self-constituted or arbitrarily appointed judges may be limited in its field of vision, and through an inherited and cultivated defect will fail to discern some personalities which are to others most prominent. Thus we can easily understand why a special class of judges could discover greatness in a woman like Charlotte Cushman, and fail to perceive it, for example, in a woman like Elizabeth Seton. Perhaps they never heard her name. And yet she belonged to a famous family of New York and founded an organization of women which, in the incredibly short period since its institution, counts already 3,746 members, each of whom, we may safely say, towers above all the four feminine claimants for a place in the Hall of Fame. Take one of them for instance, Sister Irene, who, without a penny in her pocket, started out to establish the great New York Foundling Asylum, which to-day shelters over 2,000 infant castaways, and gives refuge to 300 homeless mothers. There are other Sister Irenes in that splendid community. All of these noble women

willingly and cheerfully give up the joys of home to work for God and humanity. They consecrate themselves by vows of poverty and chastity and obedience, and then devote their whole lives without reservation and without any worldly compensation to the care of the sick, the poor, the fatherless and the ignorant. In the limits of two or three States alone, they have, besides the splendid Foundling Asylum already mentioned, which has prevented so much crime and healed so many broken hearts, 40 hospitals, 36 orphanages, 12 infant asylums, 11 industrial schools, 5 insane asylums, 11 maternity hospitals, and are teaching 55,000 children, almost all of them without a penny of compensation.

All that is the work of one native American woman: Elizabeth Seton of New York. But there is no Temple of Fame men can erect big enough for her glory, no eulogy splendid enough to describe what she did for her country and humanity.

We might mention also in the same connection another illustrious American, Mary Aloysia Hardey, who during her lifetime established no less than twenty-four houses of higher education for women in our own country, and in Canada and Cuba, long before the craze for that particular grade of training had seized the public; and whose efforts have been attended with incalculable benefits in fitting for their sphere in life the daughters of the best families of those countries, and by that means building up and strengthening the bulwarks of morality and Christianity in quarters where the faith of Catholics was most imperilled.

With her it was not the vulgar discrimination of wealth that decided her selection of scholars. In point of fact, no one will ever know the numberless instances of delicate and most welcome assistance accorded, in supplying means for the education of the daughters of distinguished families whose wealth, through misfortune or otherwise, did not correspond for the moment with the

social position they were compelled to hold.

It is also a fact, often lost sight of, that many of the best-equipped establishments which she and her successors have erected were built by the private fortunes of the teachers themselves, their riches thus going with their lives for the cause of education and furnishing unusual advantages to their pupils, while their own share in the dwelling they had constructed was humble and poor. A single gown will serve them for years and their fare would perhaps startle their own relatives by the meagreness and simplicity which their rule exacts. Mary Hardey gave up her home at the age of fifteen. At twenty-four she was Superior of the Community and her first duty was the care of an orphan asylum, desolated by the ravages of cholera. She stood at the post of danger with delight, and many a poor motherless child whom the doctors had abandoned was saved by this new mother from an early grave. From that out until an age unusually protracted she met without a murmur all the difficulties that beset her in her labors for the education of her sex, her courage growing with advancing years and gaining new strength with adversity, and when at last she laid down the burden of her life, she left a name that is an inspiration for all the teachers and pupils of the academies which she had founded, and bequeathed to her native land institutions of learning which are monuments to her wisdom, her courage, her perseverance, her taste, and her open-handed unsparing generosity.

What is especially praiseworthy in her work and that of her sisters, is that although primarily and principally intended for the children of families of the highest social standing, it was not only never disjoined from but was always closely associated with the education of girls of the humbler classes of society. That was always very dear to Mary Hardey's heart, and so it has continued to be with her successors.

Always, as their rule enjoined, for every great academy they established, other schools were erected for the children of the working classes, and upon them always a personal and devoted attention was most lovingly and eagerly bestowed. To the daughters of the people, whom they taught, as well as to those more favored by the gifts of fortune, these refined, cultured, and often very wealthy women have imparted a tone of piety and an elevation and strength of character, as well as a thoroughness of education, that distinguish them wherever they go.

No one knew her country and its needs in the matter of education better than Mother Hardey, and it is an excellent commentary upon the advantages of her aim and methods that the number of Protestant and even of Hebrew applicants for admission to her schools had to be restricted, lest their predominance might be detrimental to the Catholic training which she exclusively aimed at. This is all the more noteworthy as it coincided with a movement started by certain *nouveaux riches* among worldly, ambitious and unwise Catholic families to ape Protestant ways and to seek education in Protestant establishments. Intelligent Protestants knew better than they where the truest and best education was given.

The spirit of Mother Hardey is cherished as a precious inheritance by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Working along the lines which she has traced they have conferred a benefit upon this country which can never be repaid.

We say all this in no disparagement of other Orders of teaching women, who without any worldly profit or return have devoted themselves so unselfishly to the cause of female education. We have merely taken Mother Seton and Mother Hardey as two pronouncedly typical American women. They have been passed over or not thought of by those who were selected to decide upon the names and claims of American women

who had reflected glory on their country. But on the other hand, perhaps it was a matter of courteous discrimination on the part of the judges to have left out of consideration greatness such as theirs. It would have made us unhappy to have seen them in the group. They and we can well dispense with the honor. We are satisfied to know how great they were and what made them so, especially as we know they are but forerunners of many yet to come.

#### BELATED JUSTICE.

Father Hell was a German Jesuit—the Imperial Astronomer in Vienna in 1769, and was sent up to Lapland to observe the transit of Venus which occurred in that year. He succeeded, but being an unworldly man was slow in publishing the results of the work, whereupon it was whispered abroad that the good father had seen nothing in Lapland and was merely waiting for the publications of others in order to profit by their observations and conceal his own failure. When at last the report appeared, it differed considerably from those of his scientific brethren and he was nearer the truth than them all, but that only went to increase the suspicion of fraud. Finally, in 1830, Littrow, his remote successor in the Observatory, bethought him of examining Father Hell's manuscript, and there he found the confirmation of it all. The vital figures which told the times when Venus entered the realm of the sun had been erased and rewritten in blacker ink. So that in the scientific mind Father Hell's reputation was damned irretrievably and forever. Even in science they averred he could not resist the surreptitious instincts of his Order.

From 1830 to 1883 is a long span in the course of time, but in that happy year for Father Hell's good name, Professor Newcomb of Washington had occasion to go to Vienna, out of no regard for Father Hell, whom he loved very much, however, in spite of the cloud on his illustrious name, but merely to

examine a famous telescope that had just been mounted in the Observatory. He remained longer than he had at first intended, and one day the thought came to him of examining the famous manuscript of his much-admired Hell. The first cursory glance made him despair. Littrow was right; Hell was a forger. There was clearly an erasure on the manuscript. On closer examination, however, and by the help of a magnifying glass, and a single ray of light which the architecture of the Observatory permitted to be thrown on the paper, he discovered that there was positively no erasure at all. There were corrections, indeed, but they had been made before the ink of the first figures was dry on the sheet. Father Hell had evidently blotted out the first numbers with his finger, and then rewritten them so that there might be no possible mistake in a matter on which so much future science depended. In fact, the little ends of the partially obliterated figures underneath showed that they were exactly the same as those that had been rewritten above.

This was sufficient to rehabilitate Father Hell's reputation, but there was more to come.

Littrow had asserted that the alterations were in an ink of a different color, darker than the original. This struck Professor Newcomb as surprising. To his eye there was absolutely no difference in the color of the ink. He began to ask himself if there were not something wrong with the accusing Littrow's organs of vision. The thought pursued him, and, urged by its promptings, he at last asked Dr. Wise, the present Curator of the Observatory, if such were possibly the case. "Why, yes," replied Wise, "Littrow was color-blind." "No further research was necessary," writes Professor Newcomb. "For half a century the astronomical world has based an impression on the innocent but mistaken evidence of a color-blind man respecting the tints of ink in a manuscript." We hope Littrow was not morally color-blind.

Professor Newcomb loved Father Hell, but we wonder why he waited ever since 1883 to publish this vindication of his friend. Possibly he has published it elsewhere than in the November *Atlantic* of this year; or perhaps, as he is a scientific recluse himself, he has all of Father Hell's indifference to what the world may judge. The world's opinion is not a safe criterion of human greatness.

#### BISHOP POTTER, HISTORIAN I

From the New York *Sun* of November 8 we quote the following passage of a letter of Mr. Thomas F. Woodbach [*sic*, for Woodlock] dated November 6, 1900. It will only confirm our readers in their opinion of the inaccuracy of Bishop Potter whether as traveller or historian. In his article in the *Century* for November he wrote :

"Other evidence, however, there is in the history of the Philippines, abundant, continuous and of indisputable authority, most of all to those who have ventured to challenge it. The Jesuits were expelled from the Philippine Islands in the year 1768 by virtue of an Apostolic brief of Pope Clement XIV. It is quite true that they were permitted to return in 1852, but only on condition that they should confine their labors to strictly educational and missionary work. And these were undoubtedly the least obnoxious of the orders."

To which Mr. Woodlock replies :

"For Bishop Potter's information I am compelled to cite the following historical facts, which he will verify with ease in the nearest encyclopædia.

"Pope Clement XIV. could not have expelled the Jesuits from the Philippines in 1768 'by Apostolic [or any other] brief,' for the good and sufficient reason that he was not Pope at that time. He did not ascend the Pontifical throne till 1769.

"The order expelling the Jesuits from the Philippines was issued Feb. 27, 1767—not by Clement XIV., who was then plain Cardinal Ganganelli, nor by Clement XIII., who was then Pope, but by Charles III., who was then King of Spain. The Jesuits had previously been expelled from Portugal (1759) and from France (1764), in both cases by the civil authority. So far from Clement XIII. having anything to do with this action, he, in 1765, reconfirmed the society in its existence."



In one year the French socialists have given 345 conferences in 211 cities of 46 departments of France. They have founded 143 new groups, and established 3 more socialist newspapers. What an example for those who have a better cause !

The professors of the famous military College of St. Cyr who were educated in the "Free" (Catholic) Schools have been sent to their regiments by General André, and their places will be taken by men who studied in the Government Schools.

From day to day, the conversion of some leading spirit to the Church reminds of the reaction from materialism and infidelity. Yesterday it was M. Brunetière and M. Coppée, now it is M. Paul Bourget, the illustrious psychological novelist, whose reputation has been made known, not only by the public, but by the French Academy. As a proof of his sincerity, he has begun a new edition of his works in which he cuts down everything opposed to Catholic ideas. It is easy to foresee what an effect his example will have amongst intellectual men in France.

An international congress of free-thinkers in Paris ! It was only natural they should have one as well as the socialists. Did they determine to abolish kings, to relegate religion to the lower regions, to recast the moral law ? Even the radical journals have remained almost silent as to what the *libres-penseurs* were saying. They made one remarkable resolution, however, which, although the radical press of Paris took care not to notice it, became known,

nevertheless, through the *Fronde* : they actually voted (by nationalities) for *freedom of education*. The defenders of Catholic schools have unexpected allies.

M. Lanessan, Minister of Marine, is the author of a book in which he declares that belief in God is the cause of what he considers some of the chief ills of society—"religious and political despotism, social inequality, religious marriage, all flow from this false idea, too easily admitted by the ignorant, that man must own, beyond nature, a sovereign master, represented on earth by priests and kings." And as to man, "it is important to convince him, that, like the other animals in structure and properties, but more perfect than they by evolution, he is inferior to no other being."

Vive la République Ouvrière ! Vive la révolution sociale ! Let us have a workingman's Republic, a social revolution. Such were the concluding words of a declaration read by the Mayor of Lille before a body of dissentient socialists at the international socialist Congress at Paris. The declaration bore the signature of forty delegates from the north of France, of all the delegates present at the congress, and of the secretaries of the twenty departmental associations in union with the labor party. We are ready, say the dissentient socialists, for entire union with all bodies of socialist revolutionists, who, immovable in the struggle of classes, refuse all compromise with government and capitalist *bourgeoisie*.

In those days of congresses of all sorts the Catholics of France determined to have a congress in honor of Our Lady.

It was held at Lyons, and was the occasion of a really extraordinary outburst of popular devotion. It lasted three days, from the 5th to the 8th of September, and was attended by three Cardinals and thirty-seven Prelates. Eloquence, literature, art, the pomp of worship—all contributed to the magnificence of this celebration. The distribution of Holy Communion by the Cardinal-Archbishop and two chaplains continued long after Mass had been ended and Benediction given. The crowd was enormous, especially in the afternoon of September 8th, when a gold crown of beautiful workmanship and glittering with gems was placed on the famous statue of Our Lady of Fourvières.

The beatification of V. Jeanne de Les-tonnac, foundress of the Religious of Notre Dame, took place on Sunday, September 23d. She was born at Bordeaux, of an illustrious family, in 1556. Her mother and aunt became Calvinists, but Jeanne remained faithful under the care of her father. At the age of seventeen she was married to the Baron Gaston de Mont-Ferrant, and during twenty-four years was the accomplished model of a wife and mother. Having sanctified her widowhood for six years, she entered a Cistercian community, where her austerities so undermined her strength that she had to return home. She set at once to the saving of young women in danger of falling into heresy. This led to her own institute, which was approved by Paul V. Purified by sorrow, she died on February 2d, 1640, at the age of eighty four. A relative of hers, a Sister of Charity, was present at the beatification.

A letter has been sent by the Superior of the Ursulines in Rome in which another from Cardinal Satolli is enclosed, inviting the Superiors of all the Ursuline communities in the world to meet in Rome November 15, 1900, to consider the proposition before the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, of

uniting the various houses of the Order under one head.

The usual benignity of the Holy See is manifested in the liberty accorded to each community of entering the union of its own accord. No compulsion is exerted.

Nevertheless the policy of the Church ever since the Vatican Council has been to bring together into one homogeneous body the different sections into which the religious communities of the Church have been, for one reason or another, divided in the course of centuries, as well as to modify the custom of founding establishments independent of each other although under the same rule. A great deal has been done already in this respect for the Franciscans, and even for the Benedictines, whose monasteries have been from the beginning regarded as separate and autonomous families.

Far from acting to the detriment of the individual dioceses in which these religious may be working, this proposed union must necessarily increase the efficiency of the various houses by increasing the religious spirit of the members; it will obviate unwise distribution of their powers, and will add in many ways to the domestic happiness of the communities themselves.

The Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Pity, for the conversion of England, erected by Pope Leo in the church of St. Sulpice, Paris, in October, 1897, has ten thousand associates in that centre, and five hundred and thirty local associations elsewhere. The Director of the Archconfraternity has received a congratulatory brief from the Holy Father for his publication of a review devoted to the interests and extension of the work.

The brutality of the insults offered daily to religion of the French people by socialists and freemasons is almost inconceivable to us. The other day the municipal council of Choisy-le-Roi took away the Crucifix from the cemetery; and having



taken the cemetery from the control of the church, decided that the church should pay to keep it in order. At Essarts-lès-Sezanne Catholic burial was refused in the case of a man who had lived with a divorced woman. But the mayor, with his Masonic insignia on, took the body into the church and then to the cemetery.

Interesting communications have been made to the International Congress for the cessation of Sunday labor, held in the beginning of October at the Paris Exposition. Amongst these is remarkable the account of the agitation made by employees of shops in Havre, and of the partial success obtained. The object of the Congress was to bring united action to bear on the question of repose on Sunday, cessation of toil on any other day being, as the Congress admitted, only a dream. One of the resolutions agreed upon was that the societies interested in this matter should see that the day of rest and liberty was not abused.

Father Dehon, Superior of the priests of the Sacred Heart, pronounced, at the international congress of Franciscan Tertiaries in Rome, a discourse said to be one of the most solid and important delivered during the congress. He reminded his hearers that the Third Order of St. Francis is eminently destined for social action; that it was not in the beginning, and should not be now, merely an association of prayer, penance, self-sanctification. Beside those who pray like Moses, there must be valiant men of action like Joshua. According to the word of Pope Leo, the restorer of the Third Order, it must be a leaven of Christian life in all phases of society. No one, for six centuries, concluded Father Dehon, has so fully understood the thought of St. Francis of Assisi as Pope Leo: history will call him the second father of the Third Order.

In the Pastoral issued by the Irish bishops during the National Synod, lately

held at Maynooth, the following tribute is paid to devotion to the Sacred Heart. It is worthy of remark that reference is made to this devotion towards the beginning of the Pastoral, and as the first proof that the spiritual edifice of sanctity corresponds with the material buildings which the singular devotedness of the Irish people has raised everywhere:

"There is scarcely any form of public or private devotion which has not received a notable development in recent years. The wonderful Pontiff whom God has given to the Church in these times of difficulty and trial, while by his great dogmatic pronouncements he has influenced the course of human thought in its highest reaches, has, at the same time, sent his voice into the humblest cabins, and made the hearts of the poor of Christ beat quicker with the love of Him who loved them first. Under his inspiration, the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus has spread with singular rapidity. It is as if his words kindled the sacred fire which the Lord Himself had cast upon their hearts, and with scarcely any human effort, and often where the fervor of the people would seem to outstrip the zeal of the clergy. Communion on the first Friday of the month has become an almost universal practice. We desire thus, formally, to thank God for this great grace, and to encourage both priests and people to persevere in maintaining and extending it.

"Among other blessings which we expect from this beautiful and touching devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord is the increase in external reverence towards Him in His own Adorable Sacrament. Our shortcomings in this respect are an unhappy survival from the Penal times; but we may confidently hope that, as reverence for this Sacred Heart grows among our people, it will find its own expression spontaneously in an outward worship, in accordance with our faith. In this matter we trust that the clergy will lead their people, by word

and example, and in particular by the extension, under ecclesiastical authority, of the practice of Solemn Benediction and the beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours' Adoration."

After treating of the Holy Family Sodality and the Rosary, the bishops continue:

"In these practices of piety, and in countless other ways, we find the evidences of our people's spiritual progress. One notable feature deserves particular mention—that is, the continuous increase in the number of the faithful who approach the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. It is questionable whether it has ever been exceeded, in proportion to the population, in any country, or at any period, since the Apostolic times."

Surely, dearly beloved brethren, these are considerations which should gladden the hearts of the pastors of the country, and make them feel that in such a people they have "their joy and their crown."

Nothing enables us better to understand how well the Church regulated the Labor Question in the Middle Ages than the study of the workingmen's guilds of that time. The master workman was obliged to teach his trade conscientiously to his apprentices; and after six days' labor to bring them to church on Sunday, and give them the example of fulfillment of religious duty. Each corporation had a sort of jury formed from the older members, who saw to the faithful keeping of contracts between masters and apprentices and settled differences between the members. Great care was taken as to morals: tailors, for instance, were not allowed to teach their trade to women. Apprentices were forbidden to do or say injurious things of one another, to entertain improper discourse, or take the holy name of God in vain. His apprenticeship ended, the young tradesman made a tour to perfect himself in his art. He was then called "Com-

panion," and found aid and protection in each city which he visited. Those journeymen were a good deal different from some of our modern ones. They were good tradesmen and of decent life. Their time of travelling over, and before being received as Master Workmen, they had to produce a "master-piece." It might be a piece of house-furniture, a carriage wheel, etc. The guilds were very numerous, and in some places survived until a comparatively recent period. Thus Havre had fifteen in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The guilds were religious confraternities—a great thing in reality, says M. Leon Gautier: "Men united for a common temporal end under the protection of God, their guardian angels and patron saints; free men, discussing in all loyalty the interests of their trades, and knowing how to govern themselves." Would that our employers and employed of to-day imitated them!

The *Zambesi Mission Record*, rejoicing over the opening of a Missionary School for girls by the Religious of the Sacred Heart at Armagh (Ireland), points out how necessary is the coöperation of nuns in the mission field. To really and solidly succeed it is necessary to take the little pagans and train them apart from their demoralizing surroundings. The heroic labors and example of the nuns in the missions, especially in their care and education of children, count for very much in the spreading of the gospel. The *Record* tells us that in Natal and East Griqualand hundreds of wild little Zulu girls are brought up by Trappist nuns. In Cape Colony, Rhodesia, and elsewhere the Dominican nuns are doing the same for the Kaffirs. The respect and favor of non-Catholic officials are an ordinary tribute to the self-sacrifice of our missionary Sisters.

An excellent work, the *Catholic Railway-Station Mission*, has been begun in Berlin. Its object is to protect the

Catholic girls coming to seek employment. Their number is said to be forty-seven thousand annually. A small contribution admits to membership, and many ladies belonging to it meet the trains arriving in the city. The need and value of the "Mission" are seen at a glance. The zeal and charity of those Catholics of Berlin should be imitated in all large cities.

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St. Neot, who pronounced his monastic vows at Glastonbury, was, we read in the English *Messenger*, an intimate friend, perhaps a near kinsman, of King Alfred the Great. Fearing public honor, he fled to Cornwall, where he lived as a hermit. When King Alfred was a fugitive from the Danes he used to pay secret visits to St. Neot, to consult him concerning the spiritual and temporal good of himself and his people. St. Neot would urge the king to open schools when peace would be restored, and to promote learning by every means in his power. St. Neot was himself one of the great scholars of the age, and many of the great things Alfred afterwards did, even the founding of Oxford and Cambridge, may be traced to the holy priest, St. Neot.

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The Catholic spirit of obedience, charity and loyalty to the civil power has been admirably shown at the death of King Humbert. The Pope was the first illustrious person to express his sympathy with the queen. When the news of the assassination reached Rome the people went in crowds to the churches to pray for the deceased king, even breaking up a procession to do so. At the funeral there were numerous bands of priests, religious, and members of confraternities.

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*Conquista Intangibile* is the description of Rome in the telegram sent by the new King of Italy to those who were commemorating the "20th of September" in the Eternal City. If we may be

allowed a play upon words, the phrase might be translated "an intangible conquest." The taking of Rome has not brought luck to Italian Unity. Even from a commercial point of view, one of the flourishing cities of Northern Italy would have made a far better capital.

The annual celebration of the breach in the Porta Pia seems to be growing "beautifully less." This year the children were brought out, some two thousand of them, and with them came the Methodists, joined to a few hundred Garibaldians, always on hand for such manifestations. There has been so little popular enthusiasm of late, that even the extreme papers advocate the omission of the "20th of September" processions, reminding their readers that there are more important matters to be seen to in the way of electoral reforms, etc. There is certainly more need for reforms than for the revolutionary holiday.

The condition of United Italy is not reassuring. The navy is said to have gone down from the third to the seventh place amongst the navies of nations. The socialist and other revolutionary parties are gaining at the elections.

On the other hand, Catholic loyalty is becoming more demonstrative. At Vicenza, 12,000 Catholic workingmen, representing 300 associations, and carrying 172 banners, accompanied by 9 bands of music, assembled to crown a statue of the Madonna, and assist, in a congregation of 50,000 persons, at Mass in the open air. The *Osservatore Romano* assures us that a multitude as large as that congregation at Vicenza was received in audience by the Pope in one day and at about the same time. These were in great part Franciscan Tertiaries, who had come to Rome for their international congress.

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At the opening of the International Scientific Congress, held in Munich, towards the end of September, the President, M. de Lapparent, the eminent geologist, declared that the predictions

hostile to faith which ushered in the century have been falsified one by one. None of the scientific theories, mathematical, physical, chemical, political, economic or social, have broken down in any part the wall of faith. On the contrary, there is a clear reaction. The world has grown weary of scepticism, and has renounced the illusive hopes of positivism and materialism. True science has helped only to know better the works of God.

The next meeting of the Scientific Congress will be at Rome in 1903.

“What a life that was while the bishop was here,” writes a sister from one of the Indian missions. “During the whole week the Indians kept coming from far and near, with their wives and children, dogs and horses, in fact with everything. In a trice they would erect their tents and then arose the cry of ‘Oh! holy woman, give us bread! give us bread! give us meat!’ Or they would just sit down at the table and say, ‘I am hungry.’ All we can do then is to set the table, and the Indians see to the rest. On departing we see to it that they receive all that is left of the meat, vegetables, etc., and then they have another great feast on returning to their tents. A little wood they generally bring with them and if they run short of it, well—the wood pile in front of the bakeshop is most handy. First the Indians will bring the wood and receive payment for the same, then, however, they are so obliging as to start and take it away again, without saying as much as boo. How numerous the tents and how large the camp I failed to ascertain owing to the bustle and confusion which always characterizes an Indian camp. What an animated scene that was on the morning of May 5th, when at ten o’clock in the morning the ringing of our little church bells announced the arrival of our beloved Superior.

“All who had not already assembled in the mission house or in front of the

same hastened forth from their tents. Quickly the procession was formed, two missionaries, altar boys, cross, flags, children with the sisters, men’s society of St. Joseph with their red sashes, women and girls with their blue veils and sashes, then the Indians, both the baptized and unbaptized. When the wagon bearing the bishop was sighted on the hill, the procession started. It was in a way amusing to see with what a dignity the squaws waddled along, decked out with their blue sashes and veils with all the pride of a Queen of Sheba. Suddenly we see two mounted Indians galloping to meet the wagon. ‘Henry Red Ox’ and ‘Leo Kills Backwards’ were hastening to greet the bishop. On reaching the wagon they quickly dismounted, prostrated themselves and awaited thus the blessing of the bishop. We watched from afar and truly it was a most elevating spectacle. But when the bishop, on meeting the procession, stepped from the wagon and took his place at the head of it, after having bestowed his blessing on all, the enthusiasm of the multitude knew no bounds. Arriving at the mission house the bishop assumed all the robes of his office, together with mitre and crozier, and proceeded toward the church. It was a veritable triumphal march, showing that Christ’s faith had conquered over heathenism, and that the kingdom of Satan had been destroyed even if not entirely eradicated. Arrived at the portal of the church (frame building 50x100) the usual ceremonies began, and our church choir, composed of a few sisters and about fifty children, boys and girls, intoned the *Ecce Sacerdos*. In the address which followed the bishop expressed the wish and the hope that the mission which had already wrought so much good would continue to thrive in spite of the darkness looming up in the future.

“During the day the Indians came to the bishop as to a father, with all their great and small requests. A half-hour before the departure of the bishop an

Indian accompanied by his squaw hurried up and told that owing to his having lost his horses, which it had taken him three days to recover, he had been prevented from arriving in time, to his great sorrow; now, at least, he would like to receive the blessing. This was given him.

"From the 3d to the 6th of July the Catholic Indian Congress takes place, which is attended by the bishop. This year it will take place in Crow Creek, 130 miles from here. Four days ago Father ——— returned to his Indian camps, and the day before yesterday Father ——— returned from his trip, which lasted several weeks and extended over a hundred miles. One or two churches were to be built in the other camps, but there was a lack of wood, as well as of a lot of odds and ends.

"Until two in the morning the Father sat up in the meeting-house, adjoining the church, amidst a lot of old cases and boxes, hearing confessions, and not until 3 o'clock did he obtain some rest."

On Thursday, October 11, Cardinal Gibbons dedicated the Convent of the Blessed Sacrament, the American home of the Sisters of Perpetual Adoration at Washington, D. C., the gift of Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, of New York. Two Masses, sung at 7 and 9 o'clock in the morning, preceded the dedicatory exercises, which were attended by a large concourse of people, including members of the United States Supreme Court and diplomatic representatives from other nations. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, Archbishop Christie, of Oregon, Archbishop Keane, founder of the Tabernacle Society in Washington, Bishop Maes, of Covington, chief officer of the Eucharistic League, were all in the sanctuary.

An Exchange for the sale of fancy work, china painting, etc., was opened on November 15, 1900, at 48 West 18th street, New York City. This Exchange

is in connection with the Guild of the Sacred Heart organized in March, 1899, by former pupils of the Sacred Heart Academies, to befriend those of their colleagues who may be in need of assistance. Consignors are not limited to members of the Guild. The Exchange is open to all those who wish to avail themselves of its privileges. Extracts from the rules governing the Exchange are as follows:

The Exchange (48 W. 18th St.) will be open daily for the sale of articles between 1 and 5 o'clock.

Members of the Guild of the Sacred Heart are entitled to enter the work of one consignor free for one year, and if desirous of entering the work of more than one person, may do so upon payment of one dollar for each additional consignor. Subscribers to the Guild Exchange may enter the work of one person for one year upon payment of two dollars, or of three persons upon payment of five dollars. A commission of ten per cent. is charged on all sales.

In no case shall the name of any consignor be given to any purchaser.

All communications pertaining to the Guild Exchange or Guild of the Sacred Heart may be addressed to Miss Berge, President, 48 West 18th street, New York City.

#### THE ARCHCONFRATERNITY OF THE PERPETUAL ADORATION OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT AND THE WORK FOR POOR CHURCHES.

In 1848, a pious Belgian lady, Anne de Meeus, touched by the poverty of a great number of churches, founded at Brussels an association whose object was to unite to the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament the Work for Poor Churches. Approved in 1851 by all the bishops in Belgium, this association saw the formation within itself of a religious Congregation destined to serve as the fulcrum and centre of this charitable work. The first house of the Sisters of the Perpetual

Adoration was founded at Brussels in 1857, and the pious lady of whom we have spoken was named its general Superior. This Congregation soon began to develop and was approved by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, on the 8th of April, 1872. However, the association from which this religious Congregation sprung and which remained closely united with it had its own corresponding development. Erected into an Archconfraternity for Belgium in 1853, it soon became known beyond the limits of that kingdom. Bavaria, Austria and Holland had already obtained from the Holy See the authorization to erect similar archconfraternities, with the right for each of them to aggregate others, when his Holiness Pius IX. gave to the mother society of Brussels the right to affiliate confraternities throughout the entire world. This privilege was granted to it at first with a slight reservation in 1863, and the city of Rome was excepted for several years from this right of affiliation. But soon this last restriction was removed. The Institute of the Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration opened a house in Rome, and thus the principal seat of the Archconfraternity was transferred to the centre of Catholicity. A decree of the Congregation of Indulgences authorized its change on the 1st of February, 1879. At the same time the Archconfraternity was authorized, without any further restriction, to aggregate throughout the world similar confraternities and to communicate to them all the Indulgences which it enjoyed. Finally, on the 12th of January, 1880, the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars approved the statutes of the Archconfraternity, and his Holiness Leo XIII., by a brief of the 21st of June, 1881, confirmed the transfer to Rome of the centre of the association along with its right to affiliate similar confraternities everywhere. It had only to conform itself in these aggregations to the Bull of Clement VIII., and it was decided that each diploma of

aggregation should be signed by the Cardinal Protector of the work.

The Archconfraternity of the Perpetual Adoration has rendered signal service to the Catholic cause, by the gifts of vestments to a great number of poor churches in Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, and in missionary countries. These services have been recognized and highly praised by a great number of bishops, and by the Holy See itself, notably in the briefs of the 2d of May, 1878, and the 21st of June, 1881. More recently still, on the 2d of April, 1886, his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar of Rome warmly eulogized the efforts of the Archconfraternity in Italy. The following figures can give an idea of the great good effected by this association. The associates of Belgium alone distribute every year more than 200,000 francs, or \$40,000, for vestments and altar vessels. Since the foundation of the work up to 1883, Belgium has come to the aid of 2,250 churches in the kingdom and 495 churches in the missions. It has distributed, during these thirty-five years, 27,603 chasubles, 4,550 copes, 6,824 chalices, 2,811 missals, etc., making an expenditure of 6,000,000 francs, or \$1,200,000. Besides that, how many millions of hours of adoration have been made during that extent of time merely by the associates of that country alone! In Belgium the number of associates is more than 144,000. Each bishop can erect in his diocese similar confraternities, but in order to have them enjoy the privileges of the Archconfraternity it is necessary to have them aggregated to Rome.

Here is a summary of the statutes of the Archconfraternity:

1. The object of the association is to have Jesus in the Holy Eucharist better known, loved and adored.

2. To repair the offences which are committed against Him in this august sacrament.

To support in one's own country or in the missions the poor churches that are

lacking in what is necessary for the divine worship.

Persons of both sexes can enter into this confraternity. Whoever wishes to become a member should be inscribed on the register of the confraternity, pass each month an hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, and pay each year an alms of one franc, or twenty cents, in favor of poor churches.

3. Every one who contributes an alms of two and one-half francs, or fifty cents, a year is inscribed on the list of benefactors of the work and thus has a special share in the prayers which it has offered everywhere its charitable work is established, particularly in the parishes which it sustains. Those to whom God has given wealth are asked to add, to their annual subscription of a franc, some other offering.

4. The adoration can be made on the day, hour and place which is convenient. It is nevertheless desirable that it should be some fixed hour, or at least on days on which the Blessed Sacrament is exposed.

5. To excite the zeal and encourage the good will of the associates, they will impose upon themselves the obligation of being present at the reunion every month.

6. They are recommended to assist at the prayers of the Forty Hours' and Perpetual Adoration and processions of the Blessed Sacrament.

Finally, they will do all they can to increase the list of members and benefactors.

7. Whatever is offered for poor churches

is kept in a place destined for that object. Everything is accepted, and every effort is made to make it available. All these offerings, in money or anything else, should be given to the zelatrices of the work, unless it is preferred to leave the gift in the hall where the confraternity assembles.

8. The Archconfraternity has its centre in Rome. It communicates to its affiliated confraternities all of its spiritual favors.

9. Each confraternity canonically established is directed by a priest named by the bishop. This priest is assisted by a council.

10. The zelatrices are to endeavor not only to extend the confraternity in gaining new members, benefactors and collaborators, but also in procuring material and gifts. They are charged with gathering the annual alms and the offerings.

11. In the localities where the work is not regularly established, there are zelatrices who are in communication with the council of the nearest confraternity.

12. Persons who are not well to do may enter into the second section of the association, whose members make every month an hour of adoration, for example, on Sunday, and who give each year five cents or less for the churches. They have a share in all the Indulgences. In country parishes where the work is established, the hour of adoration is ordinarily made in common before the Blessed Sacrament when it is exposed. It is a powerful means of reviving and maintaining the devotion to the sacrament of our altars.

## MYSTERIES IN THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

### 25—THE CHARGE TO ST. PETER.

After this Jesus shewed himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias. And he shewed himself after this manner:

There were together Simon Peter, and Thomas who is called Didymus, and Nathanael who was of Cana in Galilee, and the sons of Zebedee, and two others of his disciples.

Simon Peter saith to them: I go a fishing. They say to him: We also come with thee. And they went forth and entered into the ship: and that night they caught nothing.

But when the morning was come, Jesus stood on the shore: yet the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus therefore said to them: Children, have you any meat? They answered him: No.

He saith to them: Cast the net on the right side of the ship: and you shall find. They cast therefore: and now they were not able to draw it for the multitude of fishes.

That disciple therefore whom Jesus loved, said to Peter: It is the Lord. Simon Peter, when he heard it was the Lord, girt his coat about him (for he was naked) and cast himself into the sea.

But the other disciples came in the ship: (for they were not far from the land, but as it were two hundred cubits) dragging the net with fishes.

As soon then as they came to land,

they saw hot coals lying, and a fish laid thereon, and bread.

Jesus saith to them: Bring hither of the fishes which you have now caught.

Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land, full of great fishes, one hundred fifty-three. And although there were so many, the net was not broken.

Jesus saith to them: Come, and dine. And none of them who were at meat, durst ask him: Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

And Jesus cometh and taketh bread and giveth them and fish in like manner.

This is now the third time that Jesus was manifested to his disciples, after he was risen from the dead.

When therefore they had dined, Jesus saith to Simon Peter: Simon son of John, lovest thou me more than these? He saith to him: Yea Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him: Feed my lambs.

He saith to him again: Simon son of John, lovest thou me? He saith to him: Yea Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him: Feed my Lambs.

He saith to him the third time: Simon son of John, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved, because he had said to him the third time: Lovest thou me? And he said to him: Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that I love thee. He said to him: Feed my sheep.







### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

Beginning with the January numbers of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART and the SUPPLEMENT, the MESSENGER will be issued so as to reach every subscriber by the 1st day of each month ; the SUPPLEMENT will be issued so as to reach subscribers on or before the 15th of the month.

This change in the dates of issue does not imply any change in the character of the two magazines. The MESSENGER will still continue to publish a complete explanation of the General Intention, the object for which it was specially instituted, a complete chronicle of events of interest to Catholics, editorial comments on important topics, and criticisms of books of interest to our readers ; the SUPPLEMENT, besides explaining the Intention briefly, will contain, as it does at present, the departments known as "Interests of the Heart of Jesus," "Director's Review," "Thanksgivings for Graces Obtained," "Recent Aggregations," "Promoters' Receptions," The Calendar of Saints, with practices and petitions, The Treasury, etc., etc. In other words, the SUPPLEMENT will still be the working organ, or *Little Messenger* of the Apostleship of Prayer, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to use an expression which was formerly applied to the *Pilgrim of our Lady of Martyrs* before it was separated from the MESSENGER and devoted exclusively to the Shrine at Auriesville.

The Messenger, with Supplement,	-	\$2.00 yearly
The Messenger, without Supplement,	-	1.50 yearly
The Supplement only	- - -	.50 yearly
The Pilgrim	- - - -	.50 yearly

We take this occasion to reprint what the *Handbook* says of the scope of the MESSENGER :

"The MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART is the official organ of the Apostleship of Prayer. Edited and published by the Director-General, it appears monthly in twenty-nine different editions, which are prepared for readers of as many different countries and printed in fourteen languages.

"While each of the twenty-nine MESSENGERS follows its own peculiar line and treatment of topics, all agree in this, that they transmit the official communications of the Director-General to all who belong to this Apostleship, Directors, Promoters or Associates. They are, therefore, the authentic exponents

of the General Intention recommended monthly to our prayers by His Holiness ; they are a reliable chronicle of the growth, progress and perfection of the Association itself, a record of the petitions for prayers, good works and thanksgivings of all the members ; they explain in detail every point in this *Handbook*, comment on leading events of importance to Catholic faith and devotion, and review the interests of the Heart of Jesus everywhere.

"The subjects treated in the MESSENGER are all that can be of interest to the Heart of Him who is all in all, and who in His charity embraces all things.

He has an interest in every detail of Christian life, in the history and progress of the race which He came to save, in the great civilization which is the outgrowth of His brief stay in our midst, and, for so many souls, the channel of salutary knowledge of His life on earth and of His ever-abiding influence. Most of all, He has an interest in the Church, the object of predilection to His divine Heart, the perpetuation of His life and deeds and teaching for all time, the treasure-house of His grace and gifts, the keeper and dispenser of His Sacraments—all the overflow of His abundant charity, of the fire of love which so consumed His Heart that it must needs break forth to inflame the hearts of all men.

"The object of the MESSENGER, then, is to set the sign and seal of the symbol of the love of Christ on everything that can be of interest to a Catholic. The life and activity of the Church in its Supreme Head on earth, in its venerable hierarchy, in the holy priesthood, in the great religious families, and in its individual members, who are all sanctified by its ministrations, and who, in turn, carry out its sacred mission; the great shrines or centres of prayer, ancient and modern, the fields of missionary zeal,

the noble works of mercy in our hospitals and asylums, the self-sacrifice of pastors, teachers and parents to keep the Catholic schools, heroic instances of religious devotion, the beauty of Christian life in all its phases, the benefits and best methods of organized effort for religious advancement—these, and all the topics they suggest, fall within the scope of the MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART. All these themes are most lofty and sacred, and it is but proper that the magazine which presents them should be, in material and in typography, in some measure worthy of them. Hence it is that neither time nor labor nor expense are spared in trying to make the MESSENGER as neat and artistic in get-up, if not as lavish, as the best secular magazines.

"Finally, as the MESSENGER is the life and soul of the work, its editors have a duty to make it circulate among the Associates, and their efforts meet usually with a hearty coöperation. Directors, Promoters, agents, newsdealers, all do their share to spread abroad its messages of prayer, of zeal, devotion, a true Catholic spirit, a spirit of hope and of thanksgiving, such as devotion to the Sacred Heart must necessarily inspire."

#### APOSTLESHIP AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEW YORK.—"Kindly give bearer 20 books of *Leaflets* for November. Our recent tridium yielded about one hundred new members. We'll soon increase our order with you, but our figures are not as yet definite enough."

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—"Please forward me 54 books of *Leaflets* instead of 40. Thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, wonderful changes occur continually in this large parish of San Fernando (about 10,000 souls)."

The League of Perpetual Adoration established at Montmartre to obtain the universal reign of the Sacred Heart has received the sanction of one hundred

and sixty-four bishops. Amongst the last is that of Archbishop da Silva, of Bahia, Brazil.

"LORETTO CONVENT,  
HORNSBY, SYDNEY,  
NEW SOUTH WALES,  
August 21, 1900.

#### APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER:

Thank you for sending us as MESSENGER premium the beautiful engraving of the Pope which came last month. We are having it handsomely framed. Our chaplain, just out from Rome, says it is a perfect likeness. With kind regards, I am, sincerely yours in J. C.,

MARY DOROTHEA FRIZELLE,  
Supt."

A priest of the Friars Minor (Franciscan) has published a dogmatic treatise on the Sacred Heart, developing the doctrine of the famous Duns Scotus on the Incarnation. Writing of this work Father Lemius says: "Too many, because they have not studied, are still ignorant of the splendors of this great devotion, this bond of all theology, this centre of all piety."

The Banner of the Sacred Heart is becoming more and more popular. Our Lord, we are told by Blessed Margaret Mary, wished to see the picture of His Adorable Heart on the banners of France, and promised that it would be a pledge of victory. From the far missions of New Caledonia comes the news that the Marist Fathers display the sacred banner with the confidence of obtaining many blessings.

"It will no doubt be a great pleasure to you to know with what devotion the Sacred Heart is honored at St. Francis Church Centre, North Adams, Mass. On the First Fridays there are Masses at 5 and 7 A.M., the entire congregation receiving Holy Communion. The altar and shrine are both beautified with lights and flowers. Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament takes place from 3 till 8 o'clock P.M. At 7 o'clock the Holy Hour begins, during which the choir sings sweet hymns to the Sacred Heart. League Devotions and Benediction finish the ceremonies of the day."

"After the immortal word of Pope Leo, addressed, now nearly a year ago, to the human race, we cannot now insist too much nor too long on devotion to the Sacred Heart," writes the *Paris Univers*. "The Sovereign Pontiff has, in fact, placed this worship on an incomparable pedestal. . . He has performed two acts unknown up to his time. He has taken the whole world . . . and placed it in the Heart of Jesus. . . Then, recalling the apparition of the Labarum (the Cross to Constantine), he

points to the Sacred Heart, and says, 'Behold the new sign!'"

DOUBLE BAYOU, TEX — "I will write you a few notes of interest about Galveston after the terrible storm September 8th. I went over September 11th to look up some of my friends. While there I paid a visit to Rev. C. J. G. Lourey, at St. Patrick's Church. But how painful the sight! The beautiful church completely demolished. The storm razed it to the ground, except the part where the altar stands. Father told me that the large mission cross, which was in about the centre of the building, was not damaged in the least. He found it lying in the ruins facing the altar. The Sacred Heart Church is a complete wreck, and, worst of all, nearly half the parish lost their lives."

The *South African Catholic Magazine* says it will interest South African Catholics, amongst whom the Apostleship of Prayer is so popular, to learn that the favorite Catholic devotion in China is that to the Sacred Heart, and that the Apostleship is widely spread. There are First Friday devotions, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, decoration of the statue of the Sacred Heart, the use of the badge, etc. The *Chinese Messenger*, edited by Father Lawrence Li, S.J., has ten or twelve thousand readers. Pictures of the Sacred Heart are set in place of honor in the houses. There are about 100 League centres. Communions of atonement in the parishes of Shanghai, Zi-ka-Wei and the neighboring missions reach annually about 50,000. The devotion is specially popular amongst school children.

The Apostleship of Prayer is a source and stimulant of other good works. Thus the *English Messenger* takes the liveliest interest in Catholic seamen. Interest in the wanderers of the deep is springing up everywhere. Non-Catholics are very active, with their Bethels, Sailors' Homes, etc. Our Catholic poor fellows are often

left to themselves. Owing to their manner of life, their dangers of soul and body, their character often, they are objects of special sympathy.

The *English Messenger* will begin in January, 1901, a monthly publication for Catholic seamen. Its title will be *Stella Maris—Star of the Sea*. May the work be as beautiful as its name! The Apostleship, with the aid of its secretaries for the bluejackets and of a number of generous suppliers, and with funds subscribed by associates of the League, will distribute the magazine on ships, at coastguard stations, hospitals, sailors' homes, etc. The *Letters to Catholic Seamen on Christian Doctrine* will form a part of the publication. It will contain stories, amusing and instructive articles, lists of Catholic seamen's homes at various ports, descriptions of these, notices of priests at various ports, etc.

ANTIOCH, CAL.—“I have the honor and pleasure to inform you that I have read carefully, and I am sure with much profit, the exposition of the General Intention for September contained in the *Messenger Supplement*, and also in the *League Director*. I think the addition to the *League Leaflets* of the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays of the month a very good idea. There are some people who prepare to go to church, or, as the usual saying is, to attend Mass, in a practical way, and hence by so doing they not only fulfil their obligation of worshipping God, but likewise gain many graces for their poor souls. They are anxious to know what the Epistle and Gospel treat about on each Sunday, and

thus, after reading them privately, they are able to follow the priest in an intelligent manner. In reference to the *Messenger Supplement*, I am bound to answer your late query in the *League Director* by saying that personally I am well satisfied with it in its present form. I think it is excellently arranged and contains, in my judgment, sufficient reading matter. As you know, my sphere is somewhat curtailed, but at present I take twelve copies, all of which are distributed and oftentimes passed through various hands after the regular subscribers read them. As for the MESSENGER, I have only words of praise. It is a periodical worthy of the widest circulation, and should have a list of subscribers commensurate with its unvarying excellence.”

#### OBITUARY.

##### DECEASED PROMOTERS.

Mrs. E. S. Marks, Our Lady of Good Counsel Centre, New Orleans, La.; Margaret Fitzgerald, St. Francis' Centre, North Adams, Mass.; Mary S. Callahan, St. Paul's Centre, New York City; Carrie Zweier, St. Joseph's Centre, Easton, Pa.; Christine Payson.

Mrs. Mary Harrington, St. Francis Xavier's Centre, St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Mercer, Hyattville, Wyoming, St. Ignatius' Centre, New York; Francis X. Faherty, Piedmont, W. Va.; Emma Leuthier, Immaculate Conception Centre, Boston, Mass.; Miss Rose C. Rogers and Mrs. Catherine Gillen, St. Joseph's Centre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Henry Caire.

## IN THANKSGIVING FOR GRACES OBTAINED.

TOTAL NUMBER OF THANKSGIVINGS FOR LAST MONTH, 134,706.

*"In all things give thanks."* (1 Thes. v. 18.)

*Special Thanksgivings.*—SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—"For a great favor for which prayers had been offered for two years."

LONG ISLAND, N. Y.—"For the grace of overcoming a fear which was keeping me from confession."

AUSTIN, TEX.—"For a special favor obtained for one who had nearly lost his mind from excessive drinking."

OSMAN, WIS.—"For the recovery of a brother accidentally shot, most of the charge entering his head. There was indication of blood poison."

NEWTON, MASS.—"For the restoration to health after a serious operation for appendicitis. Case had been pronounced hopeless by physicians."

———"For the cure of a friend, for whom every month, for over five years, a petition was sent in. She was not told of the prayers for her until quite well."

HOLYOKE, MASS.—"A little child was dangerously ill with scarlet fever and diphtheria. A fervent invocation to the Sacred Heart resulted in its entire recovery."

———"For the return of a very indifferent Catholic to his religious duties on the eve of his wedding day. He had been recommended for several years to the prayers of the League."

—— MINN.—"For our final success in completing our church and school, the means for which it was quite a puzzling problem to obtain in this year of almost general failure for the farmers of the North. Through the prayers of the League, undoubtedly, we obtained rain in due season, and sunshine when the heavy rains threatened to do more damage than the drought."

———"For the grace granted to a brother to make a good confession and return to his religious duties after neglecting them for a long time, so that hope of his conversion was almost given up."

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—"For the prevention of a great scandal. Promises were made to make the Way of the Cross every day for one year, unless prevented by sickness. A Mass was offered for the intention."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—"For a special favor granted, after praying for it for nearly three years. With this particular favor came another, the grace of going to Holy Communion weekly. Before that time I did not always go once a month."

WOODVILLE, MISS.—"For the grace of receiving the Holy Viaticum by my daughter. The doctor did not expect her to live fifteen minutes. The priest could not arrive till the next day. He not only came in time, but she is yet living, though without hope of recovery."

ST. LOUIS, MO.—"I had a brother, drinking, gambling and neglecting his family. In June I began a novena to the Sacred Heart and made the triduum for his reform. Immediately after the feast a change was noticed. Now he is not drinking at all and stays at home with his wife and children."

WHITE BEAR, MINN.—"On three different occasions I was in danger of losing a responsible position on which my livelihood depended. Through prayers and promised Masses to the Sacred Heart those dangers were averted. At one period my case was most critical, and it seems as if it was by a miracle I was saved."

MCKEESPORT, PA.—“For the conversion of a man who had not been to the sacraments for over thirty-six years. Up to the day before his death he refused to see a priest. A badge of the Sacred Heart was placed on him and a prayer said, after which he said he would see the priest. He made his confession with deep contrition, received the last sacraments, and died a few hours later.”

NEW YORK.—“I made a promise to Blessed Margaret Mary that if I should receive a favor I asked through her intercession that I would make it known to the League of the Sacred Heart, and I send this as a feeble expression of my thanks, also to redeem my promise. I made the triduum in your church and had also prayed to her on her regular feast, the 17th. The requests I besought to obtain through her from the Sacred Heart were spiritual and temporal, but there was one in particular which I put in her special care. It was to meet a debt which seemed almost hopeless, and which meant a great deal to me. The day you celebrated the feast the means to meet the debt came to me, although I did not know of it until the next day. The end of the triduum found me with a stronger devotion to Blessed Margaret Mary, making in consequence a stronger and more confiding devotion to Our Lord and His Sacred Heart. I am sure that no one will ask her in vain in temporal as well as in spiritual needs, and I think it must be pleasing to the Sacred Heart to grant the requests of one so highly favored by Him on earth. Her intercession is a miraculous means to reach the Sacred

Heart and His Mother of Perpetual Help.”

*Spiritual Favors.*—Release of a brother from great spiritual dangers; reformation of an intemperate person, with the petition that another may reform; reconciliation effected between two people; reconciliation of two parties who were long at variance; conversion of a sister; having the League established in the parish; conversion of a relative; a happy death; return of a person to religious duties after a neglect of forty years; remarkable conversion; spread of devotion to the Sacred Heart; reform of a drunkard.

*Temporal Favors.*—Cure of nervousness after applying badge to head; relief from a severe attack of rheumatism after wearing the badge; cure of insomnia after using badge; cure of a dangerous wound in the hand by applying badge; restoration of a child ill with fever by application of the badge; recovery from severe pain in the side upon application of badge; cure of croup; restoration to health of a dear friend; relief from a cold; recovery of a sister from serious sore throat; improvement in health; relief from mental trouble; recovery of a child suffering from a running ear; aversion of a calamity; protection from injury during heavy wind storm; increase in business; successful disposing of a ring; help in financial difficulty; favorable outcome of an affair which seemed almost hopeless; success in studies; return of a brother who had been missing for some weeks; renting of a house; return to owner of a lost letter containing money; employment for seven; successful examination for two; sale of a property.



## THE READER

A very remarkable discourse was delivered by M. George Fonsegrive at the International Congress of Catholic Interests, held at Paris, June 4, 1900. It was so remarkable that it stirred the country and startled the government into an investigation. Apparently some plot was on foot, and yet the speech was only about the Third Order of St. Francis and its power to sustain tottering governments even when the governments deserve to totter.

The inquisitors probably found much to ponder, but nothing to prosecute. In reality they discovered a possible political ally, but so Catholic as to be a questionable colleague. The Tertiaries, in point of fact, are going to be thorough-paced *ralliés*, as the Pope commands, in supporting authority, but their pace will not suit the Jews, who rule the government. It is a correct regular Catholic pace. The Order is essentially and in a proper sense radically democratic, and in M. Fonsegrive's discourse the curious fact is brought out, which probably few ever noticed in reading history. that the sweet St. Francis Assisi, whom every one, even the heretic, loves, was a social revolutionist. The Tertiaries whom he organized, away back in the thirteenth century, were in reality something like a religious order, living outside of monasteries (contradictory as that may seem) and assuming obligations which very quietly and very speedily and very properly turned society upside down.

It is a fact that this picturesque, unworldly mediæval friar, whom this very worldly century, curiously enough, is growing interested in, and whose brethren are berated so vigorously in the press of to-day as the oppressors of the people in the far-off yet closely connected Philip-

pines, is the originator of the political power which the people, or the masses, as they are called nowadays, wield, and which is giving so much concern to the politicians of the world, but which St. Francis evolved so skilfully, and so skilfully controlled.

It was effected in this wise. He put upon his friars and friaresses obligations which proclaimed openly and fearlessly a direct and radical social regeneration. And they effected the regeneration. What is more anomalous still, at least for our modern economists, is that the Pope was at the back of the movement. So that M. Fonsegrive's little study in hagiography, which is another word for his reading the lives of the saints, reveals the truth that the shibboleth of to-day about uplifting the masses is not only Catholic and papal, but "monkish" and mediæval. Nor did it rest satisfied in being a shibboleth but grew into a successful social revolution, thanks to the holy and Catholic means it employed.

Here are the obligations which were imposed on the Order. 1st, to wear a plain dress always and everywhere, of the same color. 2d, not to bear arms except for their country or their faith. 3d, not to take unnecessary oaths.

All this looks as if our modern Quakers had been dipping into history and taking a hint about their gray garb and their non-juring affirmations from the papist friars of the dark ages.

The matter of dress was harmless, but though the Quakers were more scrupulous than the friars about oaths, they were not as patriotic about bearing arms. The Quakers will not fight at all, but the friars had no objection if it was to defend their country or uphold their faith. How fortunate for the nations that Quakerism

was a failure. Countries would lack defenders in time of trouble if schemes like that succeeded. For though it be good to love peace the sword must be unsheathed sometimes. There are occasions when it would be dishonor not to fight or to die, as, for example, when one's faith or country is imperilled. A half truth like the Quaker principle is sometimes worse than a whole lie. In the same orthodox and rational spirit the Tertiaries objected to oaths, but not when they were necessary.

There were other obligations imposed on the Tertiaries which for obvious reasons were not assumed by their Quaker imitators. For whereas to dress after a certain fashion and not to fight do not demand a large measure of heroism, to abstain from flesh meat four days of the week and to fast (not merely to abstain, but to fast) every Friday of the year, and then every day from St. Martin's to Christmas and from Quinquagesima to Easter, calls for a vigorous Christianity which the spirit would never move a Quaker to emulate. Besides these duties they had to recite the canonical hours every day, or failing that, fifty-eight Our Father's, Hail Mary's and Gloria's, all of which would be decidedly unquakerish. Lastly, they were assessed for a common beneficial fund.

The Order spread so rapidly that it swept into its ranks all classes. Kings and queens stood side by side with working men and servant girls.

The result was an immediate weakening of the feudal system. The refusal to bear arms estopped the barons in their incessant demands on their retainers for help in seigniorial brawls, and at the same time the trust-fund enabled the Order to buy the lower classes out of the condition of serfdom in which most of them were. The unwillingness to take unnecessary oaths was probably also a deliverance from their blind allegiance to their feudal lords. They could soon persuade themselves of the absence of any obligation to bind themselves in that

solemn way to the service of their masters.

This great spirit of the thirteenth century is invoked by Leo XIII. for remedying the ills of the present day.

Of course, the old obligations of dress, and bearing of arms, are done away with, but the submission to law and the humility and the love of poverty which are inculcated upon the Tertiaries of our times cannot fail, if the Order is revived and propagated extensively, and its spirit carried out in the masses, to have a lasting and far-reaching effect in combating the anarchical and revolutionary temper of the times, in diminishing the worldly and ostentatious display of luxury, and in checking to some extent the mad pursuit of wealth which prompts the acute and dangerous hatred that is constantly growing in the hearts of the poor against the rich. It will be a great conservative power which makes for the peace of the world and the permanence of national institutions. Strange that the friar all shaven and shorn of the ages of darkness should come back to give a point to the well-groomed politician in these days of light.

Many of us in this country have been unfortunate in our ancestors. The responsibility of their migrating to this country, after a certain period, attaches itself to us as a reproach, and we have been sitting in its shadow ever since. The light of respectability is permitted to shine on us only in proportion as the dark spot fades from our family history.

Consolation, however, has come to us of late, out of New England, where race superstition lingers longer than elsewhere, and it is conveyed in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* for October. The article on "Our Immigrants and Ourselves" is not only comforting but most valuable for its admissions. But the *Atlantic* offering such a treasure is a Greek with a gift. The gift is good, but the Greek is a subject of doubt. Nevertheless, it may be a belated attempt at an-



other of those benevolent assimilations so much in vogue at present. If the brown men of the East are going to be adopted, perhaps the rest of us who are men without a country may be admitted into the brotherhood of the nation.

Miss Claghorne, who writes about "Our Immigrants and Ourselves," deals with the subject in a just and kindly manner. Her name suggests itself as a guarantee that there is no Celtic or Teutonic bias in her conclusions.

The first colonists, she reminds us, in spite of the glamour that imagination has thrown around the *Mayflower* and other conveyances which, it might be remarked, had but indifferent cabin accommodations, were after all only immigrants. Their coming seriously inconvenienced "the natives of those days." Though loud in their professions of piety they were lavish in the use of gunpowder, just as their descendants on the frontiers to-day, and though very abstemious in the matter of honest enjoyment were generous in potatoes to a degree that makes their posterity grieve. But very inconsequentially these first arrivals transmitted a feeling of distrust of all subsequent unfortunates who, following their example, migrate to these shores to better their condition in life.

"It is unhappily too true," says the writer, "that on their first landing here some of the poor immigrants of our days are not all that one would wish them to be; they do not assimilate rapidly with the conditions of the country and are sometimes found in conflict with law and order." But, in the first place, they have the example of the immigrant pilgrims of the past, and of our own native frontiersmen at the present time. The lonely foreigner who finds himself without friends, without family and without means in the deserts of our great cities—for deserts they are to him in spite of all their tall buildings and the heartless whirl of commerce—is just as likely to be as independent of the law which he knows nothing of as the cowboy on the plains

when he comes in contact with the natives, or the gold digger in the camp when struggling with his fellow adventurers for the hasty acquisition of a fortune.

But this does not last long. As soon as they are joined by their families the change is effected. "The fast-coming children of these foreigners are not only so many sharp little goads to industry, and silken but strong bridles to passion in the parent, but they are the most active and effective agents in the process of assimilating the immigrant family to its surroundings."

The Germans are a case in point.

"When they came here in '48, they created as much consternation in the minds of the people as the anarchist and communist of to-day. Atheist, Sabbath-breaker, drunkard, social outlaw, were a few of the choice epithets lavished on them. All that is changed, and they are regarded as the most reliable and conservative citizens of the Republic to-day."

So also for the Irish. "Their condition in their own country previous to the first great movement hitherward was, according to a French writer, worse than that of the North American Indian in his wigwam. What could be expected from this unhappy race, ground down to such degradation by their oppressors, except poverty, ignorance and vice? "To-day," says this unimpassioned and wise critic, "the Irish element, both foreign and native born, has arisen as a whole, almost entirely from the low social and industrial grade it entered on its first arrival, and is now to be found in all grades above up to the very highest. There are not wanting indications that they will succeed even better."

What is true for these two races is true also for the others that make up the immigrant classes. "Not only are they not conspicuous above 'native Americans' in the commission of crime, but are already affording the greatest and most solid assurance for the stability of our country's institutions."

The first reason of this latter assertion has been already given, viz., the love of family life which characterizes the immigrant. Where that does not exist ruin must come upon the State, for the nation is built on the family. This ought to be a serious subject of consideration for our native Americans who object to families.

Secondly, "The highly organized communities from which they are drawn have, through centuries, drilled their citizens into habits of obedience, respect for law, for authority, for their knowledge, for their leader. These traits are somewhat obliterated by contact with us, but they remain as the foundation of character in the immigrant, and are precious possessions for any country."

Added to these are the habits of thrift which is often used as a reproach against them—but which our native American is sadly in need of learning—and a docility which is sometimes regarded as servility, but which is nothing else than reverence for the authority of those to whom the welfare of the State is entrusted.

It is quite surprising also to hear from a New England writer that "the presence of these foreigners has produced a growth of religious toleration that our ancestors praised in theory, but in practice knew very little about." This declaration dispels the common delusion that our alleged religious toleration springs from the broad-mindedness of the American people. History shows that the very contrary is the fact. The "native American" has always been a persecutor of religion that was not his own, and has manifested his disposition in deeds of violence that were a disgrace and a sorrow to his country.

Addressing herself to certain accusations against our foreign population, she presents some considerations that the injudicious and hasty would do well to ponder.

Thus it is a favorite pastime of the newspaper scribe to call the attention of our law-abiding people to the recklessness of life which characterizes our

Italian immigrant classes. Certainly the outbreaks of their violent natures are to be deplored, though they are easily explained in a people who have been robbed of the benefits of all religious restraint by the politicians of their unhappy country; but while condemning their lawlessness, we should not forget our own, as we most commonly do. Thus, recently, "while all the newspapers of the land were execrating all Italians indiscriminately for the assassination of their king, which was the work only of a few desperadoes, and was deplored by all the people, the wires were hot with the accounts of our own Judge Lynch and his exploits, native riots, midnight mobs and wild bursts of murderous frenzy that are tokens of a state of anarchy brought about by our own people and as bad as any foreign agitator could plan for."

This is strong language, but it will have little effect, we fear, in letting the light into certain minds.

Then there is the matter of political corruption, of which the Irish are supposed to be guilty. "Those who ascribe it," says Miss Claghorne, "to the influx of degraded and ignorant foreigners have never read the history of their own country. Legislative and administrative blackmail and speculation are a time-honored inheritance from colonial days. Bribery and violence at elections are found as early as the elections themselves. The spoils system was inaugurated before the beginning of the century, and owes to native talent the long and loving elaboration that has brought it to its present intricacy and comprehensive completeness."

After insisting that the foreign element cannot lay claim to the monopoly of political corruption, and that, on the contrary, the political combinations which are manned and officered by the native Americans are bolder, more unscrupulous and more comprehensive in evil designs, she makes this other startling declaration, viz., "that as those of foreign extraction are safer morally, they seem

to be safer intellectually on economic questions."

"The most American parts of our country to-day are those that are most tainted with financial heresy, and the most American periods of our history, the Colonial, the Revolutionary and the period of Western expansion, are the periods of the worst financial vagaries. The foreign vote, taking it all in all, has always been fairly sound on financial questions and has more than once in doubtful crises saved us from the consequences of our own mistaken theories."

All this seems quite revolutionary, and we almost wonder if we read aright. Think of it! The foreign element conspicuous for its docility, obedience, thrift, domestic purity, political honesty, intellectual orthodoxy in social questions, and the habit of saving us from the consequences of our economic follies! Is she an American who writes this? and should there not be an Inquisition established in Boston to incarcerate her for such unpatriotic heresies?

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*The Life of St. Gerlach* by F.A. Houck, formerly published in the MESSENGER, has been put into book form by Burns & Oates.

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It is a pleasure to announce that a third edition of Father Driscoll's excellent treatise on the Human Soul is already in press.

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*Cithara Mea*.—With profound respect for such an able writer as Father Sheehan we venture to say that *Cithara Mea* will never find such a response in human hearts, for all its sweetness, as the exquisite prose of the *New Curate*. The "harp" does indeed utter tender and touching melody at times, but is often weird and fantastic in its tones, with a fondness for evoking gruesome figures

from the gloom of the world beyond that many a lover of Father Sheehan may shudder to look at. Perhaps too much music came at once from *Cithara Mea*, the fault not being the poet's but the publishers', who see financial profit in popularity, and often force into print what the finer nature of the writer would shrink from, until the work is fully elaborated.

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*Sacerdotalism*. By Father Breen, O.S.B.—The pamphlet on *Sacerdotalism* by Father Breen, O.S.B., has probably more immediate reason for its publication in England than in America. Here, the parsons who claim to be priests are not yet very numerous or persistent and possibly never will be. The little work, however, which is so rapid in its conclusions and so readable for the general public, even though it is crowded with scientific proofs, is most acceptable. Incidentally it establishes the truth of the Holy Sacrifice. Proving the priesthood is of course simultaneously proving the Mass. We are pleased to see the meaning of the word *do* so much insisted on in the command: "*Do* this in memory of me"—"*do*" meaning "*sacrifice*"—and are surprised as well as pleased at the signification of the word *memory*, "*Do* this in memory of me." It, too, is not commonly, if at all, dwelt upon by writers on this subject. The "*memorial*," he tells us, was that portion of the meat-offering which was burnt on the altar, the part for the whole, and was the essence of the sacrifice. This meaning of the Lord's word was obvious to the apostles and they must have grasped its import. Lastly, the quotation from Eph. v. 2, in which the unbloody as well as the bloody sacrifice is mentioned, is another illumination on this subject that is as delightful and comforting as it is unusual. That single phrase in the letter to Ephesians shows how clearly the doctrine of the Mass was taught from the very beginning of the Church.

## PROMOTERS' RECEPTIONS.

Diplomas issued during the month of October, 1900, from the 1st to the 31st (inclusive).

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	No.
Baltimore	Baltimore, Md.	14 Holy Martyrs	Church 12
	Ilchester, Md.	Our Lady of Perpetual Help	" 1
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Mercy	Convent 14
Buffalo	Kandolph,	St. Patrick's	Church 2
Charleston	Sumter, S. C.	St. Joseph's	Academy 2
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Elizabeth's	Church 12
		St. Xavier's	Academy 31
Cincinnati	Kenton, Ohio	Immaculate Conception	Church 2
Cleveland	Cleveland, Ohio	St. Bridget's	" 1
		St. Catharine's	" 13
Davenport	Georgetown, Iowa	St. Patrick's	" 6
Dubuque	Dubuque,	St. Anthony's	" 2
	Route B,	St. Joseph's	" 1
Fort Wayne	St. Vincent Ind.	Sacred Heart	Academy 3
Harrisburg	Danville, Pa.	St. Hubert's	Church 9
Indianapolis	Indianapolis, Ind.	St. Joseph's	" 23
La Crosse	Mauston, Wis.	St. Patrick's	" 1
Marquette	Garden, Mich.	St. John the Baptist's	" 25
Milwaukee	Jefferson, Wis.	"	" 1
	Milwaukee, Wis.	Holy Rosary	" 4
Natchez	Greenville, Miss.	St. Joseph's	" 1
Newark	W. Hoboken, N. J.	St. Michael's	" 2
New Orleans	Convent, La.	Sacred Heart	Convent 4
	Kenner,	St. Mary's	Church 6
New York	New York, N. Y.	St. Alphonsus'	" 23
	Youkers,	St. Joseph's	Seminary 4
Peoria	Ottawa, Ill.	St. Patrick's	Church 2
Pittsburg	Pittsburg, Pa.	St. Joseph's	" 24
		St. Philomena's	" 1
Portland	Portland, Ore.	Immaculate Conception	Cathedral 50
Providence	New Bedford, Mass.	St. Kilian's	Church 12
San Francisco	Milpitas, Cal.	St. John's	" 20
Savannah	Macon, Ga.	St. Joseph's	" 2

Total Number of Receptions, 33.

Total Number of Diplomas issued, 316.

## RECENT AGGREGATIONS.

The following Local Centres have received Diplomas of Aggregation, October 1 to 31, 1900.

Diocese.	Place.	Local Centre.	Date.
Baltimore	Washington, D. C.	Sacred Heart	Church Oct. 9
"	Barton, Md.	St. Gabriel's	" Oct. 23
Belleville	Equality, Ill.	St. Joseph's	" Oct. 2
Brooklyn	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Annunciation	" Oct. 12
	Kings Park, N. Y.	St. Joseph's	" Oct. 12
Buffalo	Buffalo, N. Y.	St. John Cantius	" Oct. 23
	Leroy, N. Y.	St. Peter's	" Oct. 23
Chicago	Chicago, Ill.	St. Thomas	" Sept. 25
	Elgin, Ill.	St. Mary's	" Jan. 26
* Cincinnati	Cincinnati, Ohio	St. Mary's	Academy Oct. 2
Davenport	Council Bluffs, Iowa	Academy	" Oct. 31
Denver	Pueblo, Colo.	St. Boniface's	Church Oct. 9
Detroit	Howell, Mich.	St. Joseph's	" Oct. 31
Dubuque	St. Joseph, Iowa	St. Joseph's	" Oct. 15
	Osawa, Iowa	St. John's	" Oct. 23
Duluth	Crookston, Minn.	St. Mary's	" Oct. 10
Fort Wayne	La Gro, Ind.	St. Patrick's	" Oct. 15
Green Bay	Almond, Wis.	St. Martin's	" Oct. 10
	Lenark, Wadeley P. O., Wis.	St. Patrick's	" Oct. 10
Indianapolis	Whitfield P. O. Ind.	St. Martin's	" Oct. 31
Marquette	South Lake, Mich.	St. Cecilia's	" Oct. 9
Milwaukee	Milwaukee, Wis.	St. Hyacintha's	" Oct. 31
	Ripon, Wis.	St. Wendeslaus	" Oct. 9
Natchez	Greenville, Miss.	St. Joseph's	" Oct. 23
New Orleans	New Orleans, La.	Annunciation	" Oct. 31
Ogdensburg	De Kalb Junction, N. Y.	St. Henry's	" Oct. 11
Peoria	Fairbury, Ill.	St. John the Baptist's	" Oct. 10
	Strawn, Ill.	St. Rose's	" Oct. 10
Philadelphia	Philadelphia, Pa.	St. John's	" Oct. 23
	Torresdale, Phila., Pa.	St. Margaret's	" Oct. 23
Pittsburg	Lilly, Pa.	St. Bridget's	" Oct. 12
Richmond	Fort Monroe, Va.	Old Point Comfort	College Oct. 15
Salt Lake City	Ogden, Utah	St. Joseph's	Church Oct. 31
Syracuse	Canillus, N. Y.	St. Joseph's	" Oct. 12
	Jordan, N. Y.	St. Patrick's	" Oct. 12
	Split Rock, N. Y.	St. Peter's	" Oct. 12
Winona	Winona, Minn.	The Ladies' Seminary	" Oct. 2
	St. James, Minn.	St. James'	Church Oct. 2

Aggregations, 36; churches, 34; academies, 3; college, 1. \* German-speaking Centres.

# CALENDAR OF INTENTIONS, DECEMBER, 1900.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

O my God, I offer Thee my prayers, works and sufferings this day, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, for the intentions for which He pleads and offers Himself in the Mass, for the petitions of our Associates; especially this month for The Jubilee, 1900-1901.

DAYS.	FEASTS AND PATRONS.	VIRTUES.	PETITIONS.
1 S.	St. Eligius, Bp.C. (665).	Probity.	134,706 for thanksgivings.
2 S.	1st of Advent.—St. Bibiana, V.M. (363).	Perseverance.	2,726,998 for the afflicted.
3 M.	St. Francis Xavier, C. (S.J. 1552).	Fear of God's Judgments.	163,738 for the sick, infirm.
4 T.	St. Peter Chrysologus, Bp. C. D., (450).	Zeal.	238,832 for dead associates.
5 W.	St. Barbara.	Charity for Children.	106,237 for Local Centres.
6 Th.	St. Sabas, Ab.C. (531).	Care of Children.	68,731 for Directors.
7 F.	St. Nicholas, Bp. C. (324).—H.H.	Loyalty to the Church.	114,554 for Promoters.
8 S.	First Friday.—Vigil.—St. Ambrose, Bp.C. D. (397).—1st D., A.C.	Esteem of Baptism.	364,556 for the departed.
9 S.	Immaculate Conception.—(Of ,Precept).—1st D., A.I., A.C.	Desire of Heaven.	183,211 for perseverance.
10 M.	12d of Advent.—St. Leocadia, V.M. (304).	Good Works.	3,105,969 for the young.
11 T.	St. Melchisedes, P.C. (314).	Hatred of Schism.	2,268,319 for 1st Communions.
12 W.	St. Damasus, P.C. (384).	Fervor.	132,086 for parents.
13 Th.	Our Lady of Guadalupe (Mexico, 1531).	Purity.	1,217,181 for families.
14 F.	St. Lucy, V.M. (353).—Pr. H.H.	Simplicity.	153,446 for reconciliations.
15 S.	St. Spiridon, Bp.C. (363).	Lay Apostolate.	244,172 for work, means.
16 S.	Octave of the Immaculate Conception.—St. Valerian.	Intrepidity on Duty.	694,846 for the clergy.
17 M.	3d of Advent.—St. Eusebius, Bp.M. (370).—C.R.	Gratitude Indeed.	313,472 for religious.
18 T.	St. Lazarus, B.C. (Raised to life by Christ).	Hope.	148,906 for seminarists, novices
19 W.	Expectation of the Delivery of our Lady.	Patience.	89,545 for vocations.
20 Th.	Ember Day.—St. Nemesion, M. (253).	Pity.	62,517 for parishes.
21 F.	Vigil.—St. Dominic Sylos, Ab.C. (1073).—H.H.	Fear of Presumption.	80,776 for schools.
22 S.	Ember Day.—St. Thomas, Ap.—A.I.	Sacrifice.	85,898 for superiors.
23 S.	Ember Day.—St. Zeno.	Long Suffering.	237,317 for missions, retreats.
24 M.	4th of Advent.—St. Servulus, C. (590).	Prepare for Communion.	307,994 for societies, works.
25 T.	Vigil.—St. Delphinus, Bp. (404).	Love of Christ.	306,203 for conversions.
26 W.	Nativity of our Lord.—(Of Precept).—A.I. A.C.	Presence of God.	655,169 for sinners.
27 Th.	St. Stephen, First Martyr (35).	Love of Sacred Heart.	286,970 for intemperate.
28 F.	St. John, Ap. (101).—Pr. A.I., A.C.—H.H.	Submission to God.	223,776 for spiritual favors.
29 S.	Holy Innocents.	Defense of the Church	907,411 for temporal favors.
30 S.	St. Thomas à Becket, Bp. M. (1170).	Good for Evil.	290,532 for special, various.
31 M.	Within Octave of Nativity.—St. Sabinus M. (301).	Pray for the Church.	MESSANGER readers.
	St. Sylvester I., P.C. (335).		

PLENARY INDULGENCES: Ap.—Apostleship. (D.—Degrees, Pr.—Promoters, C. R.—Communion of Reparation, H.H.—Holy Hour); A. I.,—Apostolic; A. S.—Apostleship of Study.

## TREASURY OF GOOD WORKS.

Offerings for the Intentions recommended to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

100 days' Indulgence for every action offered for the Intentions of the League.

	NO. TIMES.		NO. TIMES.
1. Acts of Charity . . . . .	5,205,820	11. Masses heard . . . . .	309,905
2. Beads . . . . .	505,622	12. Mortifications . . . . .	252,301
3. Way of the Cross . . . . .	77,126	13. Works of Mercy . . . . .	375,947
4. Holy Communions . . . . .	105,035	14. Works of Zeal . . . . .	152,440
5. Spiritual Communions . . . . .	551,870	15. Prayers . . . . .	6,175,013
6. Examen of Conscience . . . . .	529,008	16. Kindly Conversation . . . . .	1,723,672
7. Hours of Labor . . . . .	984,743	17. Suffering, afflictions . . . . .	113,870
8. Hours of Silence . . . . .	463,356	18. Self-conquest . . . . .	956,510
9. Pious Reading . . . . .	213,993	19. Visits to B. Sacrament . . . . .	352,572
10. Masses read . . . . .	10,896	20. Various Good Works . . . . .	1,236,385
Total, 20,196,100			

Intentions or Good Works put in the box, or given on lists to Promoters before their meeting, on or before the last Sunday, are sent by Directors to be recommended in our Calendar MESSENGER, is sent Masses here, at the General Direction in Toulouse and Lourdes.

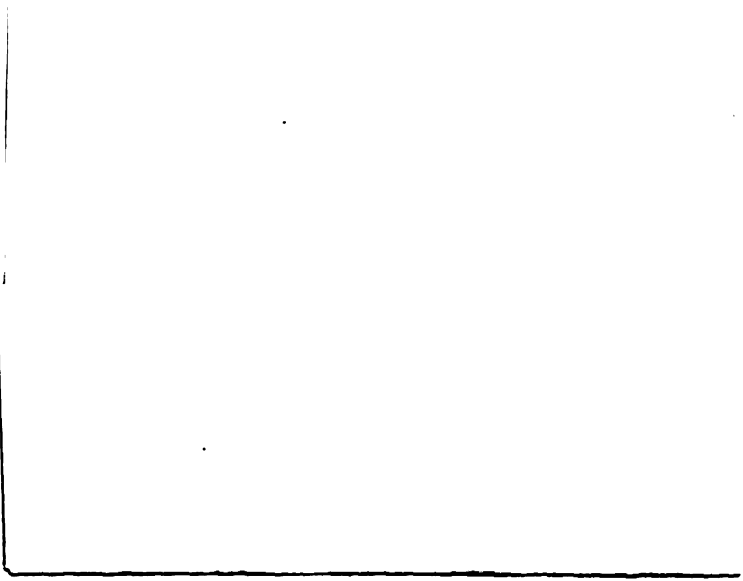
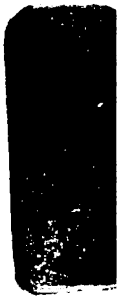












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